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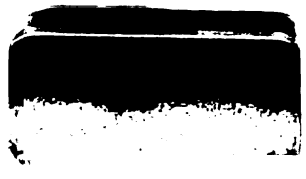

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THE
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ADMIRAL SIR NATHANIEL BOWDEN-SMITH, K.C.B., AND HIS STAFF.

The gallant officer who has been in command at the Nore since July, 1899, has just been succeeded by Vice-Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, and our picture, which gives him in company with his staff, will be interesting. Although the Nore is not our most important Naval station, it holds an essential position, and a great deal of good work has been done there during the popular officer's period of command. Admiral Bowden-Smith was in the boat actions in the Escape and Fatshan Creeks and the capture of the Peiho Forts in 1858, and he was wounded in China in 1859. He has been Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station, and has held many other offices. The officers with him in the picture are Captain H. C. Bigge (flag-captain), Flag-Lieutenant W. R. Willis, and Mr. F. G. W. Taylor, secretary.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE promotion of Commander Stewart of the "Algerine," and the promised promotion of Commander Cradock, both for service at the taking of the Taku Forts, and the latter also for the part he played in the capture of Tientsin, will give very great satisfaction. Admiral Bruce reported to the Admiralty that the conduct of Commander Stewart at the bombardment of the forts was "magnificent," and had elicited the admiration of the allied ships. In this high commendation he associated Commander Lanz of the German cruiser "Iltis," who, it may be interesting to note, was some time since honoured by his Government. Commander Cradock led the storming party at the capture of the forts, and afterwards with the Naval Brigade fought his way into Tientsin. His promotion, therefore, to captain's rank on the completion of his qualifying sea time will be well deserved.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. E. STEPHENSON.
Commanding the 18th Brigade, which Fought at Paardeberg and Driefontein, Marched First into Bloemfontein, and has Pursued Kruger to the End.

THE gallant officer is extremely popular in the Naval Service, particularly among the young officers, for when he was commander in the "Britannia" he knew many of them in their training days, and had a great deal to do with their progress and enjoyment in the old ship at Dartmouth. He was master of the "Britannia" beagles, and is a well-known sportsman, being the author of "Sporting Notes in the Far East." On the professional side, his "Wrinkles in Seamanship" is a manual well known throughout the Service. As 1st Lieutenant of the "Dolphin," Commander Cradock was with the Eastern Soudan Field Force as A.D.C. to the Governor-General of the Red Sea littoral, and was present at the battle of Tokar, February, 1891, and in the subsequent occupation of Affafit. These two officers are, therefore, suitably rewarded for good service, and Captain Halliday, R.M.L.I., is linked with them as receiving a brevet majority for the part he played with the Legation Guard at Peking.

SIR GEORGE ROBERTSON has shown himself as capable of dealing with the political geography of the British Empire at the British Association meeting, as he was of dealing with the assailants of that Imperial outpost, the Chitral Fort, which he so gloriously defended. He has no patience with what he styles quiet-eyed cosmopolitanism — the cosmopolitanism of the cloistered college or the lecture theatre. He wishes to see geography, the "science of distance," accorded its right place in political education. Some things which he said would certainly seem to run counter to railway enterprise in China, although his strong point was the shrinkage of distances through rapid communication. It is conspicuously true that the time diminution in

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A WORTHY RECORD OF AN HISTORICAL SCENE.

Reading the New Inscription in Front of St. Paul's, Commemorating the Great Thanksgiving for the Queen's Long Reign in 1897.

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THE LANDING OF THE VICTORIAN NAVAL CONTINGENT IN CHINA.

The Loyalty of Victoria has been Testified in an Admirable Manner by the Despatch of a Naval Contingent to China, which lately landed at Hong-Kong. The Naval Spirit runs high in the Colony, and the Men are an Excellent Set. Our Illustration is of Their Gun Drill at Hong Kong.

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CAPTAIN H. T. R. LLOYD,
Royal Marine Light Infantry,
Who was Killed in Action at the Relief of Peking. Captain Lloyd was Universally Liked, and His Personal Bravery was Well Known

joining of all the shores of Her Majesty's dominions by sea cables completely controlled by British authority. Here is an Imperialistic and patriotic aspiration, but, as Sir George Robertson said, we must never forget the grand part in bringing together within whispering distance, as it were, the different parts of the world, and consequently of our world-wide empire, which has been taken in the past by such Napoleonic organisers as the late Sir John Pender.

COLONEL MARCHAND is a wise man. When he left Marseilles he avoided the Nationalists, who wished to make political capital of him once more. When it was rumoured that he was going out to join Count Waldersee's staff, they filled their organs with denunciation. Anyone but a Frenchman would have regarded that appointment as an honour, but in any case the despatch of Marchand, to the Nationalists, is only a vile and treacherous method of getting him out of the way. It appears that he was offered the command of a regiment of marines which did not exist, and, when this was discovered, the Government seized the first opportunity of sending him to foreign parts. This, at least, is the opinion of the Nationalist section of the French Press. The newspapers have now discovered horrible things about Count Waldersee. They have

verbal and personal contact has caused what is equivalent to a shrinkage of the world, and has brought our colonies, dependencies, and protectorates closer to each other, and all of them nearer to us, and thus has been a powerful factor towards consolidating the Empire. Sir George Robertson is outspoken in relation to the vital necessity of our Navy being largely and ungrudgingly strengthened. We must concentrate "all our surplus energies"—and a good deal more, one might say, than these—upon our sea communications, including the

dragged to light a passage in the reminiscences of ingenious Herr Busch, Bismarck's journalistic impresario, from which it appears that, on an occasion when the Chancellor was dining with Count Waldersee, General Alvensleben, and others, during the war of 1870, Alvensleben expressed the opinion that a large city like Paris could not be defended if attacked by adequate force, and that Count Waldersee declared that he hoped to see "that Babel entirely destroyed." Hence is Count Waldersee anathema to the Nationalist Press, and Marchand goes to China merely as a member of the International Diplomatic Commission

LIEUTENANT W. R. GAUSSEN,
3rd Bengal Cavalry.
At Tientsin, while Under a Heavy Fire from the Chinese Troops, He Stopped to Pick Up a Wounded Soldier, who proved to be an American, and Lifted Him into his Saddle He was Himself amongst the Wounded.

FROM THE DISTANT WEST TO THE FAR SOUTH
Representatives of the North-West Mounted Police in South Africa.
The Canadians have Won Golden Opinions during the War. Recently 125 of Their Mounted Rifles Held a Post against a Large Force of Boers between Pan and Wondersfontein with such Signal Gallantry that the Boer Commandant, out of Admiration of Their Courage, Released the Prisoners He had Taken.

IT is to be feared that we do not realise the terrible things that are about to happen according to these same Nationalist organs. An army is to be formed in French Indo-China, "composed of warlike soldiers, animated by the purest patriotism, tried in battle, and ready to accomplish great things under an unrivalled chief." "The name of Dodds is universally popular" — English though it sounds. But General Dodds is the hero of Dahomey, and the *Echo de l'Armee* says he is the heir and equal of the Lamoricières and the Changarniers. "His duty will not end with the defence of the French frontier against the Black Flags. He is placed as a sentinel on the route of the greed of British usurpation. The choice of such a man for such a post is to be interpreted as the sign of a policy, settled between France and Russia, and intended to check the aspirations of the Foreign Office. This is the judgment of public opinion." Although India is an inexhaustable reservoir of men, it is being depleted by the "criminal rapacity of British functionaries," and a liberator will be saluted with joy. He is even now at the gates, and at a touch our Indian Empire is to break up and fall into his hands. The liberator, needless to say, is "the great White Czar."

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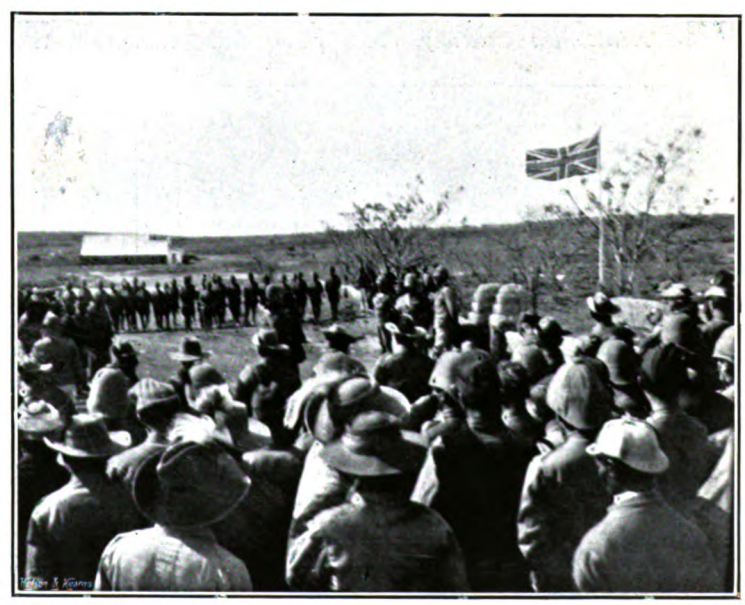
COMING ASHORE AT LAST.
Boer Captives from Mafeking Landing at St. Helena.
The Party Depicted in Our Picture are an Unusually Interesting Set. Just before the Relief of Mafeking the Boers made a Desperate Attack on the Place, and Commandant Eloff and Others were Captured. These are the Men seen Landing at St. Helena.



"Navy & Army.
THE SOUTH AFRICAN SETTLEMENT.
Sir Charles Warren Thanks the Native Chiefs for Their Allegiance and Loyalty.
The British Flag shows the Nature of the Gathering. It indicates that the Natives have not taken part in a Struggle which, after all, did not Concern Them, but in which They might Easily have Played a Part.

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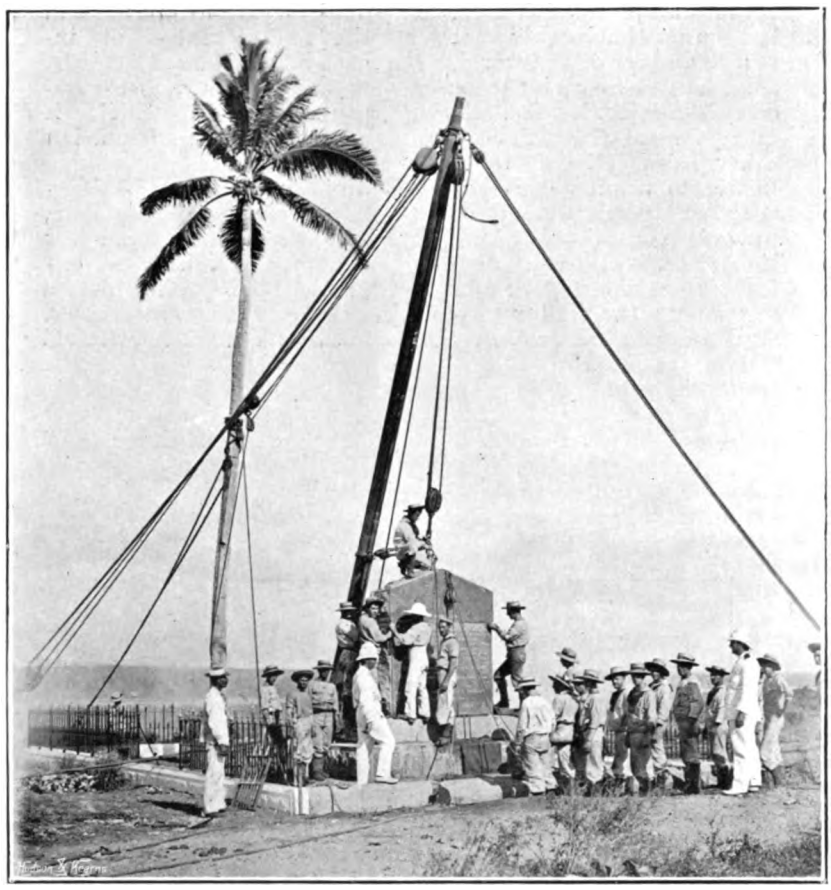
SOME are found to assert that Admiral Skrydloff, who has been appointed to the command of the Russian Naval forces in the Far East, received special instructions to give practical effect to the Franco-Russian Alliance. The Emperor Nicholas is reported by the Paris papers to have marked the admiral with a blue pencil on the list presented to him. A secret interview followed, and he then explained to his Minister that all was settled. Directions were accordingly given to Admiral Skrydloff to maintain special relations with the French officers, and if the French admiral should ask his help, he was to leave everything and, without applying for fresh instructions, was to go wherever he should be called. These presumed orders are, naturally, very gratifying to French vanity, and it does not seem to matter much that the whole story is *ben trovato*.



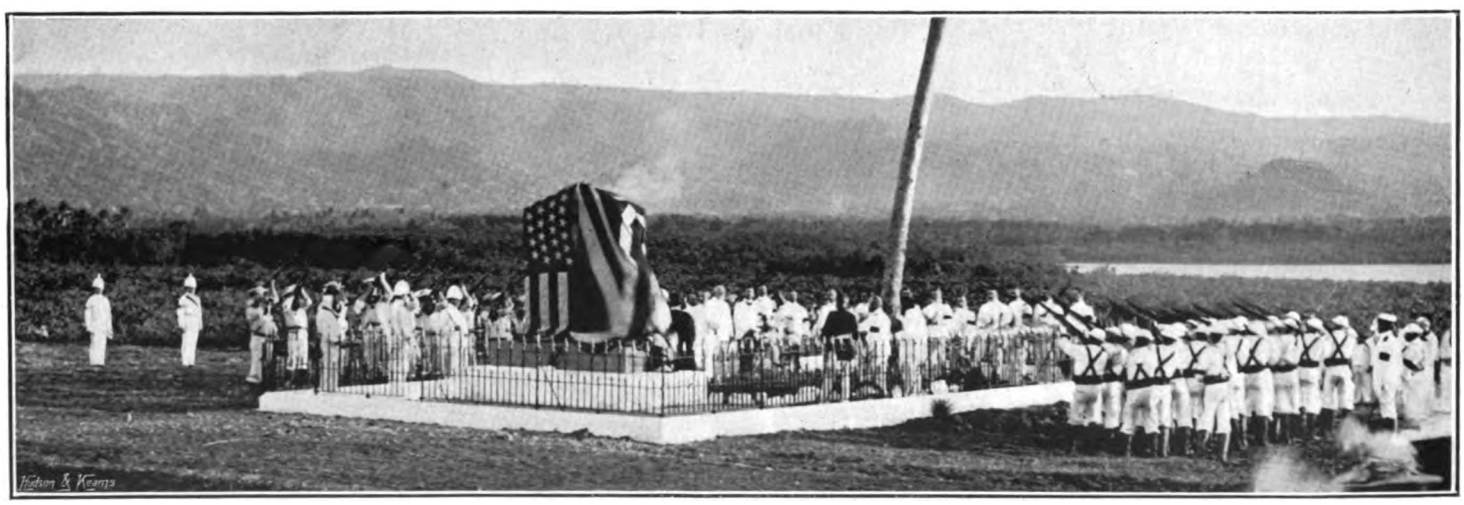
A MEMORIAL OF NAVAL LOSSES IN SAMOA.
Bluejackets from the "Pylades" Fixing the Stone.

M. GRÉBAUVAL, President of the Paris Municipal Council, is a Nationalist of the purest water, who lately wrote in the *Patrie*, in relation to Colonel Marchand, that that officer would not "touch Egypt or England, but would pass to the south of Hindustan, a nation crying out for vengeance and ready for intervention." The Lord Mayor is the guest of M. Grébauval this week, but the perfervid Frenchman is said to have happily laid aside his Nationalist aspirations for the time being. The great banquet given by the French Government on Saturday to provincial mayors, which Sir A. Newton is also to attend, is altogether a more satisfactory affair, and it should do something to promote a better accord among peoples, for the civic chiefs of Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Naples, Bucharest, Prague, Zurich, Berne, Neuchatel, and Geneva are to be there, meeting over 10,000 French mayors. The banquet is, of course, a colossal affair. The tent in the Tuileries Gardens is 1,600-ft. long, and the services have been requisitioned of 150 cooks, 15,000 waiters, and 200 cellarmen and wine waiters. There will be 180,000 plates, 20,000 bottles of wine, 40,000 forks, and 50,000 knives. Truly, they know how to do things well in France in the social and decorative way, and probably not since the Middle Ages, with their colossal banquets of rejoicing, have we had anything to equal this Gargantuan feast.

THE subject of suicide is not inviting, though it is important. There are some curious statistics concerning the tendency to it in military life by Mr. R. A. Skelton in the *Nineteenth Century*. It appears that, except in the case of France, the contrast between military and civil rates of suicide appears truly appalling, especially in the case of the Austrian and Italian Armies. Thus between 1861 and 1888 the civilian rate rose in Italy from twenty-seven to forty-eight per million, while in the Army from 1871 to 1892 it increased from 230 to 389. Happily in our own Army there has been a diminution, from 379 in the period 1862-71 to 210 per million in 1890. The rate is still much higher than the civilian rate, which in 1885-88 was seventy-eight in England and Wales. A curious fact is that the suicidal tendency increases with length of service. Thus, in our home Army, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, it is twenty per million, and between thirty-five and forty, seventy-one per million.

WHEN it is remembered that soldiers are practically exempt from the struggle for life, there seems some anomaly in this suicidal tendency. Mr. Skelton believes that the unreasoning obedience and submission which are the *sine quâ non* of an effective military instrument arouse rebellious irritation in the minds of most men, but he considers that the greater reason is to be found in the destruction of individualism in the soldier, who learns to consider himself as a mere unit in a huge aggregate, and, placing what a man most values at the disposal of others—his life—has less hesitation than other men in removing it. There are, however, so many anomalies in the statistics of this subject that it would be rash to rush to any conclusion.

ROYALTY is, indeed, degenerate when it takes to writing offensive postcards. The Germans gave a lead in high life, and now Queen Natalie, daughter of Colonel Keshko, the Russian, and divorced wife of King Milan, has followed suit. She has written insulting things to King Alexander and the new Queen, late Madame Draga Maschin, *née* Lungevica. The Czar, on the other hand, has conveyed to his "good brother" his lively interest in the "happy event" of the royal marriage, because of "ties of friendship and spiritual kinship," and has offered his warmest congratulations. It is certainly a very interesting event for Servia, and the Servians do not dread the "barren hate, sour-ey'd disdain and discord" which Shakespeare assigns to such circumstances as the gossips aver preceded it. Nor does the Czar hesitate to shed "sweet aspersion" upon the "sanctimonious ceremonies." What the Servians want is the promised heir.



Photos. Copyright. *Davis.*

AT THE GRAVE OF BRITISH AND AMERICANS KILLED IN SAMOA.

The troubles in Samoa caused the loss of numerous British and American lives, and on Sunday, July 29, an appropriate monument was put in place. There was a large concourse of people, and the firing parties of the two nationalities imparted an additional air of solemnity to the scene. The monument is of grey granite, with the British and United States flags entwined in bronze, and was erected by the officers and men of the U.S. flag-ship "Philadelphia," and of the "Tauranga," "Royalist," "Porpoise," and "Torch."

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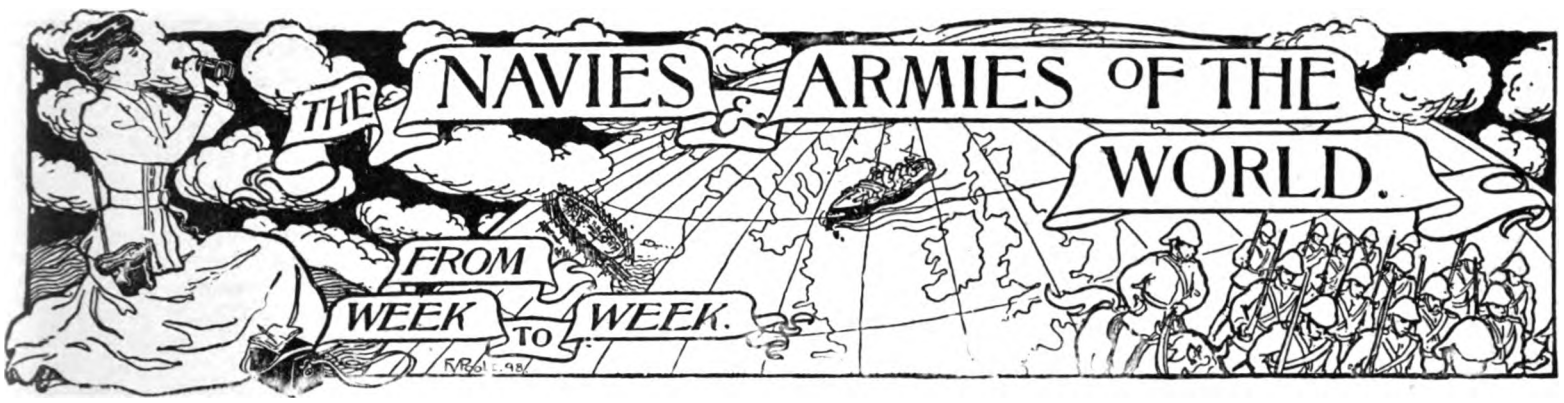

THERE is nobody, I presume, who will deny that the proper education of Naval officers is of extreme importance to themselves and to the country. Fears seem to be entertained in some quarters that they are not receiving all the instruction they ought to have. If that is so, it is an evil of considerable magnitude, and a remedy ought speedily to be found. But is it true? Before discussing this problem, or, for that matter, any problem, it is advisable to define the terms. What exactly is meant by the education or training of Naval officers? A few years ago we were told, with a great air of confidence, that our way of fitting them for their work was not sufficiently "scientific" for these enlightened times. The contention then was that they did not receive nearly so much book instruction in a variety of "isms" and "ologies" as they ought to do. Then it was answered that a Naval officer is made at sea, and that though the men of our Service might not be so eminent in chasing X as the French, for example, they were much better at handling their vessels in all conditions of weather and at all rates of speed. Now the pendulum has swung back, and the complaint is that there is not enough sea practice. All one can gather from these contradictions is that in the opinion of a good many among us something is wrong, but that there is no agreement as to what it is. The *Times* has proposed that a committee should be appointed to enquire, and has insisted upon its recommendation with no small vigour.

* * * *

What would such an examining body enquire into, and how is it going to be composed? The reference, one presumes, would be the exact character of the teaching which makes the best Naval officer. Well, if we go by experience, there is only one answer to be given to the question. Practice at sea, and plenty of it, is the obvious solution. In the last century the French and even the Spanish Naval officer was a better educated man, as far as book knowledge went, than ours. He was not equally successful at sea. Therefore it would seem that there can be no doubt about the matter, and no need for a committee of enquiry. But there are those who will reply that in the last century men did not have to work with electricity and hydraulic machines, which can never be properly handled except by those who have mastered the principles, and that they again can only be thoroughly understood by study. This sounds convincing till you get the answer that, principles or no principles, the handling of machines at sea is practical work, and that no one will ever be any good at it without practice, and plenty of that. From which it appears that, as the commercial traveller put it in Dickens's story, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question.

* * * *

Meanwhile, suppose it is all said before a committee, shall we be any better off? A body of that kind will, of course, be "representative," which is a way of saying that it will consist of almost equal numbers of partisans of either view. So will the witnesses. The first will judge, and the second will depose, each from his own standpoint. The committee will probably make a majority and a minority report, and neither side will be satisfied with the decision of the other. The enquiry would pretty certainly be only a magnified version of a recent conversation at the United Service Institution, and I venture to think that nothing will be gained by such an experience. Nobody can be convinced against his will. Meanwhile, where is the evidence that a reform is needed? Do we lose more ships than other Navies? And if we do, is that because our vessels are not so well navigated, or because they go about more? To me it seems that systems of education are of trifling importance in comparison to the spirit in which men do their work. It is quite possible to have elaborate systems of manœuvres, and to waste your time over them because you look upon them as all "theoretic rot" of no real importance, and so play instead of really working. A Navy is less likely to fall into this kind of error than an Army, because if it does not go sincerely about its practice there is an eminent risk of drowning, and this prospect has been noted to have a sobering effect on the most jocular disposition. The moral then is that, from whatever point of view you look at the question, what is wanted is practice at sea, but this is so clear that no committee is needed to tell us what we really know already. A much simpler course would be to do what nobody to my knowledge has done yet that is to say, draw up an exact statement of the amount of time spent at sea by the ships and men of our Navy, and compare the figures with those of any foreign Navy. The facts ought not to be difficult to obtain, and when we had them we should be able to judge much better than we can so far whether our training is or is not as full as that of our neighbours.

* * * *

Captain Eardley Wilmot and others have been provoked by all the talk about Army reform to ask whether we know precisely what we want our Army for. In reality that is the indispensable preliminary question which has to be settled before we can set about reorganising with any reasonable prospect of success. One kind of Army is wanted if we think that an invasion of this country on a large scale must be guarded against by troops, and another if we trust to the Navy to guard the country against that particular peril. Now here is a question which has been debated far and wide. All the good arguments are on one side. It can be proved to demonstration that no invasion larger than the raid of a handful of troops is possible so long as we have an effective Naval force on the water. A few soldiers may always be landed in an out-of-the-way place, and it is just possible that under cover of a fog, and by the help of the most exceptional luck, a division or an army corps might be thrown ashore on a mere destructive raid. But a real invasion by an army of, say, 100,000 or 150,000 men with stores, horses, and so forth, is not credible till our enemy has beaten the British Navy so effectually as to drive it off the sea and secure his communications. Yet we go on talking as if this were the danger we had to fear. And what is more, there are those who would establish a military system directed to meet this impossible case. The extraordinary thing is that the very same people who are for protecting us against invasion by an army are equally convinced of the necessity for keeping the Navy at a proper level of strength to defend us against the same danger. Yet if the Navy is equal to the duty, it is downright waste of money and work to employ the Army. But argument is nearly useless in the matter. Men listen, agree, and go away and do the very reverse of the thing they have just acknowledged to be obviously true, because in the long run the actions of men are not inspired by reason at all, but by interests, fears, and other emotions.

* * * *

It must further be acknowledged that some of those who insist most strongly on the value and true working of the Navy are apt to give away their own case. The outcry which has been raised over the temporary strength of the German Navy in the China Seas is an example. What does it matter if the squadron of the German Navy which happens to be in those waters is more powerful than ours at a given moment? Supposing the two nations to come to a quarrel, the issue would be decided by their relative general strength, and not by their respective force on one spot and at one time. Supposing war to come between us, a German squadron in the China Seas would be in the air, cut off from home, and doomed to destruction in the end, however much it might be superior for a few weeks. When the Syrian War was coming on, about 1840, the French had a particularly fine squadron in the Levant, and there were some who were very much concerned as to what it would do; as a matter of fact it did nothing, because the French Government knew very well that there was nothing to support this one squadron. Even if it had won a victory on the coast of Syria, it could not have repaired its damages, and must have limped home to Toulon as best it could, leaving the field for Great Britain to occupy. The Germans are quite as well able to estimate forces as the French, and so ought we to be.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Poets and the War.

AFTER the war between the United States and Spain some industrious person collected in a fat volume a large number of the rhymes that had been made about it. It was not an exhilarating collection. There was in it no more than a halfpennyworth of poetic feeling to an intolerable deal of gush and doggerel and "spread-eagleism." If anyone takes the trouble to do the like in the case of the war in South Africa, the verdict, we are afraid, will be much the same. Our poets have drawn from our feats of arms little inspiration. Even Mr. Swinburne fell into turgid rhetoric when he set his muse the task of abusing the Boers in round terms. The Poet Laureate has added to the gaiety of the nation, but not to the national stock of poetry. Of Mr. Kipling's efforts one has been in every mouth and its air on every organ, but the rest of them are already well-nigh forgotten. Mr. George Meredith wrote some fine lines in the early days of hostilities, but they were pro-Boer in sentiment. Mr. William Watson is also on the wrong side, and has not chosen to court further unpopularity by sounding a note out of harmony with the warlike strain that alone has held the public ear. Mr. John Davidson ought to be able to sing of "the strength and splendour of England's war," yet he has kept silence too. The best things that have been written of the war have been written by the less famous pens. Mr. Barry Pain had some touching verses in the *Daily Chronicle*, in the Cockney dialect, which he uses so effectively. In spite of the language, they had genuine feeling and genuine poetry in them:

"Sye, do yer 'ear that bugle callin'
Sutthink strange through the city's din?
Do yer shut yer eyes when the evenin's fallin',
An' see quite plain wheer they're fallin' in?
An' theer aint no sarnd as they falls in,
An' they mawch quick step with a silent tread
Through all ar 'earts, through all ar 'earts,
The Comp'ny of ar Dead.

* * * *

"Never they'll 'ear the crard a-cheerin',
These 'ull never come beck agine;
Theer welkim 'ome is beyond ar 'earin',
But theer nimes is writ an' theer nimes remine;
An' deep an' lastin' theer nimes remine,
Writ in theer blood for theer country shed;
An' they stan's up strite an' they knows no shime,
The Comp'ny of ar Dead."

Verses that have as good a chance as any of being recollected are Mr. Harold Begbie's on the "Handy Man." There is a capital swing about them, and they gave expression at just the right moment to the popular feeling of admiration for the sailor ashore as well as afloat which followed the exploits of the Naval Brigade at Ladysmith. If Mr. Kipling has done for Tommy Atkins what Dibdin did for Jack, Mr. Begbie might very well be a Dibdin up to date. Songs for the million must be written in the idiom of the day. "The Handy Man" hits the mark between slang that becomes unintelligible in a couple of years and the more sedate vocabulary of the serious poet.

If then the war of 1899-1900 has not inspired any great poetry—has not given us a "Charge of the Light Brigade," or a "Relief of Lucknow," nor even a "Private of the Buffs"—it has, nevertheless, stimulated a good many of the writers of fluent, stirring verse to the production of passable rhymes. Perhaps actual war-time is not the best season for expecting fine war-poems. The best in the language, Michael Drayton's splendid "Battle of Agincourt," was written 200 years after the St. Crispin's Day, when "fought was this noble fray." Tennyson's "Revenge," our most moving poem of Naval warfare, and Browning's "Hervé Riel," that not less stirring story of the Breton pilot and how he saved the French Fleet off St. Malo, both told of far-off days; Sir Walter Scott wrote "The Charge at Waterloo" not so long after the news of it had set England ringing and shouting, but it reads tamely enough now; and Sir Francis Doyle's commemoration of the saving of the colours by Lieutenants Melvill and Coghill in the Zulu War has not that intensity of feeling and that simplicity of expression that make "The Private of the Buffs" great. Poets, if they feel very deeply, never write very well. Their blood must be stirred and their imagination quickened by some thought or deed that touches their own private emotions not with too poignant force. If they write out of the fulness of their personal joy or sorrow, they scarcely ever strike the universal notes of pain and gladness. They lose their power of self-criticism. They are carried away by their feelings, and the artist in them gives way to the man. The greatest poetry has in it an element of the impersonal. Mr. Henley feels very deeply about this present war. He glows with a passion of patriotism, and rages against the insanity that drives on the foes who dare to oppose "England, my England." He sings contemptuously of "old mad Boers," and pours out his scorn upon the farmers who thought to defy the majesty of Britain's Empire. But his poetry is none the better for the violence of his emotions. A great poet, great in mind as well as great in manner, would take a wider outlook.

On the whole, we may conclude that the finest poems about war are not called forth by actual warfare, but by the contemplation of great actions, when they are mirrored in the book of history, or in the less formal pages of familiar record. So we need not think that our poets are wanting in their duty to their age because they have not, during this war, greatly added to the national treasury of song. What they have given us has been most of it good of its kind—a kind of rhymed journalism rather than true poetry—and has certainly been no worse than the poetic outcome of former wars. Anyone who is not convinced of this need only compare recent efforts with the collection of War Songs lately published in the Canterbury Poets series. The comparison, if we strike an average, is all to the advantage of our own time.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1417.—Caen taken by Henry V. 1643.—Battle of Newbury. Charles I. gained a slight advantage over the Parliamentarians under Essex. 1810.—Colonel Trant attacked a French convoy near Moimenta de Beira and took 100 prisoners and some baggage. 1854.—Battle of the Alma. Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud defeated the Russians. 1898.—The Sirdar occupied Sobat.

September 21, 1753.—Action of the Golden Rock. Major Lawrance carried this position, near Seringham, and drove the French from the Sugar-loaf Rock. 1777.—Sir William Howe surprised and defeated the Americans near Brandywine Creek, Pennsylvania.

September 22, 1781.—Capture of Fort Paloor, near Tripassore, by Sir Eyre Coote. 1790.—Capture of Paulghatcherry.

September 23, 1702.—Surrender of Venloo. 1803.—Battle of Assaye. Wellington with 4,500 British and native troops defeated the Mahratta Chief Scindia and the Rajah of Berar with 50,000 troops. All the enemy's guns were captured. 1896.—Occupation of Dongola.

September 24, 1751.—Successful sortie by Clive from Arcot, which was invested by Chunda Sahib. 1752.—Successful sortie by Captain Dalton from Fort St. David's, Trichinopoly. 1803.—Alighur captured by storm by General Lake.

September 25, 1597.—Surrender of Amiens by the Spanish to a French and British force. 1811.—Combat of El Bodon (Peninsular War), in which the "Fifth" charged a body of cavalry and recovered some Portuguese guns that had been captured by the French.

September 26, 1767.—Battle of Trincomalee. Colonel Smith, reinforced by Colonel Wood, defeated Hyder and Nizam Ali and captured nine guns. 1777.—Philadelphia taken by Lord Cornwallis. 1857.—Relief of Lucknow Residency by Havelock. 1896.—Colonel Parsons defeated the Dervishes at Gedaref.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1757.—Capture of the French "Emeraude," 28, by the "Southampton," 32, off Brest. 1809.—Reduction of Ile de Bourbon by Commodore Rowley's squadron. 1811.—Defeat of a French flotilla off Boulogne by the "Naiad," 30, "Redpole," 10, "Rinaldo," 10, "Castilian," 18, and "Viper," 8. 1882.—Death of Commander Wyatt Rawson from wounds received at Tel-el-Kebir. 1899.—The "London" launched.

September 22, 1415.—Capture of Harfleur by Henry V. 1759.—James Cook appointed master of the "Northumberland," 74. 1795.—Destruction of the French "Sans Culottes," 18, by the British "Aimable," 32. 1884.—The gun-boat "Wasp" wrecked. 1894.—The "Shark," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

September 23, 1779.—The "Serapis," 44, and "Countess of Scarborough," 20, captured by Paul Jones off Scarborough. 1796.—Action between the "Pelican," 18, and the French "Mede," 40, in the East Indies, the latter being beaten off. 1895.—The "Minerva" launched.

September 24, 1758.—The "Southampton," 32, captured the French "Caumartin," 18. 1797.—The "Phaeton," 32, captured the French "Indien," 16. 1895.—The "Quail," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

September 25, 1778.—Capture of the American "Raleigh," 32, off Boston, by the "Experiment," 40, and "Unicorn," 32. 1805.—Surrender, after an heroic defence, of the "Calcutta," 50, to a French squadron of one 120-gun-ship, three 74's, and three large frigates. 1806.—Capture of the four French 40-gun frigates "Armide," "Gloire," "Infatigable," and "Minerve," by Sir Samuel Hood's squadron, off Rochfort.

September 26, 1580.—Drake arrives at Plymouth after sailing round the world. 1750.—Lord Collingwood born. 1814.—Destruction of the American privateer "General Armstrong." 1840.—Vice-Admiral A. T. Dale born.

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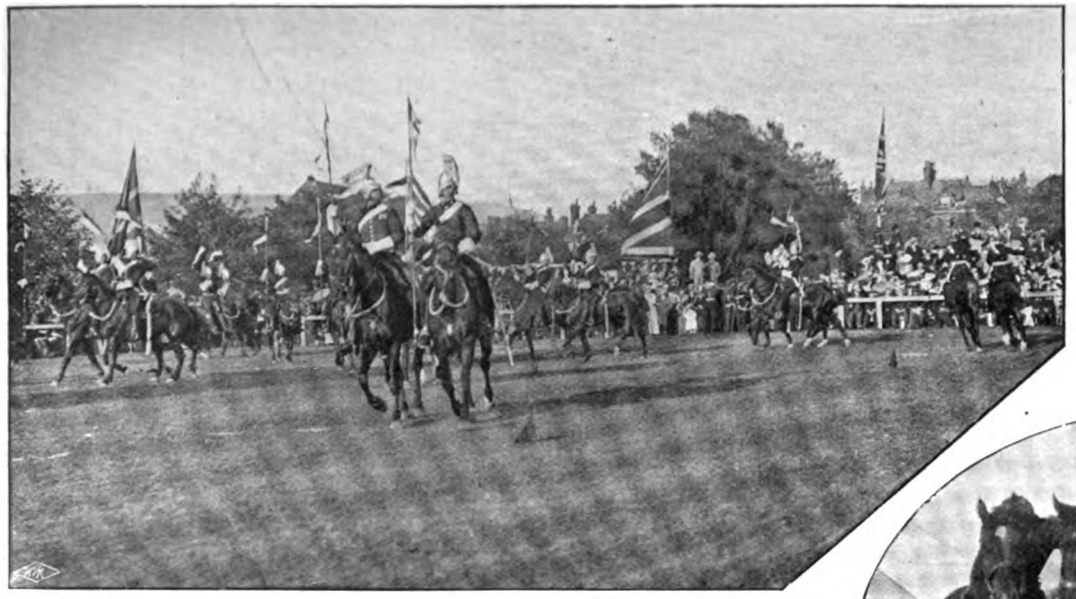
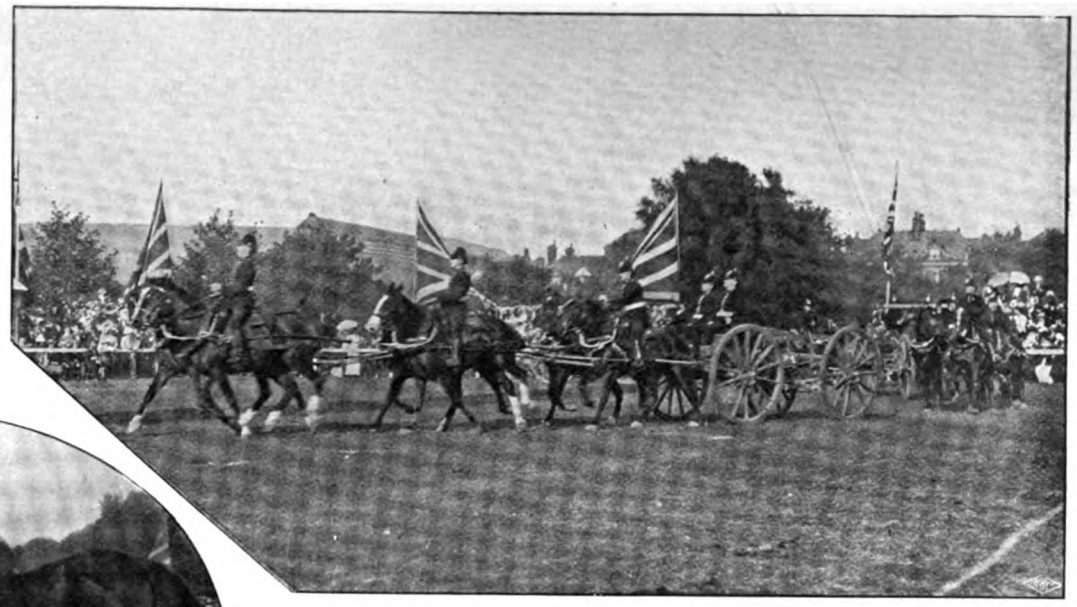
The Folkestone Military Tournament.

A Brilliantly Successful Gathering In Aid of Military Charities.

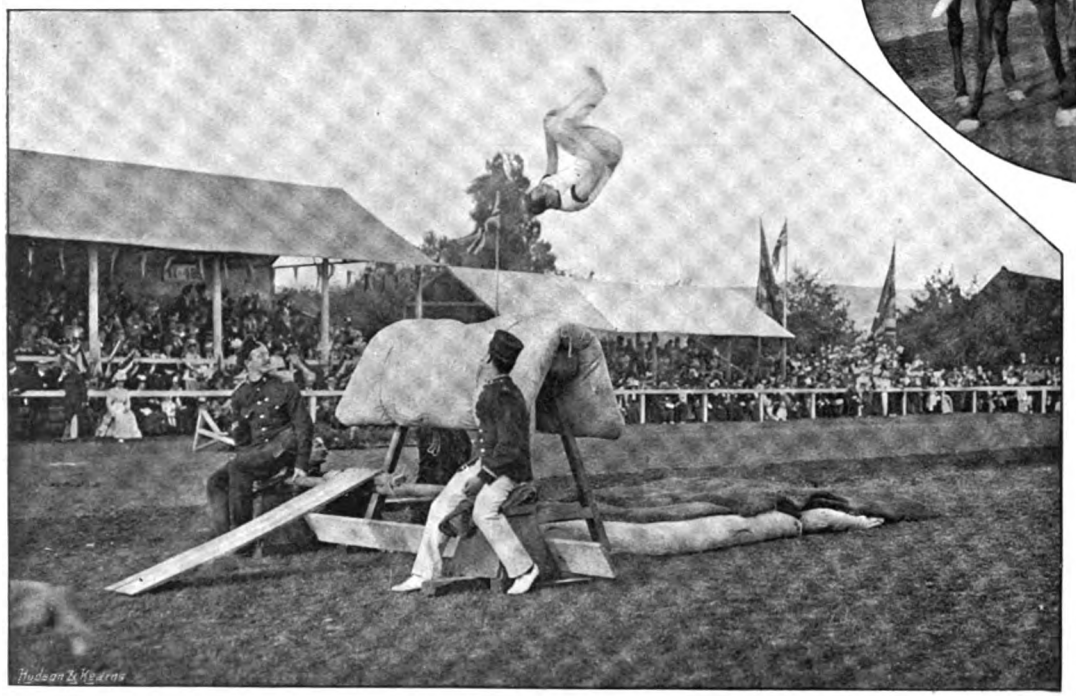


A BRILLIANT RIDE.
The 7th Dragoon Guards.

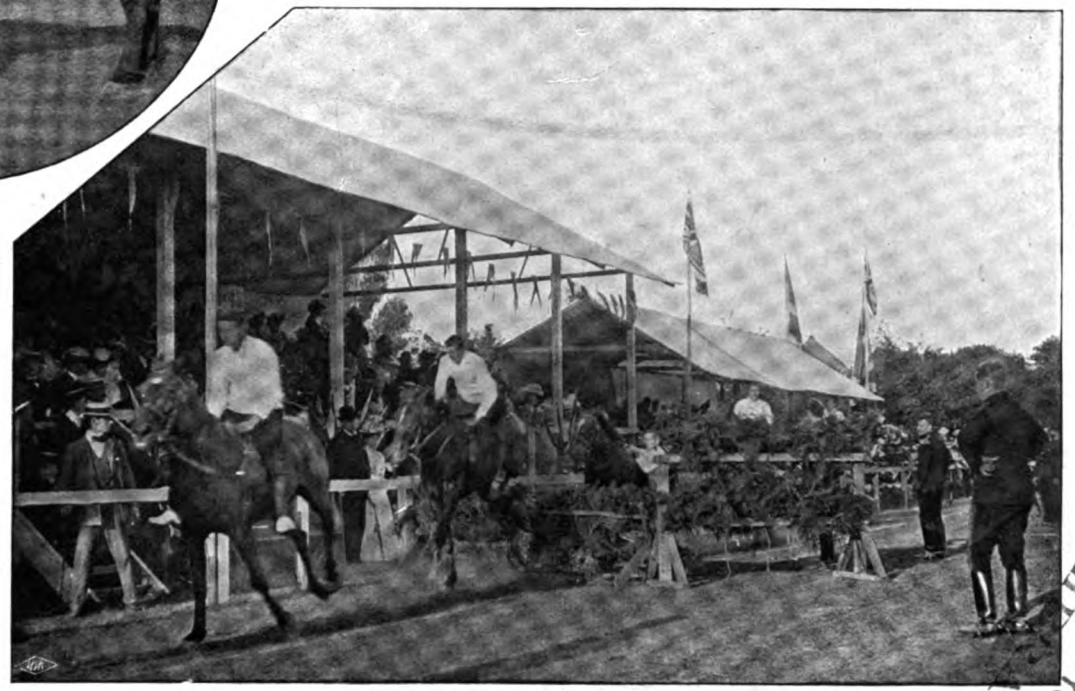
WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK.



A MUSICAL DRIVE.
The Royal Field Artillery



A GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.
A Somersault in Mid air



BAREBACK RIDING.
Men from the Cavalry Depot.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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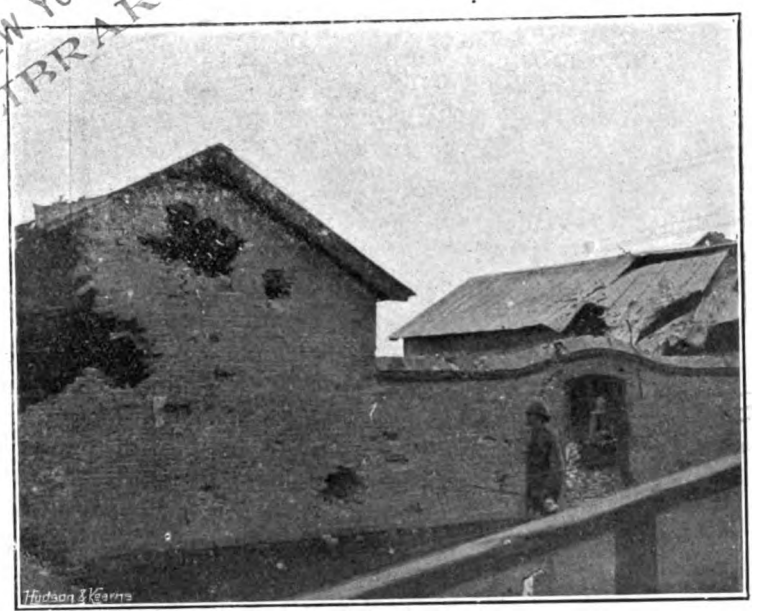
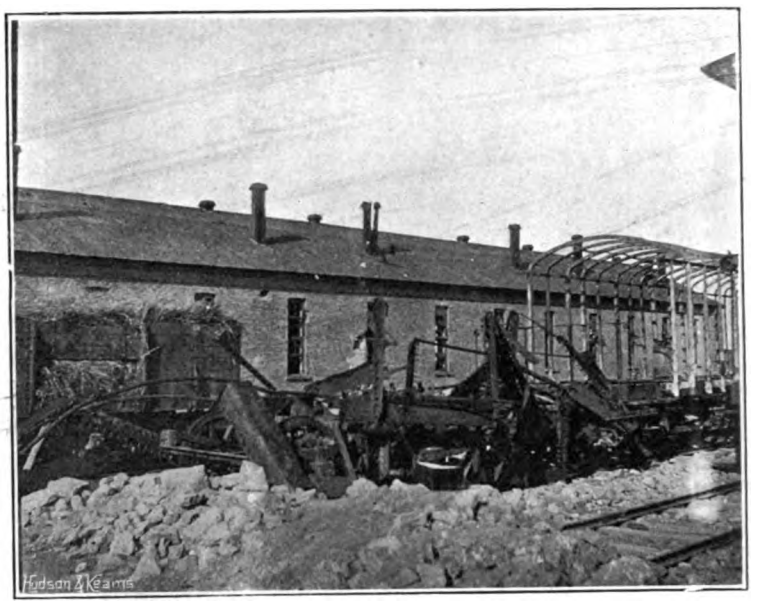
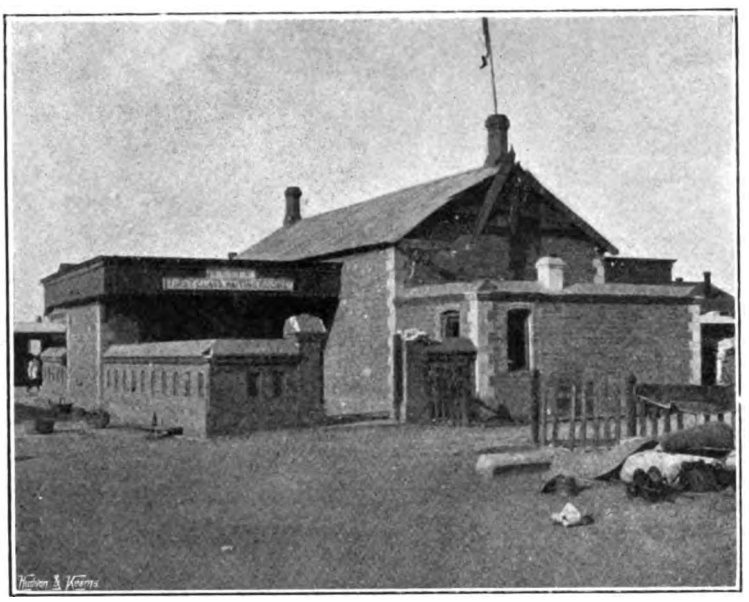
With the Allied Troops at Tientsin.



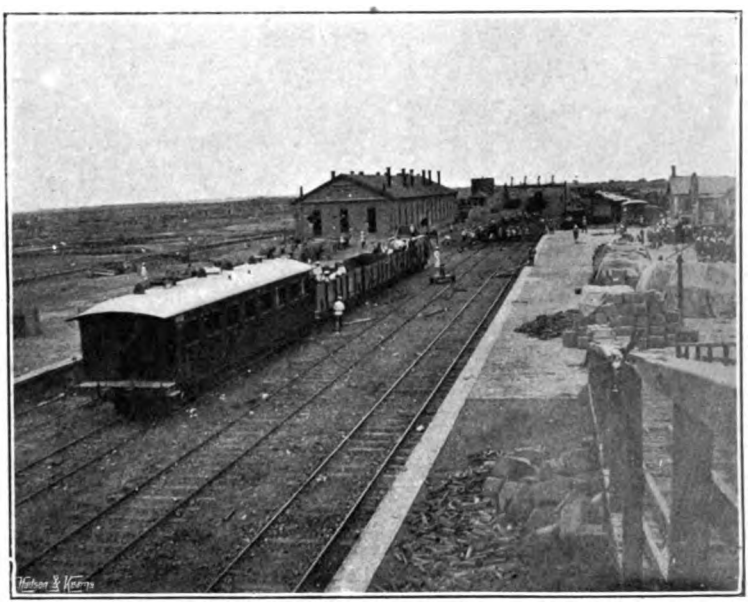
A.—HOUSE RIDDLED BY CHINESE SHELL.



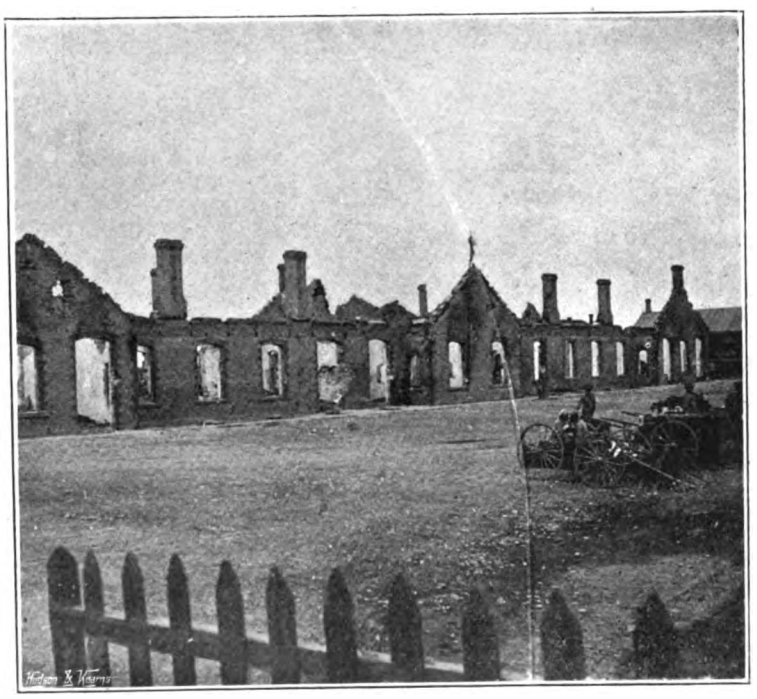
D.—THE ENGINE-HOUSES AND WORKSHOPS.



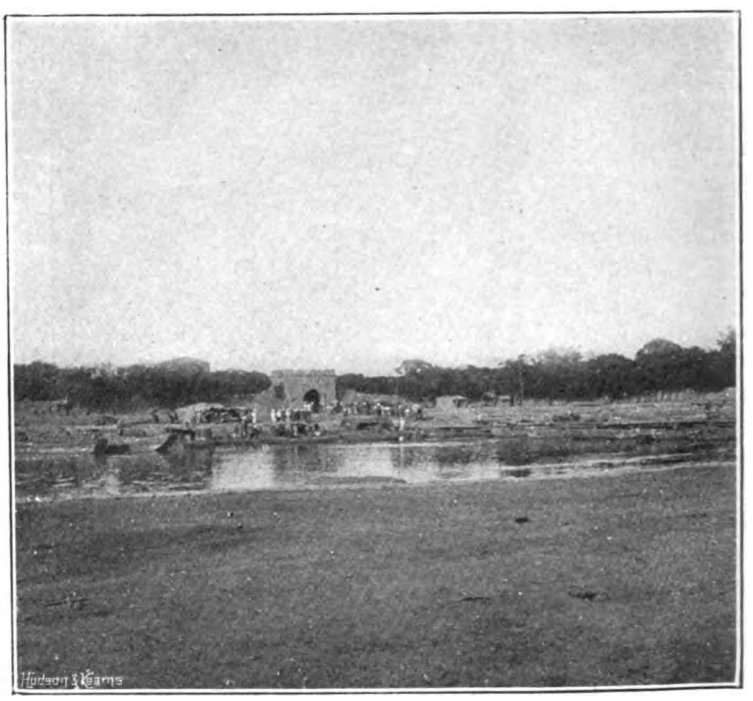
B.—THE FIRST-CLASS WAITING-ROOMS.



E.—TIENTSIN STATION FROM THE SIGNAL-BOX.



C.—STATION BUILDINGS BURNT BY CHINESE.



F.—THE MILITARY COLLEGE—A CHINESE STRONGHOLD.

A.—This House was held by the French. It was the Key of Our Position. B.—Here the Wounded found Partial Shelter C.—Held by the Hong-Kong Regiment (Pathans) and Russians. D.—The Scene of much Severe Fighting. E.—This is the Position we had to Hold against verwhelming Odds and Superior Artillery. F.—Scene of the First Successful Attack by the Allied Forces under the Shell Fire of the Chinese Forts.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by H. Grant-Smith, Esq., Acting A.D.C. to Captain Burke, R.N., "Orlando" Brigade, Tientsin.

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Afloat with the Training Squadron.

CAPTAIN E. S. POE AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "ST. GEORGE."
The First-class Cruiser Flying the Broad Pennant of the Commodore.

CAPTAIN R. K. McALPINE AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "CAMBRIAN."
Now Transferred to the Recently-commissioned "Hyacinth."

Photos. Copyright.
CAPTAIN F. O. PIKE AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "MINERVA."
Some of whom were Transferred from the "Champion."

Russell & Sons.
CAPTAIN G. H. CHERRY AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "JUNO."
Captain Cherry has now been Relieved by Captain H. P. Routh.

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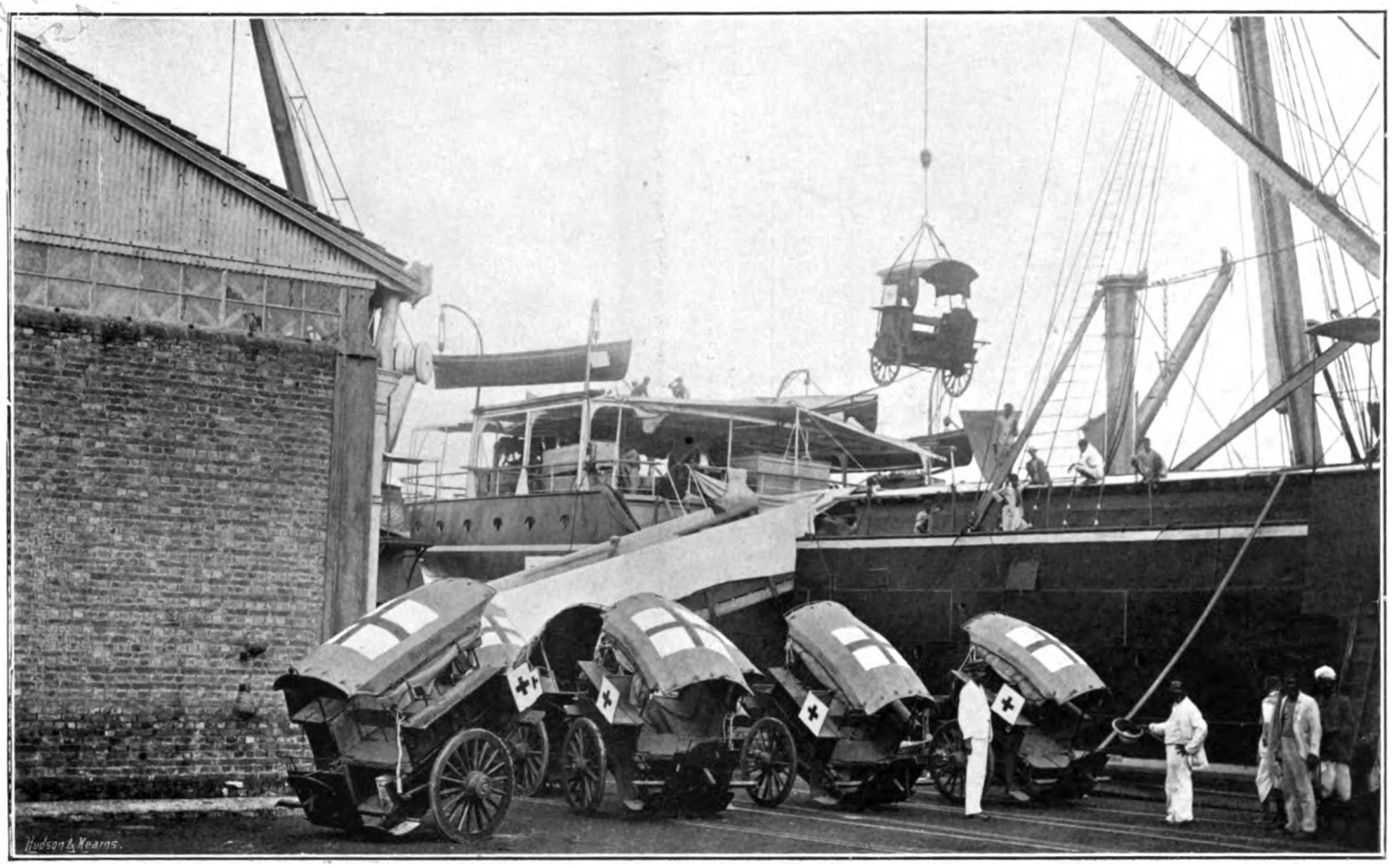
Preparations for Peking.



A PRESENT FROM A PATRIOTIC PARSEE.

Galloping Ambulances for the Expeditionary Force for China.

Photos. Copyright. *F. Kapp & Co., Calcutta.*

AN UNCANNY-LOOKING OBJECT IN THE AIR.

Shipping Horses of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry at Calcutta.

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The National Instinct at Work.

IT is hardly too much to say that one of the dominant characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race is its love for athletic sports of all kinds, and the desire of its individual members to participate in them. This is the keynote of every British school, and the complaint has frequently been made of late that this devotion to athleticism finds too prominent a place in our Universities.

Certain it is that men of our race have played cricket almost under the guns of the enemy, and somehow or other bats and stumps and footballs and boxing-gloves seem to be always available at the front, and the earliest favourable opportunity for their use is eagerly seized.

When Buller had once got through the passes of the Drakensberg—when he had established his forces in the land of the enemy, which has now for all time become British ground—the point for which he made was Standerton. This is within the limits of the Transvaal, and is a station on the railway running from Durban to Johannesburg and Pretoria, and thence as far north as Pietersburg.

It is certain that one of the first developments introduced into the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, now that they are under our control, will be a great extension of the railway system. In populated countries, the railway follows the towns; in thinly populated regions, the towns grow around the railways, and Standerton is likely to be an important point in the near future. At any rate, no sooner had the British troops got there than the national tendencies towards athleticism showed themselves, and an athletic meeting was arranged and held.

Naturally boxing competitions formed a part. When did a body of Britons ever find themselves abroad without a tussle of this sort taking place, either with or without the gloves? Then, of course, came the running, and one of our pictures shows the start for the Officers' Hundred Yards.

Alas! there were no silk drawers or light jerseys. Men at the front had apparently to run in their trousers, and the start for this particular race seems to have been a little ragged. But who cares? It is the old British love of sport, which is never so happy as when showing its athletic side in the very face of the enemy.

And, after all, this athleticism, this tendency to cricket and football, to boxing and running, displayed upon every occasion, is one of the factors that makes for dominance of race. Or would it be more correct to say that it is the outward and visible sign of that innate and inexpressible quality on which dominance depends and which finds another expression in the doggedness of the battlefield?

Perhaps this is a truer way of putting it; but there is no question that Britons are accustomed to rule, and that they have a national bent towards everything that makes for athleticism, and a spirit of energy, enthusiasm, and dash, which may, indeed, lead at times to light-hearted disregard of the enemy—not always wise—but which possesses many advantages nevertheless, for it sends our soldiers forward where men of slower character might never be prompted to go, and thus victory is won.

It will be a bad day for this country when we lose this characteristic, and when athletic sports—using the words in their widest sense—cease to be popular.

IN THE RING AT STANDERTON.
The Boxing of the 2nd Brigade.

A CLEAR COURSE AND NO FAVOUR.
The Start for the Officers' Hundred Yards.

FROM GOOD PLAY TO GRIM EARNEST.
Trenches and Walls for the Defence of the Town.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Military Officer.

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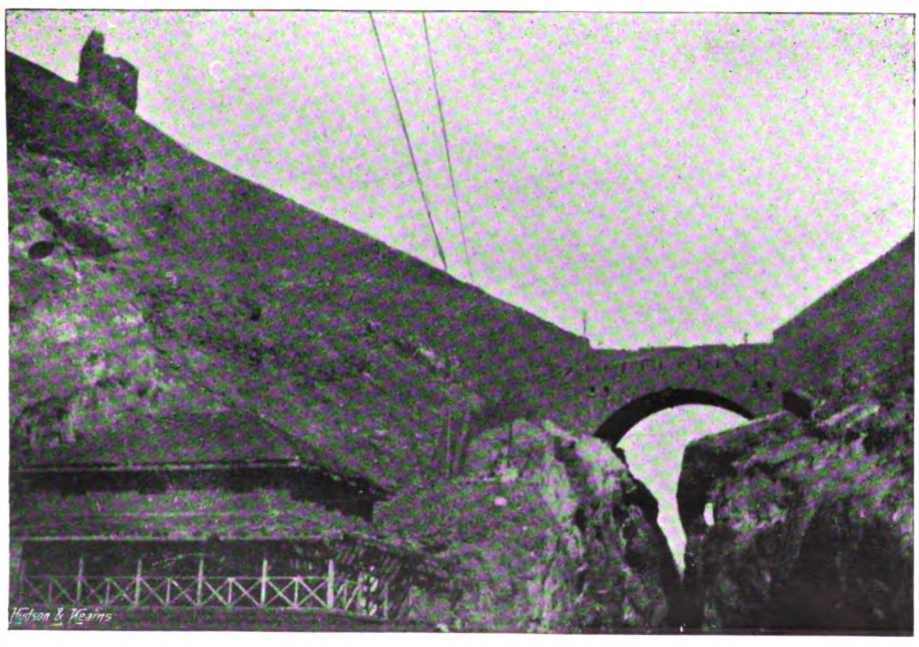
Side-lights on the Chinese Trouble

THE PORT OF HANKAU ON THE YANG-TSE.

BOATS IN THE WELL-KNOWN ANCHORAGE AT ADEN.

Where Count Waldersee Landed on His Way.



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A WELL-KNOWN SPOT AT THE SAME PORT.

The Bridge Spanning the Rocky Valley.

OUR first picture is not, in truth, a landmark on the road to China. On the contrary, it is a Chinese town situated many miles up the Yang-tse, and inhabited by a large European colony. Hankau is the terminus of the Grand Canal, and is thus in direct communication with Peking, and has a vast command of internal navigation. It is famed for its silk trade, and is celebrated for its neatness and cleanliness—in which, by the way, it offers a striking contrast to the majority of Chinese cities. Standing at the junction of two rivers, it possesses almost unrivalled opportunities for the reception and transport of commerce, and it is to all intents and purposes one of the most important cities of what may be described as inner China. Like so many other Chinese cities, it has a fluctuating river and canal population, which, in the case of Hankau, is almost equal to that of the city itself. Our other pictures show halting-places on the road to China. Every traveller eastward must pass Aden, and not a few are aware of its reputation and rejoice that they are not quartered there. It is supposed to be about the hottest spot on earth, and everyone who has been there is acquainted with a number of yarns illustrative of the heat of the place which it is unnecessary to reproduce.

Aden is really a mountain at the end of a peninsula, and greatly resembles Gibraltar, but has the advantage of a much better harbour, which, moreover, is not commanded by the guns of another State. The difficulty there is to know how to pass the time between the coming of one ship and the arrival of another. For Aden is perfectly isolated, and the pursuit of hares on the arid sand desert of the mainland, with its short grass, soon becomes tedious. It has a curious history, as its strategic value at the entrance to the Red Sea has always been recognised. When it came into British hands, it consisted of about a hundred houses and a few hovels, with a population of something like 3,000 or 4,000, and is now an important military station and coaling port. Singapore represents another link in the chain of coaling stations that form the world's commercial artery between the West and the East. The place is really a small island at the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, and the traffic passes between it and a chain of islands about nine miles distant. The town itself is on the south side of the island on both banks of a salt creek. It was purchased from the Sultan of Johore by the East India Company in 1819, but it was not until five years later that the formal act of cession was ratified. The place is the seat of government of the Straits Settlements, which consist of Singapore, Penang, and

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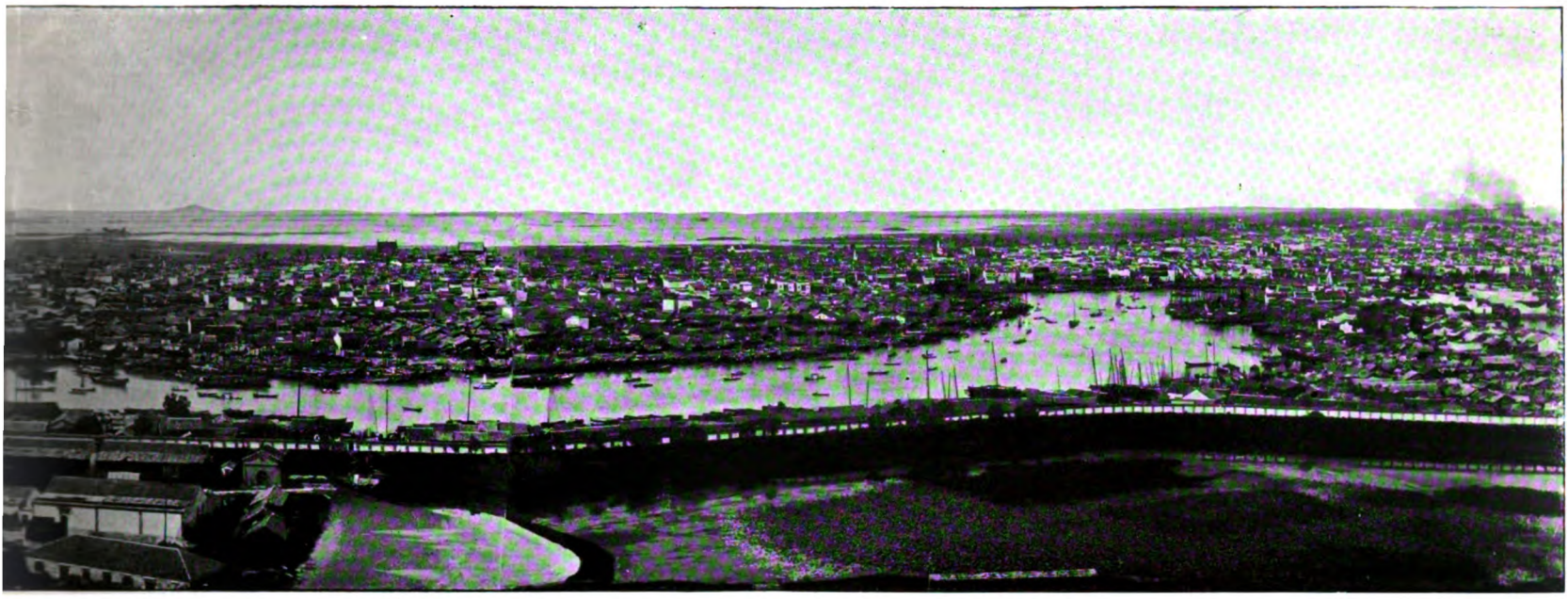
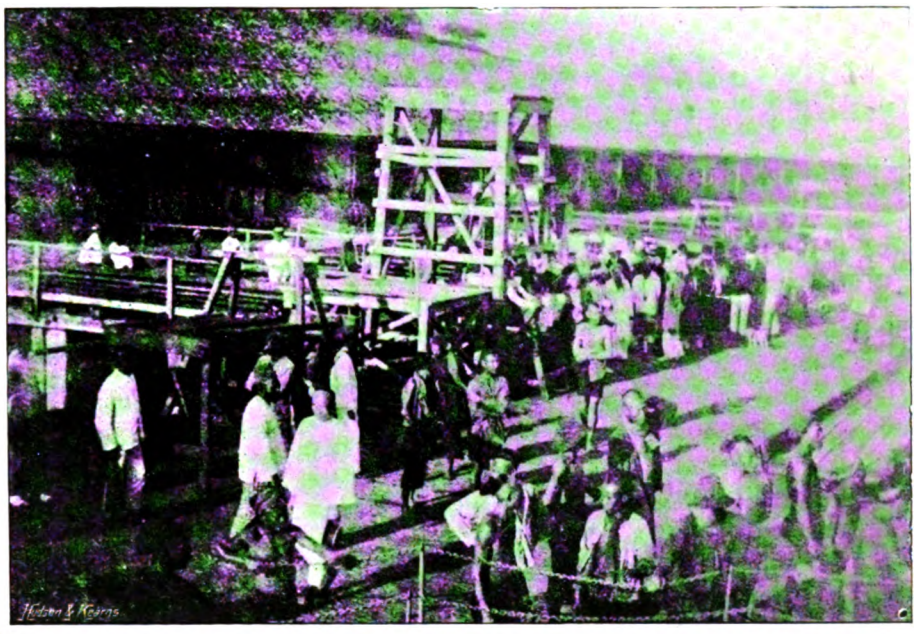
And the Way to the Far East.



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CITIES IN CHINA.

Malacca. Then there is the coral group of the Cocos Islands, which may be practically left out of account. Penang is one of the wettest places in the world. Its official report for 1898 amounted to 124·51-in., and it is currently said that it rains there for about 300 days out of the year. Singapore does not lag far behind. The bulk of the population of all these Settlements consists of Chinese and Malays. Singapore, however, in the extent of the shipping calling there, is one of the greatest ports in the world, being frequented by vessels trading between Europe or India and the Far East, the northern portion of Australia, and the Dutch possessions among the dispersed islands. All the forces of the Western Powers for China pass Singapore on their way to the destination, and the trouble has made the place busy with new occupation. There are excellent docks, and the climate is fairly healthy for Europeans. Indeed, the objection to it is not to be found in its extremes, nor even in its tropical heat, but in the fact that the variations of temperature throughout the year are very slight. There is, in fact, no bracing period; there is no bracing upland to which it is possible to resort; and this is just the difficulty in the way of the preservation of European health. The place has several batteries on the sea-front, and these have been armed with guns furnished by the Imperial Government, the colony having provided the forts. The principal produce is tin, which is largely exported, but the value of Singapore consists in its position as a port and as a coaling station. No one can doubt the value that coaling stations will have in the next great Naval war. In the old days ships could find an anchorage in any convenient spot where they were secure from the enemy's attack, and could largely repair damages from their own resources. The supply of food on board was large in quantity if deficient in quality, and thus, with some difficulty, it was possible to keep the sea. The modern battle-ship or cruiser will be helpless when her bunkers are emptied. She will not dare, indeed, to empty them, but will have to seek a port long before that point of exhaustion is reached. Herein lies the value of coaling stations at such places as Aden and Singapore. They are on the high road to China, and their importance becomes manifest when, as happened the other day, a couple of cruisers—in this case the "Isis" and "Dido"—are sent away from the Mediterranean in a hurry to make all speed to Hong-Kong. At present we can look upon our coaling stations as conveniences. The day may come when we shall have to regard them as necessities for victory.



THE MEETING PLACE OF MANY RACES.
The Peninsular and Oriental Company's Quay at Singapore.

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IN THE NATIVE PART OF SINGAPORE.
A Typical Scene in the Straits Settlements.

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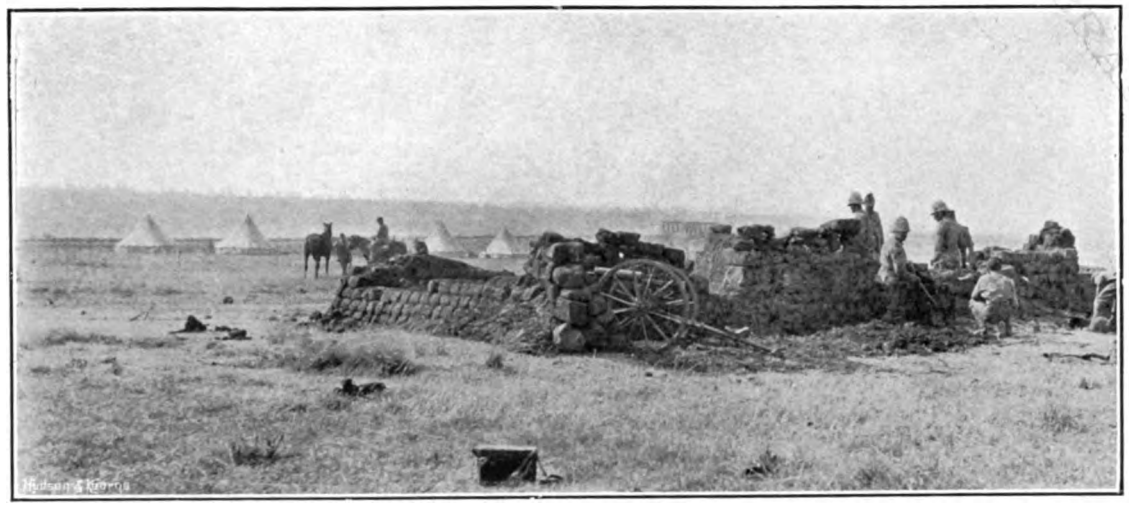
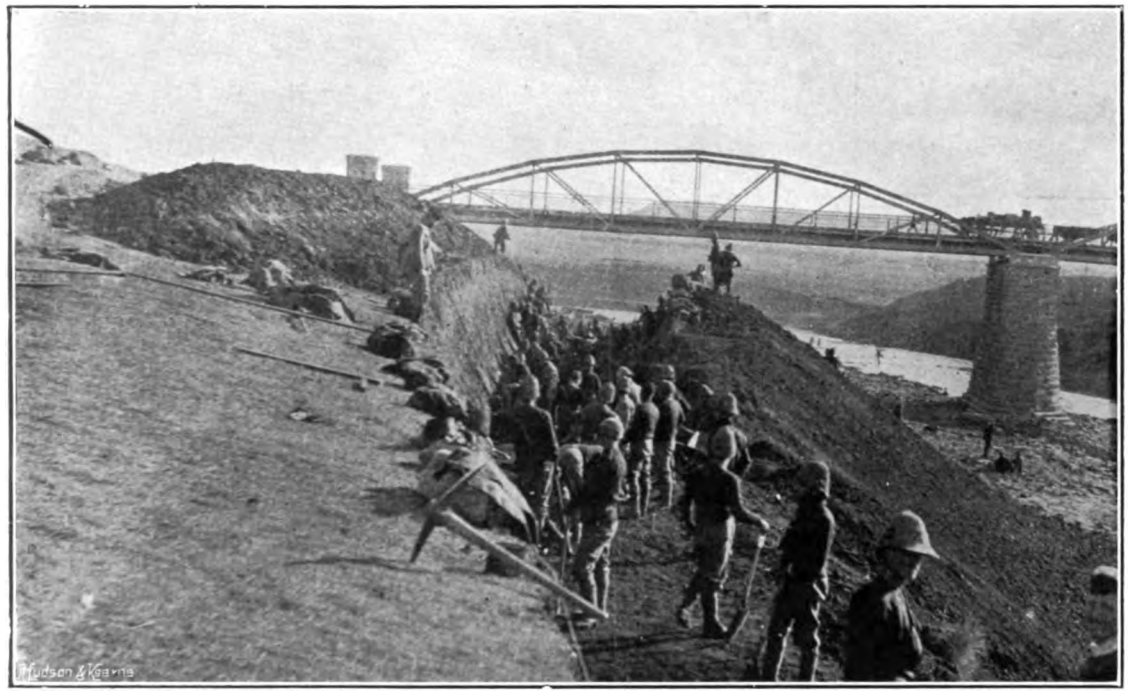
Buller's March to Standerton.

ON DETACHED SERVICE.
The Maxim of the 2nd Devons in a Mealie Field.



HOW A MAXIM IS DEFENDED.
A Good Breastwork to Protect the 1st Devons' Gun.



HARD AT WORK ON THE RAILWAY.
The East Surreys near Standerton.

VIATOR AND PISCATOR IN THE FIELD.
Good Barbel are Found in the Vaal River.

With the Forces at the Front.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Military Officer.

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Final Work in South Africa.

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A NECESSARY DUTY—GUARDING THE RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS.

Officers of the 3rd Battalion the Prince of Wales's South Lancashire Regiment.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WILY DE WET.

Lord Kitchener Leaving Pretoria for His Chase of the Boer Leader.

In the Rear and at the Front.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by James G. F. Archibald.

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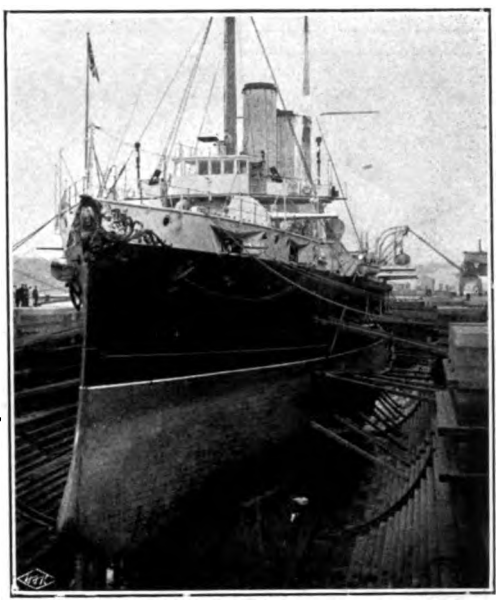
On the Australian Station.

ALTHOUGH the Australian Naval station is less important than the stations of the Mediterranean and China, it occupies a very distinct position in our scheme of Imperial defence. The squadron is not only charged with the duty of protecting the territory and commercial interests of Australia, but is in a splendid position for the reinforcement of squadrons operating in equatorial waters or in the China seas, although a certain bar is set upon its movements by particular arrangements that have been made. It is, however, an open secret that, at the time of the Fashoda incident a plan of campaign was matured involving a masterful combination of forces, wherein the Australian Squadron was intended to play an important part.

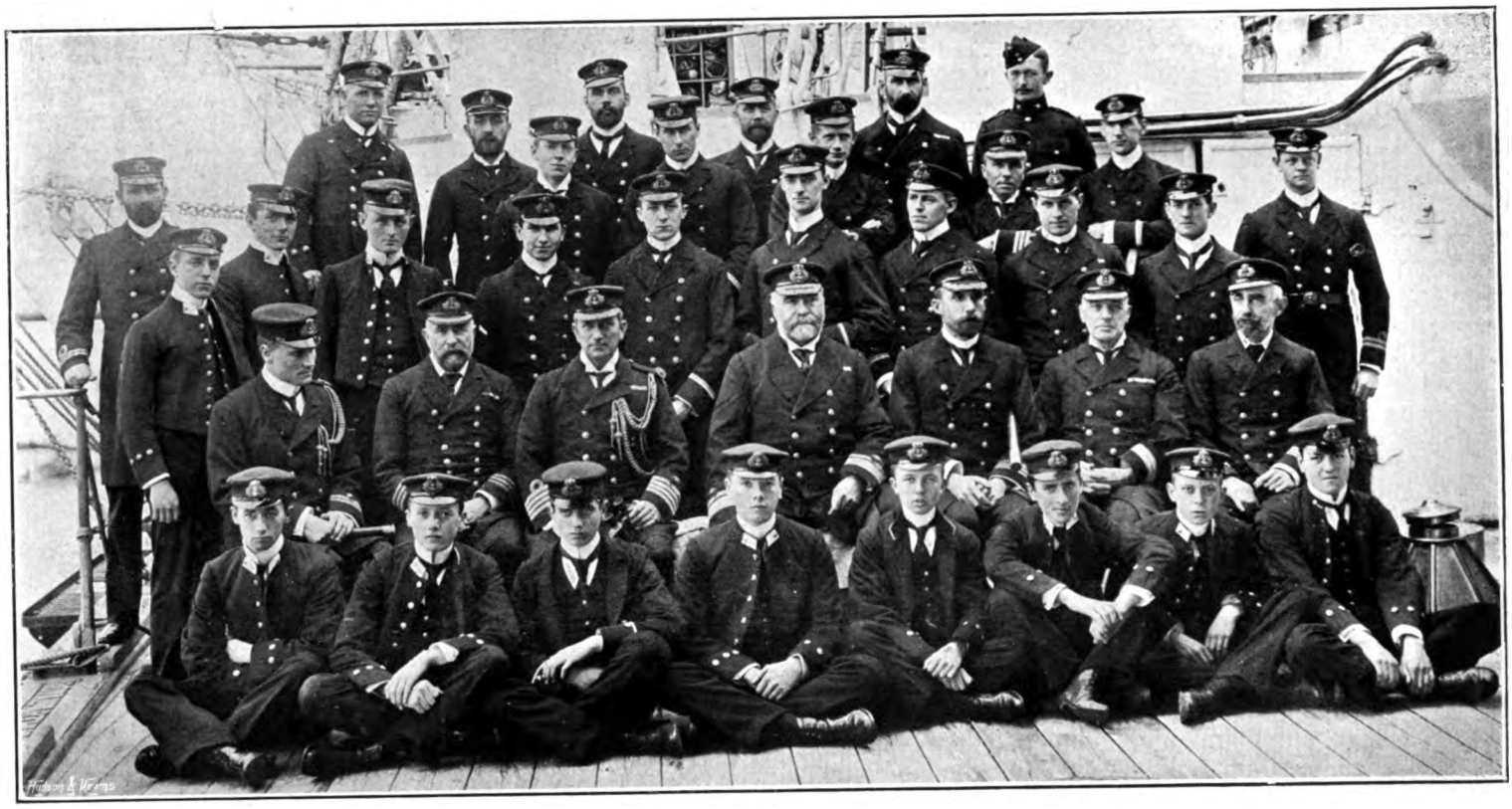
The headquarters of the squadron are at Sydney, and in the magnificent harbour there the man-of-war anchorage is a centre of attraction. The colonists regard the squadron with positive enthusiasm. Forming part of it are the ships to the building of which they have contributed so freely, and which in a sense, and a right sense, they regard with something of the feeling of proprietorship. These vessels, in fact—the "Boomerang," "Karrakatta," "Katoomba," "Mildura," "Ringarooma," "Tauranga," and "Wallaroo," all third-class cruisers, built in 1889-90, and not always in commission—are, by agreement made with the Admiralty, not, under ordinary circumstances, to be moved from Australian waters. This, of course, is not an arrangement incapable of variation, and obviously it is not wholly satisfactory if regarded rigidly, since Australia and New Zealand may be defended well at a great distance from their shores.



THE NECESSARY OVERHAULING IN PROGRESS.
The "Royal Arthur" in Dock at Cockatoo Island, Sydney.

Top row—W. Lyne, Boatswain; G. Reeves, Carpenter; E. W. Thring, Assistant-Paymaster; W. E. Beabey, Boatswain; E. H. Shearme, Assistant-Paymaster; H. Steele, Gunner; Lieutenant F. G. Brine; E. Walker, Torpedo Gunner; Commander E. E. Lacey, Navigating Officer; Lieutenant F. H. Griffiths, R.M.L.I.; C. E. Batt, Admiral's Secretary.

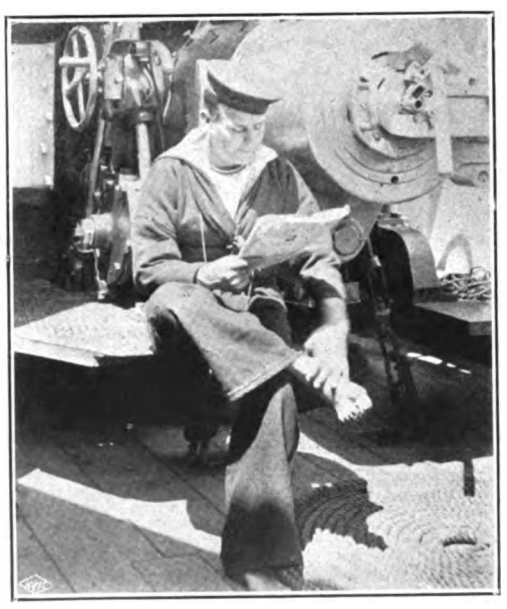
Second row—Lieutenant F. J. Ranken, R.N.R.; Midshipman Hennicker-Heaton; Midshipman W. M. James; W. A. Donovan, Assistant-Engineer; H. E. O'Dowd, Assistant-Paymaster; C. M. Weeks, Assistant-Engineer; W. S. Westbrook, Engineer; Lieutenant F. G. St. G. Brooker; Lieutenant V. H. G. Bernard; Lieutenant C. H. France-Hayhurst.



REAR-ADMIRAL H. L. PEARSON AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "ROYAL ARTHUR."

Third row—Midshipman R. P. S. de Sausmarez; Flag-Lieutenant A. C. Stewart; G. F. Laird, Fleet-Engineer; Captain C. G. Dicken, Flag-Captain; Admiral H. L. Pearson, Commander-in-Chief; Commander B. Currey; W. E. Boxer, Fleet-Paymaster; A. Patterson, Fleet-Surgeon.

Front row—Midshipman P. H. Smith; Midshipman G. F. Montagu; A. B. S. Townend, Assistant-Clerk; Midshipmen J. F. Finlayson, J. M. Jackson, C. B. Elwell, J. K. Rigg, A. R. A. Macdonald.



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HURRAH FOR THE INCOMING MAIL.
A Quiet Smoke and a Read during the Dinner-hour.

The Admiral Commanding-in-Chief on the station is always a popular officer, who holds a high place in the public and social affairs of the federated colonies, and Admiralty House, at Sydney, is at times the centre of much of the social life of New South Wales. Rear-Admiral Hugo L. Pearson, who was appointed Commander-in-Chief in November, 1897, is in his fifty-eighth year, and is a seaman of great repute. He was promoted to Captain from the royal yacht, and has been an aide-de-camp to the Queen. As a Rear-Admiral he was second in command of the Reserve Fleet in the Naval Manœuvres of 1895.

He flies his flag in the "Royal Arthur," Captain C. G. Dicken, a first-class protective cruiser of 7,700 tons, commissioned at Portsmouth in November, 1897. She was built under the Naval Defence Act, and is a sister of the "Crescent," "Gibraltar," and "St. George." She carries one 9·2-in. gun, and a quick-firing armament comprising twelve 6-in., twelve 6-pounders, and five 3-pounders, besides seven machine guns, and she has four torpedo-tubes, of which two are submerged. Engines of 12,000 horse power, built by Maudslays, are credited with giving the cruiser a speed of over 19 knots. The third-class cruisers on the Australian station displace about 2,575 tons, and are credited with a speed of over 20 knots, which, however, can only be attained for short runs at high pressure. They carry a quick-firing armament of eight 4·7-in. and eight 3-pounder guns, as well as machine and light guns. Some other third-class cruisers, as well as gun-boats, are also on the station.

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Some of the Gallant Defenders of Tientsin

First Row Standing, from Left to Right—Lieutenants O. S. Flower and Hay, Captain H. M. Richards, Lieutenants C. S. Owen, R. I. B. Johnson, and H. R. Thexham.

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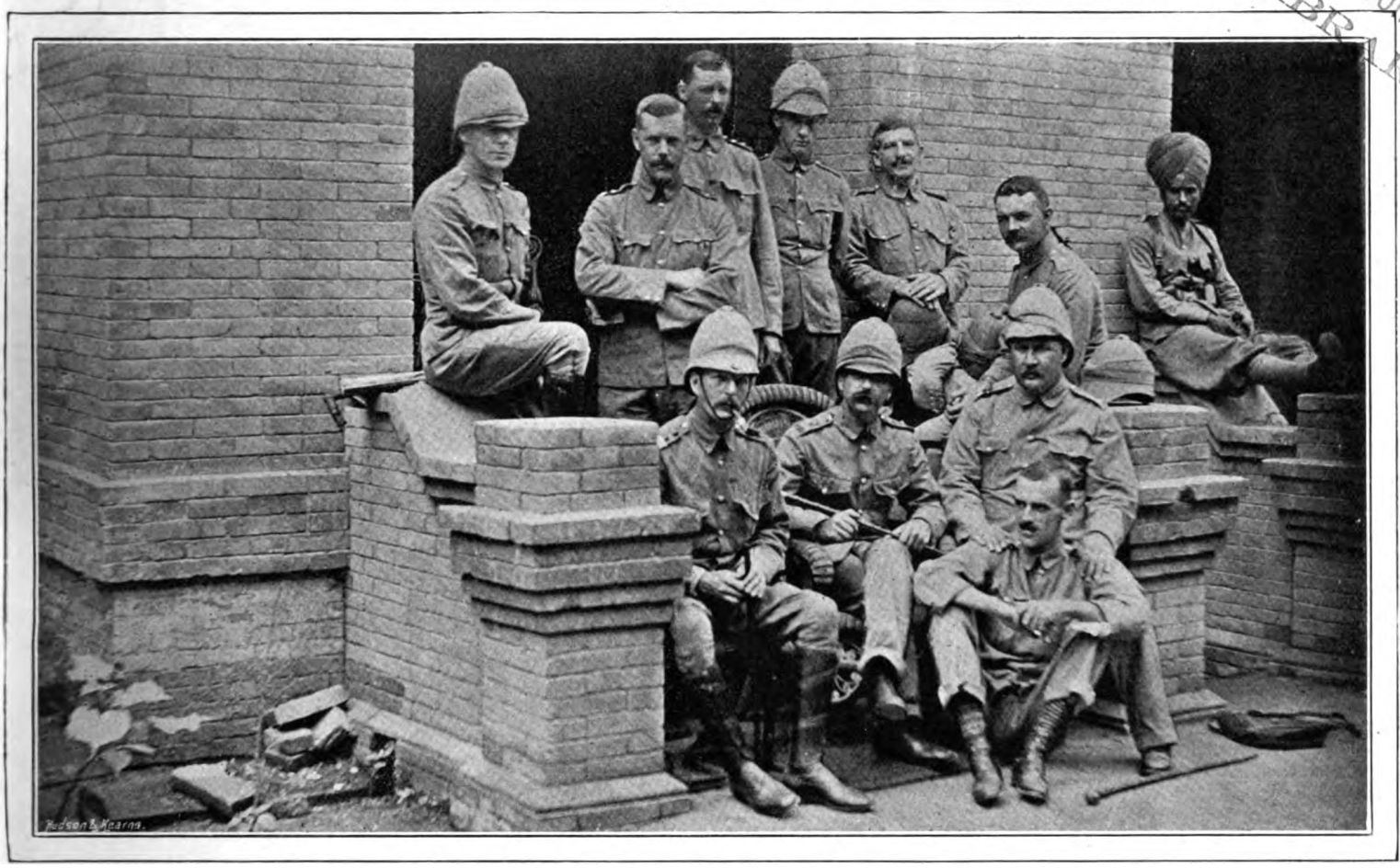
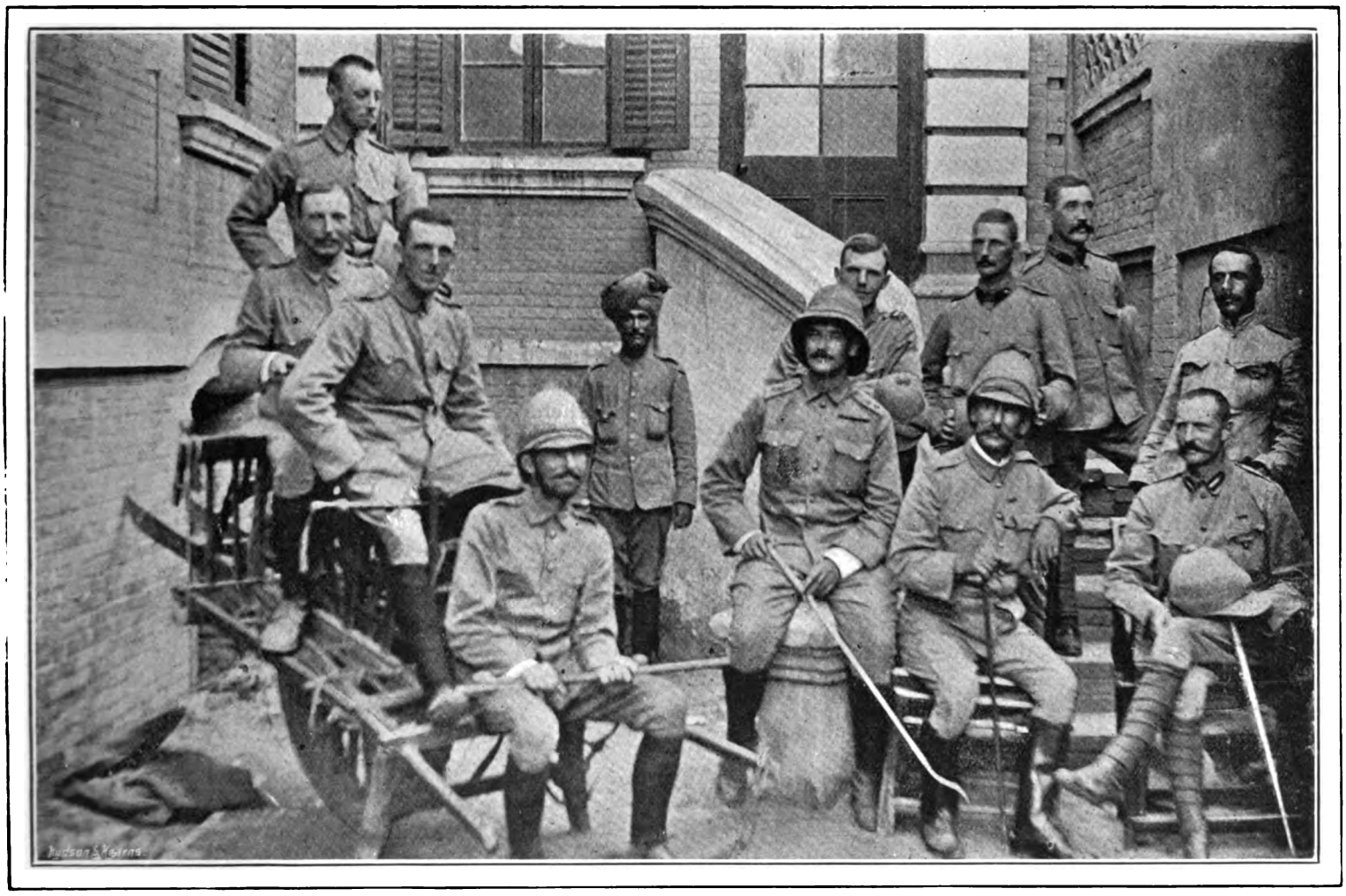


Second Row Sitting, from Left to Right—Captain J. H. Gwynne (Second in Command), Colonel the Hon. R. H. Bertie (Commanding Royal Welsh Fusiliers), Lieutenant and Quartermaster Clieve Sitting in Front—Lieutenant F. J. Walwyn.

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

Sitting, from Right to Left—Major Koe, A.S.C., Major St. John (Commanding Battery), Captain Waymouth, and Lieutenant Badham Thornhill, R.A.



On the Steps, from Right to Left—Captain Urh, I.S.C. (Attached), Captain Prynne, A.M.S., and Lieutenant Lewis, R.A
On Wheelbarrow—Captain Bland, R.A., Captain Duff, R.A., and Lieutenant Wakefield, R.A.

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY (HONG-KONG CONTINGENT).

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by H. Grant-Smith, Esq., Acting A.D.C. to Captain Burke, R.N., "Orlando" Brigade, Tientsin.

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

Why He was not with His Regiment at Waterloo.

EVERYONE will remember that the Horse Grenadiers and the 16th Light Dragoons, now better known as the Scarlet Lancers, were the only two Peninsular cavalry regiments which fought at Waterloo, and that Cornet Le Mesurier, of the former corps, took an eagle in exchange for his leg when Vandeleur's light brigade rode to the rescue of the heavies. Everyone may not know that Appleby's squadron wanted badly a captain in that famous ride. That captain was Daly; and this is why.

It all arose through a discussion outside the weighing-room during the Grammont races on June 13. A Guard's ensign (they left him dead at Quatre Bras sixty hours later) had won a sweepstake, and was in the scales. Everyone was laughing and talking stable talk, as if there was nothing of interest in the world that hadn't a tail and four shoes, with power to run on at least three of them.

"Well," said Daly. "If Boney could see us now, how glad he'd be to surrender."

As was a little habit of his, Captain Masham took him up. "I'd like to see the man that would ask him," said he.

"O, for the matter of that," Daly answered, "I'll go and do it now, if you will give me his address."

"Some people would call that braggadocio," murmured the other.

"What?" said Daly.

Masham reconsidered his position. "I didn't say I called it that. But the Emperor is hundreds of miles away, you see," he simpered.

"Maybe he is, and maybe he's not," said Daly; whereupon Masham called him "Sir Oracle," which was foolish.

Luckily Appleby was at hand, or the two would have met then and there at the back of the grand stand. Appleby had an old campaigner's instinct for affairs of this sort.

"A damned good wager that'd make," said he. "Two good wagers."

"What?" asked the antagonists.

"Why, first, whether Boney's near or far, and second, whether Daly would ask him to surrender if he saw him."

"I know nothing about the first," Daly said, hotly. "But I'll take whatever Captain Masham considers fair odds, against every guinea I possess, that if Napoleon, Emperor of the French, gives his sword to any man, he'll give it first to me."

"Taken," said Masham, as hotly. "All I have to all you have. You hear that, Major?"

"A capital little bet," Appleby hummed. "Very well thought out. . . . Do you know whether Urquhart's colours are green on pink or pink on green?"

Nothing more was said at the moment; but, of course, the bystanders had heard something of what passed, and the news blew north, south, east, and west that Daly of the Horse Grenadiers had staked his all on winning the sword of the Emperor Napoleon. Indeed, various conflicting arrangements of the story were current by nightfall, the one authorised by Daly's man Tomkins ending like this: "And Boney, sez he to Marshal Salt, gittin' into his carge, sez he, 'An' shure, if what's natral happens, an' I'm bate,' sez he, 'shure, I'll ax for Captain Daly of the Horse Grenadiers,' sez he, 'an' to him will I give my sword,' sez he, 'for he's the finest awficer in the finest rig'ment in the world,' sez he, 'an' has the finest fellow to wait on him that ever stipped, an' if anny wan sez no, I'll plug him in the jaw,' sez he."

The bet was the topic of the Army in Flanders for two whole days, until, on the afternoon of the fifteenth, it yielded to the news that the French were across the Sambre and had drawn first blood. The Horse Grenadiers had orders to move forward from Enghien in the small hours of the sixteenth. Their route lay through Braine le Comte and Nivelles, where they passed at a trot, for the guns were barking furiously now in the distance.

Not all the trotting in their horses' legs would have made Quatre Bras a cavalry fight; by the time the leading files came on the ground British bayonets and Brown Bess had done their work unaided, and the field was won.

"Boney hasn't surrendered, I hope?" Daly called anxiously to a Highland subaltern who was going to the rear in his sash.

"Not that I know of," said the young gentleman. "We've had a good lot to deal with, but I'm told that they were only Ney's men."

Daly thanked heaven aloud. "I say, where's Boney?" or "Excuse me, but do you happen to know what's become of the Emperor?" he asked everyone coming down from the front, until the Horse Grenadiers were in convulsions of laughter over his inquietude. Several men of conspicuous gallantry were solemnly called on by him to swear that they would not accept the Emperor's sword if he fell into their hands. In short, Captain Daly took every precaution that his genius could suggest that the wager into which he had so lightly entered should not be lost.

Still the thought of the risks he ran kept him awake that night, and at last in desperation he rose from the ground and stirred up Appleby, who was lying near him.

"What's the matter?" grumbled the Major. "I don't care if the French are coming or not. I'm devilish sleepy Good night, old man. Leave me behind. Be all right. Good night, dear. French won't hurt you. I'm here." He was off again.

"No use trying to explain things to him," said Daly to himself. "He thinks he's still in cantonments. I'll just write a bit of a note."

He found a pencil stump and a scrap of paper in the lining of the adjutant's shako, and with their aid concocted this effusion, which I find among his papers:

"Dear Major,—Upon my soul, that bett is upon my soul, I must winn it, or am diddled from hear to Cathay. Am accordingly taking French leave to go call on the French. It being all your fault, I'll ask you kindly to make my excuses to the Duke should he have occasion to regrett my absence.

"I am, sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"Ever thine,
"A. DALY.

Fri-Saturday (don't like to wake Moresby to ask the day of the month), —th June, '15.

"P.S.—I do not take Pious William. Innfantry often hitt horses when they ame att them in the dark, and I do not think itt fair, he nott being a party to the bett. Take good care of him. Feed sometimes."

"Odd's Martingales!" was Major Appleby's exclamation when he wakened and read this in the morning. "What a fool I was not to let him shoot Masham at Grammont! We could better spare our bits and bridles than do without Daly."

Meanwhile the conscience-stricken punter was making the best of his way towards the attainment of his object. He had gathered that the Emperor was fighting the Prussians somewhere away to the east of the scene of action between Ney's corps and the British infantry, and accordingly he turned his steps, not directly towards the French lines, but circuitously, so as to strike hostile ground as far to the British left as possible. Presently, coming on the prolongation of the Nivelles road towards Namur, he followed it until at dawn he was challenged by a vedette, whereupon he held up his hands—he carried no sword, but just a pistol inside his uniform to elucidate misunderstandings—and requested to be conducted to the nearest post. The vedette, an old soldier who knew his business, told him to stay where he was until the rounds came; and Daly, not wishing to be shot on the one hand, or play the man a bad turn on the other, sat down on the wet grass by the side of the road and waited.

Not very long after a group of horsemen came sloshing through the mire, and Daly saw the limp old sentinel starchen up: "C'est l'Empereur," he called, softly.

Daly scrambled up and looked about him. A pudding-faced, prematurely bowed man on an ambling pad rode foremost of a little posse of draggled staff-officers and cuirassiers; one of the officers, seeing Daly, officiously spurred his horse forward to cover the pudding-faced man.

A southern imprecation sent him as quickly to the right-about, and Daly's eyes met the eyes of Napoleon, second son of Carlo Buonaparte.

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"A deserter?" asked the Emperor, harshly.

For answer Daly said simply nothing. There was a moment's pause, then the Emperor asked more civilly, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

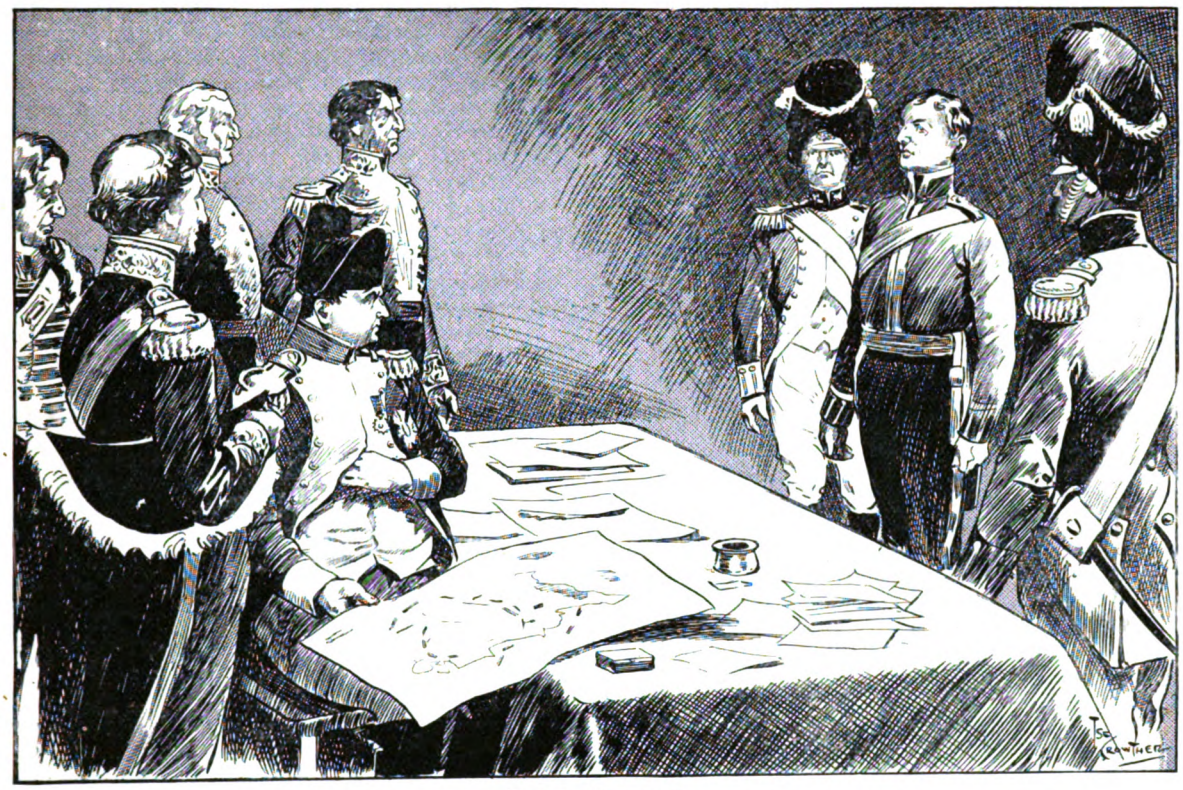
"Captain Daly, of the Horse Grenadiers. I desire an audience with the General Commanding the French Forces in Flanders."

The shadow of a smile twinkled in the Emperor's eye. He motioned a cuirassier to give Daly his horse, and then turned to the officious aide-de-camp: "Bring this gentleman to Fleurus, headquarters; the general will be there within the hour."

Daly saluted, mounted the cuirassier's horse, and rode off with the aide-de-camp, who seemed bursting with a desire to say something, but, Daly giving him no encouragement, repressed it. A hard gallop over the soddened fields brought them in some minutes to the village, just as the church clock of St. Amand (the one which at half-past two the previous afternoon had tolled for the onset at Ligny) was striking five. Their route was plentifully strewn with French and Prussian dead.

The headquarter flag flew over a straggling farm building near a windmill. Daly was conducted to a little cabinet upstairs and the door locked upon him, but first he was given a copy of the Ligny bulletin to enliven his solitude, and the officious aide-de-camp put his eye to the keyhole to observe the effect of the news of the Prussian defeat upon the English officer. He was not a little perplexed when the latter clapped his hands joyously, exclaiming aloud, "Hurroo! no fear of him surrendering to them."

In five-and-forty minutes Daly's prison door opened, and he was led down between a brace of Grenadiers to the principal room of the farm. Here many gorgeously-bedizened personages were assembled and conversing in undertones; in their midst stood a table at which sat the stout, pudding-faced man writing. He studiously ignored Daly until the hands of the clock indicated an hour from the time of their first meeting.



Daly's Demand.

Then he dropped his quill and took out a snuff-box. "I am General of the French Forces in Flanders," he said, with the intense quietness of planned theatrical effect. But Daly was not affected in the very least; he formally repeated his salute.

The Emperor bit his lip. "You said you wished to see me. Your purpose?"

"I have the honour to request your surrender."

The Emperor started violently, as though an idea of terrible novelty had suddenly been broached. It was only an involuntary nervous spasm. Almost laughing, he said, "Do you realise to whom you address yourself?"

"To the General Commanding the French Forces in Flanders," Daly answered.

"More than that, my friend," said the sitting man, raspingly; "the Emperor of the French; you take me?"

"Yes."

"Eh, bien! On what authority do you come here?"

"My own, sire."

A ripple of laughter floated through the room, which the Emperor stilled with a flashing eye.

"You! you! a captain of cavalry, dare to come to me in the midst of my army, and ask me to give myself up to you! Could anyone be so mad?"

"Is not your Majesty adopting the same attitude towards the world?" Daly enquired.

The Emperor positively smiled this time. "Vous êtes Irlandais, n'est ce pas?" said he.

Daly bowed to the soft impeachment.

Napoleon had further recourse to his snuff-box. "You shall stay with me to-night," said he. "To-morrow you shall see me brush my foes like flies from my path."

"A thousand pardons, sire," rejoined Daly. "But the British troops are not at all like flies. There isn't a man in the Tipperary Militia, for instance, but would make three of me."

"In that event I shall certainly be overwhelmed," said the Emperor, with a touch of banter; then he called the officious aide-de-camp again. "Perigord, this gentleman is our guest. He will remain near our person. See that he wants for nothing."

By nine o'clock Daly was put on horseback again, for headquarters were being shifted to the westward, and that night he bivouacked outside the cottage of Caillou, whence could be seen the blazing fires of the English across the valley. The French troops were without such comfort, but the youngsters of the headquarter staff kept their spirits up with some rough Moselle wine captured from the Prussians. These fellows were kind and civil enough to Daly, but as their blood warmed with the grape they grew less punctilious in their demeanour. Perigord particularly took to proposing toasts which, considering the circumstances, were not in the best possible taste. Daly joined in all he could, partly from good-fellowship, and partly, perhaps, as an excuse for the glass. He ignored one or two, such as "Le Roi de Prusse à la potence," but he drank willingly "Aux fortunes de notre César."

Perigord tipsily thought to improve on it. "May his enemies be beaten," he roared, and looked hard at Daly. "May his worst enemy be beaten anyway," Daly promptly replied, and, as the party stared at him in amazement, added, "For that's himself."

Perigord seemed of a mind to resent the retort, but wiser, not to say more chivalrous, counsels prevailed, and the raillery flickered out in the dark, wet night. One by one the men dropped off to sleep, to waken on the morn of Waterloo.

That tale need not be told again here. All the long Witches' Sabbath Daly loitered or shifted from one leg to another on the top of the slope by Rossomme where the Emperor sat, his table and chair perched on a mattress taken from the bed in which he had slept, watching his fortunes swing in the balance, bound and rebound, rise and fall, till at last they sank with the sun below the horizon and the page of his history was turned.

At times the confounded genius would throw him a word, often kindly, sometimes snarling, once or twice plaintive, and more than once entirely silly.

Daly affected to be but mildly interested in the battle, yet he could not help standing on tiptoe to see the Union Brigade and the Households storming down on horse, foot, and guns below in the valley; nor could he suppress a triumphant sigh when, as they were yielding in turn to the Gallic Lancers, Vandeleur's light horse swooped to their rescue, through and through the chain of their pursuers.

"What is that regiment there like mine?" the Emperor asked him. "There, in the blue tunics; are they Germans?"

"No, sire," said Daly; "they are the Horse Grenadiers, 25th of the Line."

Daly could see them all aflush and aglow as they came on and on, with the rush of a tidal wave; nearer, they broke into troops, into sections, into groups of two and three, until at last a battery from the reserve unmasking scorched up the last who would not turn. Daly saw an officer fall a few hundred feet from where the foremost companies of the Imperial Guards stood waiting and actually fixing their bayonets below the ridge.

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"What folly to pursue so far!" ejaculated the Emperor. "Where do your English officers learn to lead their men like that? Is it in the nursery?"

"No, sire," retorted Daly, a trifle tartly, for he could not bear to hear the Horse Grenadiers found fault with, particularly just then. "We learned that trick in Spain."

After voicing this little home truth he deemed it as well to keep in the background, and he did not approach the Emperor again until he noticed by the agonised expression on his face that there was something serious amiss. At first he thought this was because he realised the battle was going against him; then he perceived that the man's thoughts were far away from the slaughter of his making, and that he was convulsed with maddening internal pain.

Daly was the first to his succour, offering him his brandy-flask; and Daly's brandy was something worth drinking.

The Emperor sucked at it eagerly, and, keeping it in his hand, gave him a singularly earnest and winning word of thanks.

He motioned Daly to keep close beside him; and there he stood until once for all it became clear that further hope for Napoleon there was none. Daly saw his now empty flask crumpled out of shape in the grip of the baffled Titan. At last it fell to earth, and Napoleon buried his face in his hands—not in sorrow, rage, or anguish, but as one demented or utterly dazed in the presence of catastrophe.

The demoralisation of defeat was setting in, even in the immediate *entourage* of the Emperor, and men were heard asking why the staff did not order a retreat, instead of waiting for the now handfast British and Prussians to force a rout.

Suddenly the Emperor rose, and shook himself like one waking from a dream. Pointing towards Planchenoit, he asked Daly, "What do you see there?"

"Prussians," Daly said.

"A division?"

"An army," answered Daly.

"You think that all is lost?"

"I'm sure of it."

"And that I must either fly or yield myself to these traitors who have fawned upon me, these pigs of Prussians?"

"No, sire," said Daly. "I do not. It is in your power to offer them a great moral defeat."

The Emperor shot a questioning glance at him.

"How?" said he.

Daly made an effort and out with it.

"I would, sire, with the greatest respect for your Majesty, suggest that you should give me your sword before they come."

There was a shout of rage from the men around; all drew on Daly, and more than one pistol was levelled at his head.

Napoleon's finger, raised an inch, quieted them. "Je ne tue pas sauf à gagner," he hissed; "d'ailleurs, c'est un homme d'esprit." He turned to Daly, and seemed to have a will to smile even then: "Confess it was a wager; was it not? You were in wine; you said that Napoleon would give you his sword?"

"No, sire," answered Daly. "I had not such presumption. I said that if Napoleon would give his sword to any man, he would give it to me."

A rush of broken troops engulfed the staff, and someone cried, "Not a moment to lose."

Napoleon laid his hand on Daly's shoulder. "Help me to my horse!" said he.

Daly obeyed with infinite care, and allowed him to sidle tenderly into the saddle.

Dropping his left hand to his side, he said, "Loosen these buckles." Daly did so, and Napoleon's sword slipped into his hands.

"Keep it—for your cognac," said the Emperor; and then the staff gathered round him and swept him away.

Daly had no time to think; the French infantry were in full flight around him, and anyone might take it into his head to bayonet him merely because he stood in the way. The first thing was to get a horse; there were many, riderless, in the vicinity, cropping the bloodstained grass.

A solitary cavalier had no chance, however, of making headway against the ever-strengthening torrent of panic-stricken soldiery. Daly found himself bucketed along in the flight.

"Faith, I'd want to be a troop of Dragoons," he thought, "if I'm to get home to-day"; and then he observed that necessity was the mother of invention. Forcing his way to the side of the road, he found himself in a field comparatively devoid of fugitives, who, in their sheepish way, kept to the *chaussée*. Here were about twenty artillery horses contentedly reposing after a hard day's work. One by one Daly caught them and drew their reins together, strapping and unstrapping until at last the whole score of them were by some means fastened to his own mount.

Then he set the cavalcade in motion back to the road. With Napoleon's sword he stirred them up into a trot, and shouting "Ins feld! Whillaloo!" loud enough for ten men, he charged the mob.

The strength of cavalry lay ever rather in the horse than the horseman. The road cleared before Daly as a drift before the snow-plough.

Twenty minutes brought him in contact with Hussey Vivian's brigade.

"It's been a wonderful day, to be sure," said he to himself. "But all the same I'm a ruined man, for no one will believe it's Napoleon's sword I have. And, anyway, he didn't surrender it to me, which was the point of the thing. If Masham claims his due, I'll have to pay."

But it was not to be. Even in those roystering days the soldier's career did not begin and end with a bottle or a bet. Daly's wager was "off"; for Masham lay stiffening in the mud—a splinter in his brain—where the Horse Grenadiers were stopped at last on the slope below Rossomme.

German Preparations for China.

NEVER before has Germany put forth so great an effort of its kind as the despatch of the expedition to China. "I send you forth now to avenge the wrong," said the Emperor, when the two battalions of Marines left Wilhelmshaven, "and I will not rest until the German flag, together with those of the other Powers, floats victoriously above the Chinese standards, and, upon the walls of Peking, dictates peace to the Chinese."

The "Wittekind" and "Frankfurt" left amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm, carrying 2,500 men and six guns under General von Hoepfner. Since that time the expedition of General von Lessel, numbering 11,300 men with thirty-four guns, has also arrived in China, with Count Waldersee, the commander-in-chief.

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SHIPPING AMMUNITION AT WILHELMSHAVEN.

The despatch and transport of the troops has been conducted without a hitch, and our picture illustrates an incident of the shipping of ammunition from a train. The German fleet in Chinese waters has also been increased to an unparalleled extent. "*Vertrau auf Gott*," is the motto dictated by the Kaiser.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By VICE-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM R. KENNEDY, K.C.B.

EACH sportsman in Newfoundland is limited to so many stags and hinds; I am not sure of the number, these restrictions having been placed since I left the colony, but I fancy it is four stags and three hinds to each rifle. Personally, I never shot a hind, and having killed four or five stags for their heads, I was satisfied.

To record the splendid sport I have enjoyed during four seasons on the barrens would be tedious, and can have no place in this article, but I must relate one adventure, quite unique of its kind, which befel me on one of my expeditions.

One stormy afternoon, blowing a gale with heavy squalls of snow, I left our tilt or wooden shanty accompanied by an officer of the "Druid," the ship I commanded, and our Indian hunter named Reuben; we proceeded cautiously, looking for deer, when Reuben spotted a noble stag. He was trotting along, evidently on the track of others, and had not noticed us; so we ran to cut him off, but he disappeared in a wood, into which we followed him. Reuben now led the way, his eyes on the ground, noting every blade of grass pressed, stone turned, or any mud disturbed, and going at a smart run the whole time. The trail would have been easy to follow but for the numerous tracks crossing each other, but all leading towards a valley below. Presently I happened to spy some white objects in the valley; a glance through my glasses showed them to be a herd of caribou, for which the big stag was evidently making. Picking our way cautiously through the wood, we reached the valley and found ourselves within a few hundred yards of the deer. They were scattered about feeding amongst some large boulders and fir trees, and we had no difficulty in getting within shot; but no stag could be seen.

A heavy squall now came on, with blinding snow, so we waited for it to clear. Suddenly we saw a splendid stag come out of the wood accompanied by a hind; the two beasts looked like ghosts coming so silently through the snow. Reuben climbed upon a rock, and said he saw two big stags, one in charge of the party, the other the one we had followed. A great commotion now became evident, the lord of the harem galloping about calling in the stragglers, like a man-of-war convoying a fleet of merchantmen when an enemy comes in sight. During these evolutions we crept up to get a shot, but the stag was not still for a moment; once I was going to fire, when a hind stepped into line. I did not want to kill her, so waited. The snow was now coming down heavily, and I could not see the sights of my rifle; I therefore let the opportunity pass, and was very glad that I did so. Reuben tried to "tole" the stag by imitating his roar, a device we had often successfully practised, but the beast took no notice, knowing that his real antagonist was approaching from another direction, and immediately after we heard the challenge of the other stag to windward.

The master of the herd at once started off at a gallop, and disappeared from our view. A moment later and a crash as of a falling tree resounded through the valley as the heads of the combatants met.

Now was our time: taking no notice of the hinds, we ran for the spot, the hinds accompanying us, and the extraordinary sight was witnessed of three men and some sixteen or seventeen hinds all mixed up together, spectators of as pretty a fight as ever man beheld.

THE SPOIL OF A CHASE IN THE BARRENS.

In my experience of deer-stalking, extending over many years, I never saw nor do I expect to see the like. The scene was so grand and wild, so different from tame deer fighting in a park or even in the Highlands, where they are not unaccustomed to the sight of man. There, amidst the blinding snow, were the two monarchs of the glen, their heads down, backs arched, horns crashing, struggling, writhing, and pushing for the mastery. The hinds, for whom the battle was raging, stood aloof, and we watched the combat from ten yards' distance, and could see the bloodshot eyes, heaving flanks, and distended nostrils, as they charged each other, bespattering their bodies with flecks of bloody foam.

The combatants were well matched as regards size and weight, but the new-comer was the fresher of the two and had longer horns. The owner of the seraglio had also a lovely head, with massive, symmetrical horns, but was getting the worst of it, when we decided to put an end to the contest.

Selecting the largest stag, I fired both barrels into his squirming body, whilst my companion did the same with the other. The stags, who had paid no sort of attention to us, now separated. One made an effort to charge, but was rolled over by a third bullet; the other made off, but had not gone far when he was dropped by two more shots fired

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simultaneously, and the two gladiators lay dead within 100-yds. of each other. The scene was a fit subject for Landseer's pencil. I have endeavoured to depict it, and wish I could do it justice, the wild beauty of the surroundings, and the snow-storm raging at the time, adding greatly to the effect. A few moments later and the scene changed from one of wild excitement and full of life to perfect calm; the squall had passed, the sun shone brightly, the stags were dead, their faces upturned to a cloudless sky, and the hinds had departed.

On another occasion Mr. Arthur Fowler and myself had a curious experience. We had gone ahead to look for deer, leaving the men and boats to follow; but they stuck on a sandbank, and had to unload and carry the stores. Meanwhile we were miles ahead, and had nothing to eat but a small piece of very salt pork; for two days we had scarcely any food, not having come across deer, as we expected. We tightened up our belts several holes, and pushed on till we came to a lake which we saw from signs that deer were in the habit of crossing; so we camped on the shore of the lake and waited. Presently we saw a stag and hind appear out of the wood on the opposite side and take to the water. We anxiously watched them, when, to our great disappointment, they turned back; but, after trotting along for a while, they re-entered the water and swam across. We killed them both.

THE HUNTERS' RETURN TO CAMP.

There are a good many bears in the island, but I never had the luck to come across one; our old pilot, whom we took for the first season only, used to say he often met them. Like most Irishmen, he generally said what he thought one wished him to say, and one day, when we were passing an islet, without tree, scrub, or any cover upon it, I remarked, "That's a *bare* island, pilot!" "*Bears*, your honour! Sure, they are jostling each other; I've killed many a one about here."

But I must bring this article to a conclusion. To sum up my experience of Newfoundland—having fished every river in the island, and crossed it from sea to sea—I should recommend anyone thinking of visiting the colony for sport, especially if bent on caribou-hunting, to strike in at the Bay of Islands, La Poile, or Hall's Bay, by either of which he can reach the hunting-grounds in from two to three days.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August 25 and September 8.*]

Crack Shots.

IF only those thunder showers in July had been a week later! those showers that the sporting Press feared would injure the grouse when those hardy birds were a month out of harm's way. That "if" has stood between us and a record partridge year. Following two bad seasons, there were great hopes of a good one—it was due for one thing; South Africa saved many partridge lives for another; and the hatching was splendid for a third. But the god of thunder intervened—not that his thunder does much harm, but his tears do—and so for a third year we shall have bad partridge shooting, relieved in places by something like records for the favoured districts. For two years the light sands of Essex and Cambridge have given the record bags, for a soil which sucks in water as it falls does not drown young birds, and has another great advantage: the sun does not crack it and make natural traps for the helpless chicks to fall into.

* * * *

The year 1898 was about the worst on record for partridges, and yet in some districts of Aberdeenshire it was the best remembered. When I am asked what sort of a partridge season it is going to be, I have one safe answer always ready, "Oh, variable"—it is invariably variable. I learnt the trick from a gamekeeper who was the safest man I ever knew; his answer was also invariable, and was "several." "How many pheasants have you got in the big wood this year, keeper?" "Several, sir, several." Several might be twenty or 2,000, but you never got anything more exact, and really I do not wonder. A keeper never knows when his game may go, not even a good keeper and one who knows how many were on the ground; and a bad keeper never knows even as much as that. If I were asked how many places would have good partridge bags this year, I should reply, "Several, sir, several." Indeed, in those past two bad years the answer would have suited. Although it was very little expected that anyone would score record days, they did so—that is, records for the place, and I believe for the county, which was Essex, where at Chrishall, on October 4, 1898, Mr. Arthur Blyth (seven guns) bagged 1,067 partridges, followed next day at Elmdon by 805 birds. The following year, 1899, saw him get 1,853 partridges in two days, the best of which was 1,011 birds. Having regard to the partiality of thunder rains, the unexpected is certain to happen somewhere again this year.

* * * *

I suppose we may expect in a few days to hear whether any of the Yorkshire shooters who reserve their moors for the purpose of giving their friends great days have broken the record. I do not expect it from Yorkshire this year, as, although it is a good year there, it is not as good for the county average as Scotland is this year compared to its general form, and this applies to all the English moors also. The Duke of Devonshire left off with a score of very nearly 3,000 brace for the season; and at Moy Hall, in Inverness-shire, the MacKintosh had a four days' shoot for 1,670 brace of grouse. The first of these was August 28, when ten guns bagged no less than 808 brace, and on the 29th eight guns bagged 606½ brace. The two other days were wet enough to drive home sportsmen and save grouse for breeding. As the grouse were so thick that 2,000 brace could easily have been accounted for had not the weather prevented, I suppose there is sure to be another week's shooting on the moor. Meantime some of the dog moors where they drive after grouse have got too wild for dogs have been getting on towards 3,000 brace of grouse.

* * * *

My attention has been called to a new circular issued by the makers of amberite powder. Years ago Messrs. Curtis and Harvey adopted a system which is pretty hard to beat in the interests of the sportsmen; it was to issue with each canister of powder a trial sheet, pasted on the canister, which told the buyer what internal barrel pressure the powder gave, and also what velocity it gave to the shot. The makers have this year supplemented this guaranteed information by the issue of a general sheet showing what the powder is expected, by them, to do. Taking 30-in. barrels, they got with the right, an improved cylinder, an average of 168 pellets in a 30-in. circle; and with the left, a modified choke-bore, 204 pellets from 1⅛-oz. of No. 6 shot. They got an average gas pressure at the breech of 2·798 tons per square inch, with a variation of from only 2·969 to 2·429 tons; and the average mean velocity over 20 metres was 1,024 foot-seconds. Amberite is unique, as we all know, in one thing. It is the only powder that is as much a favourite with pigeon shooters as with game shots. This is a great score for a bulk powder, considering the very many more expansions of gas possible in the barrel with condensed powders. Yet amberite holds an easy race with them, and has not the objections which a powder gas must have which has to evolve more heat to make up for the lesser quantity of gas.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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Back from the War.

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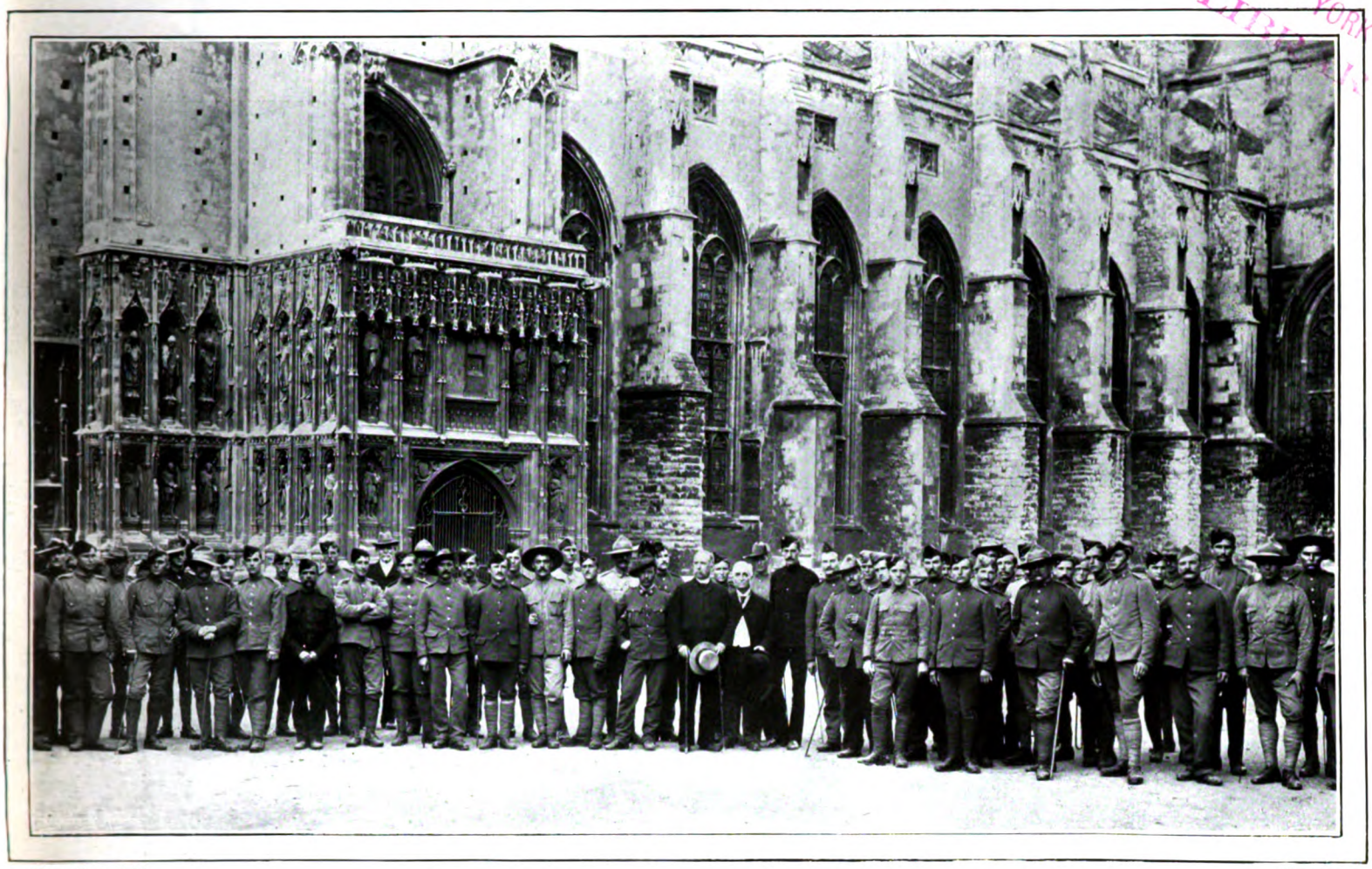

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COLONIAL SOLDIERS VISITING CANTERBURY.

Sons of the Empire at the Great Cathedral.

No body of men in South Africa has done better service than have the Canadians. Again and again they have been mentioned as having been in the forefront of innumerable fights, and they have magnificently upheld the reputation of the Dominion. Naturally they were well welcomed at Canterbury, with representatives of South Africa and Australasia, all invalided at Shorncliffe, and the Mayor provided a capital tea for the visitors.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell & Sons.*

WOUNDED COLONIALS ON A VISIT TO WINDSOR.

Canada, Australia, Natal, and the Cape.

It was a fairly representative group of Britain's colonial forces that responded to the invitation of the Mayor of Windsor. There were representatives of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, the New South Wales Mounted Rifles, the Australian Horse, the Queensland Mounted Infantry, the Victorian Mounted Infantry, the Tasmanian Mounted Infantry, the South African Mounted Infantry, the West Australian Mounted Infantry, the New Zealand Mounted Infantry, the Canadian Mounted Infantry (the Royal Canadian Regiment), the South African Light Horse, and Roberts's Horse.

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THE APPROACH TO A MANDARIN'S GRAVE.

The strongest characteristic in Chinese life and society is the cult of Celestial ancestors. The most terrible blow that can be inflicted upon any man is to rifle the graves of his forefathers, and it was proposed that the Powers should adopt this step as a reward for Chinese atrocities. Extraordinary sanctity is attributed to tombs, and the graves of mandarins are nearly always, like that we depict, adorned with symbolical figures of men and animals. The graves of China are, indeed, the most considerable monuments of the country.

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CHRISTIAN DE WET.

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THE MOST NOTED OF BOER GENERALS.

The famous De Wet is one of those men whom the fortunes of war and their own ability bring to the front. He was not heard of in the early operations, but he was much in evidence during our fighting in the Orange River Colony, hovering on the flank and cutting off troops and supplies. His force was several times "broken up," but it still survived, and, although many joined in the chase, it was never really run to earth. No one can deny the cleverness of the final retreat across the Vaal. He bluffed us by pretending to fortify a position on the south side of the river, and when the cutting of the railway near Potchefstroom afforded a diversion, he slipped across, and eluded Lords Kitchener and Methuen and General Smith-Dorrien. Then he joined Delarey at Oliphant's Nek with twenty miles of convoy. Next we heard of him farcically summoning Baden-Powell to surrender at Commando Poort. General Arthur Paget then joined in the pursuit and came up with De Wet's rear guard twenty-five miles north of Pretoria, and General Baden-Powell headed him off from the east, but the wily Boer, though without his convoy, took to the hills, proving himself a master in the art of eluding his pursuers. But, of course, a plan of campaign based upon a continual running away can never hope to succeed.

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ROUND THE WORLD

A STATEMENT has appeared in the Press to the effect that Mr. Kruger denies that the earth is round, and it is not to be questioned that Empires and States have been won (and lost also) without the possession of that useful knowledge. But none can stay the inevitable, and the late President of the late South African Republic, though an obscurant of the first water, at length has recognised by his hasty flight, his brave words notwithstanding, that his rule is for ever at an end. Those Frenchmen who extolled his "biblical simplicity and grandeur in misfortune," should refresh themselves with Lord Roberts's despatch concerning British prisoners of war, and especially the inhuman treatment of sick prisoners, which is sufficient condemnation of the Boer and all his works. One French surgeon, at least, who has been with the Boers, is determined to open the eyes of his countrymen to their character. This gentleman, Dr. Conders, who was in charge of the French ambulance, has left them, thoroughly disgusted, after working all through the war with no pay and little food, and not even "thank you." Now, happily, the fortunes of his quondam friends have fallen flat, like Mr. Kruger's earth, and the end of things hostile in the Transvaal has practically been reached, of which Lord Roberts's proclamation is the mark and sign. Peace is within sight, and we shall soon welcome the troops who have fought so well.

Photo. *Russell.*

"THE BABY" OF THE RHODESIAN HORSE.

Arthur Cecil Miller, Son of the Popular Bandmaster of the R.M.L.I., and a Former Choir-boy at Windsor, Served in the Rhodesian Horse and Shared in the Relief of Mafeking. On His Return, Severely Wounded, the Queen Sent for Him, and Requested a Copy of the Portrait here shown. He is Youthful, but His Pluck is Likely to Win Him a Commission.

CHINA also presents some pacific features, though great dangers loom ahead, especially in the obscure attitude of Russia and Japan. The Japanese fought for Korean independence in the war of 1894-95, and they are not prepared, without a struggle, to see Russia supreme in that country. Owing to a certain unholy alliance of Powers after the war, the Japanese were really cheated out of their rights. Russia then declared that the occupation of the Liao-tong Peninsula would be a menace to the Chinese capital, but the Muscovites themselves are not only in possession there, but in Manchuria also, where they are putting forward efforts wholly out of proportion to the provocation they have received, and which they are believed to be exaggerating. There is a practical reason why the Japanese should wish to see Korea either under their own influence or within their power, and it is a reason Englishmen will appreciate. They have an overflowing population like our own, and they seek an outlet, and Formosa having proved something of a white elephant, and the Philippines being closed against them, they naturally demand that Korea shall be opened for the settlement of their race and for the exercise of their energy, and their rights are undoubted.

IT is conspicuous to all who have closely followed events in China that the Japanese, with increasing purpose of ranking high among the Powers, have been deliberately setting a pattern there of conduct and capacity. Their organisation and discipline have won the admiration of foreign officers, and they alone among the Allied Forces appear to have refrained from looting. Japan, indeed, is one of the largest factors in the coming settlement, as Englishmen must sorrowfully admit, not because they lack sympathy with her enterprising people, but because the Government, in disquieting contrast, has placed England in a very humiliating situation, by failing to assume priority, and by leaving us with a Naval force in Chinese waters actually less than that of the Germans.

EXTRAORDINARY accounts are given of the looting practised at Tientsin and Peking. The greatest outrages seem to have prevailed at the former place. An American correspondent has described that commercial city as having been like an ant-hill kicked open. The Chinese were the looters. They swarmed everywhere, thousands and thousands of them, diving into the flames of burning shops, getting under fallen walls and into choking clouds of smoke, and emerging half-naked and

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MEN OF THE BLOOD, BRED OVERSEAS.

Our Group represents the Crew of the "Protector," the Gun-boat that South Australia has Sent to China. Her Captain, W. R. Creswell, is a Retired Naval Officer and a C.M.G., and a Naval Brigade of Her Fine Fellows probably goes to Peking.

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sometimes dripping with blood. They preyed upon one another. A Chinaman appearing with a prize was immediately sprung upon for his plunder, while his savage assailants rolled among the corpses, pulling and tearing each other, and children were trampled to death in the tumult. The looting continued for three days, the soldiers taking part, and there was a continual procession of laden men and animals at the gates. The correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* asserts that British officers rode with their horses concealed under dry goods, while the men slung bundles on their bayonets. But, on the next day, there was a conference of commanders, and all except the French empowered the British to stop the outrage and seize the loot, whereupon great grumbling followed among the foreign troops. Then came the official statement that the loot would be impounded and sold, and the profits be divided as prize-money. The Americans had the looting of one large arsenal all to themselves, including large quantities of ancient and modern arms, and the spoils of the residences of superior Chinese officers. The same correspondent states that the Japanese looted least, owing to their admirable discipline.

Photo. *Russell.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B.

THOSE who assailed the loyalty and patriotism of General Sir William Butler have had little to say since his appointment to the command at Aldershot, which is the most important command in the British Islands, and is described in the "Army Book" as the great school of training for the Army at home in all field exercises. The whole system of training will probably be overhauled during Sir William Butler's tenure of his command, and it speaks volumes for the confidence which is reposed in him that he has been selected for the office. The question remains as to why he was recalled from South Africa? It is interesting to note that the Aldershot Camp originated mainly with the late Prince Consort. He, at least, suggested the formation of the camp after the satisfactory results attained at the Chobham Camp in 1853. The Prince was impressed by the fact that we had nothing at the time analogous to the large yearly assemblies of troops which were familiar to him on the Continent, and therefore, quite early in 1853, he suggested the formation of a camp to Lord Hardinge, of which General Sir William Knowles was given the first command. Marvellous progress has been made at Aldershot since that time, but the end is not yet.

horses to carry off the captured ordnance, a purpose successfully accomplished? The utterly fearless character of the general won for him the title of "Hell-fire Olpherts," which he still retains. Generals T. S. C. Bigge, E. J. Oldfield, Sir J. Spurgin, K.C.B., G. Stewart, C.B., Sir J. Fraser-Tytler, K.C.B., G. Digby Barker, C.B., and some others of the relieving force are still alive, many of whom were present on Tuesday, as well as several of those who took part in the gallant defence. Of these last, Generals McLeod Innes, V.C., F. Birch, J. Ruggles, A. Tulloch, C.S.I., J. May, C.B., and a number more are still happily able to tell the tale of their achievements. Long may they gather round the social board as each recurring 25th of September recalls again the famous defence and relief of Lucknow!

Photo. *Cumming.*

GENERAL SIR A. G. MONTGOMERY MOORE, K.C.B.

Sir A. G. Montgomery Moore, who now Vacates the Aldershot Command, is a Cavalry Officer of Repute, and one who has held Several Important Commands. His Successor, Sir William Butler, has seen Service in North America, West and South Africa, and Egypt, besides having held Various Commands at Home. Sir A. G. Montgomery Moore, who is well up in the List of Generals, is 67, and his Successor, who in Substantive Rank is Senior Major-General in the Army, is nearly Six Years Younger

Photo. Copyright. *Cumming.*

GENERAL MOORE SAYS FAREWELL TO THE CAVALRY BRIGADE.

The General has been both a Dragoon Guardsman and a Hussar. The Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot is now Composed of these Two Classes of the Cavalry Arm.

IT was forty-three years on Tuesday since the column under Campbell, Outram, Havelock, and Neill, which had crossed the Ganges, reached the city of Lucknow to effect the first relief of the garrison. The Lucknow Dinner, which commemorated the event, once more brought together the thinning ranks of the officers who took part both in the defence and the relief. All the officers who were then in important command have long since passed away, but Sir William Olpherts was again in the chair, and appropriately recalled the circumstances; for was he not awarded the V.C., for his highly distinguished and intrepid conduct, when the troops penetrated the city, in charging on horseback with the 90th Regiment—now the 2nd Cameronians—when it captured two guns in the face of a heavy fire of grape, and then returning under a hail of musketry to bring up limbers and

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

CAPTAIN G. A. CALLAGHAN, R.N.

Of the "Endymion," who Commanded the Naval Brigade that entered Peking with the Allied Forces. It would be difficult to Overrate the Value of His Services and those of His Brigade. This is His First War Service.

Photo. *Russell.*

THE LATE SIR ALFRED JEPHSON, Kt., R.N.

Sir A. Jephson, best Known to the Public as the Hon. Sec. of the Naval Exhibition of 1891, had seen much War Service in the Crimea, China, Japan, and West Africa.

Photo. *Heath.*

SIR R. H. MORE MOLYNEUX, K.C.B.,

The New President of the Royal Naval College, has Served in the Crimea, on the West Coast of Africa, and in Egypt. For His Services as Commodore in the Red Sea in 1884-85, He Earned Special Mention in Despatches.

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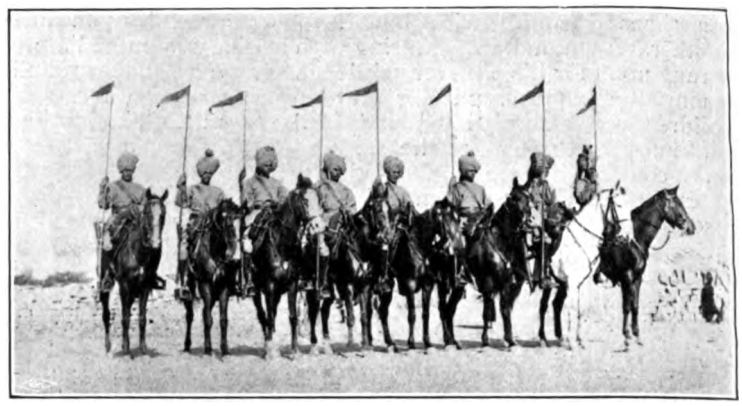


Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

CAMEL MEN FROM BIKANIR. *LANCERS FROM JODHPORE.*

Conditions in South Africa Prevented our Using our Indian Troops in the Campaign now Closing, but in the China War They are Getting Their Chance. The Two Corps here Shown come from Typical Rajput States, and are the Pick of the Imperial Service Troops, the Contingents the Native States Supply for Imperial Defence. The Bikanir Corps, in "Marching Order," with Two Men to a Camel, can and have Covered 100 Miles in Twenty-four Hours. The Jodhpore Lancers were Part of the Reserve during the late Tirah Campaign, and are Superb Rajput Horsemen.

THE election of a new Lord Mayor this week foreshadows the end of a very notable mayoralty. The City of London has never failed to respond to the call of patriotism, but probably it has never done anything quite so remarkable or so successful as the formation and despatch of the City Imperial Volunteers. In saying this we must not forget the splendid service of the City Companies in much earlier times, as, for example, when 25 men-at-arms and 500 archers, all in uniform, were made a splendid present to King Edward III., in the year 1355, for the operations in support of his claim to the French throne. As we all know, the cloth-yard shaft of the English archers then demonstrated its superiority to any other weapon in use. It was after the disaster of December 15 that the spirit of the City was called upon, and that the Lord Mayor took steps to organise a force of City Volunteers. The original intention was to raise 1,000, including 250 Mounted Infantry, but by the beginning of February the City had equipped and despatched 1,550 Volunteers, including 400 Mounted Infantry with Maxim guns, and the Honourable Artillery Company had provided a highly-trained field battery with four Vickers-Maxim quick-firers. The Corporation and the City Companies provided ample supplies, and the whole of the camp equipment with tents and much of the land transport was furnished by this means. This has been a great achievement of the mayoralty of Sir Alfred Newton, and will long shine in the annals of the City, and we may be sure that the greatest enthusiasm will mark the return of the C.I.V. These gallant fellows were the first Volunteers from England to be in action—at Jacobsdal—and they have since fought in more battles and skirmishes than are easy to enumerate.

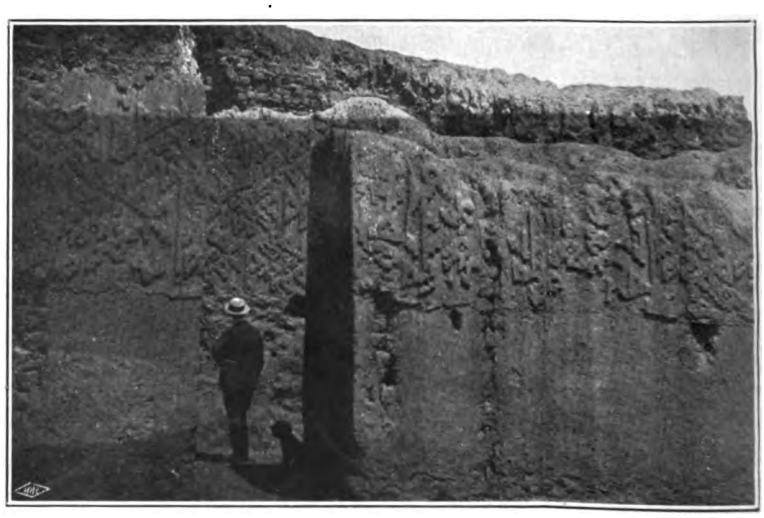
Photo. Russell.

MAJOR FREDERIC WHITE, R.M.L.I.

The Hero who, with a Handful of 150 of the Worcestershire Regiment and Imperial Yeomanry, Held Ladybrand for Three Days against 3,000 Boers. He is not yet 39, but has seen much Service in Egypt, where he served at Alexandria, and on Shore in the Battles of El Teb and Tamaai.

THE British officer, as has been remarked in these columns before, can always make something out of a nigger, or even a yellow Celestial, and the Yorubas who have been fighting in Ashanti are not the smallest product of their creative ability. Colonel Lugard's experiment has been justified in practice, and it certainly was a most happy thought on the part of Her Majesty to arrange to receive a detachment of them at Balmoral. Colonel Willcocks and other commanders have testified several times to the fact that the Yorubas make excellent soldiers and that they will fight just as well as those stout men the Haussas. Until the Yorubas were embodied in the West African Frontier Force, they remained what many thought a hopelessly savage tribe, but their military training has done wonders for them, and they have proved exceedingly plucky and quite amenable to discipline. The Queen always shows her kindly appreciation of the qualities of those who fight in her cause, and the Yorubas, with their companions the Madras Sappers, whom she received at Balmoral, will carry the tale of the goodness of the Great White Queen to their distant lands. Unfortunately, the excellent Indian soldiers who marched into Peking will have a slightly different tale to recount. They will spread in the bazaars of India the story that the Muscovites dominated the situation, and that the representatives of the British Raj were not at all omnipotent in China as they have been assumed to be in India.

A CRUEL task lies before the venerable Emperor of Austria, the much-tried ruler who stands so high in the esteem of his people and of the world at large. Except for our own Queen, no European ruler commands such respect as the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Empire which he has welded together has witnessed strange events, and has weathered many a storm, though now a prey to the mischievous quarrels between the Germans and the Czechs, which have reduced the Parliamentary institutions to impotence, and have almost brought about a deadlock. The situation is perilous, not only for Austria but for Europe, and we can only hope that the long reign of the venerable ruler may end in less stormy times than those in which it began. So grievous has become the situation that the Emperor has thought it necessary to warn a Polish deputation that the dissolution and the forthcoming election will be the last constitutional means open to the Government. In other words, the august Emperor contemplates the possible and sad necessity of something like a *coup d'état* and of suspending the constitution.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

NAVAL OFFICERS AT AN INCA CITY. *IN THE PALACE AT THE GRAND CHIMU.*

In the Desolate Sand Plains some miles from Truxillo Lie the Remains of a Once Great Inca City of Peru. Scarcely ever seen by Europeans, the Ubiquitous Naval Officer gets the Chance of Seeing it, as he does most Quaint Spots on the Earth. Our Photographs were taken on the Occasion of a Visit to this Out-of-the-way Relic of a Once Great Civilisation by a Group of Naval Officers on the Pacific Stations whose Ships were in the Neighbourhood.

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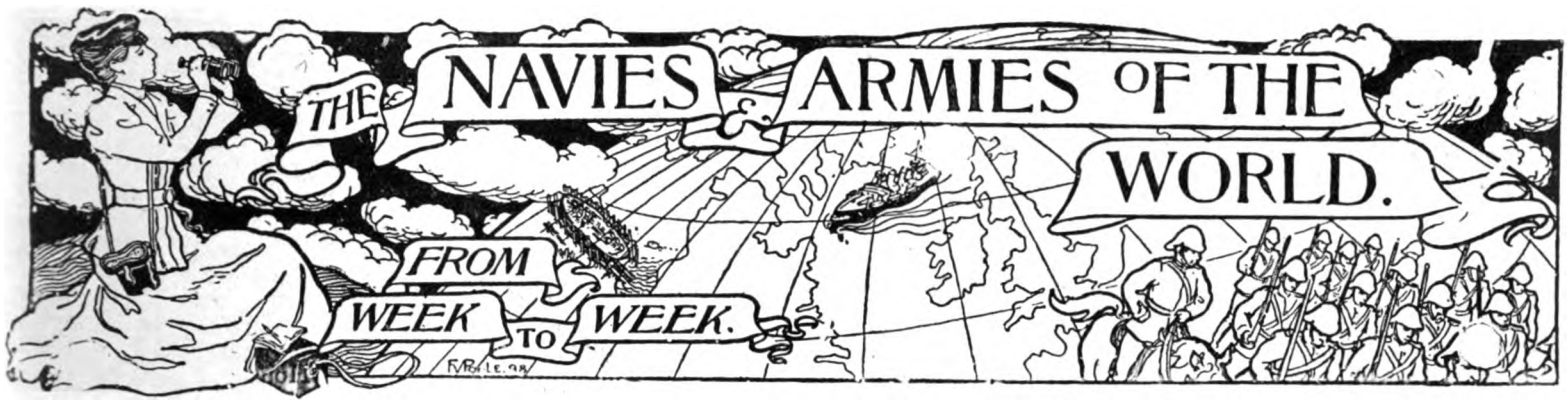

THE last stages of a war never make a fine spectacle. An army when once it has been broken up becomes a mob, even if it began by being highly disciplined, and it is also commonly a very hungry and ill-tempered mob. Defeated men are naturally not proud of themselves, and they have occasionally a human, but not magnanimous, wish to take it out of somebody. When they have not even that amount of fight left in them, their one overpowering wish is to escape anywhere and anyhow. When in that condition they present an ignominious appearance, and the only wish a friend can frame for them is that they will make an end of it quickly. Those of us whose memory goes back to the Franco-German War of 1870-71 can recollect the stories told of the condition in which Bourbaki's men were driven over the frontier into Switzerland. They did not, it is true, start by being a well-drilled army, but were, on the contrary, very raw, and in a bad humour with their chiefs. When fairly beaten, they became a very bad mob indeed. The Boers show every sign of having fallen into a similar condition. Lord Roberts has been measured and candid in his reports, or he would not have spoken of the tumult which broke out when they heard of the flight of Mr. Kruger. The Boers had, to be sure, no small excuse for rage. It is very hard to see on what grounds the ex-President can justify his desertion. When Napoleon left the remains of his army after the retreat from Moscow, he was not considered to have done an honourable thing, but after all he was Emperor and ruler of France, and had other pressing duties to attend to. What Mr. Kruger can do that is of any use to his people in Europe it passes the wit of man to discover. On the supposition that he is only anxious to put himself in a safe place, his conduct is the reverse of heroic.

* * * *

The very interesting letter from a midshipman published in the *Times* of the 17th contains a passage which may be commended to the attention of the writers of military stories. It is that in which he says, "I don't think I felt any fear, but there was a curious sensation at first, which gradually wore off. Another thing, the wounded seemed quite happy when they were brought in. Also I saw several men killed, and they all fell over quite quietly, no jumping in the air or anything of that sort." The midshipman was, I ought perhaps to have begun by saying, writing of what he saw during Admiral Seymour's expedition for the relief of the Ministers at Peking, and he prefaces the passage quoted by saying that a real fight was not in the least like "the descriptions in books." The criticism that fields of battle, big and little, are not in the least like the fancy pictures drawn of them by poets and romance writers, is one which must have occurred to a good many readers who compare the mere literary pictures of war with the accounts given by men who have really fought. The literary man is given to thinking of all the sights he would expect to see, and then taking it for granted that he would see them. As a matter of fact, when the thing imagined has really occurred, the participants in an action are far too intent on their work, or some particular risk or object just in front of them, to pay minute attention to what is going on beside or behind them, and still more to analyse their own emotions, and cast about for images and comparisons. At least that is the opinion one forms after putting, say, the Memoirs of Marbot beside Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Told at the Main Guard." The real soldier never seems to pay the least attention to all the physical details and the picturesque look of things on which Mulvaney insists. The extreme quiet with which men are wounded and die in fact, though not in fiction or poetry, is another difference between truth and imagination which strikes the readers of military memoirs. A very curious adventurer named Huguessen, who fought with the Carlists in their first war, gives an instance. He was engaged in a hill skirmish, and had on one side of him and a little behind a Basque who kept shouting every time he fired and while he was loading. After a time it struck Huguessen that the man had suddenly become very quiet. He turned round to look for him, and saw the Basque leaning against a rock stone dead. He had been struck just above one ear, and had expired without a gasp, or at least he had uttered no sound loud enough to attract the attention of Huguessen.

* * * *

The midshipman's remark about the "curious sensation" he felt on first going under fire, which wore off, agrees almost word for word with a passage in the letter of a French officer of the gun-boat which took part in the bombardment. The Frenchman, being a Frenchman, is more literary in his style, and labours the point more. He accounts for the curious sensation by attributing it to *la bête*, the physical animal which is in man, and he explains that he was too busy in attending to his gun and his gun's crew to have time to think of himself. Allowing for the difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman in the matter of fluency, and the capacity for picturesque writing (in which, as a rule, the French are far ahead of us), the two agree perfectly. And that ought to be noted by the authors of stories of fighting. Men are not bothered about their sensations in that form of business, any more than they are in another. Miners, and all people who walk about the streets of London, and fishermen, everywhere and always, are in peril, but they are not for ever thinking of it. If they were, they would go crazy. A man soon learns to take the risks of his trade, supposing him, that is to say, to have average courage. It is only when they become exceptionally numerous, and follow one another very quickly, that his nerve begins to break down. Fighting, after all, is only a business to the man who is specially trained for military purposes. The untrained man gets rapidly flurried, but so he would in a coble on the coast of Yorkshire in bad weather, or, for that matter, in crossing the road at the Mansion House if he were fresh from a quiet country village where it was unusual to see two carts on the road at once.

* * * *

It is on the whole to be hoped that the attempt to make Army reform what is called, in the slang of political discussion, an "issue" in this General Election will not have much success. The Army ought not to be brought into politics in any way, either by being sacrificed for the sake of the Budget, or by being made a party cry on the hustings. It has been proposed to make Army reform a kind of test with candidates, like temperance reform or half-a-dozen other things. That is not the way to do any good. Of course a candidate can say that he is in favour of Army reform. The words are just as easily uttered as another formula, and the more unscrupulous a gentleman who wishes to get into Parliament is, the louder will he shout and the more fluently will he promise whatever he supposes will catch him votes. A sober and courageous candidate ought to answer by asking "What reform?" No good can come of using such vague general phrases as "The Revolution" or "Army reform" at large. People who want a change ought to begin by defining what is wrong, and then point out how it can be put right.

* * * *

As a matter of fact, what has been wrong with the British Army? Is it the want of men? We have sent out, for the first time in our history, four or five times as many soldiers as the total number of the enemy we were fighting—so that cannot well be the grievance. The War Office has found the men, and found them quickly. As for the quality, everybody praises it, so we cannot fairly say that the War Office has utterly failed in its duty. Is it the arms? In spite of all the outcry about the field artillery and its deficiencies, we have been well enough armed to clear the way and destroy the Boer forces. One would be very much obliged to the spokesmen of the Army reform party if they would descend from generalities and explain which of our mishaps was due to the faulty organisation of the Army. If it is replied that they arose from want of training, the next question is, How are we to remedy this? A loud loose outcry for Army reform at large may be very patriotic, but it may also serve to burke an enquiry into the nice question, Who did not see that the training was sound when he was in authority? DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Questions for Candidates.

THE General Election is close upon us. What will be the rallying cries of the opposed forces? On the Liberal side there is no one cry that seems able to win general acceptance. Among the Conservatives the "khaki ticket" will be voted solid, and there is no doubt at all that the Government will be returned to power upon this ticket. But what about the independent voter, the man who is neither Liberal nor Conservative either by birth or conviction, the common-sense elector who wants to do his best for the country, and is inclined to cry out against the party system, "A plague on both your houses"? The claim of the Conservatives, that in their management of the war in South Africa all has been for the best in the best of all possible worlds, makes him smile or swear, according to his temperament. The invitation of the Liberals that he should entrust to their rag-tag-and-bobtail of a party the task of governing the Empire, is put aside by him as a foolishness. If he could have his way, he would make a clean sweep of both sides, and start afresh with a Government of moderate men of business. Since he cannot do this, and since his conscience will not let him stand on one side and be content to watch, he asks in some anxiety what he had better do. If we can find an answer for him, we shall be doing a service both to the independent elector and to the country.

What will be the great questions of the near future? Shall we, as in the seventies, be concerned with domestic reforms, with such matters as the franchise, education, local government, and the like? Or will the matters that force themselves upon our attention be of wider scope? Surely the latter is the more probable forecast. Even the cautious *Spectator* thinks that the coming century will be one of great wars, wars for the Empire of the World. In old days there were the Empire of the West and the Empire of the East. The Power that can make itself supreme in the twentieth century will rule an universal Empire, of which the limits will be the confines not only of the civilised, but of the whole habitable earth. And what is Britain's part to be in the great struggle of the nations? That depends almost entirely upon the way we are ruled during the next ten or twenty years. Not quite entirely, for, unless the great spirit of Britons is dead, there will come a time when incompetent administration and bungling diplomacy will provoke an outburst of rage, and any Government that is manifestly unfit for office will be driven forth. But such an outburst will probably come too late. The harm would be already done. The supremely important matter for the present, then, is to return to the House of Commons men of sound views upon Imperial defence, men of statesmanlike temper, who will keep up an intelligent criticism of all Naval and Military measures, and who, by dint of patient striving, without alarming the public unduly or seeking to advertise themselves, will succeed in forcing the Government to follow the lines of British policy.

Here, then, are some specimens of the questions the plain man should put to the candidates who ask for his support:

Do you keep well in mind that in this country the Navy is our first and indeed our only line of defence?

Do you realise that, if the Navy were outclassed, no Army, however large or well trained, could save Great Britain from her foes?

Have you any clear idea what are the duties which our Army must be ready to perform? And do you understand that the Empire must have an Imperial force, composed of soldiers from every colony, ready to concentrate in the shortest possible time upon any given point?

Are you in favour of parish rifle-clubs, forts on the way from the South Coast to London, plans for defending the Brighton Road by cyclists armed with toasting-forks and pea-shooters, submarine mine-fields outside our harbours, reserve regiments enrolled at great cost under conditions which prevent them from being of any use, and all the other fads which are boomed by ignorant newspapers and adopted by Governments eager to do something popular and not knowing quite what to do?

If candidates can truthfully answer "Yes" to the first two questions, can give sensible replies to the third, and a very energetic "No" to the last, and if they are prepared to work hard for Army reform and the maintenance of Naval efficiency at a point higher even than that we have reached to-day, then they are candidates for whom the plain man can vote with gladness. Unless we get in the next House of Commons a good majority of members with such views, it will be a grievous misfortune for the Empire. The most urgent need of the age is that Britons should rightly understand the terms upon which they hold their great inheritance. If we are to keep it, we must take thought for the morrow. This is a matter in which the morrow will emphatically not take thought for the things of itself. If we had a strong pilot at the helm, we could feel more easy. Is there no stern, silent man, waiting, as Cromwell waited, for his moment to come out of obscurity? So may it be; but for the time being we are without any leader who can inspire us with high and faithful courage. It is the people who must lead themselves. They must know what are the lines of policy to follow; they must see that their deputed administrators keep to those lines. It all depends upon ourselves. If we are slack and careless, the Ship of State will be upon the rocks, and we shall be lucky if, even by lightening her burden and putting forth all our strength, we get her off. On the other hand,

"Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true."

Let all voters ponder this well and act upon it at the polls.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1806.—Capture of the French 44-gun frigate "Présidente." 1810.—Boat attack on French ships under a large fort in Basque Roads by the boats of the "Caledonia," 120, "Valiant," 74, and "Armide," 38. 1840.—Storming of Sidon by marines landed under Sir Charles Napier. The great fire at Devonport Dockyard.

September 28, 1652.—Blake defeats De Witt and De Ruyter off the Kentish Knock. 1801.—Action between the "Sylph," 18, and the French "Artémise," 44, off Cape Pinas. 1839.—Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, born.

September 29, 1719.—Reduction of Vigo by a squadron under Vice-Admiral Mighells, with a land force assisting. 1758.—Lord Nelson born. 1795.—Action off Genoa between the "Southampton," 32, and the French "Vestale," 36. 1803.—Destruction of twenty-three gunboats of Bonaparte's invasion flotilla at Boulogne by the "Leda," 36.

September 30, 1780.—Capture of the French "Espérance," 28, off Bermuda, by the "Pearl," 32. 1840.—Foundation-stone of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square laid. 1841.—Defeat of the Chinese at Guard Island by the British China squadron. 1871.—The "Hecate" launched.

October 1, 1748.—Rear-Admiral Knowle's victory over a Spanish squadron off Havana, and capture of the "Conquestadore," 74. 1807.—Capture of the French "Jeune Richard," by the packet "Windsor Castle." 1846.—Rear-Admiral E. F. Jeffreys born.

October 2, 1758.—Capture of the French "Duc D'Hanovre," 14, off Brest, by the "Lizard," 28, a larger French corvette in company escaping. 1786.—Admiral Keppel died.

October 3, 1798.—Publication of Nelson's Nile despatches in the London *Gazette*. 1799.—Action off Cape Trafalgar between the "Speedy" (Captain Jahleel Brenton) and a flotilla of Spanish vessels.

October 4, 1780.—Arrival at Sheerness of Captain Cook's vessels "Resolution" and "Discovery." 1797.—Capture of the French "Epicharis," 8, by the "Alexandrian," 6, off Barbadoes.

October 5, 1744.—Loss of the "Victory," 100, on the Casquets, with Admiral Balchen and all hands. 1804.—Capture of the Spanish treasure frigates "Medea," "Fama," and "Clara," by Sir Graham Moore's squadron, off Cape St. Mary, near Cadiz. 1813.—Attack on and destruction of French batteries, convoy, and shipping at Port D'Anzo by the "Edinburgh," "Impérieuse," and "Resistance," 36, and the sloops "Eclair," "Pylades," and "Swallow."

SEPTEMBER 27, 1781.—Battle of Sholenghur. Sir Eyre Coote defeated Hyder Ali. 1810.—Battle of Busaco. Wellington, with 50,000 British and Portuguese troops, defeated 72,000 French under Masséna, who lost 1,800 killed and 3,000 wounded, while the total loss of the Allies was 1,300.

September 28, 1705.—Surrender of Barcelona to the Earl of Peterborough. 1708.—Battle of Wyrendale. The Allies under Major-General Webb repulsed an attack by the French.

September 29, 1710.—Reduction of St. Venane by Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

September 30, 1710.—Port Royal, Nova Scotia, taken by Colonel Nicholson. 1832.—Lord Roberts born. 1898.—The British and Egyptian flags hoisted at Rosaires, on the Blue Nile.

October 1, 1719.—Surrender of Vigo on summons to Lord Cobham. 1746.—Battle of Roucoux, near Maestricht. The Allies, under the Prince of Waldeck, forced to retreat by Marshal Saxe. 1760.—Investment of Pondicherry completed by the capture of a redoubt by Colonel Eyre Coote. 1841.—Capture of Chusan by Sir Hugh Gough. 1897.—Mutiny of Soudanese troops in Uganda.

October 2, 1799.—Battle of Bergen. The Duke of York defeated the French and Dutch under General Brune.

October 3, 1809.—The reduction of the Ionian Islands completed by General Oswald.

October 4, 1706.—Reduction of Ath by the Duke of Marlborough. 1768.—Defeat of Hyder, near Mulwugul, by Colonel Wood. 1777.—Battle of Germantown, near Philadelphia. Lord Cornwallis defeated the Americans under Washington. 1794.—Surrender of Fort Bommel, near Arnheim.

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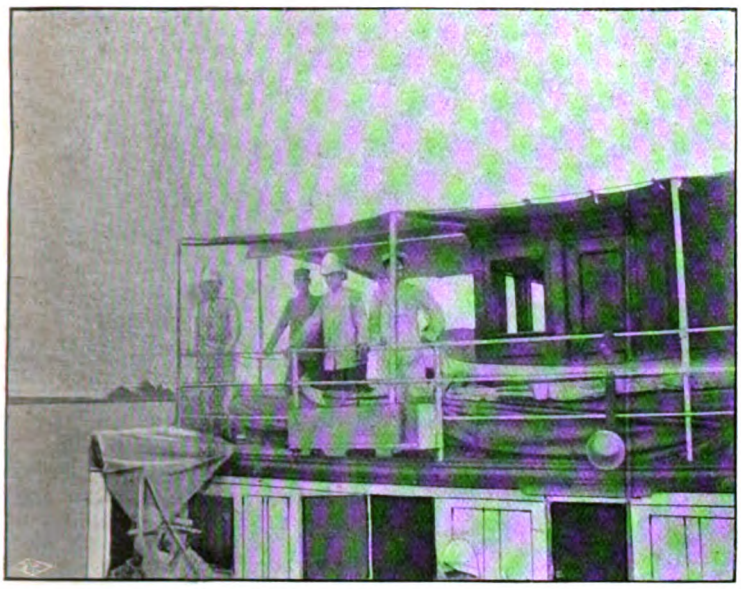
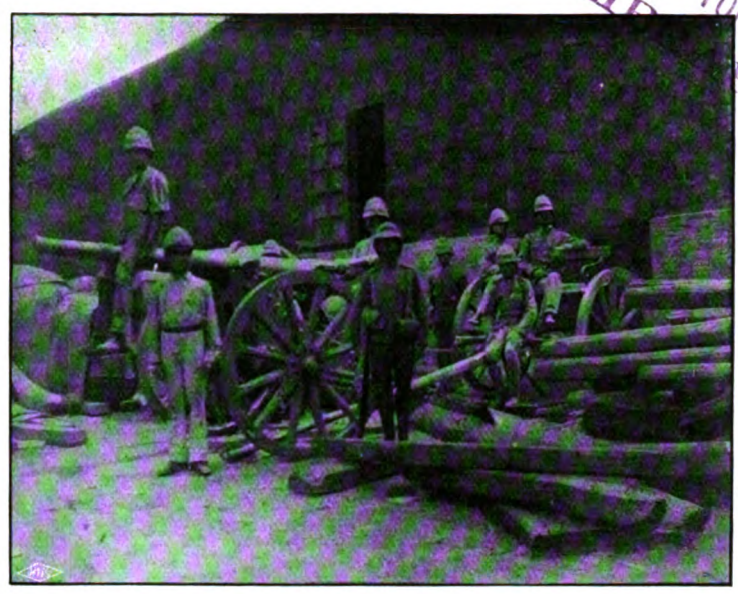
Scenes at Tientsin after the Siege.

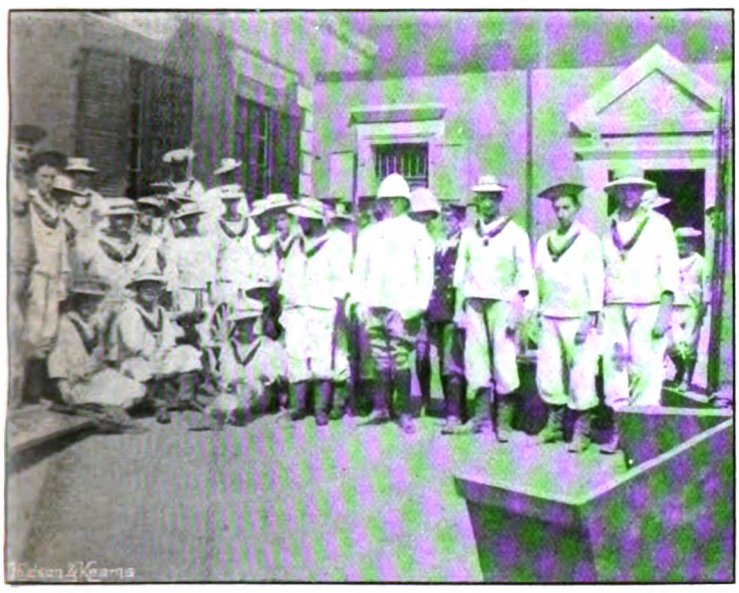
THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY



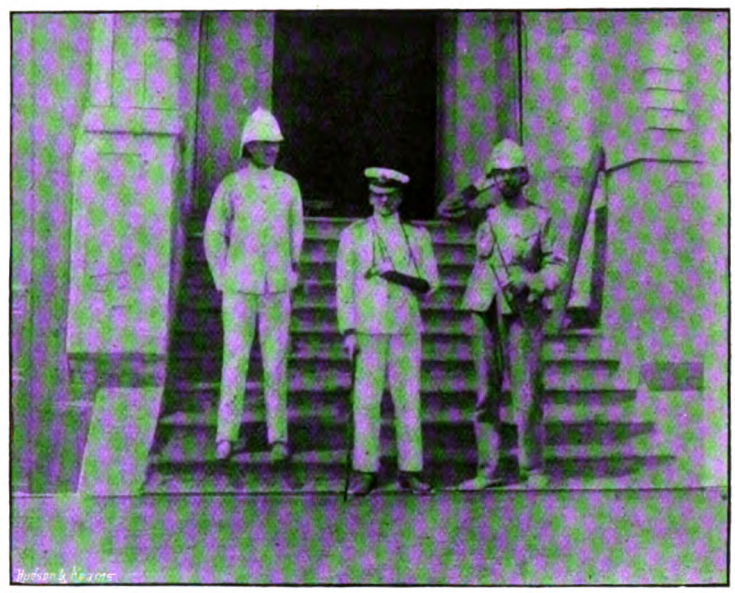
A—LEAVING FOR TONGKU.
Bidding Farewell to the Popular Commander of the Tientsin Naval Field Force.



D—CAPTURED CHINESE GUNS.
Captain Gwynne and Lieutenants Flower and Owen, R.W.P., are Seated on the Gun Limber

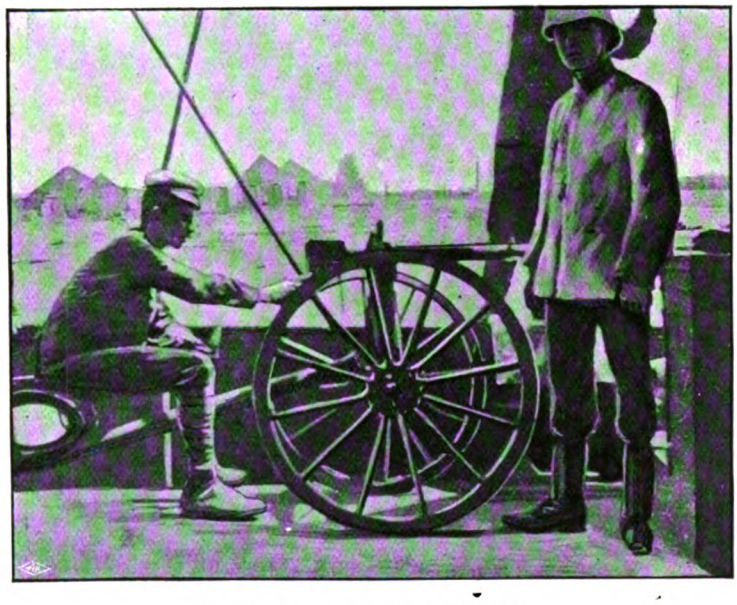


B—THE TIENTSIN "HOME GUARD."
Part of the "Orlando's" Brigade.



E—A GALLANT GROUP.
Wounded Officers and a Friend.

C—DESPATCHING WOUNDED TO TAKU.
Captain Bayly, Consul Carles, and other Officers.



F—THE "ORLANDO'S" TROPHY.
One-pounder Gun Captured by the "Home Guard."

—Among the earliest to land at Tientsin for the protection of the Foreign Settlement were the men of the "Orlando," under Captain J. H. T. Burke of that ship. Not until the native city had been taken and all opposition crushed did the brigade return, and the scene here depicted is the departure from Tientsin of Captain Burke and the other officers of the Field Force. B—The "Orlando" not only provided the "Home Guard" of Tientsin, which fought so well during the siege, but supplied a contingent to Admiral Seymour's column and Marines for the Legation Guard at Peking. C—Captain Bayly, of the "Aurora," was Naval commandant at Tientsin, and Mr. Carles the British Consul at that place. They are here seen attending to the comfort of the wounded, who are being sent down to Taku in lighters, thence to be sent on board their respective ships. D—These guns were captured by the mounted infantry of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, under the command of Captain J. H. Gwynne and Lieutenant Flower, in a reconnaissance on July 15. The guns were directed on the Settlement during the bombardment. E—Two of these officers were wounded at Tientsin—Captain D. Beatty, R.N. D.S.O., in the centre of the group, when attempting to capture a gun early in the siege, and Captain Mullins, R.M.L.I., on the right, by the bursting of a captured gun. The third officer is Lieutenant Armstrong, R.M.L.I. F—Altogether eight guns were captured before the Chinese could get away with them.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by H. Grant-Smith, Esq., Acting A.D.C. to Captain Burke, R.N., "Orlando" Brigade, Tientsin.

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THE NEW YORK WORLD

Indians and Africans at Balmoral.

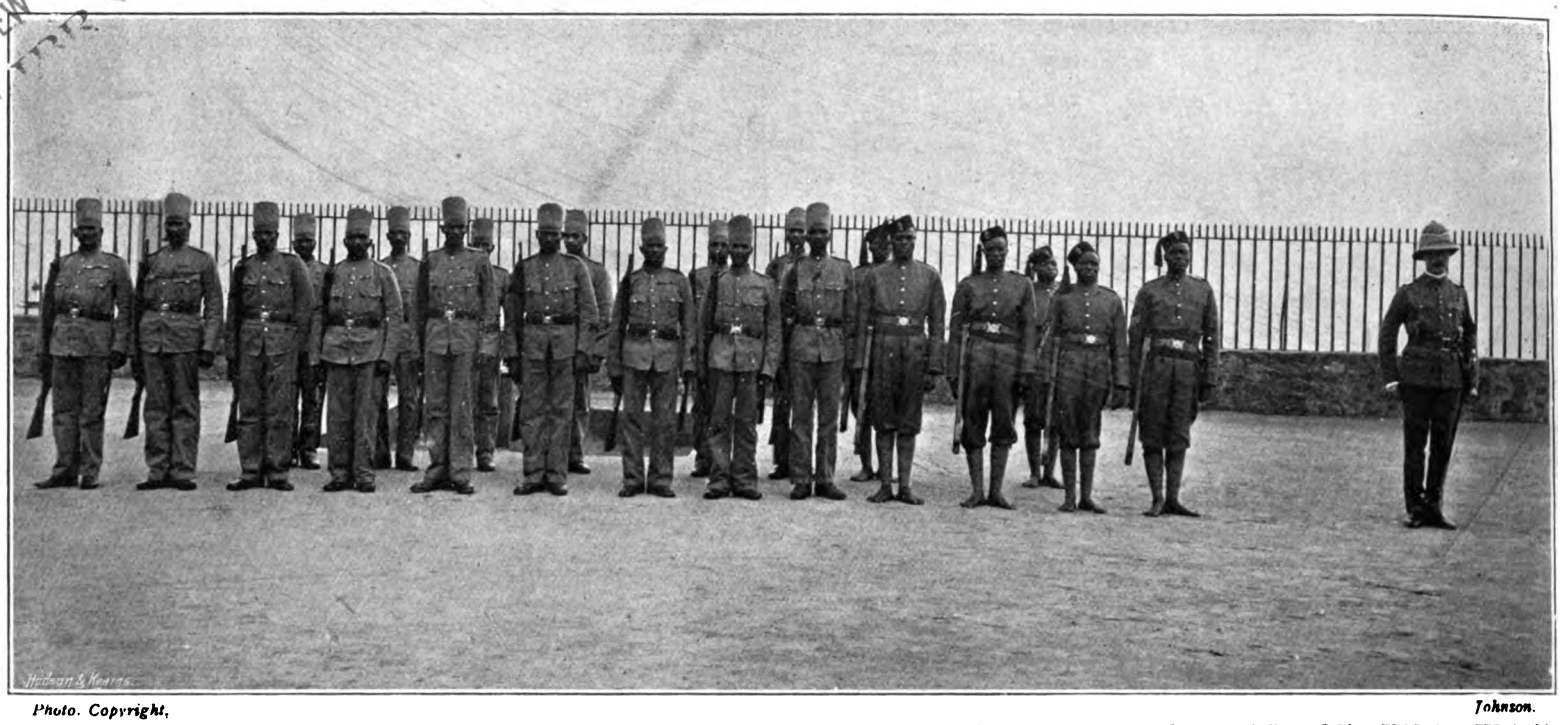
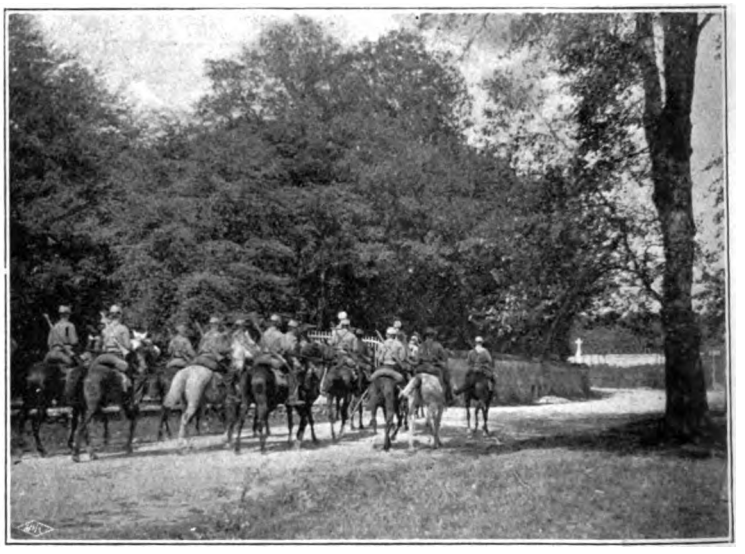


Photo. Copyright, *Johnson.*

HER MAJESTY REVIEWING MADRAS SAPPERS AND MINERS AND YORUBAS OF THE WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE.

The French Army Manœuvres.

THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND MANŒUVRES.
General Brugere Receiving the Reports of Umpires in the Field.



AN AMBUSCADE OF THE SOUTHERN ARMY.
French Hussars Waiting at the Cross Roads to Catch a Hostile Patrol.

Photos. Copyright.

HALT FOR COFFEE AT MIDDAY.
French Infantry Resting during a Pause in the Day's Operations.

"Navy & Army."

WHERE SHALL WE SLEEP TO-NIGHT?
Billeting French Infantry in a Village after the Day's Work.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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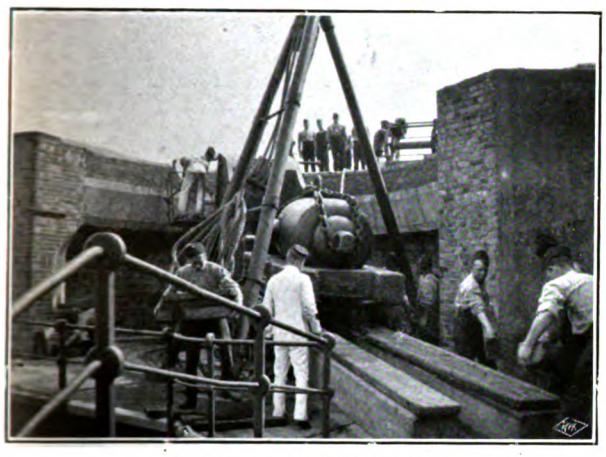
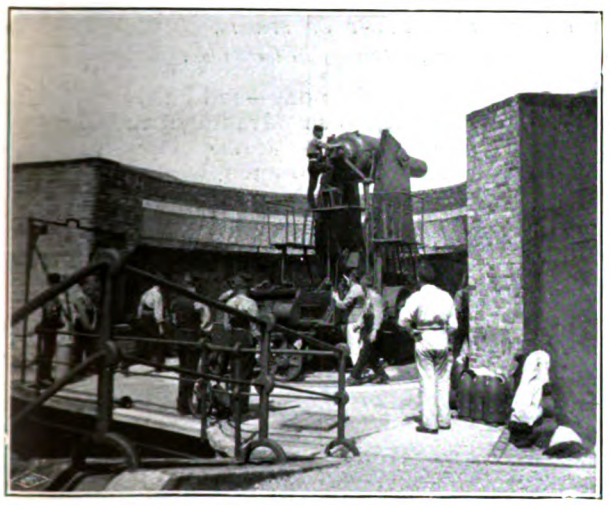
The Defence of Harbours.

NEAR THE MARK.
A Shot from the Battery just Missing the Target.



LIFTING A HEAVY LOAD.
Moving a 9-in. R.M.L. Gun into Position.



A DISAPPEARING GUN.
This Gun after Firing will Sink with the Recoil.

Photos. Copyright.
MUSCLE v. MACHINERY.
Getting a Gun into Position with Hoist and Rollers.

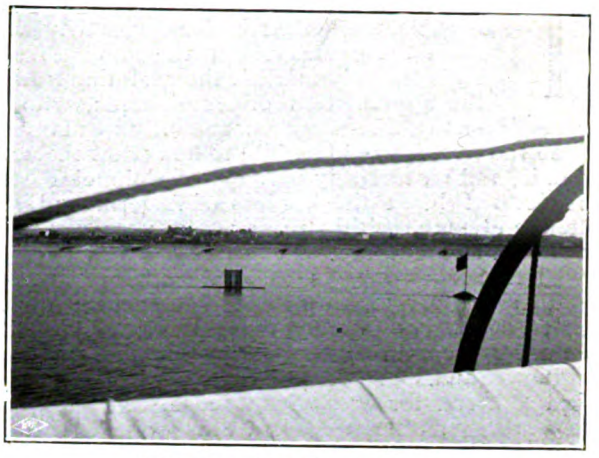
WE have, all of us, been inspired with the grand idea that "Britannia needs no bulwarks," nor does she so long as her giant battleships and swift cruisers can patrol her coasts as well as retain the command of the sea.

But between this and occasional precautions for the defence of some particular spot there is a distinction with a difference, which, as a nation of common-sense business men, we are not likely ever to forget. It may be that we carry port defence to unnecessary lengths. Into questions of that sort this is not the place to enter—but, simply considered *per se*, port defence is a very interesting subject, and the gunnery part of it receives attractive portrayal in the eight accompanying illustrations, which were taken at the Newhaven Artillery Camp, and include pictures of the last "disappearing gun" in England. The latter is now dismounted, a fact which renders these pictures of peculiar interest

The disappearing gun invented by Sir William Moncrieff expressed a fascinating idea which for many years retained a considerable hold on the public mind. The idea was that the gun, having been loaded under cover, should mechanically rise above a wall or parapet, should then be fired from below, and finally be caused to sink by the action of the recoil. Up to a certain point the notion was pretty enough, and there was something rather weird in the suggestion of a big gun without any man, handy or otherwise, behind it, suddenly peering over a wall, belching forth a big leaden messenger, and then disappearing in modest consciousness of having performed a noble deed.

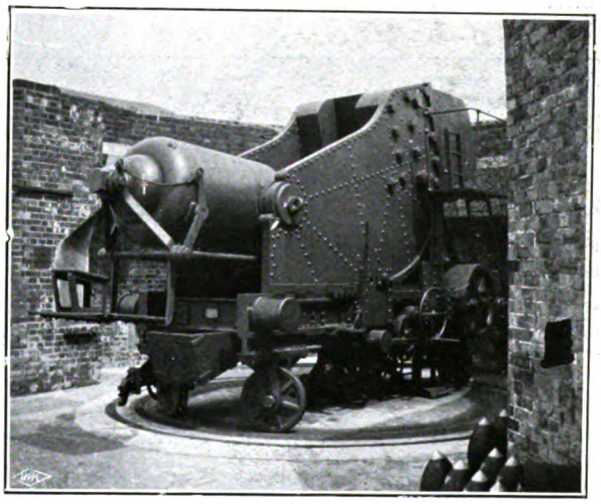
But the Moncrieff mounting is hardly adapted to modern requirements. Where big guns are wanted for port defence they are wanted of a length and weight which would make the disappearing system outrageously costly and cumbrous; and where smaller guns are admissible, the 6-in. quick-firer and its congeners are infinitely preferable to an old-fashioned 9-in. muzzle-loader. Still, one can hardly help shedding a tear over the final disappearance of the disappearer.

Our remaining pictures explain themselves.



NOT THE BISLEY PATTERN.
A Target as Photographed from the Range Tug

FRAUGHT WITH POSSIBILITIES.
A 9 in. R.M.L. Gun being Fired from a Port Battery.



ANOTHER "DISAPPEARER."
A 9-in. 12-ton R.M.L. Gun on the Moncrieff Mounting.

"Navy & Army."
A SPECTACULAR PHENOMENON.
Curious Effect of Smoke after a Discharge.

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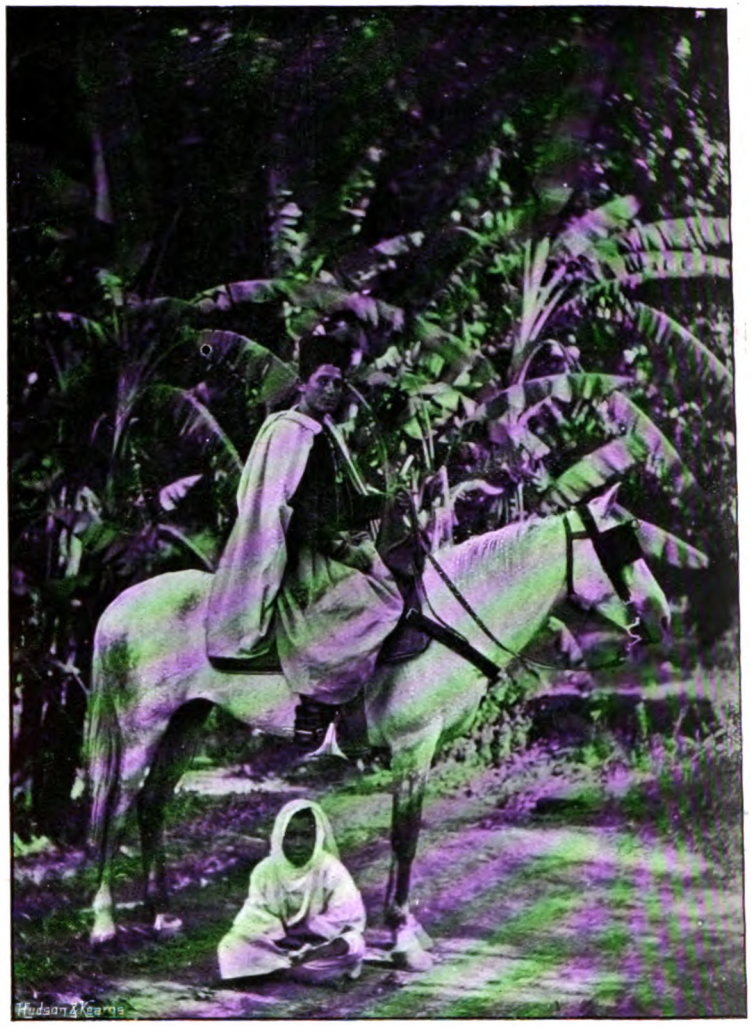
The Spahi Troopers of Algeria.

THE marvellous progress the French have made in Algeria, the material advantages they have conferred upon the country, and the good government that has generally marked their administration, all claim the appreciation of Englishmen, who have themselves done the like work successfully in many other lands. None the less, it would be idle to deny that the activity of our friends, and particularly perhaps of Colonel Bertrand, in the district of Igli, on the borders of Algeria and Morocco, has often, and much within the present year, caused misgivings in regard to the future.

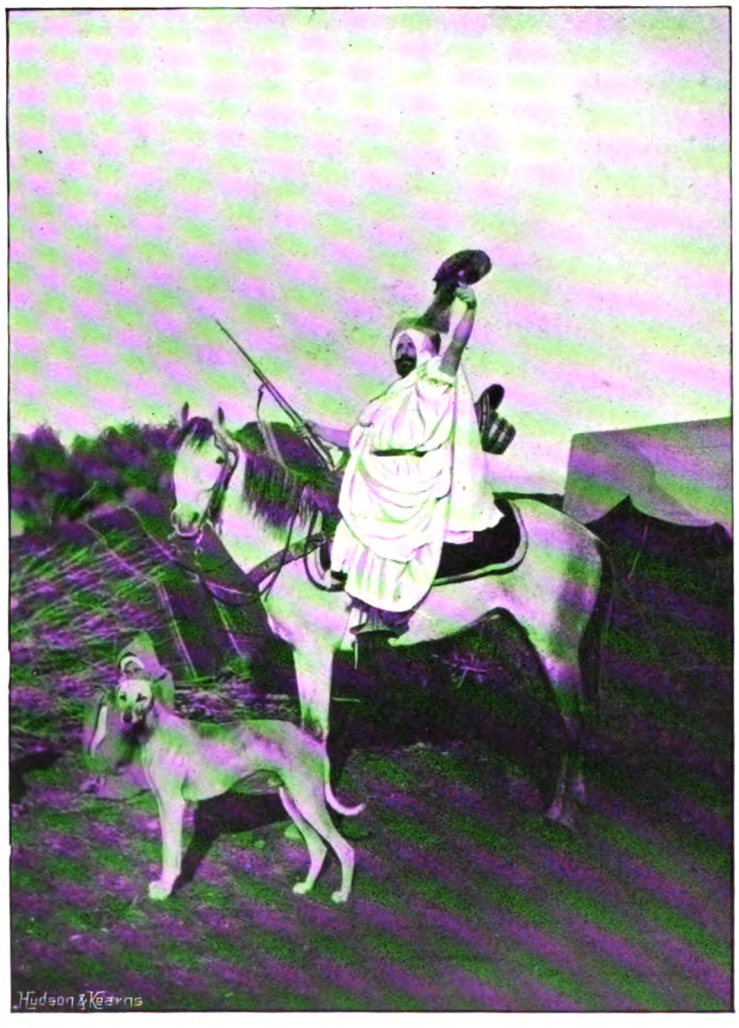
The French always maintain a large force in Algeria, numbering over 50,000 men, and they have a great body of native soldiery. Among these the famous Spahis make a picturesque contingent, and have a legendary fame in French military annals of the Algerian and other campaigns. As hard fighters, for or against, these wild "Margouillats," as they are sometimes called, are associated with the fame of Algiers, Constantine, Mazagran, Isly, Sidi-Brahim, Beni-Mered, and Kabylia, and their hurricane charges and "razzias" have been the theme of many a tale by the camp-fire. We are therefore glad to be able to present to our readers a very fine series of photographs of these fiery horsemen, just taken for us by a correspondent near the frontier of Morocco.

Up to a recent time, and still to some extent, the Spahis, after their brilliant campaigning episodes, have been consigned to inactivity. Two squadrons on the western border watched the tribes beyond the frontier, forbidden to take any share in tribal disturbances. Elsewhere, the Spahi was relegated to escort duty, and at times so many men have been withdrawn from the squadrons that they have become mere skeletons. Now the formation of the "Sahariens," which includes rifles, has led to the creation of a force of swiftly-moving Spahis to carry French dominion far to the south.

The Spahi Regiment—the 2nd—which has its station at Sidi-Medjaed, in the mountains watered by the Tafna, is typical of the force. It comprises two marching squadrons, composed of unmarried men, for garrison duty, and three "smala" squadrons permanently located in positions along the frontier of Morocco, where our pictures were taken. The native Spahis live with their families in the smala—the richer among them having more wives than one—and cultivate land allotted to them, partly for their own advantage and partly for that of the "smala." In practice, as usually happens with Oriental people, the work falls to the women, while the lord and master, when not occupied in military exercises, devotes his time to squatting at the door of his tent, or hunting—in which he is very keen. He employs the gun only for larger game, and generally is content with his ancient method of hawk and hound. The game of the country includes partridges, hares, and boars, and the Spahi leaves to his European comrade the more enterprising quest for the nests of eagles and vultures in the mountains.



A FRENCH SERGEANT OF SPAHIS.
Distinguished by His Head-dress from the Natives.



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A NATIVE ALGERIAN OFFICER.
Leaving for the Chase with Hawk and Hound.

The great tents are covered with a cloth of wool and camel's hair, and are pitched in circles of about fifty—being two to a regiment—each called a douar, and here men, women, children, sheep, goats, dogs, and other livestock all live together. Idleness, with fitful activity, is characteristic of the Spahi, and little cultivation would be done if the power of severe punishment for neglect did not rest with the officers. Some of the Spahis in the south are mounted on camels, but usually the horse is employed, and a frequent duty is to gather halfa grass in the mountains for fodder. The men are well looked after, and their children are educated. A native non-commissioned officer, who will be seen in one of our pictures, is proficient in French, and is the instructor. Morning and evening the bugle is sounded for school, and then these funny little *mouchachous*, who are very intelligent up to the age of fourteen, run to their studies in French and Arabic, followed by physical drill or work in the fields.

Very few Frenchmen live in the native "smala." The "bordj," or barracks for European officers and non-commissioned officers, is a building apart, where some of the comforts of life are to be found, and where the regiment has its headquarters. The life of the Europeans is apt to become monotonous, but there is plenty of work in training the native troopers and supervising the administration of the districts. For diversion there is abundant opportunity for the chase and for fishing in the waters of the Tafna, of which the upper course is extremely picturesque, for it rises in the mountains with a full stream, and descends in a long and broken cataract for a mile and a-half to the plain. On the whole, it cannot be said that the life of the Frenchmen in this outpost of their dominion is unpleasant.

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TENTS OF SPAHIS ON THE DESERT SLOPE.
The Coverings of Wool and Camel's Hair.

Photos. Copyright.

A POST OF THESE WILD "MARGOUILLATS."
Rest after Coffee at the Sheltered Bivouac.

THE FRENCH ON THE FRONTIERS OF MOROCCO.

EN GRANDE TENUE.
The Cantiniere of a Spahi Regiment.

LIFE WITH THE NATIVE SOLDIERY.

THE NATIVE SCHOOL FOR ARAB CHILDREN.
An Algerian Sergeant Acts as Professor.

"Navy & Army."

A FATIGUE PARTY FROM THE MOUNTAINS.
Laden with Halfa Grass for the Horses.

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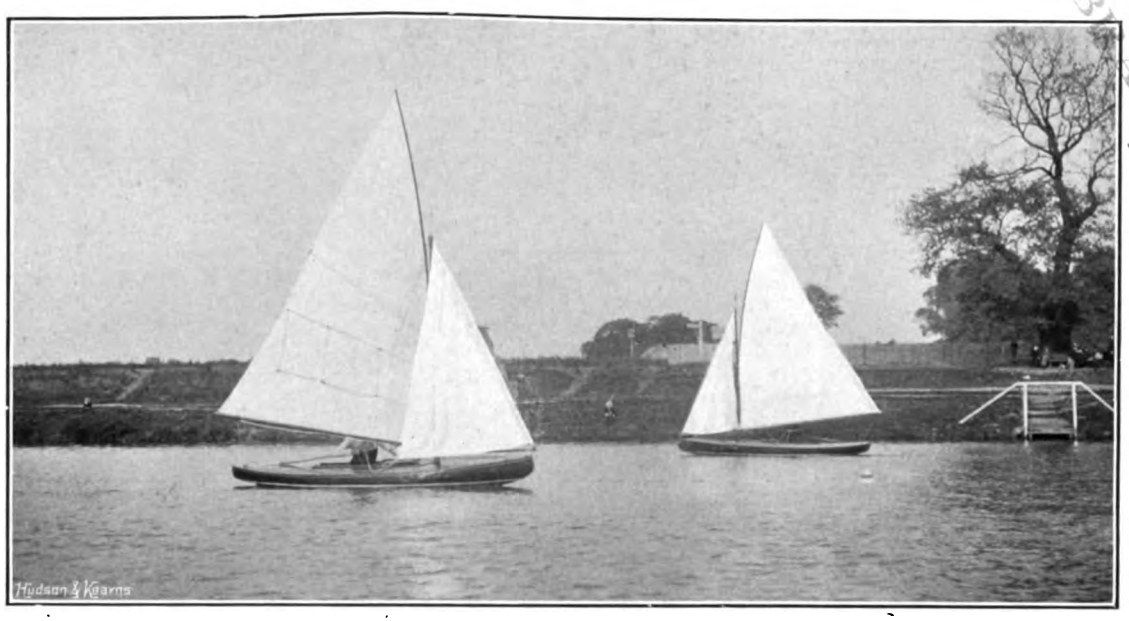
The Royal Canoe Club at Teddington.

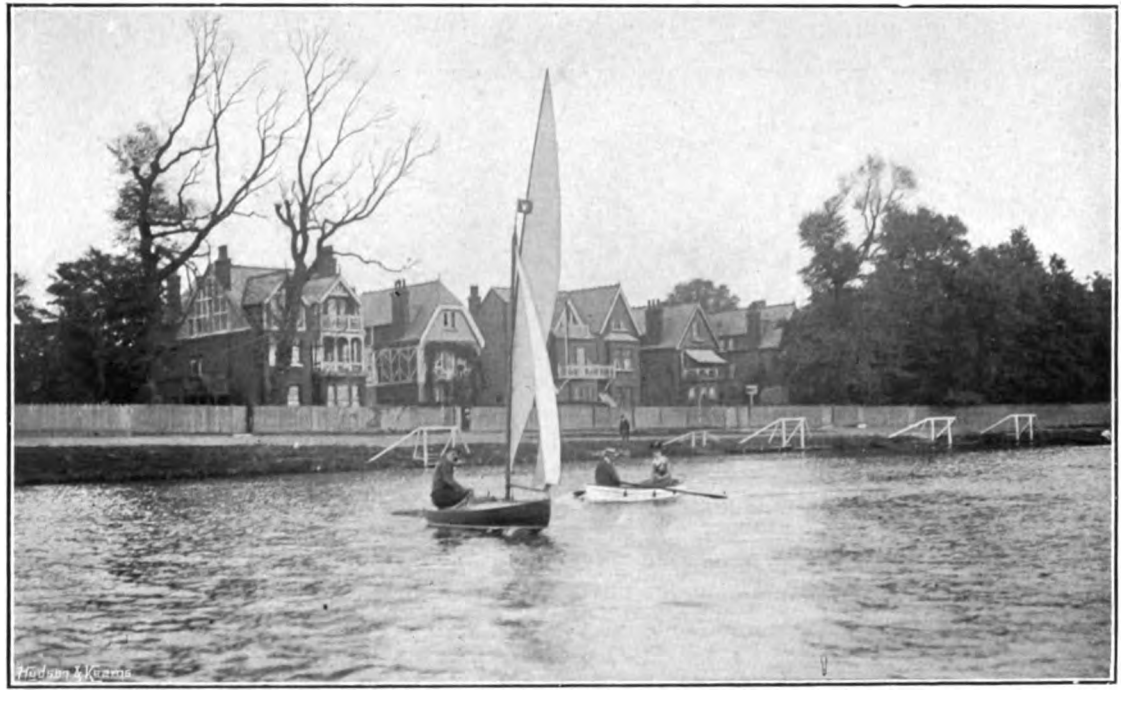
OPPOSITE THE CLUB-HOUSE.
The First Time Past.



ROUNDING THE TOP BUOY.
"Eft" and "Gadfly" Leading.

TACKING ACROSS THE RIVER.
A Picturesque Sight.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."



THE WINNERS OF THE RACE.
"Gadfly" and Mr. G. E. Webster.

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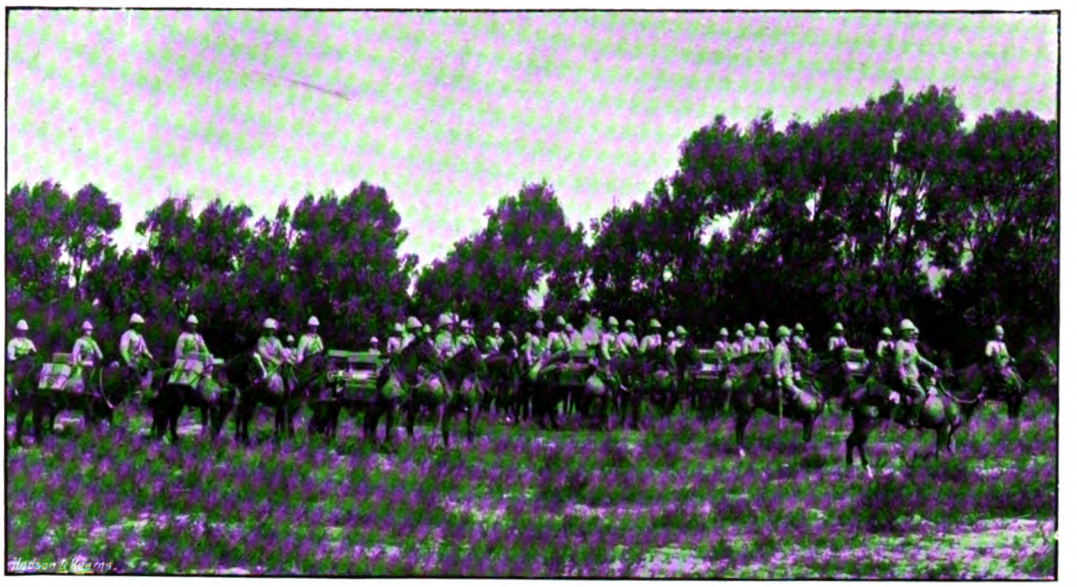
A Machine-gun Battery.

A GREAT many interesting, and not a few really valuable, experiments have been made in the South African War, and of these, certainly not the least conspicuous is that which will be found illustrated in the accompanying three pictures. A machine-gun battery is, of course, no novel idea. But, in several respects, that which has been in use by the Second New Zealand Contingent in South Africa is a new departure, notably in regard to the pack saddles and gun mountings, or tripods, which are the invention of Major Carthew-Yorstoun of the Poona Horse. The battery itself consists of four of the latest pattern Hotchkiss guns, which are too familiar to all readers of this journal to require any special description. But the pack saddles and gun mountings deserve a separate and detailed mention from the standpoint of popular as well as professional interest.



THE GUNS AND AMMUNITION.
Mounted on Major Carthew-Yorstoun's Special Pack Saddles.

There are several drawbacks to the usual method of moving machine guns on hand or "galloper" carriages. Without going into these too closely it may safely be conceded that such drawbacks—a common result of which is broken wheels and shafts—do not exist in the pack-saddle system, which was fully tested by the inventor in both the Soudan and the Tirah Campaigns, and which enables the guns to be carried with perfect safety at a gallop over country too rough for the lightest and best constructed wheel carriages. Major Carthew-Yorstoun's pack saddle, it should be noted, has an adjustable arch and movable panels, which enable it to fit any horse or mule with such accuracy that sore backs are quite unlikely to occur.

DISMOUNTED.
A Battery Carrying its Guns into Action.

One of the chief features of the special tripod or gun mounting is that the front legs swing forward, and thus enable the tripod to lie flat on the ground and yet to remain a sufficiently staple support for the gun.

Some idea of the lightness and compactness of the apparatus may be gathered from the fact that each gun with its mounting forms a load of less than the average weight carried by a troop-horse. As to handiness, it is stated that from the moment of halting a gun can be dismounted and got into action in 30-secs! No longer time is required to limber up, unless, of course, the guns have to be carried some distance to the horses. Portable shields are also carried by the battery.

The ammunition is packed in cases which are carried on a special pack saddle, also invented by Major Carthew-Yorstoun, in frames on each side of the horse. The cases can easily be lifted off and be carried by hand when dismounted. The weight on each horse is much the same as that of a gun and its mounting.

Altogether it would seem difficult to conceive a more complete or more workmanlike outfit than is implied by the merits indicated.

Photos. Copyright. *Duffus Bros.*

PUMPING LEAD.
A Machine-gun Battery in Action.

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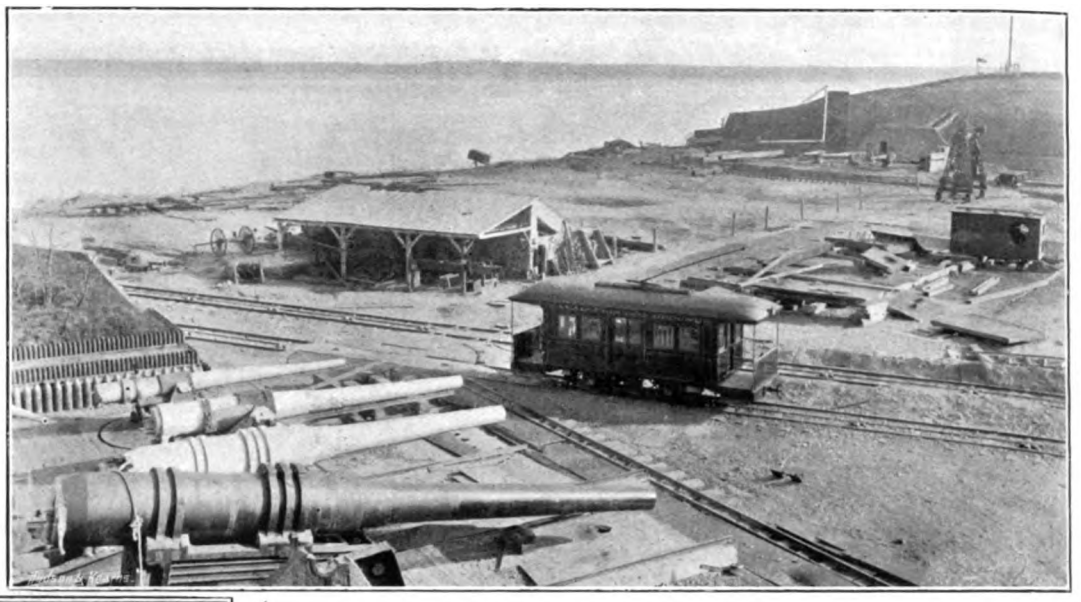
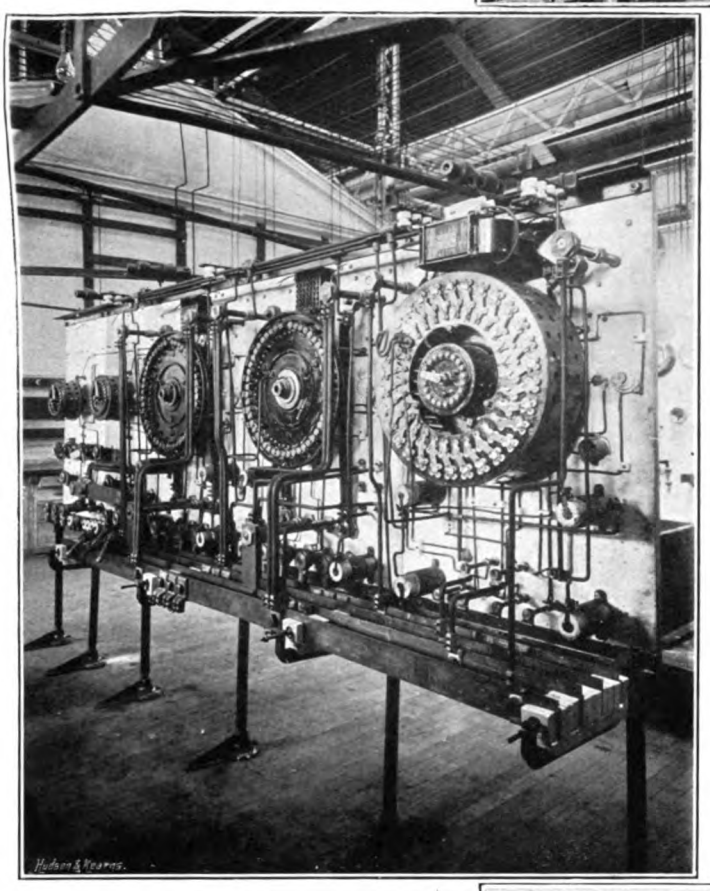
American Guns and Explosives.

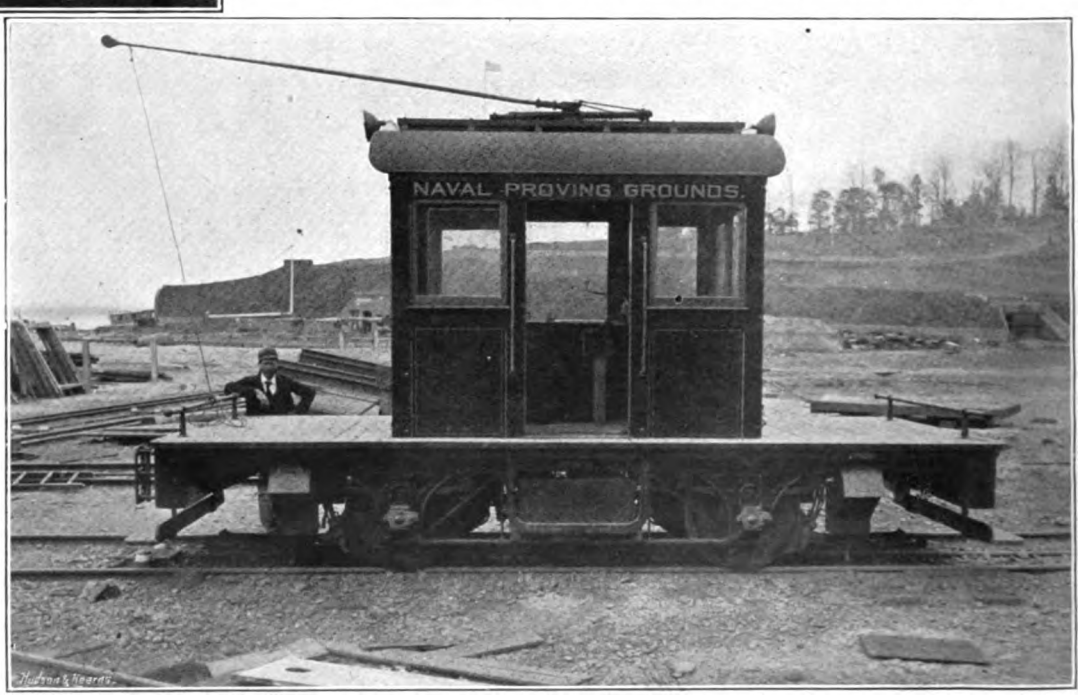
IT is perfectly obvious that it is essential to the confidence which a gun's crew must have in their weapon, if they are to do good work with it, that the process of manufacture shall be followed by testing under conditions not merely assimilating as nearly as possible to those which would prevail in action, but of a considerably greater stringency. There must, in fact, be a reserve of strain endurance. This applies to all Naval Powers; and with the rapid strides which the United States Navy is making, it may prove interesting to give some details of the conditions in which Naval guns are tested on the other side of the Atlantic. The works are situated at Indian Head, on the banks of the Potomac River, and they cover about six square miles of ground. They have been in course of construction for more than two years, but they are now in working order and give employment to about 1,200 men, who are engaged not merely in the testing, but in the manufacture, of equipments of war. To the preparation of smokeless powder, for example, twenty-four or twenty-five buildings are exclusively devoted, and they are spread over a large area—extending back, in fact, some four miles from the Potomac River—in order to minimise the risks of explosions and their destructive effects. Each stage of the powder manufacture is carried out in a building apart; one building is devoted solely to the picking process, another to the mixing operations, a third to the acids, and so on through all the processes. Another precaution which has been adopted in order to attenuate the effects of a possible explosion has been the construction of all buildings with a "paper" wall. This means that one of the outside walls is made of a light paper material which is easily destroyed by the force of an explosion, and so saves the more substantial parts of the structure, and, at the same time, prevents, it is believed, loss of life. A feature of the whole place, however, is the extent to which electrical power has been used. Everything is done by electricity, the whole having been installed by the Westinghouse Company; and it is a noteworthy fact that the motors and even the electrical trains are operated by the ordinary workpeople of the yards, there being only a chief electrical engineer responsible for the whole. This fact speaks volumes for the simplicity of the arrangement and the trustworthiness of its working. In the powder works, a railway worked on the overhead trolley system conveys the products and materials rapidly between the main buildings. There are several electrical motors used in connection with the powder making. They are of the Westinghouse "C" induction type, that is, they are two-phase motors, and have no sliding or interrupted electrical contacts, no brushes or commutators, and consequently no sparking can occur. In fact, it is held that they may be run with safety in the presence of any explosive. Another electric railway is used for the conveyance of goods to the different parts of the works. It is principally on the overhead trolley system, but for rather more than half a mile it is worked on the Westinghouse Surface Contact System, which has proved exceedingly successful. It yields either direct or alternating currents from no load to full load of either or both, without trouble in the way of regulation. Our pictures aptly illustrate the general appearance of the place and its guns, and the extent to which the system of electrical installation so well carried out by the Westinghouse Company has been adopted.



OUTSIDE—THE GUNS FOR THE TEST.
The Testing-plac on Sandy Hook—Yes or No?



INSIDE—THE ELECTRICAL SWITCHBOARD.
On the Naval Proving Grounds, Indian Head.



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The Electrical Car on the Proving Grounds.

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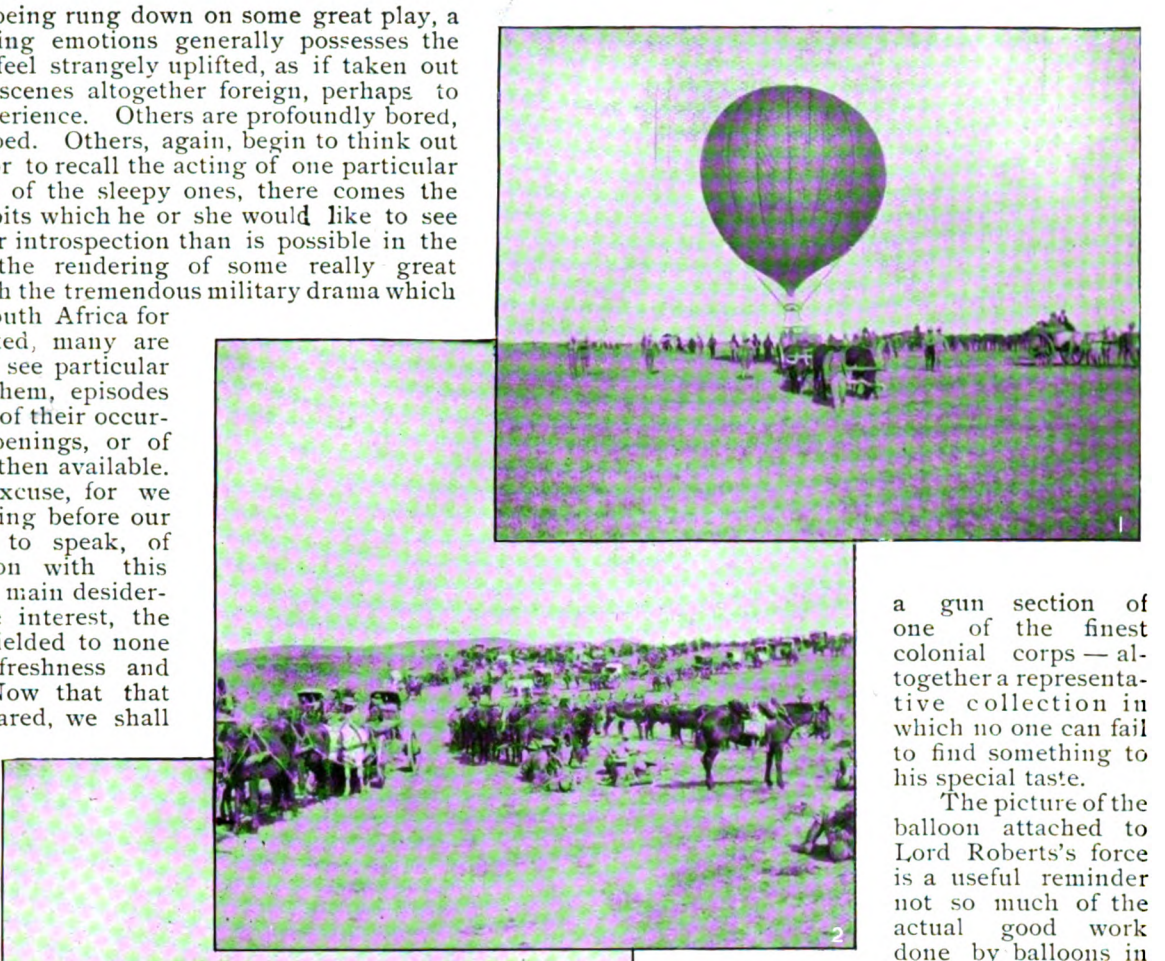
Ending the War in South Africa.

WHEN the curtain is being rung down on some great play, a variety of conflicting emotions generally possesses the audience. Some feel strangely uplifted, as if taken out of themselves by scenes altogether foreign, perhaps to their everyday experience. Others are profoundly bored, and want to go home and get to bed. Others, again, begin to think out one particular part of the play, or to recall the acting of one particular player. But to almost all, even of the sleepy ones, there comes the feeling that there were detached bits which he or she would like to see over again, and study with greater introspection than is possible in the breathless interest inspired by the rendering of some really great production. So it probably is with the tremendous military drama which we have been seeing played in South Africa for the last year. Many are uplifted, many are tired, but all surely must wish to see particular episodes brought again before them, episodes which, perhaps, were at the time of their occurrence obscured by greater happenings, or of which a suitable record was not then available. That is our reason—not our excuse, for we make none—for continuing to bring before our readers "odds and ends," so to speak, of pictorial interest in connection with this momentous struggle. When the main desideratum was pictures of up-to-date interest, the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED yielded to none of its contemporaries in the freshness and variety of its weekly budget. Now that that requirement has largely disappeared, we shall take equal care to select from the great mass of photographs which continues to pour in upon us from correspondents who have been at the front such scenes and object-lessons as may awaken special interest in the largest possible proportion of our readers. The instalment we publish to-day is of many-sided attractiveness. In it are included pictures of the line of march and of the occupation of an important station; of transport troubles and of easy progress; of a big gun throwing a great shell several miles, and of a little one making the enemy, perhaps, equally uncomfortable at a much shorter range; the British soldier is here depicted, and a gun section of one of the finest colonial corps — altogether a representative collection in which no one can fail to find something to his special taste.



The picture of the balloon attached to Lord Roberts's force is a useful reminder not so much of the actual good work done by balloons in this campaign, as of the desirableness of rewarding that good work by real sensible encouragement. It is all very well to give a D.S.O. or two to the gallant young sappers upon whom the working of these "aerial scouts" has devolved. That will be done as a matter of course, and very rightly and needfully done; but no one will contend that our system of military aeronautics is all that it might be, or all that it would be if the School of Ballooning were properly fed with funds, and encouraged to travel out of the beaten track. A supplementary reward to the Royal Engineers, for the devotion and gallantry they have displayed in the ballooning work of the campaign, might well be the grant of a few extra thousands a year to a branch in which, with comparatively small help, they have shown themselves so zealous and efficient.

The picture which shows the hoisting of the Union Jack over Sir Redvers Buller's headquarters at Standerton is of singular historical interest. This is the identical Union Jack which was flying at Standerton in 1881, and was pulled down when we left the Transvaal at Mr. Gladstone's bidding. Good old rag! One can imagine a sort of tremor running through its inanimate threads as once more it spread itself to the breeze, the symbol of the glorious fact that Great and Greater Britain had again, and this time for ever, taken the Transvaal under their protection. Tennyson has sung finely how, in all the storm and stress of the siege of Lucknow Residency, "the great banner of England flew" ever on the topmost tower, but some will think that an even more powerful and pathetic significance is attached to this rehoisting of the Union Jack at Standerton after a seclusion of nearly twenty years.

Perhaps of all troubles incidental to the war there have been none more real and exhausting than those connected with the transport. The crownless martyrdoms suffered by those who have had much to do with the waggons especially, will probably never be rightly appreciated in this country, but, if anything can illustrate such heartrending experiences, pictures will. In such circumstances the British soldier is superb.

1—The Aerial Scout Accompanying Lord Roberts on the March.
2—Lord Roberts's Force Waiting to Cross the Vet River.
3—The Same Old Union Jack. Pulled Down at Standerton 1881, Hoisted at Standerton 1900.
4—Bogged. Even Lord Roberts cannot Prevent these Little Contretemps.
5—Transport of the Welsh Fusiliers Crossing the Vet River Drift.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondents.

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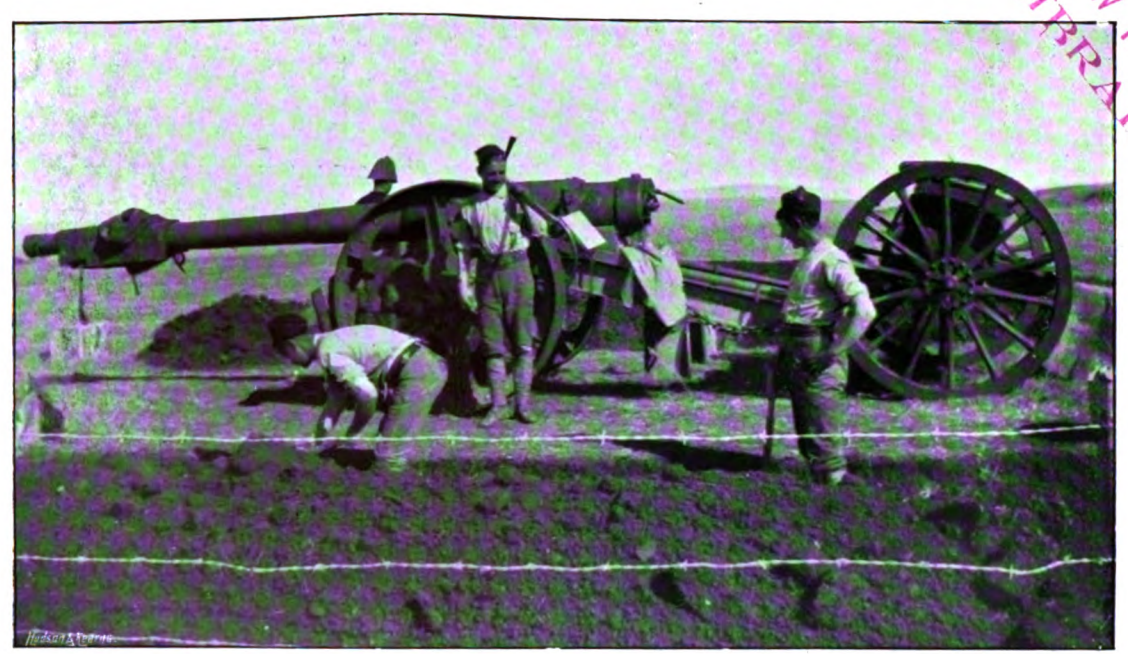
The Artillery with Buller.

COVERING THE ADVANCE.
A 5-in. Gun at 9,000-yds. Range.



PROTECTION FOR THE HEAVY GUNS.
Throwing Up a Parapet Round a 4·7-in.

FROM A SHELTERED POSITION.
The Maxim of the 2nd "Queen's" in Action.

GUNS OF THE MOUNTED FORCES.
The Artillery of the Natal Carbineers.

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With the Allied Troops in China.

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BIVOUAC OUTSIDE HSIKU ARSENAL.

British Troops from Tientsin for the Relief of Seymour's Column.

DISCOVERING THE PROOFS OF TREACHERY.

Japanese Infantry, with Chinese Prisoners as Guides, Searching the Ruins.

From Photos Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

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The Unmaking of "Tommy."

By A. E. Manning Foster.

THE subject of how soldiers are made has received much more attention than the manner of unmaking them. When once the raw recruit has blossomed into the full-blown soldier, the man in the street has no further interest in him except as a fighting machine which is sure to be in full working order when wanted. But the thoughtful "Tommy" sees in his military career only the preliminary step, as it were, in his life-work. In seven years, all being well, he may be a civilian again. The real business of his life will commence then, and although he may always be a soldier at heart, he can only be a Reservist in reality, and must find some other employment to earn his bread and butter.

It is at Fort Brockhurst, Gosport, that troops returning from abroad receive their discharge, and a very interesting business it is. When a troop-ship arrives at Southampton the authorities at Brockhurst are at once notified, and make all ready to receive their guests. The Reservists are sent on by special trains, and are met at Brockhurst Station by members of the staff from the Fort there, deputed for the purpose.

Very glad they are to know that their journey is at an end, and to find friendly faces to greet them. They arrive in all sorts and conditions of deshabille. On the way home many perhaps have gambled furiously, and hence some may appear without a tunic, others without an overcoat, having bartered these articles to satisfy their ruling passion. Many look ill and worn out, and seem scarcely able to carry their bulging kit-bags. It is easy to tell a detachment that has arrived from India, not only by the bronzed faces of the men, but by the cages containing parrots and strange birds which they carry. "Tommy" can buy talking parrots for something like 1½d. or 2d. apiece in India, and if they survive the journey they make nice presents for the folks at home.

An admirable system now prevails at Fort Brockhurst, as may be gathered from the fact that it is no uncommon thing for 400 men to receive their discharge within twenty-four hours. At one time it was a long business, and the time-expired soldier was frequently kept two or three days at the Fort before the whole routine was gone through. The improvement in the method of administration is largely due to the late Colonel-Commandant Stephen Jopp, who has only lately left the Fort to take up an appointment abroad.

To save time, the names and intended places of residence of the time-expired men are sent on to Brockhurst from abroad some four or five days in advance, so that on his arrival at the Fort "Tommy" finds everything in readiness for him. Every soldier has a set of documents which contain his life history from the time he joins the colours. In them are noted his various offences, his good conduct marks, his promotions—every detail in fact, connected with his career.

This record of service is finally made up at Fort Brockhurst, and signed by the commanding officer, who gives him a parchment certificate of character in accordance with it. When the certificate does not happen to be good, "Tommy" often finds it useful to conveniently lose it in the train, in the hope of obtaining a better one later on. But this little ruse does not succeed, as all the records are carefully kept at the Fort, and can be turned up at any minute.

When the troops arrive at the Fort they are first of all paraded in the grounds for roll-call, and formed into four sections of squads, each squad consisting of one non-commissioned officer and nineteen men. Each squad occupies a barrack-room, and is dealt with in turn. The men are made as comfortable as possible, and are subjected to no useless or vexatious delays.

As soon as their places have been allotted to them, the men clean themselves up, and prepare to parade for medical inspection. Hot water is now provided, and most of the men are glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of a refreshing hot bath.

Each squad then proceeds to the medical quarters of the Fort, and after the examination the men fill up a form stating what employment they desire or have in view, and also the particular qualifications they may have for any special work, and sign their various documents.

When the medical examination is over, and "Tommy" is pronounced fit for the Army Reserve, the first step in his discharge is over. He may now change into civilian attire, the outward and visible sign of his altered status.

There is a tailoring room at the Fort where he can obtain a ready-made suit for 13s. 6d., or an overcoat for 15s. if he so desires The price of the clothes is taken out of the deferred pay which stands to the soldier's credit. Then, if he be in need of underwear, he can be provided at the hosiery store, where all kinds of hosiery of excellent quality are to be had. A form is given to him on which the price of all goods is plainly marked, and this he fills up before going to the store-room. He is not allowed to spend more than 30s. in this department; but as the price of everything is very moderate, he can get a good deal for that sum. He can obtain, for instance, excellent socks at 6d. per pair, shirts for 2s. 9d. apiece, collars at 4d., and gloves at 1s. Here he can also buy a tin box for 4s. 6d., or a large canvas bag for 3s., to carry away his possessions.

"Tommy's" Arrival.

Having changed into civilian attire, the Reservist must next hand in his military kit. A small sum is allowed him for his tunic and trousers, which are regarded as his personal property, while the value of his great-coat, which is Government property, is credited to the public.

The Reservists are provided with excellent meals, and the kitchens at the Fort are models of cleanliness and order. At the canteen "Tommy" can obtain extremely good beer at very moderate prices. In the common room he can see a number of papers and magazines. Games are also supplied, and there is a good piano for those musically inclined.

The last process of all before the Reservist goes on his way rejoicing is to draw his money. During his service abroad 2d. a day of his pay has been kept back, and this sum he is now credited with. The authorities, wisely regarding "Tommy's" known weaknesses, do not hand over to him the whole amount due, which frequently is something like £20 or £25. A sum of £2 and a free railway pass to his home are given him, and the balance of his deferred pay is forwarded by post office order during the week.

Most excellent work is done at Fort Brockhurst in the way of finding employment for discharged soldiers. Last year situations were found for nearly 400 men. Railway companies are in the habit of applying to the authorities at Brockhurst for employés, and they can always be sure of securing men with good characters. Others find places as potmen, prison warders, policemen, servants, and commissionaires.

The difficulty is that many of the Reservists will not apply for employment until the last penny of their money is spent, and the number of time-expired men who, contrary to the regulations, try to enlist again as recruits is very great.

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The Sailor as Hero.

By Lucy Hardy.

FICTIONISTS have selected their heroes from all sorts and conditions of men; other characters than those of the fairy prince or the stainless knight, *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, have been chosen by some writers for the central figures of their stories. A murderer is the hero of "Eugene Aram"; in "Don Juan," "The Corsair," "The Pirate," and "Clarissa Harlowe" the chief male characters of the story are scarcely as saintly as Sir Galahad or King Arthur. Humble life has furnished the heroes of "Silas Marner" and "Felix Holt," and a prize-fighter is the chief personage in "Rodney Stone." But how many fictionists, ancient and modern, have, from the earliest ages, exhibited a marked predilection for one description of hero—the sailor? Nautical adventures, real or imaginary, have found interested listeners from the days when Homer sang of the voyages of Ulysses, down to the present day, when writers of good sea stories are certain to attract eager and appreciative readers.

"Many Cargoes," "Captain Kettle," and the "Songs of the Seven Seas" are but the echoes of countless older stories and ballads in which a sailor forms the central figure. It is, perhaps, only natural that the popular literature of island dwellers should abound with sailor tales. English novels of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries are full of allusions. Miss Austen's novels mention the sailor relations who are generous with prize-money; and a noisy child is described by its irate parent (in "Mansfield Park") as "having a voice like a bo'swain." Smollett and Marryat devoted themselves to a careful word painting of the nautical life of their times in their works of fiction; it is said, indeed, that the fidelity with which the latter dwelt upon certain weak points in Naval administration of his era stood in the way of his professional advancement: and yet Marryat writes of the sea in a very different strain from that adopted by his brother author. Smollett can behold nothing but evil and cruelty on board a man-of-war; his pen seems dipped in vitriol as he dwells (in "Roderick Random") upon the horrors of the cock-pit and the sick-bay on board the "Thunderer," and describes at length the atrocities perpetrated by wretches like Oakem, Crampton, and Mackshane. To any adventurous lad desirous of embracing a sea career Smollett's gloomy descriptions might whisper *Punch's* famous advice regarding matrimony—"Don't."

"Shift your moorings, you lubber."

But, although Marryat acknowledges the existence of many imperfections in the Service, which he yet loved so well, he writes cheerily and brightly, and with an evident desire to think that even the failings of contemporary Naval administration "leaned to virtue's side." What fascinating portraits of sailor heroes has Marryat given us in his novels. Charles Lamb candidly confesses that "I love a fool, as naturally as if I were kith and kin to him . . . *stultus sum*, I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it . . . he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds' worth of worse matter in his composition." Who has not felt a kindly interest in Marryat's "innocent" sailor heroes, like Peter Simple and Midshipman Easy, who are so quaintly shrewd amid all their simplicity? One feels that many of the adventures of these youths must have been sketched from life. How natural is the scene at the tavern, when the young shipmates of the newly-appointed midshipmite alarm the greenhorn with awful (and wholly fictitious) accounts of the severities of his captain, "the greatest Tartar in the Service . . . why, he gave a midshipman five dozen the other day for wearing a scarlet watch-ribbon." How realistic are the descriptions of the sale of home letters (especially those from pretty sisters) among the middies, and the accounts of the "rises" taken out of the new-comer by his mischievous companions. Certainly the author himself had *passé par là* and described real experiences. Marryat's humbler sailor heroes are equally delightful. Worthy, sententious Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, is so devoted to his profession that he can find plausible excuses for the profane language to which the sailor of the past was traditionally too much addicted. "There is, sir, a language for the pulpit and one for the ship, and, in either situation, a man must make use of the terms most likely to produce a good effect upon his listeners; certain it is that common parlance won't do for the common seaman. It isn't here, as in the Scriptures, 'do this, and he doeth it;' but 'do this, and be . . . !' and it's done directly. The order to *do* just carries the weight of a cannon-shot, but it wants the propelling power; the 'd——' is the gunpowder which sets it flying in the execution of its duty."

Readers of the "Bab Ballads" will remember the perplexity of the commander of the "Hot Cross Bun" when he notes that his newly-shipped crew never give vent to stronger exclamations than a mild "dear me," and how this mystery is explained later on when the commander brings on board "the bride of his heart," at sight of whom "the crew went out of their wits, and all fell down on the deck in separate fainting fits . . . and then their hair came down (or off, as the case might be), for all the rest of the crew were simple girls like me"—love-sick maidens, who had taken to ship life from a romantic attachment to the fascinating commander, "kind Lieutenant Belay." Marryat does not deny that there was much of hardship and roughness, and even injustice, in the old-time sailor life. Peter Simple has to put up with much downright bullying, even from his *fidus Achates*, O'Brien ("he was very kind to me, and allowed no one to thrash me but himself"). But, hard and rough as was the existence in an old-world man-of-war, it was the school in which heroes and patriots like Nelson and Collingwood were reared, and in the pages of contemporary fiction writers we find depicted characters who exhibit the same simple, honest devotion to "God and king; England, home, and duty," the same unostentatious courage, cheerful endurance of hardship and difficulties, and heroic self-devotion which we find recorded of real personages by the Naval historians of the age.

Dibden may be called the sailor poet laureate, so persistently has he chanted the praises of poor Jack. It is noticeable, however, that even the sailor's greatest admirers usually, in a way, relegate him to the ranks of that "goodly company" whom Charles Lamb so lovingly apostrophises upon All Fools' Day.

Describers of a sailor hero allow him almost all the virtues, but usually unite in describing him as utterly void of what Lamb calls "dull, drudging prudence."

Brave, kindly, and generous, the typical Jack Tar of fiction is usually described as being but a simple soul (simpler even than any of Marryat's midshipmen) when on shore, and as incapable of taking care of himself as a child would be.

Certainly the true records of some sailor adventures seem to warrant this view of the fiction writer. Real, not imaginary,

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sailors "clapped their bank-notes between slices of bread and ate them" when they received their hardly-won prize-money, and all who are interested in our seamen know how shamefully "poor Jack" in the present day is often fleeced and cheated upon his arrival in port. In the old melodrama the sailor always made a conspicuous figure. For how long a period did plays like "Black-Eyed Susan" hold their audiences spellbound! In her memoirs Miss Mellon (afterwards Duchess of St. Albans) relates an anecdote which shows that the sailor of the stage sometimes found his counterpart in real life. Miss Mellon was playing a part in which, as she was about to be sent to prison by a harsh creditor, she sobbed, "I have not a friend in the world!" upon which a sailor in the gallery promptly swung himself down upon the stage, exclaiming, "Yes, you have, my poor young woman, for I'll go bail for you to any amount. Shift your moorings, you lubber" (addressing the actor who represented the creditor), "for it'll be the worse for you if I come across your bows." "The uproar was indescribable," adds the actress, "and my protector could only be pacified by the manager coming to the rescue with a handful of theatrical bank-notes and pretending to pay my debt."

With all his little follies and weaknesses, there is something very attractive about Jack, and it is not wonderful that he is, and always has been, so popular a hero with both poets and novelists.

The Boer Debacle.

HER MAJESTY will meet the new Parliament with the gratifying intelligence that the war in South Africa is at an end, and confidence is felt in the country that peaceful conditions will soon ensue where hostilities have long been in progress. The month of September has been a marvellous one. We have seen our long-tried army marching to the victorious conclusion, and, in the strong phrase of Lord Rosebery, "seeing the thing through." It is true that the Boers have latterly proved soft to the touch of what the German Emperor would call the iron fist. But we do not judge our gallant troops by the operations that marked the approach to Komati Poort, but by the splendid intrepidity which they displayed on the Tugela, in the fighting march from the Orange River, the great advance from the Modder to Bloemfontein, and the long series of operations carried out over a vast country which brought about the fall of Pretoria. This is not the time to enter again into the much vexed question that surrounds the tactics of the campaign; but we may recognise that our generals have faced a stupendous task, and have overcome difficulties which probably no officers in the world would have surmounted within the time, and finally that their combinations, under the splendid leadership of Lord Roberts, have been effective, and, perhaps, little short of superb. The extraordinary difficulties of the country, the opportunities which it offers for the formation of a strong defensive position, the long lines of communication, and the rebellious character of the population in rear of the armies, have all constituted military conditions which are, if not new in character, at least new in extent. We may now briefly survey the final operations which filled the month of September and practically concluded by the break-up and dispersal of the Boer army. It was on August 28 that the Bergendal kopjes, which Lord Roberts describes as "a natural fortress," were captured by the 2nd Rifle Brigade and the Inniskilling Fusiliers. It then began to be suspected that no real defence would be offered, and that the presence of Mr. Kruger and Mr. Steyn, even in that splendid country for defence, would be insufficient to inspire the Boers to make a final struggle for independence. The truth is that after the fall of Pretoria the conclusion was foregone.

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A BOER COMMANDO.
On the March to Komati Poort.

Sir Redvers Buller began his difficult march into the Lydenburg district on September 1, supported by a flank movement on the part of Ian Hamilton. Eight days later, the Boers abandoned a strong position as he approached, and on the 9th the Mauchberg was crossed in the face of a feeble opposition. On the 13th the British force was described by Lord Roberts as "comfortably settled at Spitzkop." Meanwhile Mr. Kruger, with a few members of his late Executive, had fled to Lourenço Marquez. General French was already marching on Barberton, while Pole-Carew was advancing along the railway, with Ian Hamilton in his rear, and General Hutton was operating on the right flank. The cavalry were at Barberton on the 13th, where they captured forty-three locomotives and much rolling-stock and stores, and a rapid advance was made on the 17th to Avoca Station, where about fifty more engines were found. As the troops advanced in a converging movement, the operations became more forcible, and an important point was gained when General Stephenson occupied Nelspruit. It was from this point that Lord Roberts, on September 20, announced that the main Boer force had broken up altogether. Numbering 3,000 men, and including a large proportion of mercenaries, the enemy retreated to Komati Poort, and some 700 of them crossed the Portuguese frontier, while many deserted, and the rest took up positions on the spurs of the Lebompo, beyond the Komati River. A great tumult ensued, and the last hope of the Boers was gone. In their utter collapse, having lost vast quantities of ammunition and stores, and being driven to the very verge of the Transvaal, they destroyed most of their guns. The occupation of Avoca, and of Kaap Muiden, which is only forty-five miles from Komati Poort, brought home to the Boers the hopelessness of further contest, and their army broke up into a few marauding bands. In other parts of the theatre of war they have shown feeble power of resistance, and captures of stores and ammunition have been frequent. General Kelly-Kenny has scattered the Boer force at Doornberg, and there is now no organised opposition in the south of the Orange River Colony. But let us not fail to render honour to our adversaries. They have fought in a dishonoured cause, but they have fought with extreme gallantry, and they entered upon the war with deliberate purpose, and with cool courage. They possessed the great advantage of knowing the country well as farmers and huntsmen, and Cronje, Meyer, Botha, De Wet, Delarey, and Snyman were familiar with almost every sluit and donga in the regions in which they have fought.

But with all their advantages, the Boers were destined to fail. If Ladysmith had fallen, the result might have been in doubt, but from the day of its relief the end was certain, and we are now able to welcome two new states or provinces into the circle of the British Empire, which will yet take their place as self-governing colonies under the flag.

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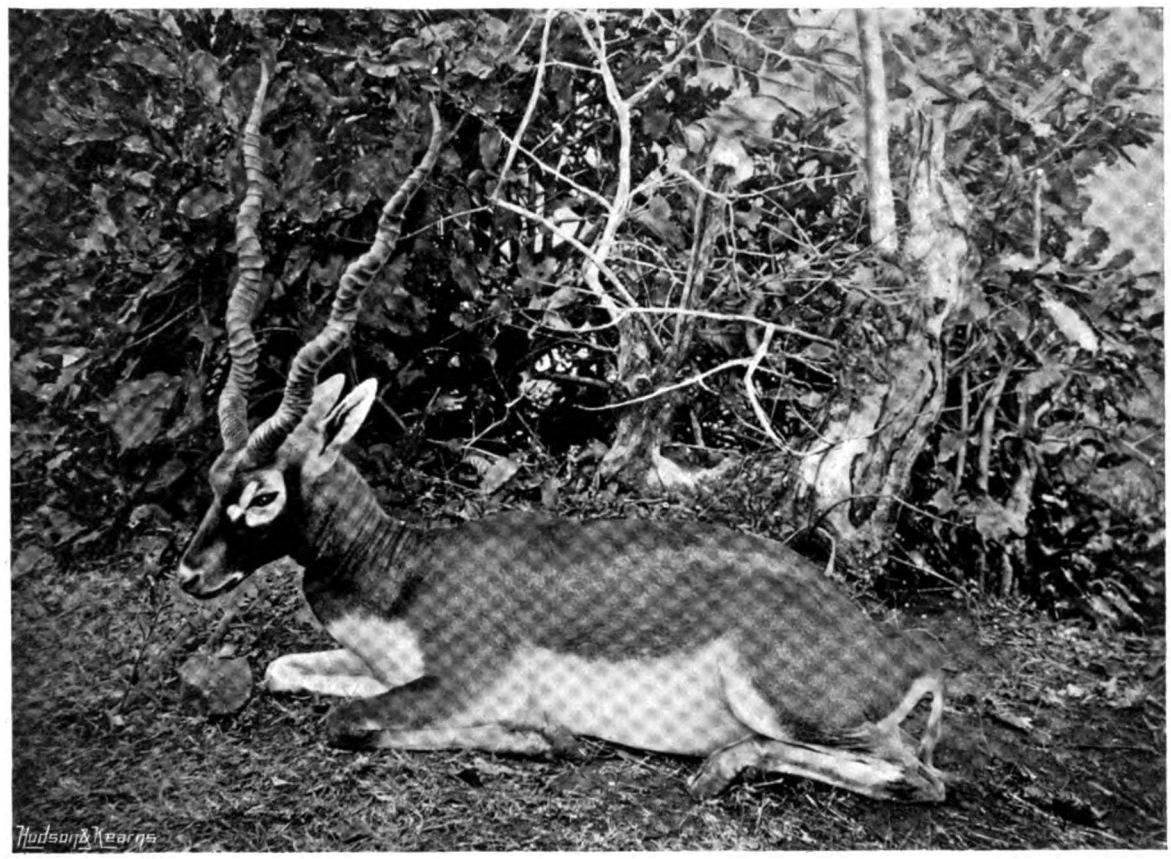
SPORT IN THE ARMY.

THE Indian gazelle, known to sportsmen as the chinkara, and also as the ravine deer, is, perhaps, even commoner, at all events in the parts of India of which I am now writing, than the black buck. At Nusseerabad I have seen gazelle almost, if not quite, within the cantonment boundaries, and they used to regularly frequent the rifle range, as indeed did pig, but the latter were careful to return to the sheltering hills before daylight. Common as they are, they are not so easy to bag, for the mark they offer is very small, and they are uncommonly suspicious and watchful. As Forsyth says, it is very rare to catch a gazelle off its guard, but I once came over a sand-hill right on one—at least he was not more than 60-yds. away. Unfortunately, it was only my gun that I had in my hand, and the bullet went directly behind him, a fact I attributed to not having allowed for the very strong wind. In any case a shot-gun is not much of a weapon in a case of this kind, though with larger game the heavy bullet and great shock will make up to some extent for want of accuracy.

Like the black buck, the chinkara is referred to in most works on Indian sport. The following account of its chase is written by "K. C. A. J.," and I have selected it because, in addition to being well and correctly written, it deals with the great bustard, by no means so uncommon in the part of India under consideration as it would seem to be in the Punjab:

"One cold weather I determined to look for chinkara, so sent out the syce with a rifle about fifteen miles to await my arrival next morning. I rode out, and, having secured a native to carry some lunch, cold tea, and the rifle, started off along some low sand-dunes to a patch of thin jungle that spread over a great deal of that country. After about an hour's walk I found some of the game feeding in an open glade, with no cover near them save some tussocks of short dry grass. The binoculars showed one fair head, so having taken the rifle and enjoined perfect concealment on my follower, I prepared to stalk. They were moving little, feeding about the grass, so when I saw all heads down I crawled forward on my hands and knees, carrying the rifle in my right hand and laying it down each pace most carefully, with my eyes strained up to watch for a head showing; their bodies were visible about as far as the medial lines, and whenever a head rose I was motionless until it dropped again. My clothes were identical in colour with the sandy soil and rough grass, and, if motionless, I could not have attracted the eye of any game. As I got nearer it became a matter of screwing myself along on my elbows and the toes of my boots; it was not easy work nor pleasant, for the Punjab sun was beating down on my back out of a beautiful blue sky. At last I arrived within 150-yds., after many anxious moments, while being scrutinised by the does. The buck I at last spotted for certain, and tried to aim off my stomach, but I was too low, and the grass hid him completely; it is wonderful what short grass will conceal a man lying on his face, and interfere with his aim at an animal some 2-ft. high at the shoulder. There was no help for it but to try to get on the knee. I succeeded in doing this unobserved, but as I fixed my aim the buck looked up as if by instinct; it was too late, for the bullet reached him before he had decided as to the identity of the queer lump so near. The others scampered off, unmolested for two reasons: there is much danger in snapping off in a thin jungle, as natives and cattle may be anywhere about, and unless the next best pair of horns are good it is unnecessary destruction. The native ran up and 'hallaled' him (cut his throat) in the orthodox



AN OLD BLACK BUCK.

Mussulman fashion; the horns were fair, about 13-in., and the skin a nice one. We had to work out to the edge of the jungle and secure another native to carry the game to where the syce was halted for the day. I wandered about all day, but fired at nothing, and reached cantonments in time for mess. Great luck sometimes happens to one, and I can well recall one of the last days I had in this same little jungle. I started at early dawn as usual, and on reaching my point for halting turned into the country with the native, who had become quite trained to my requirements and ways; he always brought a youngster with him (the proverbial 'bhai') to carry the game, for it is truth that I never visited the spot without bagging at least one buck. Luck was with me still, and I had a stalk behind a thin bush, mostly on my stomach, over hard, dry ground, after a solitary buck; he was nibbling the shoots of the bushes, but very fidgety, rushing about at times most erratically. At last I got well up to the bush and knelt down on the right side, from which position

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I got a fair shot at about 150-yds. and killed him. I found his horns a pretty pair, much about 13-in., but his coat all rough and staring on the back. On investigation I found the skin punctured with many small holes, with lumps under each. These proved to be 'bots,' or maggots, some three-quarters of an inch long, with their heads buried in the flesh and tails protruding into the small holes in the skin. On removing the skin they remained fast in the flesh, making it look most loathsome; the natives in my compound did not object in the least. The irritation of these pests had caused all the uneasiness I had noticed while stalking. I had heard of the mad bolts and rushes of bucks and does at certain seasons, but saw the cause and effect at last.

"Having despatched the carcase to my halting-place, I had much wandering about for an hour or two, but seeing nothing worth having, and believing all were infested with the maggot plague, I gave the man my rifle and we turned towards our starting-point. As we came out of the jungle I was some way ahead, and just cast my eye over the young green corn that grew close up to its edge. Right out in it, some 300-yds. away, were three small ostriches stalking about. 'By Jove! bustard—that's what those are!' flashed through my mind. I had never seen one before, nor heard of their being within forty miles of the station. 'I wish I could get a shot' followed the first thought, and then I disappeared behind one of the last bushes, and warned my man to make a détour and bring me the rifle. When he reached me he was hardly aware what they were, so it was evident they were not regular visitants. They were slowly stalking away from me quite out of shot, but, as my eye roamed around for any cover to make a stalk behind, two separate little bushes caught my eye on an old boundary line between the patch of corn the birds were on and the one next to it. They were small but thick, and the sandy soil had drifted up to the boundary line, raising it some 2-ft. above the level of the plain. The corn itself was too short to give any cover for a stalk, and a stern chase is always a long one, but it looked possible I might reach the bushes for a short shot at a new kind of target. To deceive the birds we moved away from our bush straight for home, if I may apply that term to syce and pony on the side of a villainous unmade road, under a solitary tree. I left my man behind the last bush, and then held on until those I had spotted on the boundary came between me and the game. Down I dropped on the knee, and did not take very long to cross the corn to the bigger bush, but I could not fire through it, owing to the thickness. There were three big things slowly striding ahead, so there was no time to lose; they were over 100-yds. away. I worked round to the left of the bush, trying to fire off my stomach; it was useless—the corn quite hid them when my chin was on mother earth. I then worked back to the right of my cover, and got slowly on the knee; they were then some distance further on, but I chose the biggest, and drew the bead at where the points of his wings or shoulders would be. The usual smart crack of 4½-drms. of powder, and two huge birds rose from the plain. Away they went, but number three I could not see. I was rather startled, as I thought he was so large that, lying dead, he would show plainly on the corn; I went forward to investigate, and found him, the corn being just above his carcase; the bullet had gone through the points of both wings, smashing them, but only leaving a round hole through them and his chest; he was stone dead, and I was truly delighted. I paced the distance, and found it 147-yds. We soon reached the road, and next morning a deputation waited on me to inspect this *rara avis;* few of them had ever seen the great bustard, and none had shot him. We dined off him subsequently at mess, and voted him excellent eating; while his feathers still supply me materials for a particular trout fly I am very partial to."

SNAFFLE.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1 *and* 15.]

Crack Shots.

AS I wish to be accepted as an authority upon the sports of the field, I am aware that, for fashion's sake, I should begin by abusing those hardy annuals which do duty as an introduction to the various sporting seasons of the year in the daily Press. Curious is the method of one sporting paper which, when we all had our ears or eyes wide open, to see the results of the "pop, pop—bang, bang" on the moors, came out without a single word of report of the grouse shooting—a paper, too, which for years had had the best and fullest reports. But the daily papers, after all, are no worse than others; if they do give us articles on pheasant shooting on October 1, when those who really shoot pheasants are otherwise engaged, and by their recognition of the legal date keep up a fiction, and so help the poachers to sell three-quarter-grown pheasants that belong to other people, they do not give us much more than a column of it, whereas the sporting weekly gives us acres, all old acres, too, save and except the oases of mistakes. These latter are sometimes new and frequently amusing.

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Thus in a partridge shooting article I read that the old school used to train their dogs to point live game while retrieving the dead. I have, I confess, seen dogs perform the feat, but as I happened to train them myself, I know that their education had nothing to do with it. Given the opportunity, and the nose, any pointer or setter will do it naturally. It only shows how very dangerous it is to write on sport unless you have engaged in it largely yourself. In the same article I observe that hedgerows and spinnies are a hindrance to the sport of partridge shooting; so that, wondering how we should get on without them, I am driven to the conclusion that the very superior persons who look down upon the Daily's sporting efforts, must also treat modern sport from as great an elevation and distance as they treat that of the old fogies—those who "taught" their dogs to point one bird while retrieving another.

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But this is neither shooting nor the mending of nets. Don't! The mixing of the metaphor is not half as mixed as you think. It so happens that one weekly sporting paper in Fleet Street was writing of the absence of netting grouse in Yorkshire while a lively discussion was proceeding in the *Yorkshire Post* on the fact of its extension, and the powerlessness of landowners to stop it. Of course, Yorkshire is the one county in which it is rampant. Given one man and 2,000-yds. of nets lying between two good moors, and they are good no longer. The grouse have an unfortunate habit of skimming the surface of the earth as they fly, so that a net a few feet wide will sooner or later catch every bird that has occasion to travel from one moor to another.

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What can be done? A net licence has been suggested; the man who suggested it forgets that the salmon netsman pays a bigger licence than the angler. Yes, but that does not prevent him killing the goose to get the golden egg. No; I cannot excuse the mixture of metaphor this time, unless salmon eggs which never get to the redds are golden, and the landowner on the upper waters who so carefully protects the breeding salmon, not for his own benefit, but the netsman's, is the goose. But the result is deplorable, for the licence for nets has alarmingly decreased salmon, and grouse have increased in the absence of legal distinction between nets and guns in their taking and killing.

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The point is that public opinion is all with the licensed salmon netsman; it is all against the grouse netsman; for the latter is equivalent, in the eyes of good men, to the man who shoots the vixen and starves the cubs to death. I don't think we want to make a martyr of the little freeholder or shrewd land jobber who hangs miles of nets between the moors of his neighbours until they will give him the price of their own freehold, not his, to sell his land and ill-used rights to them. No! Never license the poachers' carnival! As I have said, the great dailies do that, in one way or another, too much already, and no one will pay attention to should-be authorities who would keep them straight, all because they would license grouse netting, and "teach" dogs to point with dead birds in their mouths, and in other ways show that they are very theoretical indeed.

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What have the nets done for salmon? Since 1896 the total decline in the number of boxes sold at Billingsgate has been 10,000—7,000 Scotch, 3,000 Irish. We have a Royal Commission now sitting, and hopes are entertained that when it reports to a new Parliament it will have the courage of its convictions, which latter everyone supposes a foregone conclusion. Royal Commissions are usually appointed to find out what Governments know full well but do not wish to act upon. It is the same now; and if these nets were not licensed, any Government would have the courage to sweep them away. As they are licensed, no Government has, and the last thing we ought to wish for is to see grouse netting on the same solid basis. That, however, is what the proposal referred to above would lead to.

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Of course the National Rifle Association did not meet the views of civilian rifle clubs, existing or prospective, and it is only as might have been expected that the Birmingham Club should write to Mr. Chamberlain, and that the latter should address the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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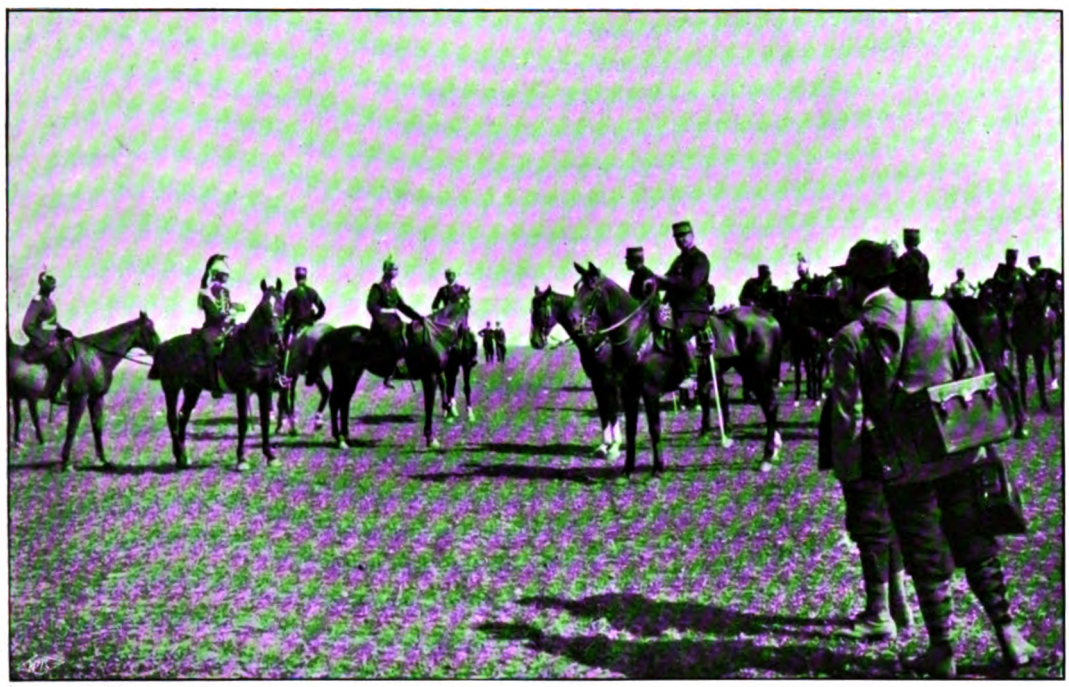
The French Army at Show-time.

THERE has been a great deal of talk as to the gathering of the French Army for its autumn manœuvres during the present year, and there is no doubt that those manœuvres have been conducted on a much larger scale than usual. At the same time a much greater degree of secrecy has been observed. Foreign generals have been allowed to attend, but though they were entertained at luncheon at Chartres on September 14, although, moreover, journalists were allowed to be present at the manœuvres, the majority of them saw only what it was intended they should see, and no more, though one or two were more alert. It is no business of ours here to discuss the true story of those manœuvres. When it is told, it will show the present preparation for war of the French Army, but the manœuvres were principally valuable as a study of the tactical effects of the large ammunition columns required for modern field guns. This at least is what we are told, and the statement, if true, would account for a good deal of the confusion which is said to have been present. In point of fact the British war in South Africa has revolutionised the whole idea of Continental tactics, and our friends on the other side of the Straits of Dover and the North Sea do not quite know what their views are. The power of the modern rifle, the opportunities which it affords even to undisciplined men who are good shots to defend a position at long ranges, had been no more grasped abroad than in this country, and the necessity of an alteration in minor tactics has become very apparent.

A MIDDAY HALT AT A VILLAGE.
Hussars and Infantry Thirsty after a Long March.



THE DIRECTOR OF THE MANŒUVRES.
General Bruyere, the Generalissimo, and His Staff.

In the case of the French manœuvres, the whole of the forces in Northern France were brought together, and constituted a formidable army, and the preliminary operations were followed by grand manœuvres upon a large scale.

In connection with these French manœuvres and the working of the artillery with the other troops, it is worth noting that the German Government is reported to have decided to convert its six-gun batteries into four-gun batteries. It is thought abroad that the greater rapidity of fire may allow the guns to be distributed, and facilitate ammunition supply.

The condition is being met by changes in German and French drill books, and yet we have not a single quick-firing battery. When the official report of the French manœuvres is accessible, it will be an interesting document, for never were there operations about which so much was heard beforehand. The preliminary trumpeting was a little inconsistent with the secrecy which was to be observed, but which found few observers. Advertisement and concealment hardly work hand in hand.

THE MODERN MEANS OF LOCOMOTION.
Motor-cars for the Principal Officers.
From Photos. by a Correspondent.

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Ending in Smoke.

THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY.

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

DESTROYING CAPTURED BOER RIFLES.

The picture here shown brings to one's mind the bombastic threat to "stagger humanity" uttered in the earlier stages of the war by the fugitive now at Lourenco Marquez. His threat has evaporated in smoke, as are doing the captured rifles here depicted. Mausers, Martini-Henrys, and sporting rifles of various descriptions are handed in by the Boers who surrender. None would be of much use to us, for special ammunition would have to be provided if they were used to arm our troops. In the mass here shown the bonfire is consuming considerably over a thousand rifles of various makes and calibres. The sacrifice, however, is not exactly a holocaust, for everything is not consumed by fire, and the "slim" Boer has been known to pick out from the ashes the metal-work of a rifle's mechanism and refit it to a stock of his own making, to be used once again for a pot shot at the hated rooinek.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

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KRUGER IN EXILE

It may be said truly of Mr. Kruger that his last state is much worse than the first. The overweening pride of the autocrat brought about his fall. It is now known that the fatal ultimatum was the crowning act of a long career of folly, of which the fruits are at length being reaped. The late President of the former South African Republic has found some trouble in his flight. The money he carries with him has impeded his progress, and those ardent patriots who expect him to move foreign Powers to set back the hands of the clock will assuredly find themselves mistaken. Our recent picture of the man who has been our declared enemy for twelve months should be interesting at a time when he is much in the public mind.

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ROUND THE WORLD

HOW wags the world? The talk is all of the hustings and the ballot-box, and it is scarcely possible not to harangue. Now, amid the many declarations made by representatives and apologists, it is curious to note that few speakers have contributed anything, except in the most general and timid fashion, to the subject of China. With certain exceptions they have represented the satisfactory settlement of South Africa as the one thing necessary. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain both ignored China in their addresses, and Lord Salisbury, in his manifesto, approached with very cautious steps a subject of which, as he said, it would be difficult to overrate the complexity. Politics are excluded from these columns in anything except their largest Imperial sense, but it is fitting to point out that much greater firmness and skill will be required to steer the ship of State through the tortuous channels of continental diplomacy in regard to China than in bringing about even a matter so difficult as the administrative re-creation of South Africa. It would be vastly to the advantage of the country if candidates, to whatever party they may belong, would express their determination to see a definite line of policy adopted, and if constituents would urge this matter forcibly. It is unfortunately true that the issue is not so clear that the general electorate can seize its true significance. Yet the prosperity of the Empire is bound up with the maintenance of our influence, and the exercise of our wealth, enterprise, and energy in China, which offers the greatest field for commercial development in the world.

Photo. Elliott & Fry.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JAMES HILLS-JOHNES, G.C.B., V.C.,

The Gallant Officer, Lord Roberts's Old Friend, who has recently Returned from South Africa, where he has been with the Headquarters Staff. He gained Grea Distinction in the Mutiny, being Severely Wounded and Winning the V.C., and has fought in the Eusofzai, Abyssinian, Lushai, and Afghan Campaigns.

WE all remember, with a certain feeling of humiliation, the withdrawal of our ships from Port Arthur. In December, 1897, Russia informed the Japanese Government that the place had been lent by China "only temporarily as a winter anchorage." The late Count Muravieff assured Mr. Goschen personally that "the mere fact of the Russian squadron wintering at Port Arthur made no change whatever in the situation." But in January, 1898, Lord Salisbury telegraphed to Sir Nicholas O'Conor that the presence of two of Her Majesty's ships at Port Arthur was stated by the Russian Ambassador to have "produced a bad impression in Russia," and this notwithstanding the Treaty of Tientsin, which gave equal rights. We were then told that Russia had secured *le droit du premier mouillage* at the port, and at the end of the month it was announced in St. Petersburg that our ships had received orders to quit the port immediately, which might not be true, but was universally regarded as true in China, and the withdrawal as due to Russian representations. The annexation of the port followed, and probably no one was so much surprised at the facility with which the occupation was accomplished as the Russians themselves. The story is an old one, but it is worth recalling at this time, in order to emphasise the necessity of firmness in our dealings with China. We all know that the "non-alienation of the Yang-tse region," announced in February, 1898, has now become a diplomatic fiction, for the truth is that other nations are even more active there than ourselves.

Copyright. "Navy & Army."

GUARDIANS OF THE MARCHES.

The Quaintly Head-dressed but Sturdy-looking Soldiers here Depicted are a Detachment of the Kachin Military Police Raised from the Kachin Tribes of North-Eastern Burma in 1898. Their Duty is to Guard the Frontier where Yunnan, the most Westerly of Chinese Provinces, Marches with the Burmese Boundary. They have already done Splendid Service in Keeping Order on the Frontier, and are quite ready for their Chinese Neighbours should the Crisis require it.

THE retirement of Mr. Goschen brought no surprise to his countrymen. The venerable statesman has borne the heat and burden of the day, and has done yeoman service in the nation's cause. He has, indeed, well earned his repose. Twice he has held the office of First Lord of the Admiralty. When he succeeded Mr. Childers, the annual Naval expenditure was only a little over £10,000,000, and the Liberal Government of the time effected some retrenchments. When Mr. Goschen was succeeded by Mr. W. H. Smith, there was a new period of expansion, and a vote of credit of £6,000,000 in 1878, upon a public alarm, was followed by a reduction of outlay in 1881. Fortunately under Mr. Goschen's administration we have had no fluctuations, and the Navy Estimates have

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risen from something over £17,000,000 in 1896 to £27,500,000 in 1900. It will always be recognised that the retiring First Lord has shown whole-hearted zeal for his work, and that few ministers have accomplished more than he. Latterly there has been a failure to expend all the money voted, but that cannot fairly be charged upon Mr. Goschen. He has seen a marvellous development in our Naval means, and he retires with the hearty good wishes of the Service and his countrymen. Experience has repeatedly shown that the pressure of public opinion is necessary to ensure adequate provision for the Navy, and there must be no failure to impress the new Government with this vital necessity.

Photo. *Symonds.*

The Late Captain the Hon. M. A. BOURKE,

Whose recent Death Recalls the "Victoria" Disaster, was Flag-captain to Admiral Sir G. Tryon at the time. He was Gunnery Lieutenant of the Flag-ship at the Bombardment of Alexandria.

Photo. *Ali Sami.*

VICE-ADMIRAL HOSSIM HUSNI PASHA

Is Superintendent of the Imperial Ottoman Naval College and A.D.C. to H.I.M. the Sultan, and was the Officer Specially Told Off to Meet our Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean at the Dardanelles when he Visited the Sultan on the Occasion of his Jubilee.

Photo. *J. Thomson.*

LIEUT. W. BOURCHIER WREY, R.N.,

The First Lieutenant of the "Barfleur," was the Senior Lieutenant of the Naval Brigade which was Landed to take part in the Relief of the Peking Legations.

LORD ROBERTS'S constant friend, Sir James Hills-Johnes, who lately returned from South Africa in the "Scot," has spent some time with the Headquarters Staff there. The gallant Field-Marshal and his friend "Jemmy" have been inseparable from their boyhood. They were cadets together at Addiscombe, the East India Company's College, and were both subalterns in the Bengal Artillery. Together they experienced the dangers and privations of the Indian Mutiny, both were severely wounded in the siege of Delhi, and both won the V.C. Colonel Malleson has filled a glowing page with an account of the achievement of Sir James Hills-Johnes, then Lieutenant Hills, who in a sudden rush of the enemy's cavalry, taken at first for friends, engaged the mutineers in a desperate hand-to-hand fight, four to one, checked their advance, and saved the camp. It was a magnificent example of cool gallantry in a critical moment, and one of the finest deeds of Delhi. The gallant officer made a good recovery from his severe wound, and ten years later was fighting again in company with his old friend in Abyssinia. They were engaged together once more in the Cabul Campaign, and both were thanked by the two Houses of Parliament. Sir James retired in 1888, but he was proud to ride into Bloemfontein with Lord Roberts, and will be ready to welcome him on his return.

Photo. *Notman.*

Staff-Surgeon J. LLOYD THOMAS, R.N., Was P.M.O. of the Naval Brigade that Marched to Peking, and is not seeing his First Service in China, for when in the "Porpoise" he did Excellent Service for the Sick and Wounded Chinese in their War with Japan, and Received the Order of the Double Dragon.

Photo. Copyright. *Ellis.*

PEACE AND WAR.

The Bonnie Little Couple here Depicted were Snap-shotted at a Children's Fancy Dress Ball at Malta. Note the Smartness of the Young Soldier's Uniform and its Absolute Accuracy in every Detail; but he certainly is not Armed with the Latest Type of Rifle. He must be Rearmed before he Proceeds to China.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

CHILDREN IN ARMS.

The Four Stalwarts here shown are Grit to the Backbone, for they were the First Colonial Soldiers who Offered their Services to General Gatacre when he Arrived at Queenstown. Who knows but that if those Services had been Accepted the Campaign would have been over more quickly. The Presence of such a Sturdy Band would undoubtedly have had great Moral Effect.

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THE pressure of electioneering work does not find Lord Brassey too much occupied to unveil this week the statue of Blake, which the citizens of Bridgewater have raised to the memory of their distinguished townsman in commemoration of the tercentenary of his birth in 1598. The famous "general-at-sea" sprang from a commercial and prosperous stock in that old town, and he never lost his interest in the place. He represented it in Parliament in 1640, and in the Civil War he was constantly fighting in the county and district. His defence of Lyme Regis was a marvel of fertility of resource and indifference to odds against him, but it was surpassed by the defence of Taunton in 1645, which was characterised by desperate street fighting always ending in the defeat of the assailants. Blake was made Governor of the place, and was again elected for Bridgewater. It was in 1649 that he was appointed with Deane a "general-at-sea," and after his great defeat of Tromp in February, 1653, more dead than alive from sickness, he retired to his estate at Knoll, near Bridgewater, and thus was absent from the battle of July 29. But the fighting with the Dutch was not over, and Blake had the opportunity of unsheathing his sword again. The great soldier-seaman died two hours before he reached his native shore on August 17, 1657. The statue at Bridgewater is a worthy tribute to his memory.

THERE was something very theatrical in the Johannesburg plot, and evidently the French mercenaries played a larger part in it than the Boers, who appear to have been their tools. Lord Roberts has explained that it was on July 14, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and now the day of the French national fête, that the garrison was to have been overpowered and the officers murdered. It happened that there was a race meeting on the day, and it was thought that officers would go unarmed. They were to be attacked by the bolder spirits and murdered, while the rabble gathered at a so-called French national gathering to overpower the police and seize the Government offices. A Boer commando at Swartz Kop, on the north side of the town, was in direct communication with the plotters. Whatever consideration may be shown to the Boers, who at least were fighting in a national cause, there should be no quarter for foreign mercenaries who are capable of organising nefarious plots like this. Lord Roberts dealt firmly with the question, and the plot, perhaps, never had a chance of ripening.

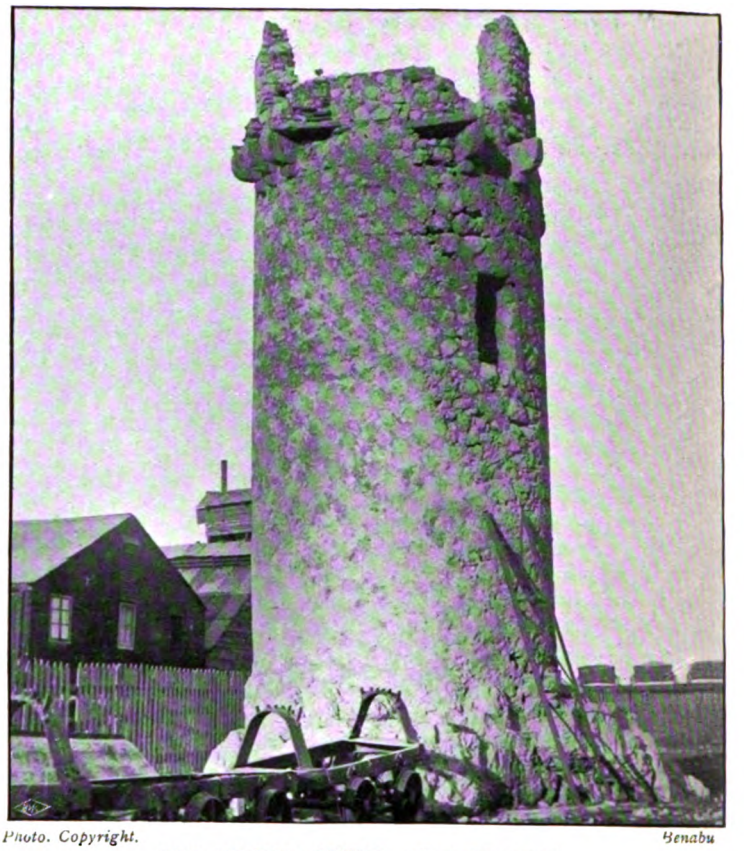

Photo. Copyright. *Benabu*

THE DEVIL'S TOWER AT GIBRALTAR

Is situated near the Quarries on the North Front, and is of Great Antiquity, having been Built long before the British Occupation, probably by the Genoese. It was evidently intended as a Frontier Outlook Post—very often nothing can be seen from the Top of the Rock owing to mist—for it is on the Eastern Terminal of the Line that marks the Original Territory of Gibraltar.

Photo. Copyright. *Humby.*

AN AID TO THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

The L.C.C.'s New Steam Fire-float is now at her Moorings at the Pier Built for her near Blackfriars Bridge. She is the First Ship of her Type, and Superbly Fitted for her Work. She has been Constructed from the Design of Commander Wells, R.N., Chief of the L.C.C. Fire Brigade, and was Built by Messrs. J. Napier & Son of Southampton.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE PET OF THE 5th NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

The 5th Northumberland Fusiliers are the Militia of the Old "Fighting Fifth," and have during the War Formed Part of the Malta Garrison. The Regimental Pet, the Property of Provost-Sergeant Thompson, is of the Breed known as a Maltese Poodle, and, as will be seen from the Accompanying Picture, is Thoroughly at Home amidst Military Surroundings.

THE large and important gathering which assembled at the Hotel Cecil to bid farewell to Lord Hopetoun, the Governor designate of the Federated Australian Colonies, represented all that is best in our political and social life. No occasion could be more auspicious or could be more suggestive of the future of the great Commonwealth than this. Lord Hopetoun goes out to assume high and important duties, and to represent Her Majesty in the birth of a new federation to be accomplished under the crown on January 1, 1901. The colonists have moulded their States with great skill and foresight, and, in demanding federation, are shaping their own high destiny. They have laboured patiently, showing the true instinct of their race, and have modelled their institutions on those of the Motherland. There have been difficulties before them, and there are others to be surmounted, but no one can doubt that the future of Australasia will be great and distinctive, and that these sons of the Empire will always hold a high place in Imperial counsels. The visit of the Duke of York, accompanied by the Duchess, which is to take place next spring, is of the most happy augury. His Royal Highness will bear Her Majesty's commission to open the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth in her name, and it was by a fine inspiration that the Queen was moved to send out her grandson as her representative with this high and important office.

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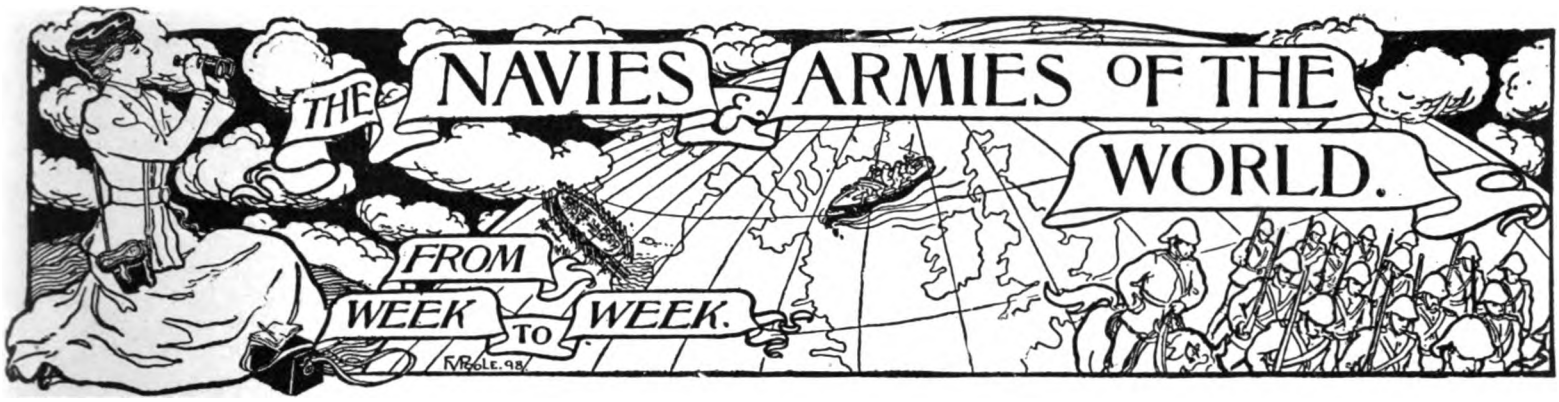

THE controversy between the *Times* correspondent at the French military manœuvres and his professional critics seems to me to turn on a question of the most essential importance to all armies. The personal side of it is also not without interest. He seems to hold that the British Army officer is a stupid fellow who knows nothing about his own business. They answer that he is a self-educated and pragmatical amateur who lays the law down on subjects which he does not half understand. These are the flowers scattered in controversy, and they make the process very lively. Keeping to the general question, which is, What makes a man a competent judge? there are two or three things to be said. The correspondent insists that he has been there on a great many occasions; but this does not take us much further forward. Others were there also, and they did not all reach the same results as he. That he is right and they are wrong is what has to be proved, and not only assumed. Unless a man has the general knowledge which enables him to put his experiences in their proper relative place, he gains nothing from having been there. Besides, he must have no preconceived opinion, no "doxy" nor fad, for if he is under the sway of such disturbing influences, he will see just what he wants to see and nothing else. Unless a man begins by showing that he can weigh evidence, it is not the least use that he saw any number of things.

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The question is really this: Has the change in armaments made in late years, and notably the introduction of the magazine rifle, caused such an alteration in the nature of the thing called a battle that it has become wholly different from what it has been for 2,000 years, and that methods which gave victory in former times are no longer available? You must not begin by taking it for granted that it has, for that is to assume what it is your business to prove. Then you must know how to distinguish between the accidents and the essentials of the problem. It is, properly speaking, an accident whether you kill your man with a stabbing instrument about the size of a bowie knife at close quarters or whether you knock him over with a bullet at 1,500-yds. The essential is that you win by making home attacks on the vital part of your opponent. Has the magazine rifle altered this, and, if so, why and how? I have to confess the most profound sympathy with the French officers who pooh-poohed the correspondent's quotation of the battle of Omdurman. That affair, which does not deserve the name of battle, proved nothing which had not been proved at Marathon, namely, that disciplined Europeans can always rout Asiatic or other barbarians easily with a little good management. Whether the coloured barbarians are slaughtered at 800-yds., as the Dervishes were, or at close quarters with pike and sword, as the followers of Cortes butchered the Tlascalans in Mexico, is a separable accident. Both examples are irrelevant to the question what must happen between instructed troops belonging to races nearly on the same moral and intellectual level, and using equal or nearly equal weapons with equal or nearly equal skill.

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The French officers maintain that victory will go to the side which attacks with thorough determination and presses its charge home, paying if need be a great price for a great and decisive success. Unless the universal experience of mankind is to be upset by the temporary personal and irrelevant experience of a few individuals, they are perfectly right. So they are when they assert that you do not make soldiers by telling men to think constantly of how to preserve the continuity of their own skins, but by teaching them to despise death and to cling to the faith that the most effectual of all ways of preventing another man from killing you is to kill him. It may be quite true that during the late manœuvres attacks were made by the French which would have led to their own destruction, but it is not much to the point. Ill-directed attacks always did lead to defeat. The so-called new conditions of war were not needed to tell us this. The question is whether, the proper place for the attack having been selected, and the proper preparations made, victory will not be won now, as of old, by smashing well into the enemy, even though you lose a good lot of men in the process. And attack can never be carried out by lurking and shirking. There must come a time when the assailant advances openly and at the hazard of his life. To tell men that this can never be done successfully is the best way of turning them into intellectual cowards. If that faith is ever established in the British Army we may go on "scrapping" with savages, but we shall make a very poor business of fighting real soldiers.

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What are these same wonderful new conditions of war? The phrase is constantly used by writers who show that they do not know what the old were, and are therefore not competent to distinguish. One thing may be asserted with confidence, and it is that, however new they are, they are not, if we may judge from our South African experience, particularly deadly. There have been a very few cases in which particular corps have had a third or so of their men hit. But this happened again and again, and on a far larger scale, in the old wars. It is a year or so since the fighting began, and during all that time the total amount of killing and wounding hardly amounts to the casualty list of Malplaquet alone, certainly not to that of Malplaquet and Blenheim taken together. In face of such a fact as this it is idle to talk about the deadliness of modern weapons. Perhaps they ought to kill, but they do not. Besides, how far can we argue from the experience of South Africa? What has happened there, put in a nutshell, amounts to just about this: We have fought a few actions, at Elandslaagte, Graspan, and Belmont, in the old style, and have taken the positions we attacked with less loss than was often suffered in the Peninsula. On other occasions we have made tentative attacks which were not pushed home—a sovereign way of losing men's lives to no purpose. Use has also been made of the enormous superiority of numbers to turn the enemy out of positions by flanking movements executed at great distances. Lord Roberts has avowedly abstained from operations which would be costly in life. Having a much larger army than his opponent, no fear of interruption, all the time he wanted, and an enemy who could not be reinforced and would not attack, he could safely adopt this method, which was sure, though slow. As it was desirable not to shock public opinion by a heavy "butcher's bill," Lord Roberts was right—in the circumstances. But what probability is there that they will be reproduced? Are we always going to fight with a superiority of from four or ten to one? If not, and resolute attacking is impossible, what is to ensue?—deadlock and futile wars, which never come to anything, if our enemy thinks as we do. If he does not, then, as sure as fate, an ignominious beating will follow.

* * * *

This precious doctrine, that a bold attack is too dangerous, is no new thing, but, on the contrary, as old as the hills, in all times, and among all peoples of little daring. The Byzantine armies of the Middle Ages had developed a whole theory of what may be called "save-your-skin-first" tactics. So had the Italian mercenaries of the fifteenth century. The Low Countries generals of the seventeenth century did something of the same kind. Their arguments were identical in substance with those we may hear to-day, and their ends were identical. They were smashed to pieces by the first bold fellows who were not too much afraid of being killed. It is always the same story. You invent some artful process of trenches and cover and scientific dodging, by which you can peddle along to slow success at a cheap rate so long as your enemy has no more pith and substance than yourself, or is merely stupid. Some day you meet an opponent who turns you out of your warm cover by threatening your communications, and catches you shivering in the open, half-beaten already because you have dug and worked and shirked yourself into a sheer funk of a stand up fight. Then he who does not in the least mind losing a fifth of his men (no uncommon proportion of loss in the old battles) makes a complete end of you at a blow.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Expiring War.

WHAT remains of the Boer resistance must now be purely guerilla warfare. It has been rather like guerilla warfare for some time past; but in future, so long as any foolish, brave fellows hold out at all, their operations will be conducted by very small bodies, and even by single riflemen, *franc-tireurs*, taking pot-shots whenever they can get them, and observing no rules such as govern modern civilised combatants. This kind of unorganised hostility can only be repressed by really severe measures. Napoleon once, when, as a young Artillery officer, he was ordered to put down one of those fierce outbursts of internecine fray which characterised the later days of the French Revolutionary period, cleared a street by a discharge of cannon. A superior officer, shocked by the heaps of dead and dying, remonstrated with Lieutenant Bonaparte. Napoleon's reply was laconic, even paradoxical. "I did it," he said, "in order to save life." Paradox though it seems, his plan was the most humane that could have been adopted. More lenient measures would only have prolonged the resistance to his troops, and have led to much loss of life on either side. His apparent brutality crushed the spirit of the rioters, and ended the outbreak. It was, in truth, both wise and merciful.

So is it the case in South Africa that a course which may seem, especially to short-sighted sentimentalists, to be harsh and cruel, is really the only humane and sensible one open to us. With the whole of the Transvaal under martial law the punishment of lurking sharpshooters need not halt on limping foot. The Germans gave no quarter to the *franc-tireurs* in 1871. They treated them not as combatants, but as assassins. This is the right way to regard them. The man who pretends to be a peaceable farmer, but who picks up his rifle as soon as a British soldier's back is turned, should be shot without hesitation. His summary execution is the surest means of saving life both on our side and amongst his fellow-Boers. If this plan had been adopted earlier, many a brave soldier we now mourn would still be serving the Queen.

The final crushing of the organised opposition to our arms makes it possible to reckon up at this juncture what our losses have been. A few more officers and men may be unhappily killed, and there may be additional deaths from disease; but in round numbers we can calculate what the war has cost us in human life. Roughly, we have lost 550 officers, one-third of whom died from disease, the rest from wounds. Of non-commissioned officers and men we have not far short of 10,000 fewer than we had twelve months ago. Among these 10,000 some 6,000 succumbed to disease, the remaining 4,000 to wounds. Whether this enormous death-rate from disease could have been prevented, the Hospitals Commission will tell us, unless, as some people fear, the Commissioners intend merely to whitewash. In the Franco-German War the disease death-rate was only 12 per 1,000. Ours works out at 31 per 1,000. It can hardly be contended that South Africa is an unhealthy theatre of war. In many ways its climate is almost perfect for military operations all the year round. The extremes of cold and heat may be trying, but they are not unhealthy. Scarcity of water is, of course, a serious drawback to certain districts, but, taking it all round, South Africa cannot be said to be less healthy for troops than France. It is a national disgrace that in both our great wars of the past half-century we have seen so many more men die as the result of disease and hardships which ought to be preventible than in actual battle. We failed altogether to profit by the stern lesson which the Russian War taught us. Will our experience in South Africa leave us any wiser? Not unless we realise clearly that we cannot make war in fits of absence of mind.

In the Franco-German War, although the losses from disease were light, the battles were far more bloody. The killed numbered 30 out of every 1,000. In South Africa we have lost in battle only 20 per 1,000. Of these 20 a large proportion have been officers—in fact, the officers' death-rate from wounds has reached the grievous total of 72 per 1,000, a figure close upon four times as large as that which marks the battle death-rate amongst their men. We could have no more striking tribute to the bravery of the gallant soldiers who lead our troops. When they fall, they fall at the head of their men, and no risk or hardship is for a moment shirked. Wherever the bullets fly fastest and the shell-fire is most deadly they are found encouraging the rank and file, as cheery and full of courage as if death meant nothing to them. When you read these figures and think of what they mean, it leaves you little patience with those people—whose experience of the world has been gained in lecture-rooms and debating societies at home—who speak scornfully of "our stupid officers." There is some truth in the gibe, but is it the time to make it when, however "stupid" they may be, all ranks, from colonel to subaltern, are gladly laying down their lives for the honour of Britain and the glory of the Empire's flag?

More difficult to answer are the many people—level-headed people, too—who feel uncomfortable about the many surrenders of British forces. It would certainly have had a good effect if, in one case at least, a body of troops penned up by Boers had taken their lives in their hands and made a desperate effort to break loose. It would have been all to the good, even if every man had perished in the attempt. But consider how terrible a responsibility would have to be faced by an officer who should order his men to make such an attempt. When a force has been trapped, and when the enemy can rake it with artillery, keeping well out of range of any guns it may have, it is the duty of the officer in command to consider whether any good end can be served by holding out more than a certain time. Think of the men at Lindley, for example. They were without food; they were without long-range guns; many Boer shells were bursting amongst them every moment; their annihilation could only be a question of time. "Well," says someone, "why did they not do their best in open order to get within rifle range of the Boer gunners? If they had all been killed, their fame would have endured in history; in all probability the Boers would have scuttled off when they found their position becoming uncomfortable. How fine it would have been to make good the boast that Englishmen never surrender, even though death be the alternative!" It would have been fine, no doubt, but there is a good deal to be said on the other side, and before a man can suitably offer to condemn surrender in such circumstances he should have been in a similar tight place himself. There is a great deal of difference between dying for glory on the veldt and being brave 6,000 miles away in peaceful England.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 6, 1702.—Reduction of Ruremont. 1777.—Forts Montgomery and Clinton taken by storm by General Clinton. 1799.—Battle of Egmont-op-Zee. The Duke of York defeated the French, under General Brune. 1879.—Battle of Charasiab. Sir Frederick (now Lord) Roberts defeated the Afghans and captured ninety-eight guns.

October 7, 1778.—Defeat of the Americans at Chestnut Neck. 1810.—The French defeated at Coimbra by Colonel Trant; 5,000 prisoners were taken. 1813.—Passage of the Bidassoa forced by Sir John Hope. The French, under Soult, lost eight guns and 500 men.

October 8, 1776.—Rebels driven from Montresor Island, near New York. 1810.—The French forced to retire from Alcoentre by General Slade. 1813.—Combat of Vera, Pyrenees. The French defeated by Kempt's and Colborne's brigades.

October 9, 1544.—Siege of Boulogne raised. 1779.—Siege of Savannah. The Americans and French defeated by General Howe. 1793.—Sortie from Toulon, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent. The French routed in all directions.

October 10, 1719.—Surrender of the citadel of Vigo to Lord Cobham. 1803.—Surrender of Cuttack by the Mahrattas to Colonel Harcourt. 1840.—The Egyptians totally defeated at Beyrout by the Allied British, Turkish, and Austrian forces. 1899.—Ultimatum from the Transvaal received in London, rendering war inevitable.

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OCTOBER 7, 1571.—Battle of Lepanto. 1760.—Cutting out of the French frigates "Hermione" and "Baleine" by the boats of Rear-Admiral Stevens's squadron off Pondicherry. 1896.—The "Bat," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

October 8, 1746.—The "Weazel," 12, captured two French war vessels of twelve and ten guns. 1747.—The "Dartmouth," 50, blown up in action with the Spanish "Glorioso," 72. 1759.—Smeaton's Eddystone Lighthouse completed. 1808.—Capture of the French "Jéna," 18, by the "Modeste," 36, in the Bay of Bengal. 1884.—The "Rodney" launched. 1895.—The "Sparrowhawk," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched. 1896.—The "Foam," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

October 9, 1799.—Foundering of the frigate "Lutine" off the coast of Holland with over one million sterling on board. 1805.—Recapture of the British corvette "Cyane," 26, off Tobago, by the "Princess Charlotte," 36. 1813.—Capture of the French "Neptune," 16, off Dunkirk, by the "Thunder," bomb. 1835.—Admiral Lord de Saumarez died.

October 10, 1782.—Naval action in Algeciras Bay during the great siege of Gibraltar, resulting in the capture of the Spanish "San Miguel," 72. 1842.—Vice-Admiral Sir Compton Domvile born.

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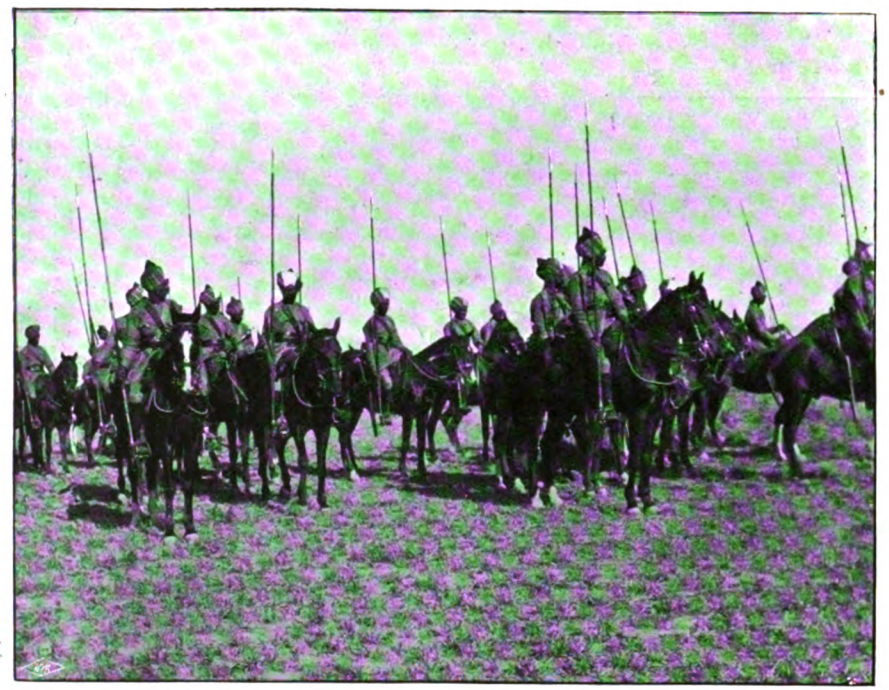
Fighting for the Empire.

THE ULWAR LANCERS ON PARADE.
Indians for whom the Boxers have No Terrors.

A PATROL IN PURSUIT.
The 16th Bengal Cavalry Clears the District of Boxers.

OFF DUTY.
The 14th Sikhs Off to Prayers, Headed by Priest and Holy Book

The Indian Troops IN China.



Photos. Copyright.

"THE ENEMY HAS FLED."
Native Cavalry Dismount to Carry Out Orders

A DRESS REHEARSAL.
Bengal Cavalry Open to Foreign Criticism.

"Navy and Army"

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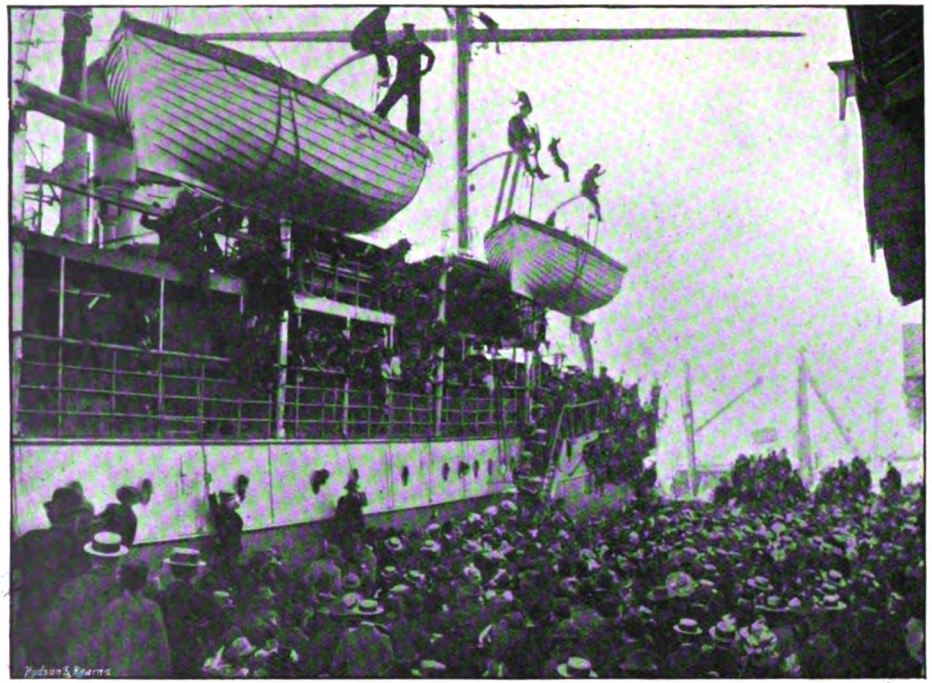

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THE LAST FAREWELL.

The Victorian and New South Wales Contingents Ready for China.

MILITANT AUSTRALIA.

CAPTAIN HIXSON.
In Charge of the Naval Brigades for China.

THE

DEPARTURE

AND

HOME-COMING

Photos. *Herbst.*

STAFF-SURGEON STEEL.
In Charge of Shore Ambulance of the Naval Brigades.

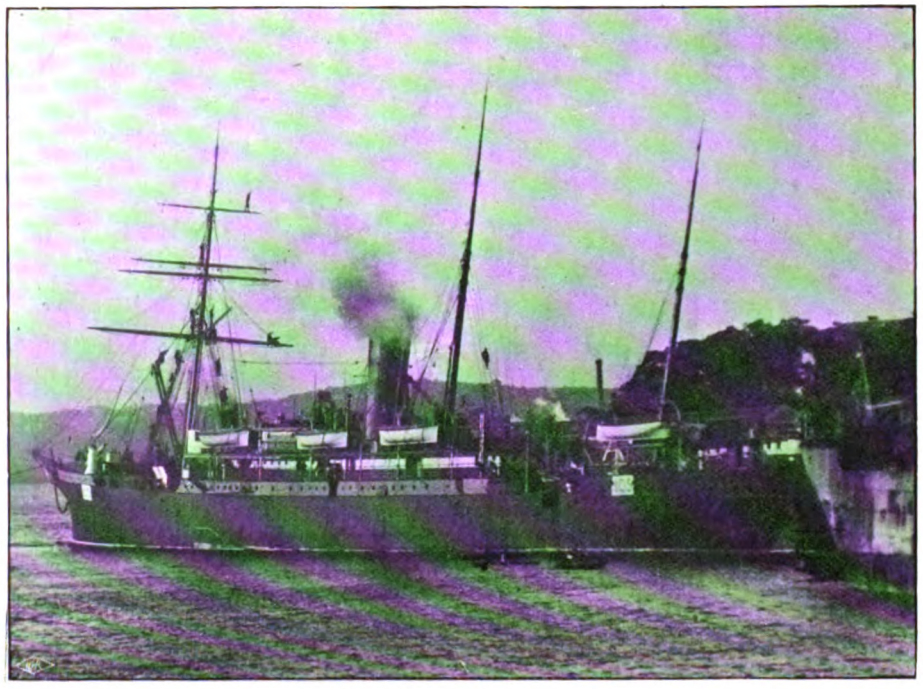
OF THE

IMPERIAL TROOPS.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE WASTE OF WAR.

Wounded Australians Leaving Cape Town for Melbourne in the "Medic."



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"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM."

The s.s. "Salamis" Leaves Sydney Harbour for China.

Photo. Copyright. *Herbst.*

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

Welcoming the Wounded Colonials from South Africa at Sydney.

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Foreign Forces at Shanghai.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

GUN DRILL ASHORE.

Italian Sailors Landed at Shanghai.

Photo. Copyright. *A. Renard.*

THE MAILED FIST ONCE MORE.

An Inspection of German Seamen.

THESE three pictures, illustrating the landing of French, German, and Italian sailors at Shanghai, will, I am quite sure, prove highly attractive to the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, for, quite apart from the interesting comparisons which they help one to draw between the Naval representatives of three great European Powers, the mere disembarkation of these detachments at this juncture constitutes an historical episode of no ordinary importance.

Of course the telegrams in the daily papers will have kept you pretty well up to date as to the happenings at this notable port at the mouth of that equally, if not still more, notable waterway, the great Yang-tse-Kiang, the valley of which has such a serious value from a British commercial standpoint. Into all the fuss and misunderstanding which have arisen over the question of landing a brigade of Indian troops to protect the British settlement here, I need not enter. I can only say that we are genuinely glad that the matter has been finally settled, since, however confident we may feel of our ability to hold our own against any ordinary disturbance, 350,000 Chinamen to 7,000 whites is, to say the least, long odds. Permission to land the Indian troops was obtained by Admiral Seymour from the Viceroy of Nan-king, and there is no doubt that their presence will exercise an excellent effect on the more peaceably-inclined Chinese in addition to relieving the minds of the residents in the foreign settlements. The pictures of the French, German, and Italian sailors give a good idea of the appearance of these fine fellows when on duty in the tropics. One cannot but be favourably impressed with them, although they certainly do not come up to the standard of our own beloved Bluejackets. You will see from the pictures that the French and Italians have landed with their guns, in handling which they display commendable smartness; but here again the foreigners are, none of them, up to the form of the "Handy man."

I wonder if your readers have any idea of the size of the British population in Shanghai. Altogether there are not far off 3,000 of us, about 600 Americans, 550 Germans, 200 French, and 50 Russians.

With such a stake in the place as we have, there ought to have been no question as to the right of the British Government to protect us. But the other settlers are very jealous about the matter, and these detachments of sailors are sure to be followed before long by military contingents.

Photo. Copyright. *M. Bar.*

LANDED FROM A FRENCH CRUISER.

A Detachment En Route to the French Settlement.

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The Fall of the Curtain in South Africa.

THERE is no question that, when the history of the South African War comes to be written by the light of fuller and clearer information than can possibly be gleaned from contemporary newspaper accounts, very singular interest indeed will be found to be attached to the very last scenes of all, especially those connected with, and subsequent to, the capture of Lydenburg and Barberton. Other stages of the war may arouse stronger emotions and produce more instructive lessons. The reliefs of Mafeking and Ladysmith, the surrender at Paardeberg, and the grand marches on Bloemfontein and Pretoria, must necessarily overshadow the patient, dogged work done at the end by Buller, French, and Pole-Carew. But, for all that, these final operations were immensely valuable, if only for the reason that, had they been unsuccessful, the consequences might have been extremely serious.

It is all very well to say that having got the Boers once on the run, Lord Roberts could easily keep them going with the numerically superior forces at his disposal. In any ordinary country, and with any ordinary enemy, this might serve as a military proposition not to be easily called in question. But the eastern Transvaal, where the more important of these closing movements were carried out, is no ordinary country, and that the Boers are no ordinary enemies we found out nearly twenty years ago. What complicated the situation was the fact that many of those left finally in the field against us were about as desperate characters as it was possible to imagine. Many were foreign adventurers of the worst type, to whom surrender or flight to another country meant equally disagreeable alternatives, while others had violated the oath of neutrality, and could hope for no mercy if they fell into the hands of military justice. Such scum could not offer the gallant and skilful resistance which was offered by Boerdom at its best, but they could, and did, give a great deal more trouble than they were intrinsically worth.

It is extremely hard to realise the difficulties which our troops had to encounter at this stage of the operations.

RIFLEMEN ALL!
General Lyttelton Chatting with Colonel Metcalfe, of the Rifle Brigade.

LUXURY AT A DISCOUNT.
A Well-known Officer of the Rifle Brigade at His Toilet.

A PRIMITIVE MESS.
The Officers of the 2nd Rifle Brigade Make Good Use of a Waggon Cloth.

AN OFFICER'S BIVOUAC.
Presumably with Someone Else's Baggage besides His Own!

The Lydenburg and Barberton districts are very difficult of access, and in many parts the "going" must have been truly awful. Nothing but the most splendid spirit, coupled with that dogged determination to "get there somehow" which habitually characterises the British soldier when he has an uphill game to play, could have produced anything like successful results. It may be asked whether the game was worth the candle, and whether much of the terribly trying work that was so finely and so thoroughly accomplished could not have been avoided simply by leaving the Boers to die like rats in a hole. The answer is plain that such a course would have been most injurious to British interests, and would in the end have cost us a greatly-increased amount of blood and treasure. For in these hills the Boers had accumulated immense quantities of supplies, and, if they had not been summarily and completely ejected, they might have gradually concentrated until once more they had become really formidable. It was absolutely necessary, in order to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion, that the capture of Lydenburg should be followed by tactics of the sweep-net sort, and that the enemy should be driven from every important point likely to afford them safe and lasting harbourage.

To the generals and troops who carried out this important task the warmest acknowledgments are due, more especially as such duty is often not only of a very harassing but also rather depressing nature. The marches over Alpine country must have been fatiguing to the last degree, and the transport difficulties enormous, while at various points the enemy were able to harass the advance with long-range musketry and pom-pom fire. All this had to be faced without the compensating joy of a "big fight," which the British soldier naturally looks to as the reward of any uncommon exertions.

Our pictures are self-explanatory, but a few words may be added by way of passing comment. General Lyttelton's conversation with Colonel Metcalfe recalls the fact that the former is an ex-Rifleman, and on several occasions during the war has alluded with pride to his thirty years' connection with "the Brigade." The remaining pictures illustrate the amenities of campaigning from the standpoint both of the individual and of the unit, for assuredly an officer's mess is a unit, more particularly, perhaps, on active service than in quarters. For it is possible that the bonds of unity may be sometimes relaxed amid the glittering surroundings of a "swagger" mess in the piping times of peace.

From Photos. by Officers at the Front

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On the Veldt with the Imperial Yeomanry.

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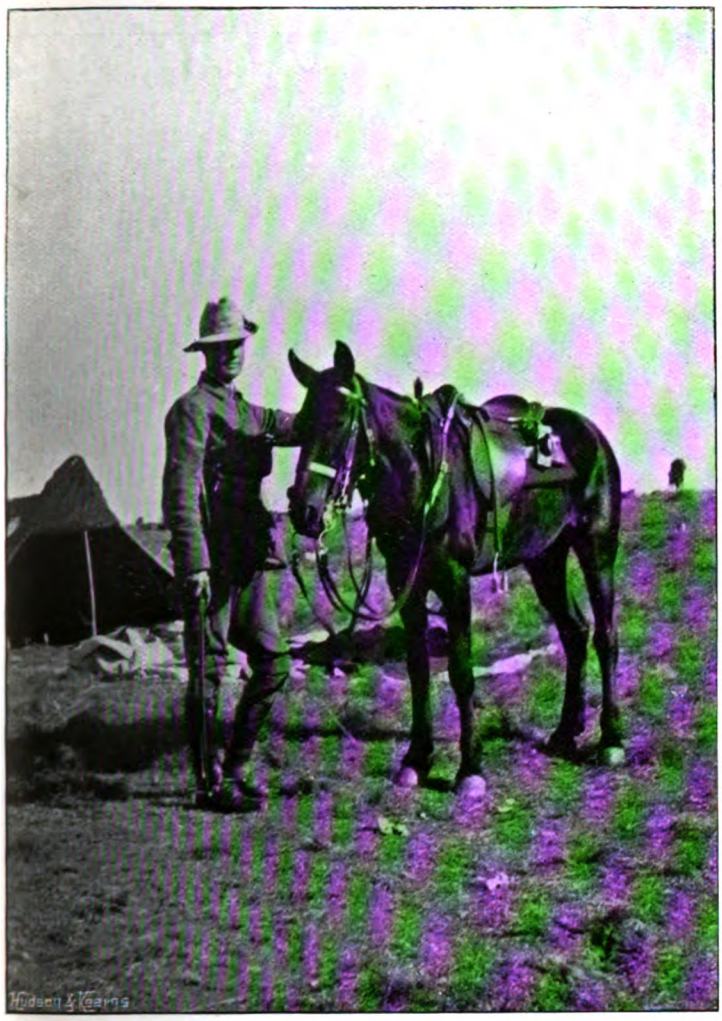
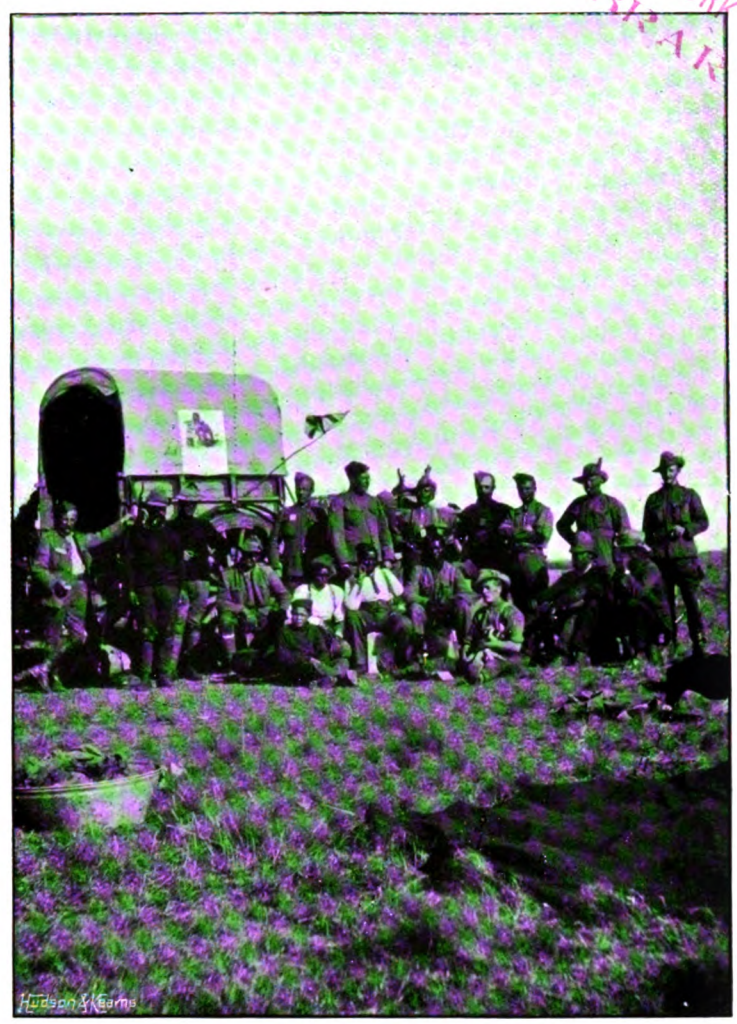
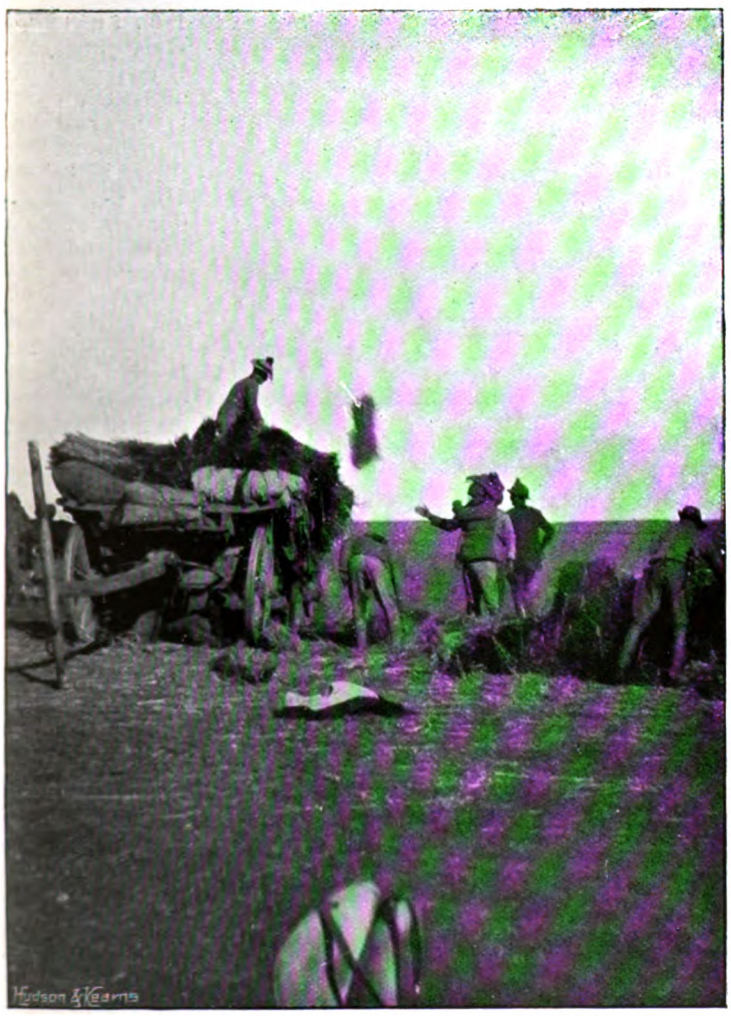


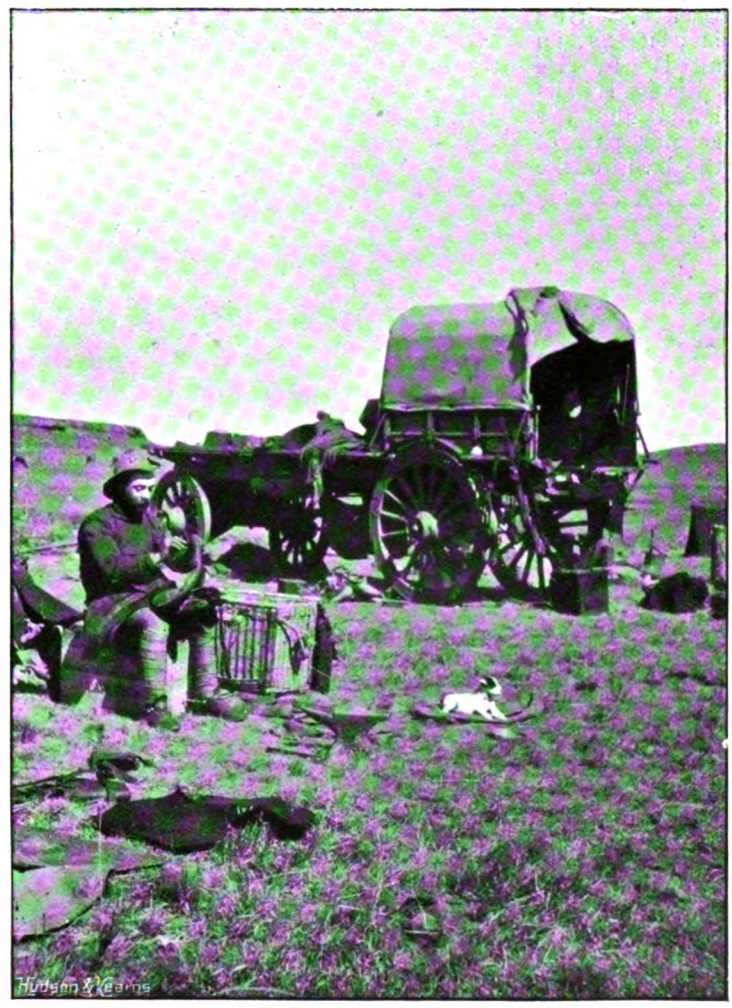
COMPANIONS IN THE FIELD.
Lieutenant George Roller and the Good Mare Gaberdine.



A MIXED COMPANY OF SOLDIERS.
A Group of Imperial Yeomanry and Others.



"LOOK OUT THERE CATCH!"
The Way Forage is Distributed on the Veldt.



THE SADDLER AT HIS WORK.
A Waggon Halted on the Way for Repairs.

From Photos. by Officers at the Front

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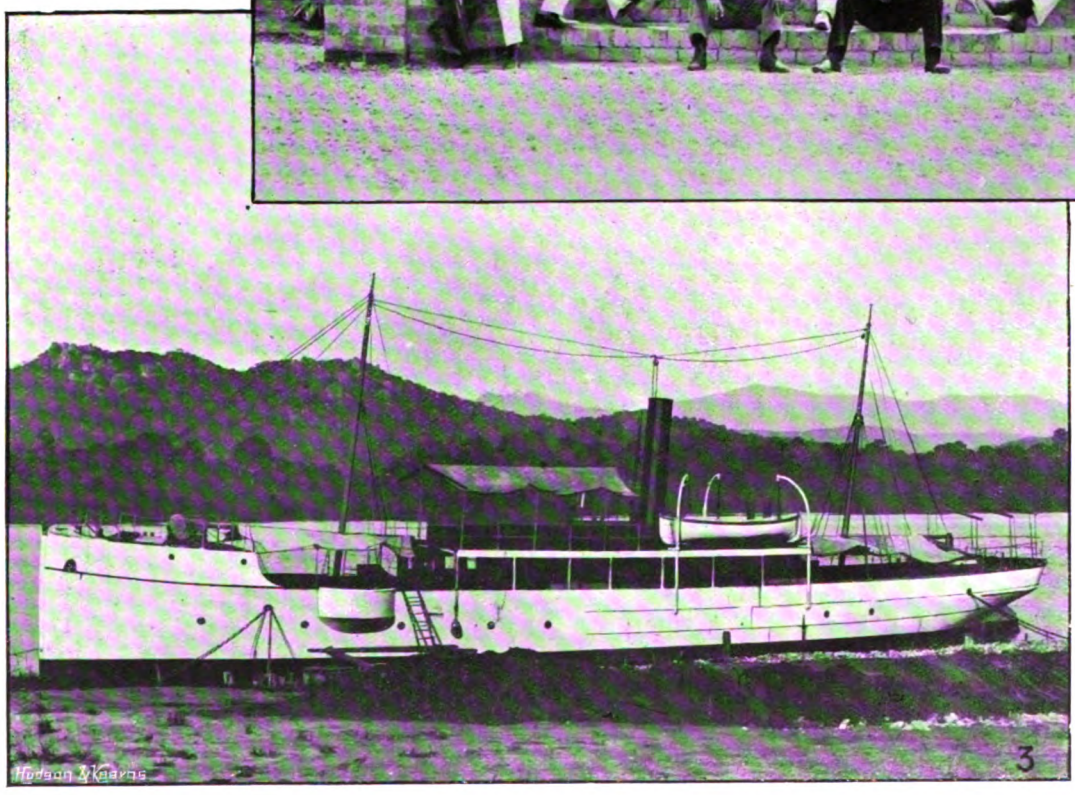
On a Great African Lake.

THE central portion of the African Continent is a land of great lakes. From the waters of the Upper Nile, the Albert Nyanza, Albert Edward Nyanza, Victoria Nyanza, Tanganyika, Mweru, Bangweolo, and Nyassa form what is really a chain stretching from half-explored Ethiopia almost to the Zambesi, with which, indeed, Lake Nyassa is connected by the River Shiré. There is room for large trading steamers on these inland seas, and for fleets of patrolling gun-boats. Our pictures relate to Lake Nyassa, the most southerly of the great series of lakes, and they show how extensively, on that huge expanse of water, steam is being used both for commerce and for the necessary purposes of maintaining order. With the exception of a strip of something less than 100 miles on the eastern portion of the lake, the shores belong to Great Britain—no small matter when it is considered that the length of the lake is, roughly, 350 miles, while it would, perhaps, not be unfair to put the average breadth at forty miles. Nyassaland, indeed, is an important part of the British Central Africa Protectorate, which includes, in addition, the Shiré Highlands and the greater part of the basin of the Shiré, and boasts of a port of its own at Chindé, at the mouth of the Zambesi, where a small concession has been granted by the Portuguese Government. At present, almost the entire trade of the Protectorate is with the United Kingdom, and there is abundant room for development. Thriving plantations have been already established, producing coffee, sugar, cinchona, and tobacco, and rubber and ivory are also exported. Blantyre possesses a population of about 6,500, and order ashore in the Protectorate is well maintained by an organised force consisting of 200 Sikhs and 1,600 negroes. The Sikhs and most of the officers of the little force are lent by the Indian Government. Afloat, that is to say on the lake itself, there are various gun-boats. The 100 miles of coast-line which does not belong to this country is in the possession of Germany, and this justifies her in keeping a war-ship on the lake—a little gun-boat which travels frequently between Fort Johnston and the Germany headquarters at Largenburg. The British Naval Depôt is at Fort Johnston, which, strictly speaking, is not on the lake at all, but on the



1—A Narrow Gorge on Lake Nyassa. The Channel between the South-east and South-west Arms. 2—A Gathering on an Auspicious Occasion. The Europeans Present at the Launch of the "Gwendolen." 3—A British Gun-boat on Nyassa. The "Gwendolen," Launched at Fort Johnston.

Photos. Copyright "Navy & Army."

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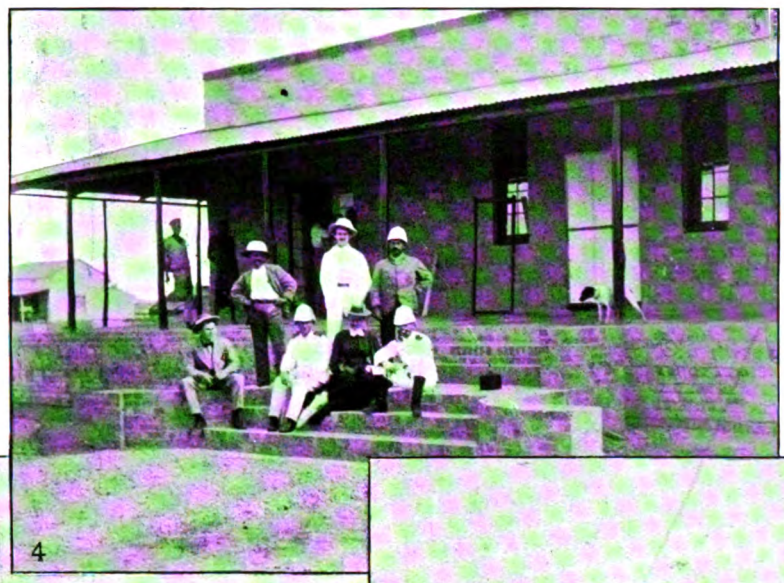
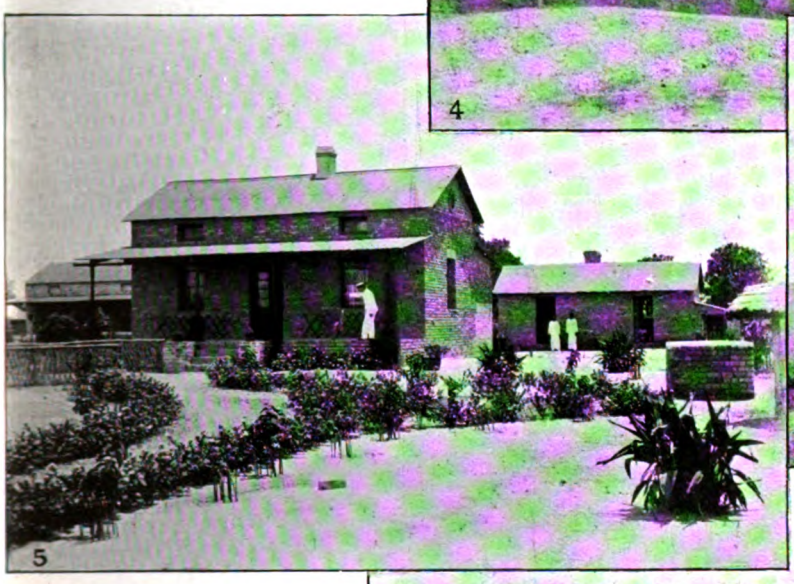
Upper Shiré. The present place, whose inhabitants are proud of the fact that it contains seven substantial brick buildings besides workshops, dates from 1897. Before that year, the fort was nearer the lake, its position having been fixed by the fact that it was originally built to keep in order a large and not too friendly village. It was surrounded by swamps, and when the necessity for its retention in that particular spot disappeared, the Naval Depôt of the Protectorate was removed to its present more convenient site. Here are carried out the repairs necessary to the pigmy flotilla, including the "Pioneer" and "Adventure" which appear in one of our pictures; here is the trading station and pier of the African Lakes Company, forming the subject of another of our illustrations; and here was reconstructed the gun-boat "Gwendolen." Her story is rather an interesting one. She made her trial trips in April last; but she was built on the Thames, then shipped in pieces to Chindé, transferred to barges, and towed up the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers. She then had to be transported forty miles overland to the Upper Shiré, mostly by native porters, reloaded in barges, and towed up to Fort Johnston. Her keel was laid and reconstruction commenced in July, 1898, and she was successfully launched on December 6 following. This was a red-letter day for Fort Johnston, and guests were invited from far and near for the ceremony. The Bishop of Likoma held a short dedicatory service, and the boat was christened "Gwendolen" by Mrs. Cullen as she slid down the ways. The native engineer's assistants were greatly astonished that the propellors revolved as she entered the water without any "fire" being on board. Lake Nyassa is remarkable for the sudden and severe squalls which arise, and which make navigation under canvas difficult and dangerous. A calm is succeeded by a burst of wind which lashes the water into waves of considerable size, and it is not uncommon for the lake to be so rough that boats cannot go out for days. The time at Fort Johnston is set by a gun fired at noon every Saturday at the Naval Depôt. A sundial erected in the depôt gives the time, and there are very few Saturdays when the sundial is useless on account of a cloudy sky. A very pretty view on Lake Nyassa is of the channel connecting the south-east and south-west arms. On the right is a small island on which is Cape Maclear, while on the left is the mainland. Through the channel you come to a beautiful sandy beach, going down somewhat steeply into the water. The scenery is magnificent, the country being parklike in appearance, closed in with hills. Here was at one time situated the Livingstonia Mission, but the beautiful appearance of the place did not mean that it was equally healthy, and after many losses the Mission was ultimately obliged to abandon the place, and moved to the top of Mount Waller, near the north end Many of their old buildings can still be seen, and the remnants of a garden once laid out as a Union Jack. Nkata Bay is a particularly pretty and healthy spot. Mr. Carden, the Administration Official in charge, has built a compact, and guava and acacia trees grow very rapidly there, and pineapples are a productive crop. Moreover, in the main the climate is healthy. It is one in which Europeans can live and thrive. The highlands of the Protectorate afford all the advantages of a temperate zone. Lake Nyassa itself is situated at a height above the sea which has been computed at from 1,300-ft. to 1,591-ft.; but whichever may be correct, it is quite certain that it is in a climate which is suitable to European habitation, and that the country offers infinite possibilities of development. It is, in truth, one of the most promising of the territories which have fallen to our share in the partition of Africa in which the European Powers have taken part during the last few years, and it will be strange indeed if it does not justify its promise. The difficulties caused in the first instance by the inroads of Arab slave-dealers, and by the hostility of the natives themselves, have been removed by lapse of time and by a judicious mixture of tact and firmness. The British Central Africa Protectorate, since it became an organised Crown Colony, has been fortunate in its rulers. It enjoyed, in the first place, the advantage of the statesmanlike government of Sir H. H. Johnston, K.C.B.; it is now ruled by Mr. Alfred Sharpe, C.B., who finds a worthy coadjutor in Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Manning, who is Deputy Commissioner, Consul, and Commandant of the Armed Forces. It is such men who nurse and develop the nascent powers of a young colony, and the time can hardly be far distant when the shores of Lake Nyassa and the remainder of the Central Africa Protectorate will be a highly-prosperous dependency of the Empire.

Time was when India was the brightest jewel in our Imperial crown, and its lustre is still undimmed, but the rise of Africa is causing that great continent to usurp its place in the public mind. Africa truly, in the centre as in the south, offers a marvellous sphere for the activity and enterprise of our race, and the shores of Lake Nyassa are destined to play a large part in the development.

4—Officers and Constructors of the "Gwendolen." Commander and Mrs. Cullen, Lieutenant Sparkes, and the Engineer and Shipwright. 5—A Typical African House and Garden. The Residence of the Naval Accountant at Fort Johnston.





6—Representatives of the White Ensign on the Lake. The Gun-boats "Adventure" and "Pioneer" Lying in Deep Bay. 7—This is where Much Trade is Done. Steamers at the African Lakes Company's Pier, Fort Johnston.

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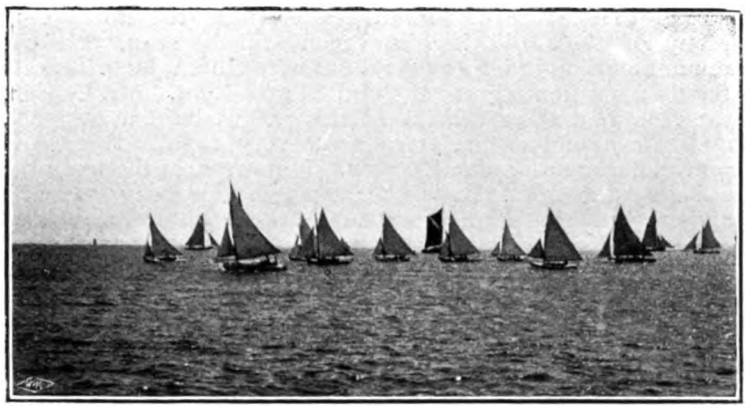
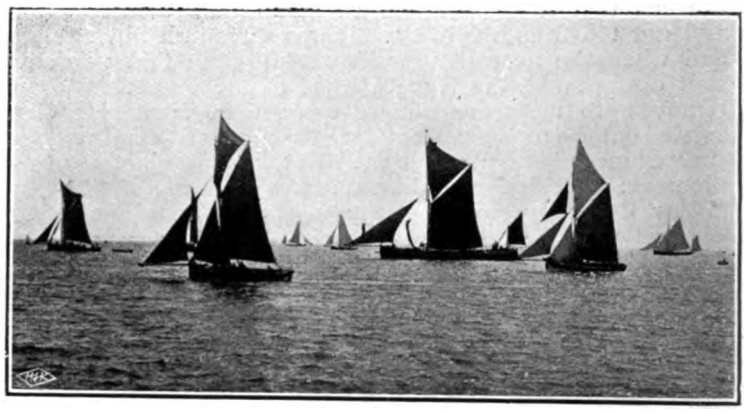
A Regatta on the Lower Thames.



THE START FOR SMALL-RATERS AT SOUTHEND.
A Full Turn-out and a Light Breeze.



12-TONNERS AWAY FOR THE OUTWARD RUN.
A Promising Race but a Falling Breeze.

THE USUAL GATHERING ON THE BEACH.
And the Ever Ubiquitous Nigger.

WITHIN AN ACE OF A CATASTROPHE.
Almost Run Down by a Beach Boat.

A SPECTACLE THAT ALWAYS ATTRACTS A CROWD.
Walking the Pole. Very near it, but—Splash!

GAILY TRIUMPHANT AT LAST—AND DIRTY.
He has Got to the End of the Greasy Pole.

IT is certain that there will be regattas as long as the Anglo-Saxon race retains its characteristics. They are held on every British river that is suitable to them; at every seaside resort; wherever the White Ensign is carried. On the upper reaches of what is always lovingly spoken of by Londoners as "the" river, a regatta consists of rowing and canoe races, and such-like, with a certain element of fun, but as we get further and further "below bridges" a regatta on the Thames partakes more and more of the character of one on the seacoast. At a place like Southend, for example, there is, ashore, the ubiquitous nigger and the ever-present braying German band. Afloat, there are sailing matches as well as races for oarsmen. It is well that this should be the case, for there is no grander sport than the sailing of small craft, particularly those tiny raters one of which a man can sail with the help of another man or even of a boy. Regattas have practically the same features everywhere. For instance, at the Royal Naval Regatta at Lowestoft, for the purpose of endowing a cot in Lowestoft Hospital, we have sailing races, rowing races, swimming and polo matches, etc., events which are on the programme of every seaside regatta. One of our illustrations gives a very good idea of the start of a pigmy flotilla, but, alas! the wind is light, and the zest imparted by carrying on through the smother, and trusting to skilful handling to come out safe, is lacking. Finally, the greasy pole tickles the fancy of the spectators. No great harm is done by the frequent falls into the water, for of course all those taking part in the contest are expert swimmers, and there is, it must be admitted, something amusing in the way in which foothold fails just as success seems certain. By all means let us have as many regattas as we can, particularly when the sailing of small yachts is included.

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FOR RIVER SERVICE IN CHINA.

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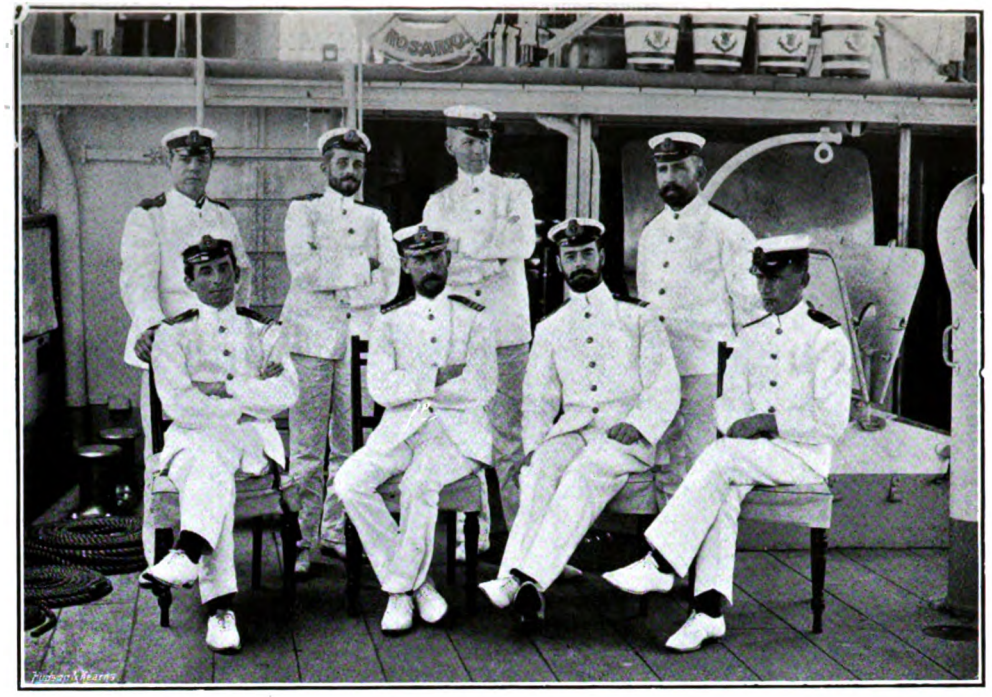
THE "ROSARIO" AT ANCHOR.
A Recent Addition to the China Squadron.



"Navy & Army."

ON BOARD THE SMART LITTLE SLOOP.
Commander Hamilton and the Officers of the "Rosario."

USEFUL CRAFT IN THE FAR EAST.

Photos Copyright.

A GROUP ON BOARD THE "COSSACK."
Commander Nicholson and His Officers.

E. W. C. Hopkins.

A USEFUL THIRD-CLASS CRUISER.
The "Cossack," Despatched this Spring to the China Seas.

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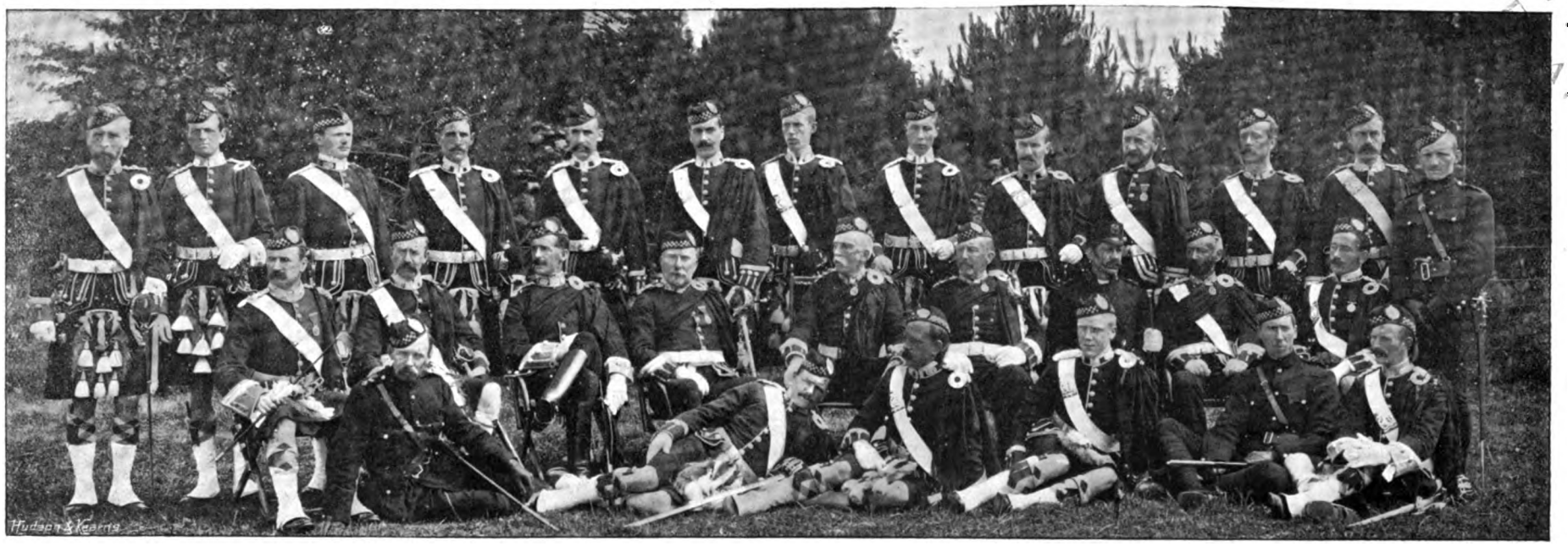
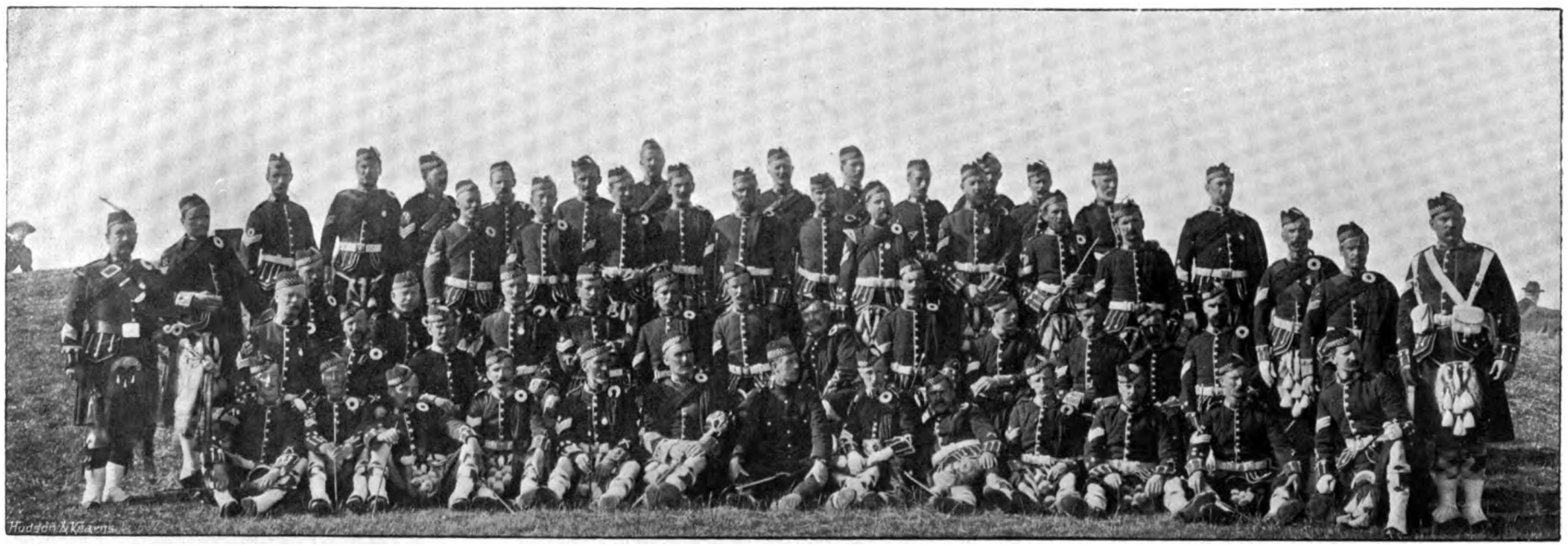
An Efficient Volunteer Battalion.

THE NEW YORK WORLD



COLONEL LAMONT AND THE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST VOLUNTEER BATTALION PRINCESS LOUISE'S (ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS).



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THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE BATTALION (LATE THE 1ST RENFREWSHIRE VOLUNTEERS).

The Battalion consists of Nine Companies and a Company of Mounted Infantry, and recently went into camp with the good muster of 830 officers and men.

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Entertaining the Country's Defenders.

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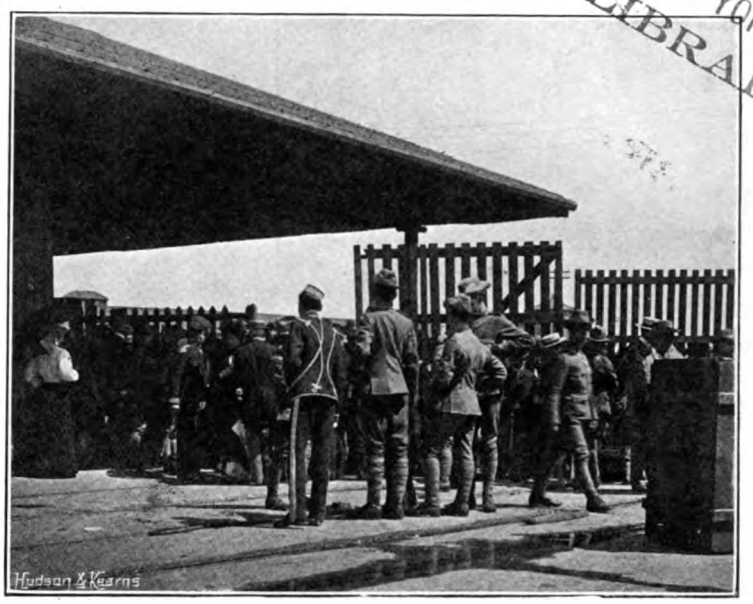
AFLOAT IN A SWAN BOAT.
Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Girls.



BACK FROM THE DUSTY VELDT.
C.I.V.'s at the Crystal Palace.

ENTERTAINING THE COLONIALS.
Roberts's Horse at Earl's Court.

LISTENING TO MARTIAL MUSIC.
A Welcome to Wounded Canadians.

LEFT IN THE CARE OF THE NATION.
A Happy Day at the Palace of Crystal.

THE NAVY, ARMY, AND RESERVE FORCES.
Very Popular at the Woman's Exhibit on.

At Earl's Court and the Crystal Palace last week entertainments were given in honour of the Military Forces of the Empire. To the former place of amusement hundreds of youngsters from the Duke of York's School, the training-ships in the Thames, and similar institutions were invited, as well as all soldiers and sailors in uniform. At the Crystal Palace, 4,000 Reservists, men, women, and children, enjoyed a pleasant holiday by the liberality of the proprietors of the *Sun*. It may be presumed that these are only the forerunners of many such entertainments to those who are now coming together again after many a day of sorrow, trouble, and suspense.

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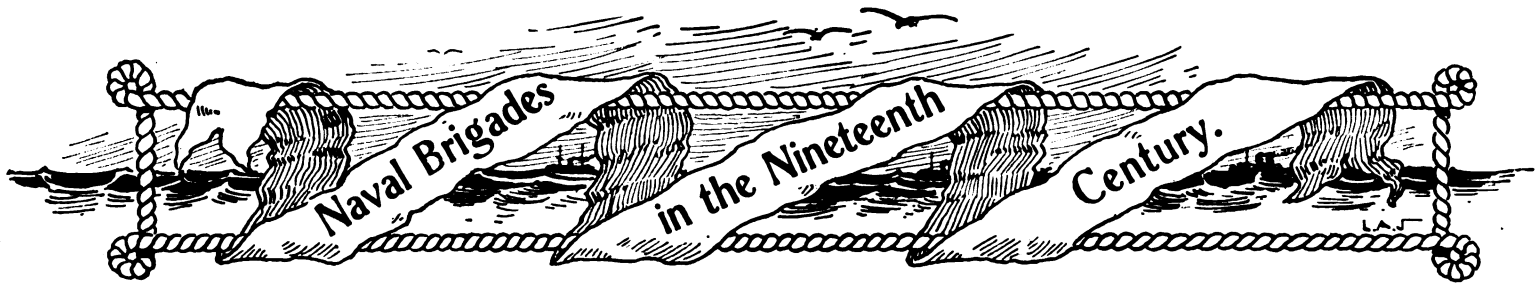

THE practice of landing organised Naval Brigades from the ships of the Navy, which has lately been so markedly exemplified in South Africa and China, to assist in military operations has existed from the time of the Commonwealth. There were plenty of Naval Brigades utilised in the last century, but the history of their achievements during the nineteenth century, which alone concerns this paper, may be said to have been inaugurated at the landing of Sir Ralph Abercromby's Egyptian Expedition in 1801.

The English force numbered 14,000, against 7,000 French, but in artillery the enemy were greatly superior, for they had in the field forty pieces of cannon, admirably horsed, while the few that we had did not possess a single draught animal amongst them; in fact, the landing in Aboukir Bay, in the face of a terrific fire of grape shot, would probably never have been accomplished had it not been for the picked corps of seamen under Sir Sidney Smith. These reached shore first, and with superhuman exertion dragged up to the top of the sand-hills several field pieces. Throughout the entire campaign, which resulted in the expulsion of the French from Egypt, the English guns were slowly and with difficulty dragged along by sailors and soldiers, while at one of the most hotly-contested engagements the Guards' Brigade was saved from serious disaster by the opportune arrival of "Jack" with two powerful 24-pounders which had been taken from a frigate's broadsides. Again, in the disastrous South American War of 1807 (for the mismanagement of which General Whitelocke was cashiered), one of the few bright incidents was the pluck and indomitable energy displayed by the sailors landed from Admiral Murray's squadron which escorted the transports. At the disembarkation for the advance upon Monte Video the troops had to march three miles up to their knees in mud and water. Only a few of the field pieces could be dragged through this frightful morass, and those brought up were half-hauled, half-carried by our gallant tars.

The land operations of the Syrian Campaign of 1840-41, as conducted by Sir Charles Napier, were carried out entirely by our sailors and marines. No British troops were employed, for the simple reason that none were available; but the Bluejackets, acting in conjunction with the Turkish battalions, made splendid skirmishers, and drove the Egyptians back into their coast fortresses, where they were subsequently destroyed by the fire from the fleet.

The siege of Sebastopol witnessed the employment of a Naval Brigade, with ship's guns complete on a large scale. This, however, was not a premeditated item in the official programme, for the authorities at first considered the Royal Artillery siege train would be quite equal to the task of bombarding the city into surrender. But when the numerical strength and range of the Russian batteries was discovered, the Navy was hurriedly called upon to assist in the operations, and, accordingly, 35 officers, 732 sailors, and 50 guns—the whole under the command of Captain Stephen Lushington—were landed from the fleet. These Naval guns proved to be the heaviest in the trenches, for they included the powerful 68-pounders and the new Lancasters, from which great things were expected. The latter, unfortunately, did not fulfil expectations; one burst at the first bombardment, but a few weeks later another made some amends for this disaster by dropping a shell into the Redan powder magazine. On the whole, though, the Lancasters proved disappointing, and were generally condemned as unsafe and untrue; but the 68-pounders did magnificent work throughout the entire siege, their achievements corresponding to those being accomplished to-day by the 4·7-in. guns at the front. As for the sailors themselves, their skilful gunnery, their gallantry, and their incessant flow of high spirits amid the most gloomy surroundings, excited the admiration of all concerned. The brigade's losses during the siege were as follows: Officers, 7 killed, 39 wounded; men, 95 killed, 432 wounded.

With the close of the Russian War the Navy had not to wait long before it was again given an opportunity of supplying a brigade to act on shore. In August, 1857, the "Shannon," commanded by Captain William Peel, who had so greatly distinguished himself before Sebastopol as Lushington's second in command, arrived in the Hooghly The vessel, it should be added, had sailed thither post-haste from Singapore on hearing of the outbreak of the Mutiny. Peel immediately offered to the Governor-General the services of the Bluejackets with their ship's guns to form a Naval Brigade, an offer at once accepted. The dress of the men was in no respect altered, but their straw hats were covered with white cotton and provided with white curtains to protect the back of the neck. At Sebastopol no attempt had been made to instruct the sailors in infantry drill; now, however, the 450 men composing the brigade were drilled on board ship, an operation accompanied by many amusing mistakes, for "Jack" had ideas of his own about wheeling and forming front, while the officers soon found it hopeless to insist upon his keeping step. The armament selected consisted of ten of the "Shannon's" 8-in. guns and two brass field pieces, the men being given the new Minié or Enfield rifle. The start was not long delayed, and the Naval Brigade, under its distinguished young chief, was present in all the principal operations of the army, its formidable battery rendering most efficient service. The huge guns, under Peel's orders, were manœuvred and worked as though they had been light field pieces. For his invaluable services Peel was made a K.C.B. in January, 1858, but, alas! did not live to reap the full reward of his skill and gallantry. Severely wounded at the second relief of Lucknow, he died of small-pox at Cawnpore on April 20, 1858, while on his way home. But the Naval Brigade had for ever established its reputation.

On the evening of June 25, 1859, after the failure of the flotilla of small British gun-boats, under Admiral Hope, to reduce the Taku Forts, a Naval Brigade of 500 men was landed on the muddy reaches left by the receding tide, with the object of carrying the South Fort by a bold rush. Unfortunately, the natural difficulties of the undertaking proved too much for the force, despite the great gallantry displayed. As the men slowly advanced, floundering knee, and indeed often shoulder, deep over the slimy swamp, a sinister silence was maintained by the Chinese gunners; but, as the scaling ladders were being brought into position, the enemy's ordnance suddenly belched forth into a wall of flame, and our Bluejackets dropped in scores. Hampered as they were by the darkness, the mud, and physical exhaustion, the project was hopeless, so the order was given to retire, an operation which was conducted in good order, notwithstanding the hail of projectiles from the fortifications, and the rising waters of the tidal Pei-Ho River. In this unsuccessful affair the brigade lost 68 men killed, but their bodies, together with the wounded, who numbered 300, were carried back to the boats.

The Naval Brigade played a prominent *rôle* in the Maori Campaign of 1864, and especially at the storming of the Gate Pah on April 28 of that year. General Cameron, who commanded the British forces operating against the rebels in the North Island, had 1,300 regular troops and New Zealand volunteers at his disposal, and, to strengthen this force, 400 sailors were landed from the five ships in Tauranga Harbour. Artillery, both men and guns, was the weak point in the little British army, and to remedy this defect an Armstrong 110-pounder Naval gun, then the heaviest gun in the Service, was landed. In the terrific bombardment of the Maori position, the Gate Pah, occupying a ridge above Tauranga, the brigade did yeoman work in serving the guns and mortars. At 3.30 p.m. the storming party of 600 men formed up, the vanguard consisting of 150 men of the 43rd Regiment and 150 of the Naval Brigade. How the attack failed, owing to the confusion and panic created by the enemy's underground rifle-pits, need not be detailed here. Prodigies of valour were performed by the sailors, who did everything in their power to retrieve the disorder occasioned by the retreat of the advanced parties in the confined area. One especially gallant deed, rewarded by the Victoria Cross, was that performed by Samuel Mitchell, captain of the foretop of the "Harrier," in saving the body of his mortally wounded skipper, Commander Hay.

In the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868 sailors were selected to man the rocket train, which novel missiles routed the enemy at Arogee before they had time to take advantage of a gross tactical blunder, which had left one if not two of our flanks unprotected.

At the close of the year 1873 the Ashanti Army crossed the Prah and threatened Cape Coast Castle. Pending the arrival of reinforcements from home the invasion was repelled

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and the enemy forced back across the Prah, solely by the Naval forces landed for the defence of the colony. Early in January, 1874, Sir Garnet Wolseley and the British troops reached the scene of action, whereupon an expeditionary force, including a Naval Brigade with rocket train, was organised. At the battle of Amoaful the Naval Brigade and two companies of the Rifle Brigade formed the left column, which bore the brunt of the fighting The Bluejackets had six officers and forty men wounded.

For carrying through the Kaffir War of 1877-78 a Naval Brigade of three officers and 121 men, with two rocket tubes, six 12-pounder Armstrong guns, and one Gatling, was landed at East London on December 16, 1877. In the protracted operations that followed, the force had its bellyful of bush fighting, though the enemy somewhat simplified matters by attacking our camps. As one gallant tar was overheard to remark, "Them 'ere chaps couldn't ha' done it better if they'd tried; to be so obligin' as to come nice and 'andy to the camp, so that we could go and 'av' a jolly good row, and then jest walk in and 'av' a feed!"

An amusing incident in this campaign was the Naval officer's Christmas turkey, which was purchased on landing, and travelled up country on the limber of the Gatling. At night it was always tied by the leg to a tent peg, and fattened on mealies.

A strong if scattered Naval Brigade was concerned in the Zulu War, for there were altogether forty-one officers and 812 men, with 9-pounder and Gatling guns, from the "Active," "Shah," "Boadicea," and "Tenedos." Of these the "Active's" men were the very first of our forces to reach the Lower Tugela, and it was they who watched and kept the border for the few weeks preceding the advance, finally establishing and working the pont that conveyed into Zululand the whole of the first division. The brigade fought victoriously at Inzezane, but to its bitter regret had no share in the crowning episode of the war, Ulundi.

One of the first reinforcements to reach General Colley on the Transvaal Frontier in 1881 was the Naval Brigade landed at Durban. At Majuba the brigade lost thirty-six men, or more than half its strength.

During the anxious interval that elapsed between the bombardment of Alexandria and the arrival of Lord Wolseley's army, it was the Naval Brigade which garrisoned the city and suburbs, restored peace and order, and bluffed Arabi into believing that he had a far stronger force opposed to him. Here, too, the first British armoured train made its appearance. The train was constructed by Bluejackets, working under the superintendence of Captain Fisher, and for its armament a 40-pounder was borrowed from a battle-ship. Again, throughout the trying Soudan Campaign of 1885-87, the Naval Brigade covered itself with glory, and whether on the march or in square, "Jack," with the Gatlings and Gardners, which he manipulated with such deadly effect, was given the post of honour on the flanks. The brigade's gallantry at El Teb, Tamai, and Abu Klea is too familiar to require any detailed recapitulation.

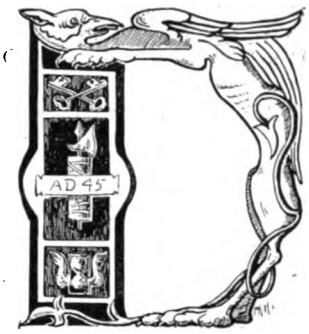
In this paper it is not possible to speak of the numerous small punitive expeditions which during the century have been entrusted solely to our sailors and marines, and which they have always carried to a successful issue. To take a solitary and recent example there is the Benin Expedition of February, 1897, the execution of which, under the guidance of Rear-Admiral Rawson, was a masterpiece in its way.

This record of past achievements on a war scale is brilliant enough in all conscience, but there is every reason to believe that when the real history of the present struggle comes to be written, the invaluable services rendered by the Naval Brigade, more especially in regard to its magnificent long-range artillery practice with the quick-firing guns taken from the ship-mountings, will be scheduled as the first effective check administered to Boer aggression. What, again, could have been more striking than the arrival of these converted pieces, just in the very nick of time, on that disastrous November afternoon at Ladysmith? The story of how Mr. "Four-point-Seven" left his proper element to fight and conquer "Long Tom" and his companions should constitute an attractive chapter in the school histories of the future. At any rate, the work performed by the Naval Brigade in the great South African War of 1899-1900, and more recently in China, will live long in the memory of the country and its colonies.

H. G. ARCHER.

Dover Castle.

By THE REV. S. P. H. STATHAM, Chaplain to the Forces.



DOVER CASTLE occupies the site of one of the most ancient fortresses in the kingdom, and its history reaches back to the early days of the Roman invasion of Britain. Still standing within its precincts is a notable structure known as the "Pharos," or Lighthouse, which is the oldest building now remaining in England. Erected by the sailors of the "British Fleet," formed by the Emperor Claudius for the invasion of Britain, about the year A.D. 45, it has served various useful purposes. Originally used as a beacon tower to guide vessels in their approach to the harbour of Dover, it was afterwards converted into a part of the Roman fortress which was shortly built close to it. This fortress still survives, and is now known as the church of St. Mary-in-the-Castle. It is not certain when the change was made which turned a place of arms into a church, but it was probably soon after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity in the year A.D. 324. The original walls of the building, and the tower, are yet standing, and have witnessed the devotions of many different peoples, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, and Englishmen. During a part of the Saxon supremacy it was used as the chapel of a Benedictine Monastery, which was afterwards moved into the town. For six centuries the nave has been used as a military chapel, and the remains of the old "soldiers' altar" may still be seen. A military chaplain, who rejoiced in the extraordinary title of the "Coclico Chaplain," always resided in the Castle, in addition to the rector of the church. At a very early date the Pharos was converted into a bell-tower, and contained a peal of four bells. It was commonly called the "Tower of Julius Cæsar" in the Middle Ages, the antiquaries of those days believing it to have been built by that warrior during his second invasion of this island. As a matter of fact, the whole castle was supposed to have owed its origin to Cæsar in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and a sword reputed to have been his was exhibited to the curious in the old guard-room under the Constable's Tower. This sword now hangs in the Keep, together with an ancient horn and key. The horn was said to be the original one used to summon the workmen engaged in the first building of the Castle, and the key was shown as the identical one made for Julius Cæsar. Portions of wine, salt, and meat were also exhibited as having survived from his days.

At what date the cliffs upon which the Castle stands were first fortified, it is now impossible to say; probably in the days of the Britons. That the Saxons had built an important place of arms there is certain; otherwise we could not explain the haste with which William the Conqueror hurried to take possession of it directly after his famous victory at Hastings. Remains of a strong wall round the church, and one or two portions of masonry, alone survive to mark their occupation of these heights. The buildings which we now see, consisting of the Keep and curtain wall surrounding it, and the outer wall, into which numerous towers are built, were erected in the days of Henry II. and Henry III. The Keep was finished by the former monarch in 1187, at a cost of nearly £5,000, an enormous sum in those days. The outer wall, which contains the Constable's Tower, the finest gateway in England, was not commenced until the beginning of the thirteenth century, and was completed about 1230. During the lapse of time the greater part of all the buildings has been rebuilt, or, at least, extensively repaired.

It does not come within the scope of this article to give a minute account of any part of this interesting castle, but we may mention that the Keep is singular in two respects. The thickness of its walls is so great, that it enabled its builders to construct twenty-seven chambers in them without affecting the space they enclosed. Two deep wells were also constructed under its roof, and in this respect it differs from any other known castle, one well being generally considered sufficient. The Keep is a magnificent pile, and has undergone comparatively few alterations, if we except the insertion of modern windows. The State apartments on the second floor have been disfigured by the addition of two brick vaults, which were added at the end of the eighteenth century to enable the roof to bear the strain of artillery fire. It is now used, very much as the Tower of London is, as a store for arms both ancient and modern.

The outer wall underwent considerable changes at the end of the last century, especially on the eastern side, when numerous underground passages were made. One of these passages is, however, very ancient, having been constructed

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in the reign of Henry III. to afford the garrison a means of making a sally upon any besieging force. This passage is on the north side of the Castle, and forms a part of what is now called the Spur Caponier.

From 1066 to about 1760 the Castle was governed by a Constable, appointed by the Sovereign, and was always a royal fortress. From the latter date the authority of the Constable gradually faded away before that of the chief military officer, and for over a hundred years the Castle has been nothing more nor less than a barrack. The Constable, who was also generally the Warden of the Cinque Ports, possessed great powers, and had, among other privileges, the right to hold a Court whose powers extended to all parts of England in which land was situated which had been given for the defence and support of the Castle. The ceremony of carrying the keys to the Lieutenant of the Castle, which still survives in the Tower of London, was discontinued when the military rule superseded the Constable's.

Some of the most distinguished men in English history have held the office of Constable of Dover Castle, and when it was the most important fortress in the land it was always given to an eminent soldier or sailor. It is easy to understand that, when the Kings of England ruled over a goodly part of France, the control of Dover Castle, the nearest part of England to the Continent, was of the utmost importance. The first great Constable was Hubert de Burgh, who successfully defended his charge against the attacks of Louis of France in 1216, and subsequently gained the first important Naval victory over the fleet of the same Power in the following year. Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., was also Constable; and Henry, Prince of Wales, who, as Henry V., reduced France to an English province. Among other well-known personages we may mention Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, commonly called the "Stout Earl," or the "King-maker"; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the "Good Duke Humphrey"; Henry, Duke of York, afterwards Henry VIII.; George Villiers, the famous Duke of Buckingham; Sir Algernon Sydney, the earnest republican executed by Charles II.; Oliver Cromwell's renowned admiral, Robert Blake, whose numerous Naval victories made the name of England feared in every European sea; James, Duke of York, the unfortunate James II.; George, Prince of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne; William Pitt, the eminent statesman; and the Duke of Wellington.

"Dover Castle captured by the Parliamentarians"

During its existence the Castle has endured several sieges, and with varying success. It fell to William the Conqueror, but resisted Stephen for a considerable time, and only yielded through the treachery of the Constable. Its most famous siege was that already referred to, by Louis, when a most gallant defence was made, and the French were forced to beat a retreat. It was attacked on several occasions during the civil war in the reign of Henry III., but was only captured once, by Prince Edward after the decisive battle of Evesham. Although, when properly defended, the Castle was in early days practically impregnable, it has twice fallen to small parties of the inhabitants of Dover totally unskilled in the art of war. In 1642, a few men scaled the cliffs and surprised the watchmen, and, taking possession of the whole of the fortress, held it until the Parliament sent a sufficient force to maintain it against the Royalists. The Constable, Sir Edward Boys, was absent, but as he was a member of the Parliament himself, it is not likely that he would have made any effort to prevent their daring and successful attempt. Six years later the Royalists endeavoured to retake the Castle, but were forced to raise the siege and beat a somewhat ignominious retreat. At the end of the reign of James II. it was similarly captured by a few of the townsmen, and held for the Prince of Orange, who rewarded some of them by appointments in the Navy. It should be remembered, however, that in times of peace with foreign nations no soldiers were stationed in the Castle, the necessary duties being performed by sixteen or eighteen "watchmen," who were called the Castle Guard. On both of the occasions mentioned the place was entirely devoid of troops, and in all probability some of the watchmen were unfavourable to the royal cause. The proper garrison to defend the Castle was estimated at 1,000 men, and it is interesting to note that this number was arrived at by counting the loop-holes in the walls and allowing three men for every two loop-holes. Some very early regulations for the government of the garrison are in existence, but are too lengthy to be quoted here. They are, in many instances, extremely curious, and deal with such offences as "using vile words," sleeping on sentry duty, fighting and brawling, and absence from the Castle without leave. Most of these offences were punished with fines, which in some cases amounted to the value of sixty days' pay. The following order is worth quoting at length: "One sergeant and one guard shall be elected in full garrison assembled, who shall be sworn to leal keeping of that light in Holy Church which is not burning inside the chancel." The small window in the west wall of the nave is supposed to have been inserted to enable this guard to perform its duty. The soldiers' rations of those days were both plentiful and varied, and included five pints of wine daily.

With the accession of William and Mary the ancient custom of regarding the Castle as a royal residence came to an end; before their time it had always been preserved as such, and most of the English Sovereigns have spent some of their time there. As a result of this change the Castle was allowed to fall into decay, and by 1750 was almost a heap of ruins. The wars with France and America, and the consequent fear of invasion, caused the Government to spend considerable sums of money on its repair, and eventually led to its being used as a barrack. At first it was garrisoned by infantry, but for many years it has been the headquarters of the Royal (Garrison) Artillery for the South-Eastern District. The 6th, 12th, and 15th Companies of the Eastern Division Royal Artillery are at present stationed there, as well as the 1st Depôt Company of the same division.

The senior Artillery officer in the Castle is Colonel E. Lake, who commands the Royal Artillery in the South-Eastern District. The service companies were until recently commanded by Colonel Curling, who was present at the memorable battle of Isandhlwana, and has just been succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Woodrow. The barrack accommodation in the Castle has been most fully utilised during the past few weeks, in consequence of the calling up of the Army Reservists and the numerous recruits who have presented themselves for enlistment since the declaration of war by the two South African Republics. No. 6 Company goes out to Cape Town, Major Shute being the commanding officer. A new company is to be raised in the Castle to take its place.

Although the Castle is no longer a Royal residence, the Queen still appoints a Constable, who is theoretically responsible for its government. The present holder of the office is the Marquess of Salisbury, who was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle in 1895, in succession to the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. The official home of the Lord Warden is Walmer Castle, the Constable's Tower in Dover Castle being used as the residence of the G.O.C. the South-Eastern District. Sir Leslie Rundle, K.C.B., now commanding the Eighth Division mobilising at Aldershot, was the last tenant.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

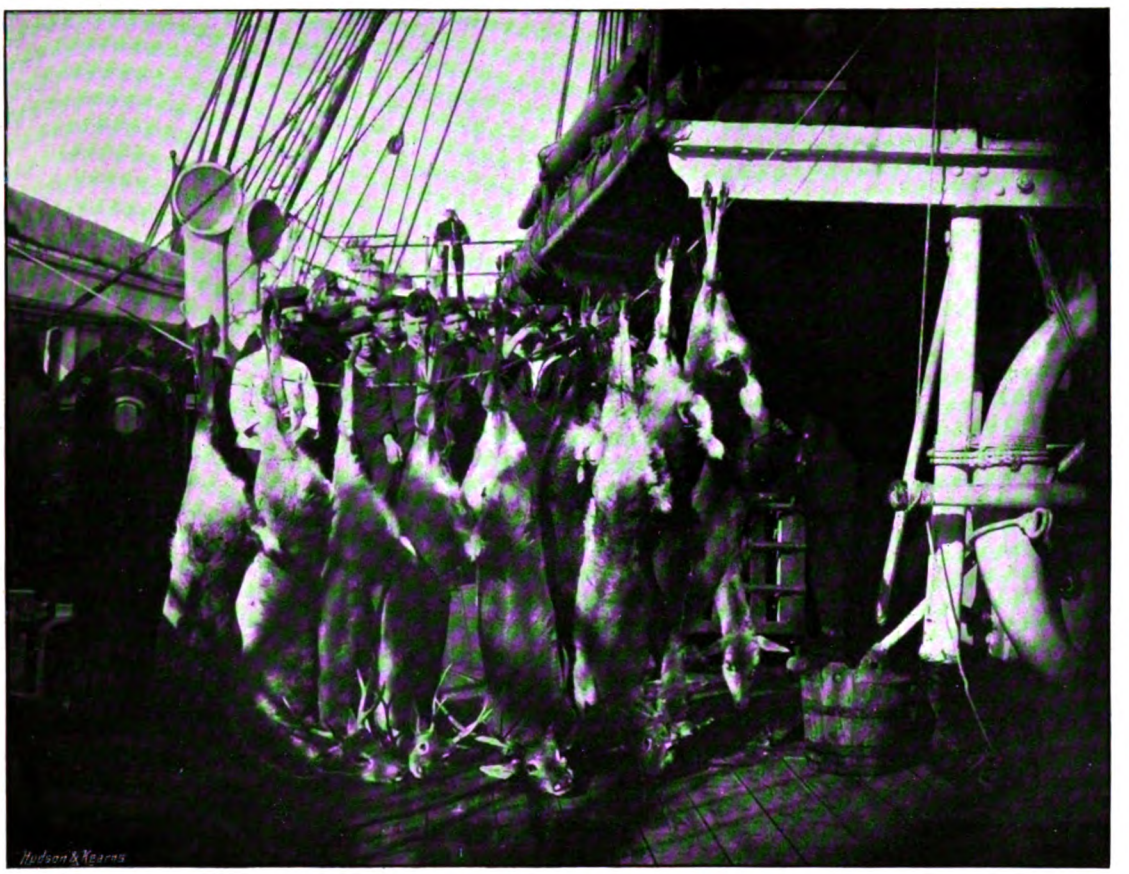
By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

PROBABLY in no part of the world can the average Naval officer enjoy such good all-round sport as can be obtained on the East Coast of South America. True it is that large game is conspicuous by its absence, the felidæ being represented by the jaguar and the puma, the latter a mean, cowardly animal but rarely met with. Of deer there are several kinds, the largest being the Paraguayan red deer (Cervus paludosus), found chiefly in the swamps of the Chaco and in Uruguay, also the camp deer (Cervus campestris), the ghazu vira, and several other smaller ones. Ostriches and guanaco afford good sport with the rifle, but are gradually being exterminated in the more civilised parts of the country. In the matter of wildfowl and partridges, South America would be hard to beat.

On the banks of the Parana and Uruguay Rivers are innumerable marshes teeming with every kind of waterfowl; swans of two kinds, the ordinary white species and the black-necked variety; ducks in countless thousands, from the pato real, or royal duck, to teal. On the chacres, or corn land, several kinds of partridges abound. These birds, locally called perdiz, are in reality tinamons (the true partridge does not exist in South America), of which the martinetta, or perdiz grande, is the largest, the next being the tinamon elegans, or elegant tinamon, also called the copeton, on account of its crest, a handsome bird, very good for the table.

The most familiar to sportsmen is the perdiz chico, or little partridge, the smallest of the tinamons, myriads of which birds are to be found in every part of the Argentine Republic, Uruguay, or the Banda Orientale. An ordinary shot can easily, with a good dog, bag thirty or forty brace in a day. The common and jack snipe are also fairly numerous in the canadas or swamps.

Woodcocks are unknown in South America, though I claimed to have shot one in the Straits of Magellan in 1872, and my statement was corroborated by several Naval officers, all good sportsmen. I have since been assured that the bird was not a woodcock, but a woodsnipe, a distinction, perhaps, without a difference. Its scientific name is Scolopax Strickandi. In addition to those mentioned there are to be found in South America many animals indigenous to the country, which to my knowledge are unknown elsewhere, such, for instance, as the aguera, or maned wolf—called by the natives lobo, but in reality a fox, a handsome creature twice as large as an ordinary fox—the tapir, the armadillo, the great anteater, the carpincho, the biscacho, and the cavy, or Patagonian hare, each of which deserves a passing notice, although not strictly game. Of reptiles there are many varieties—snakes, some most deadly ones, such as the cobra, rattlesnake, and viper, also boas and anacondas—in the forests of Brazil and Paraguay. I saw one of the latter, which had just been killed, in the Paraguayan Chaco; the beast was laid out on a railway truck, which it completely covered. I should estimate its length at nearly 30-ft., and its girth as thick as a man's thigh. Alligators are plentiful in the upper reaches of the Parana, and afford good practice with the rifle whilst steaming up the river. A gigantic lizard, called lagato, is often to be met with in the dry pampas grass; these creatures attain a length of 4-ft. and more, and are very destructive to poultry and eggs. They are more tenacious of life than any creature I ever met with. One day whilst shooting in Uruguay my dog pointed at something in the grass; on going up I saw it was a lagato, so I gave him a shot, blowing half his side away; the brute merely looked round as though something had tickled him, when I killed him with a second barrel. Another time I found one basking in the sun, so I told a small boy who was with me to kill it. Taking up a scythe, he drove it through the creature's body up to the hilt; it never moved. I then stood on its head to finish it, and when I stepped off it ran away as fast as possible, and gained its hole before we could intercept it. One more story about the lagato. Whilst out driving with a friend near Colonia, we drove over one of these reptiles which was lying on the road. Two wheels of the buggy passed over it, but it took no notice, so we turned about and drove over it again, when the brute thought it was time to move on, and ran into the bush. But let not the reader of these lines suppose that the shooting in South America is



A BAG AT TIMOTE, URUGUAY—THE "RUBY."

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free to all. In the wilds of Patagonia and the Falkland Isles it certainly is; but I should be doing a gross injustice to the Estancieros of the Argentine and Uruguay, whose hospitality I have so often enjoyed, if I conveyed such an impression. All the land about Buenos Ayres, Rosario, and in Uruguay is taken up and fenced in, and a person has no more right to shoot there than he would have in England. Personally, I have always received the greatest kindness and courtesy from the Rancheros when, if not actually their guest, I have asked permission to shoot over their property, and in this way have enjoyed unlimited sport, whether hunting ostriches, guanaco, or smaller game. The two former may be hunted with dogs or with the bolas, or lazo, or stalked with the rifle; in either case it is capital sport. On the estate of Timote (see illustration), the property of Don Juan Jackson, I had a grand time, our party bagging sixteen gama, or camp deer, besides small game. On one occasion I was in full chase of a stag which I had wounded, when my horse put his foot into an armadillo's hole and pitched on his head, sending me flying several yards; but I picked myself up, mounted, and killed the deer. My host organised an ostrich drive, and I was posted in a likely place. The birds came tearing along at a great pace with wings extended, and I plastered several with my Winchester repeater. Presently the capitan rode up, and on being asked what the captain had done, replied, "Nothing!" But, feeling sure I had plugged some of them, we followed on their line and found five dead.

To secure a ciervo, the big red deer, one has to go further afield, and not till I had been three years on the station did I have the chance. I had been up the Parana in a gun-boat as far as Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, and stopped on my way down at Florentia, an estancia belonging to the late Mr. Langworthy, where we had some fine sport with martinettas and wild ducks. But being desirous of killing a ciervo, I was sent into the Chaco with an Indian. My secretary, Mr. Chapple, accompanied me. We had a dreadful time, riding through swamps infested with snakes and mosquitoes to reach the haunt of the ciervo; but I succeeded in bagging a couple of fine stags, with which I was very well satisfied, and returned on the second day to the estancia. Chapple remained another night, and brought back an enormous ant-bear and an aguera. Brazil is hardly worth mentioning in connection with sport, as the climate is against it, and the country as a rule is too densely wooded. In the neighbourhood of Bahia and Pernambuco some good snipe shooting can be got. But the natives are not always to be trusted, and I remember a rather unpleasant experience at Pernambuco, where Chapple and I went duck shooting. We had gone some miles up a river, and were returning after very poor sport, when we found our boat high and dry, the tide having fallen, so we had to track her several miles through the mud; whilst so employed I shot a fine pato real, or Muscovy duck, which my dog retrieved. On reaching a bridge some way further on, we found a crowd of drunken negroes assembled to dispute our passage. Darkness was coming on, the boat was stuck fast, and things were looking serious; stones were thrown at us, and one scoundrel waded out with a knife. There were fifty or sixty black fiends maddened with drink, against three of us (my coxswain being the third). However, we kept our guns loaded, and intimated that we should certainly shoot any who approached, and at last we managed to drag the boat into deep water, and got safely aboard about midnight. But to enjoy sport in a really wild country, unmolested by inhabitants, one must go to Patagonia, where one may wander wherever fancy takes one, without the remotest chance of seeing a human being, unless it be of your own party. In how few parts of the world can this remark hold good? There is a charm about it that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Every bird and beast you see belongs to you, and there is no knowing what to expect. On these vast pampas ostriches and guanaco roam unmolested; the Patagonian hare, or cavy, sits up on his haunches staring at the intruder, and then scuttles away; the crested partridge (elegant tinamon) rises under your feet with whirring flight; or a wild duck springs from a solitary tarn. The drawback to the country is the absence of fresh water. The guanacos drink brackish water, and ostriches seem to do without it. But few rivers discharge their waters into the South Atlantic Ocean, and they are far between, and from Nuevo Gulf in 43-deg. south, to Cape Horn there are but three or four rivers of any importance.

On this wild and desolate coast secure harbours are rare, and with the exception of Nuevo Gulf, Egg Harbour, and St. Elena Bay, I know of none where a ship may anchor in security. Nevertheless most excellent sport may be obtained, and although the guanaco has no antlers to adorn the ancestral halls, guanaco stalking is a sport not to be despised, and calls for the utmost skill and endurance on the part of the sportsman.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August 25, September 8 and 22.*]

Crack Shots.

I OUGHT, I think, to compliment Mr. J. C. Irvine of Messrs. Eley Brothers, the great cartridge-makers. The firm have had a most unfortunate accident at their place in Gray's Inn Road, and several men have been killed and others wounded. That is far from being a subject for congratulation, but I have no wish to allude further to the lamentable occurrence until after the Government investigation. The point is, that during the trouble caused by this accident, with all its worries, Mr. J. C. Irvine, writing for the firm, has found time to treat in a thoroughly practical and scientific way the question of measurements of gun pressures, on which so much of the safety of the sportsman depends. The occasion for this expression of opinion was a suggestion that we should accept a new scale for reading old crusher-gauges. The leaden, or copper, cylinders called crusher-gauges have been used for many years in attempting to measure powder gas pressures in gun barrels. These cylinders are placed outside a barrel, through the wall of which a piston is free to play; and the work done on the crusher by this piston under the influence of the gunpowder gas has hitherto been accepted as the most ready means of comparing one pressure with another, and all with dead weight imposed on similar crusher-gauges for a certain length of time.

* * * *

This quantity of imposed dead weight was taken as the pressure, in pounds per square inch, given by powder that would compress the measuring lead cylinders equally with it. It was, therefore, a rough and ready test, having the objection that it did not and could not represent pressure per square inch, because pressure varies with movement. Here there was movement but no variation in record. To put it in a simple manner, the only way of taking pressure was by movement of the piston, and the movement of the piston varied the pressure. Therefore, as an exact measure of pressure, the movement necessary defeated the purpose, and what the compressed lead or copper crushers did represent was the total work done in the chamber, on the pistons, by pressure over space, and not the momentary highest pressure that occurred in the gun. Nor does it seem advisable to measure and to rely upon momentary highest pressure, for the reason that it is quite immaterial what it is. In big guns, that stretch so very much less, per their diameter, than small sporting bores with their thin walls, all this may be different. But we should only want to know what highest pressure was if the gun barrels were rigid substances. If rigid, then 1lb. in excess of tensile strength of the metal at any instant of time would burst the gun. But steel is not rigid; it has a very sensible elastic stretch and recovery, and not even the supposed limit of pressure—about forty tons per square inch—can have the smallest effect in bursting until the elastic limit of the steel has been reached.

* * * *

Possibly, in practice, forty tons pressure could not be imposed and removed so quickly as not to overcome all the elastic resistance in small bores. The proposition is merely put to show that it is pressure over time we have to deal with; or, more measurable, pressure over space. Now, if the old crushers had been adapted to a scale showing total work done in foot-pounds per square inch, there would have been no room for improvement. But the compression has always been referred to a scale which reads it in static pounds pressure. That is a term which would never represent any true meaning, and of course not total work done. It was a moderately good record, this compression of crushers, but badly expressed in terms unfit to convey the meaning.

* * * *

Now a new instrument has been made, which I understand to be for the purpose of reading the various compressions of leads in highest momentary pressures. That is to say, the error of the term employed has set some people devising a plan by which the term shall be no error but the result shall; the record will be of something we care nothing about. The mistake has been in failing to see that an elastic chamber is stretched, not by momentary pressure, but by pressure over space, or time. Also, that what we want is a record of the total work done in the elastic chamber of the gun, and, for choice, expressed in terms which lend themselves to exactness, certainly not in one measure of pressure alone, when the work done has been effected by variable pressures, always either rising or falling. This is what Mr. J. C. Irvine has seen, and he is perfectly right in saying that to change from one inexact method, which remains comparative with all that has ever been done, to another equally inexact one, which is not comparative with anything that has gone before, would be a retrograde movement, not an advance.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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Scenes and Incidents near Tientsin.

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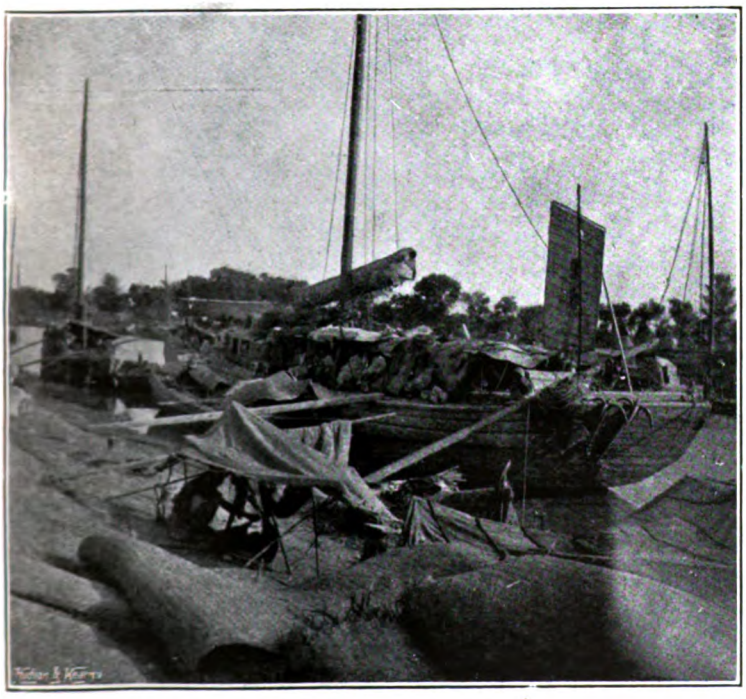
UNDER THE WHITE ENSIGN.
A Naval Camp with Sir Edward Seymour.

UNDER THE RISING SUN.
Japanese Artillery Moving to the Front.

THE DEBRIS OF A BATTLE.
Always Under Shell Fire and Fiercely Contested.

CAPTURED BOXERS WITH FLAGS.
Red Cap or Scarf, Red being the Sign of the "Harmonious Fists."



AFLOAT WITH THE WOUNDED.
Junks Used by the Allies when Returning by River.

THE RETURN OF THE COLUMN.
Rifles Burnt by the "Centurions" at Hsiku Arsenal.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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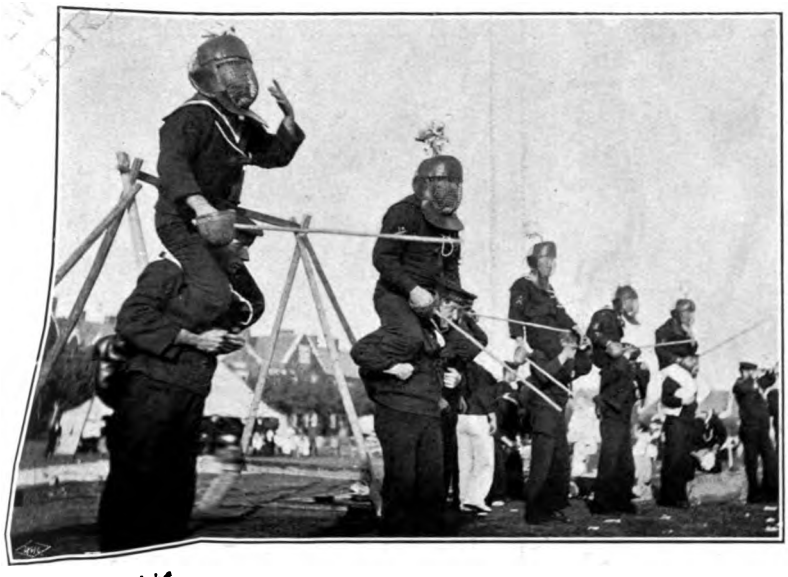
Naval and Military Sports.



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TILTING AT THE BUCKET—A FAIR HIT. Cribb.

The "Excellent" Athletic Sports at the Gunnery School, Whale Island.

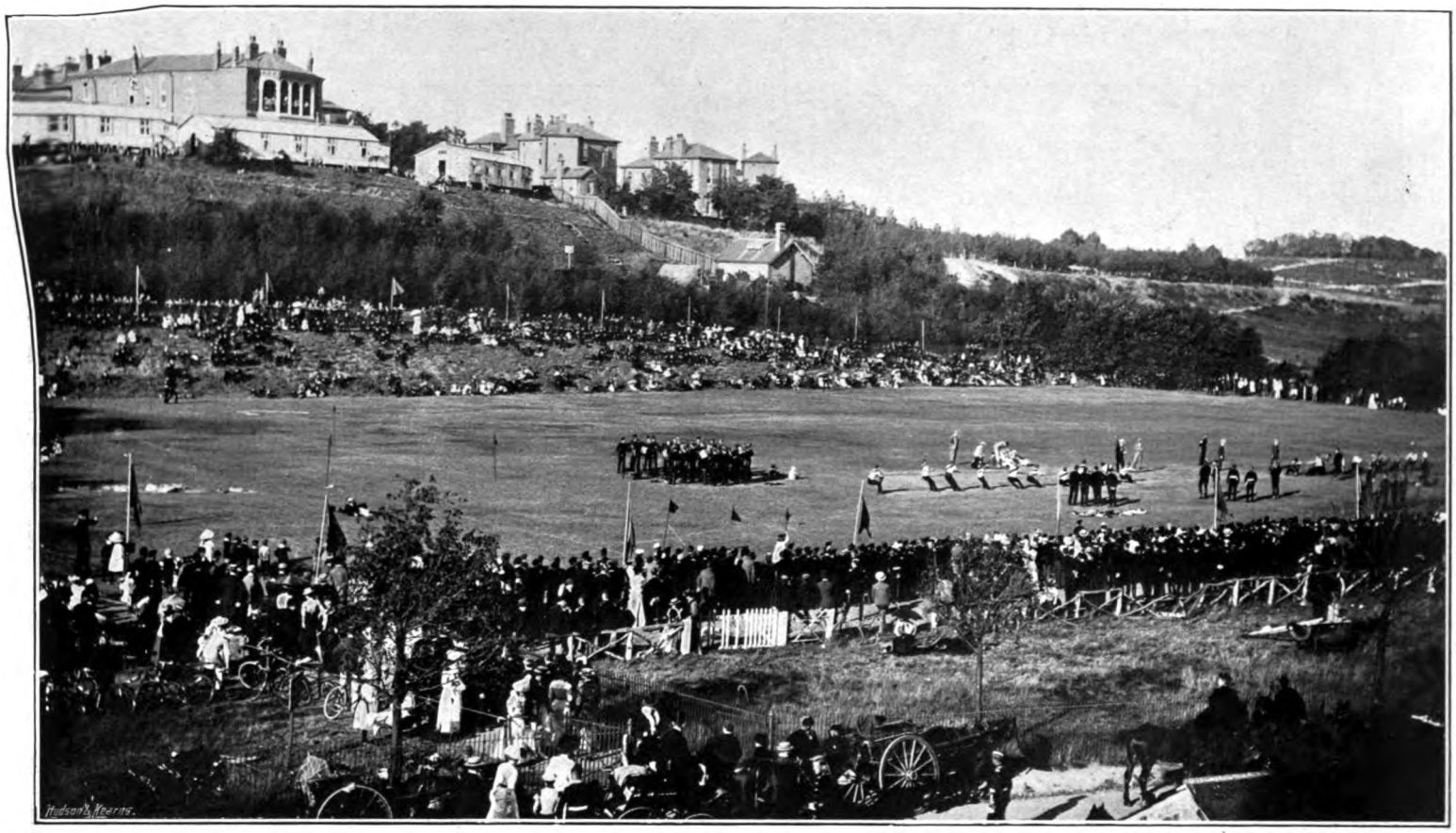

Photo. Copyright. THE ROYAL ARTILLERY SPORTS AT ALDERSHOT. *Cummings*

In the Arena—The Tug-of-War in the Grounds behind the Barracks.

Photo. Copyright. TRUNDLING THE GUN WHEEL. *Cummings.*

Gunner Martin Carried Off the First Prize.

Photo. Copyright. DRY AND WET OBSTACLES. *Knight.*

Driver Childers Leading in the Race.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
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VOL. XI.—No. 193.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1900.

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HIS MAJESTY DOM CARLOS I., KING OF PORTUGAL.

The King of Portugal, here seen in uniform as Marshal-General of his Army, has recently despatched an expeditionary force to Lourenço Marquez, to take part, with the troops already on the spot, in securing quiet in the Portuguese African territory, by disarming and interning the fugitive Boers, and by clearing the mercenaries out of the country. On the occasion of the dual birthday of the King and Queen on September 28, there was a grand review of our troops at Komati Poort in honour of the event, many Portuguese officers being present, and Lord Roberts sent a congratulatory telegram to Their Majesties in the name of the British Army in South Africa. The King is a great favourite with our own Royal house, and is a keen soldier, besides being an artist of no mean powers. He is very popular at home.

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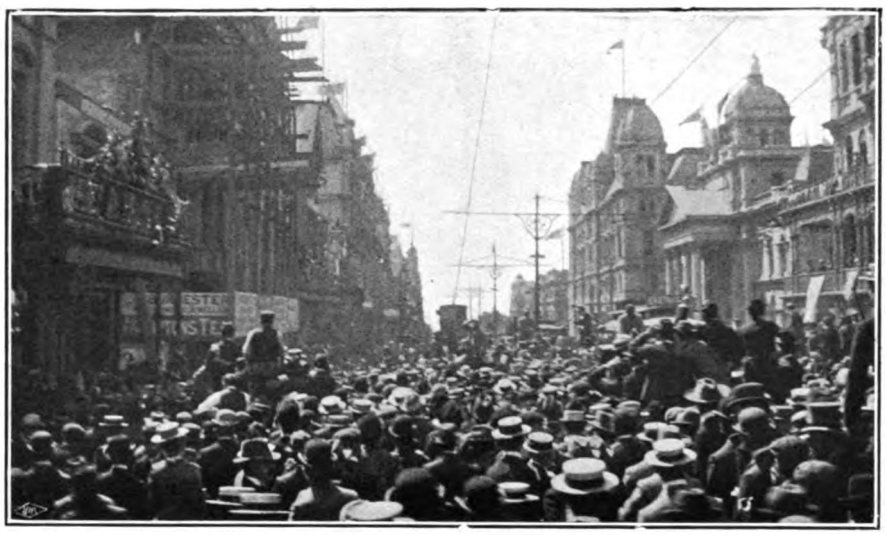
ROUND THE WORLD

"GLORY be!" as Mr. Dooley might have said, that Lord Roberts has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and, "More power to his elbow!" say those who would like to see us possessed of a War Minister as well as of a "Brain of the Navy." We should all of us like to see Lord Roberts personally in such a position, but can we count upon having chiefs of his calibre? Lord Wolseley has done a great deal of good military work in his time, and it is no disparagement to him that the nation welcomes Lord Roberts in his stead. The gallant Field-Marshal is the very man for the post. He has been fighting and working for half a century, and has been engaged both with savage enemies in wild countries and with men armed with modern weapons of precision, and he has seen the British soldier fighting in all possible conditions. He knows Tommy Atkins thoroughly, and he knows just as well what are the necessities of armies in the field and what are the duties of peace-time preparation. Lord Roberts possesses the whole-hearted confidence of the forces, and of the country at large, and we shall doubtless soon see his energising direction working for the good of the military forces. We shall expect him, as in South Africa, to make every preparation, to calculate his means to his ends, and then to act with decision and effect. These are the qualities which he has displayed in the field, and which he will manifest just as much in the administrative sphere.

THE work of organisation will demand the highest qualities Grave defects of the system have been revealed, and the permanent addition made to our forces affords an excellent opportunity for taking the business in hand It will never do to cloud the importance of the matter in the burst of national joy felt at the successful conclusion of the war, for excellent fighting men as the Boers are in many ways, it must be remembered that they possess but the merest rudiments of organised discipline, and that if they had been directed by a great military administration things would have gone very differently after some of our reverses. Lord Roberts is happily not of the happy-go-lucky school which trusts to "muddling through." He knows that in improvising military strength there is always waste of effort. and that the enthusiasm of half-trained men does not make good for the ordered discipline and efficient work of soldiers directed by an efficient military machine. The quality of an army must depend upon the central administration, and it is only when that administration is good and operates with foresight that the country can feel safe. We cannot take our pattern from any other nation, because the British Army is intended for special work, and no slavish following of continental models can avail us in this important business.

A RULING INSTINCT.

Johannesburg, like Kimberley, is One of the Great Racing Centres in South Africa, and one of the First Things Our Forces did after they had Occupied the "Golden City" was to get up a Race Meeting. Our picture shows the Grand Stand at this First Racing Event after the Union Flag was Hoisted there.



THE ARRIVAL OF LIEUT.-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL IN CAPE TOWN.
The Crowd in Adderley Street.

London will do itself Honour by-and-bye, when the Men who have been Fighting in South Africa Return to it. Meantime the Cape is doing its best, and our picture shows the Mad Enthusiasm Displayed when Baden-Powell reached Cape Town. The City offered a Whole-hearted Welcome to the Gallant Officer.

"Navy & Army."

FROM SEA TO SEA.

Since the Completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Relief of Ships' Crews on the Pacific Station, the Headquarters of which is Esquimalt, is much more easily effected than when the whole Long Journey had to be made by Sea. Our picture shows the men who have Steamed Across the Atlantic and Crossed Canada by Rail, again Embarking at Port Vancouver to Cross the Few Miles of Water that lie between them and their Ultimate Destination at Esquimalt.

NOT the least difficulty comes from the fortunate necessity which arises of welding colonial military effort into the work of the strong Imperial weapon. The Premier of New Zealand submits proposals which are extremely important. Auckland, Wellington, Lyttelton, and Port Chalmers are to be strengthened and equipped, if the scheme be adopted, with modern guns. A battery is to

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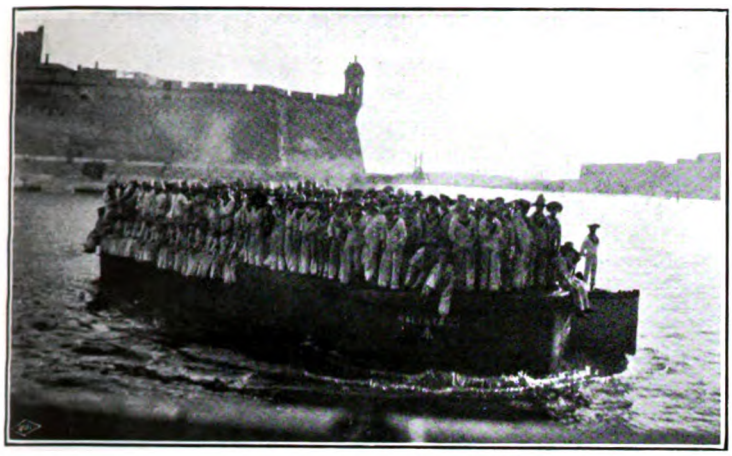

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

FROM REFRESHMENT TO LABOUR.

The "Hibernia" is the Depot-ship and Flag-ship of the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard at Malta, and it is in her that the Men Live and from her are sent daily to Work in Ships which are being Refitted and Repaired in the Harbour. The Lighter here seen, Towed by a Steam Pinnace, is Taking a Batch of 400 Men to do their Spell of Hard Work in the "Victorious," the Big First-class Battle-ship that has Recently Returned from China to the Mediterranean.

Photo. Copyright. *M. F. Montegriffo.*

HANDY AFLOAT, HANDY ASHORE.

As at our own Military Tournament, so too in all Garrison Sports and Competitions at any Seaport Abroad, Jack takes his Part, and is quite as Popular as, if not more so than, any other Feature in the Show. We see him here going through that Dramatic Gun Drill which he does so effectively when he is called upon, whether it be at a Military Tournament or on the South African Veldt.

be placed for the protection of Westport, the coaling depôt used by the fleet. Thirty thousand rifles and a number of Maxims are to be bought; rifle clubs are to be established, and cadet corps to be encouraged as a feeding force for the Volunteers, and an Imperial reserve is to be created. The total estimate of first cost is £373,000, but the Imperial authorities are asked to advance or guarantee a portion of the annual cost of the Imperial reserve. This is a proposal that can only be regarded in the light of the re-organisation of the military forces of the Crown.

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THE arrival of the gallant C.I.V.'s in this country at the end of the month is looked forward to with feelings of great gratification. Lord Roberts has shown on every occasion his high appreciation of the citizen soldiers, and not the least satisfactory sign is that he has singled out a number of them for commissions in the line and promotion in their own corps. Among these are Private FitzClarence (14th Middlesex) to the Royal Fusiliers, Corporal Elam and Lieutenant Moeller, both of the Honourable Artillery Company, to the Royal Horse Artillery, Corporal Castle-Smith (20th Middlesex, Artists') to the Lancashire Fusiliers, Lieutenant R. S. Chadwick (14th Middlesex) to the 9th Lancers, Lieutenant Burnside to the 3rd Hussars, and Captain C. A. Mortimore to the Royal Artillery, while Private Mark Haggard, a nephew of the famous novelist, and several more, have been promoted in their own regiment. Many others might have been named. They are all excellent men for commissions. Mr. FitzClarence, who was educated at Radley, and has rowed in the Radley Eight, is gazetted to a regiment which was formerly commanded by his uncle, Lord Frederick FitzClarence, and in which his cousin was killed in the Crimea. Mr. Elam's father is a solicitor, and he was educated at Tonbridge School. Mr. Castle-Smith was a Westminster boy, and has been with Maudslays', the engineers, at Lambeth.

Photo. *Lafayette*

CAPT. S. T. BANNING, R. Munster Fusiliers.

A Soldier and a Scholar is a Fit Title for Captain Banning. He is an Instructor at Sandhurst in Tactics, Military Administration, and Military Law. Needless to say, he has Passed the Staff College. Besides this, he is a B.A. and LL.D. of the Royal University, Ireland, an LL.B. of London, and a Barrister-at-Law of the Middle Temple. And he is as good a Soldier as he is a Scholar. He is also an Irishman.

He comes of an old legal family, and the late Sir Montagu Smith was his cousin. Mr. Chadwick, late of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers, was educated at Marlborough; Lieutenant Burnside, a son of Sir Bruce Burnside, at Bradfield, and was intended for the Navy; and Captain Mortimore, a keen Volunteer, at Uppingham School. These are good types of the C.I.V. Major Pawle, second in command of the City Infantry, is now Receiver of Revenue at Pretoria.

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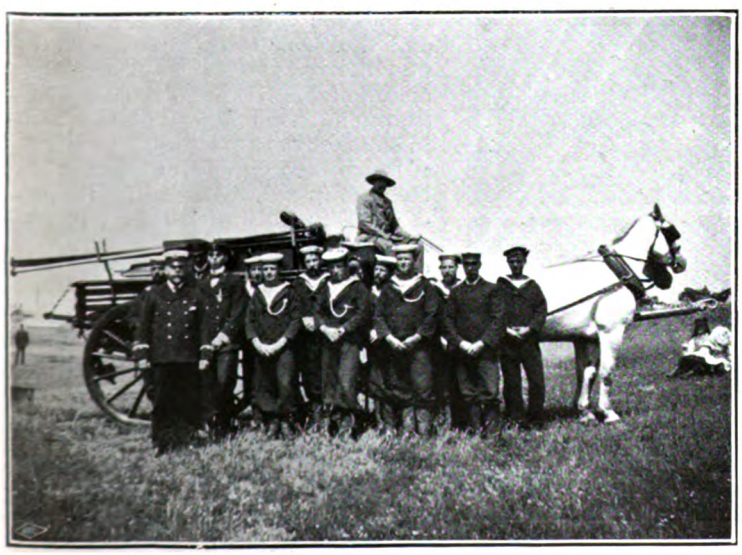
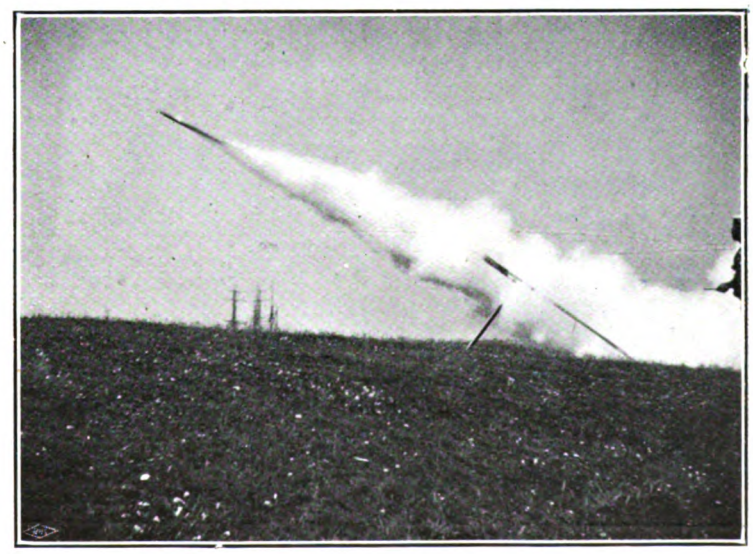
THE Russians have a very short way with the Chinese. They certainly know how to make themselves feared, and in China to be feared is to be respected. Full confirmation is wanting of their brutalities on the Manchurian border, but meanwhile the *Manila Times* has given some curious accounts of their methods at the Chinese capital. The Russian Secretary of Legation, some years ago, hired a Peking cart to take him home, and when the Oriental Jehu demanded more than his fare, the official ordered the sergeant of the Legation Guard to tie him up and give him four dozen lashes. "Now," said the official, "you have learned not to try again to overcharge a Russian gentleman." On another occasion a Russian student-interpreter met a cart conveying two Lama priests along a very muddy road, and as the driver did not make way as the Russian thought he should, he dragged the offender off his perch and then routed out the Lamas with vigorous blows, until all three were grovelling in the slush, where he compelled them to kotow to him nine times. According to the same paper, many other incidents of a like kind might be given to illustrate the respect in which the Chinese hold the Russians, and the moral is that firmness is necessary, and that brutality appears only natural to the Chinaman. This is, doubtless, an extreme view, though there is some essential truth in it. In China, as more or less in all Oriental countries, the European must "make perforce his merit known."





Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA.

Soon the Winter Gales will be upon us, and the Coastguardsmen will often be called on to fulfil, unostentatiously and with but little recognition, One of those Multifarious Duties that devolve on that Marvellous Service known as the Royal Navy. In the first of our pictures we see the Crew of the Life-saving Rocket Apparatus at Hove, a South Coast Station, near which Wrecks are frequent. The second picture is unique, for the Coastguard is seen at Work, with the Masts of a Distressed Vessel in the Background. The picture was snapped as the Rocket was actually Flying through the Air.

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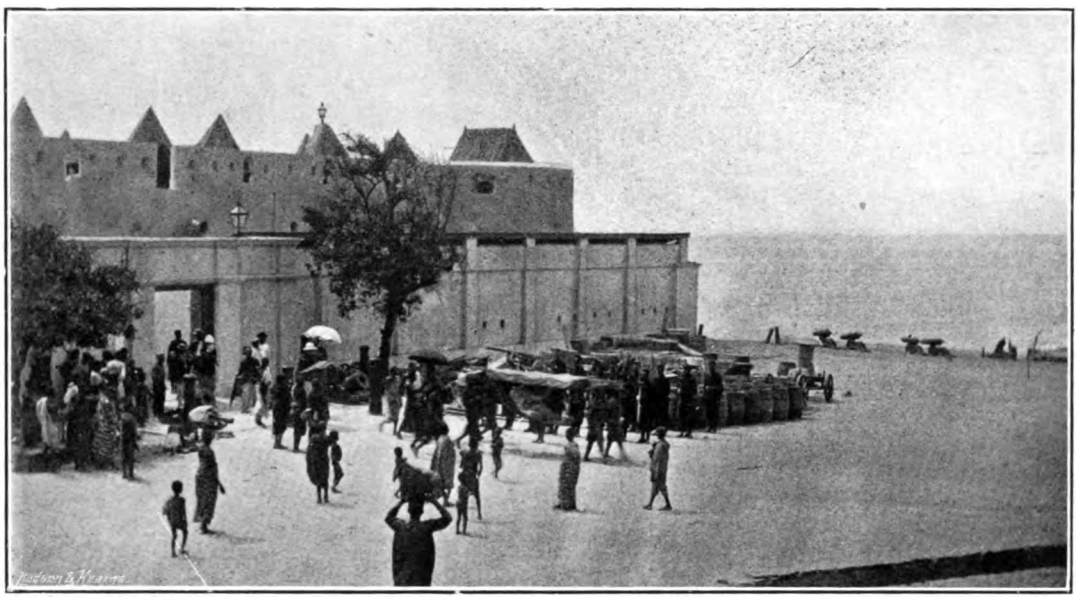
THE French military manœuvres were a source of great gratification to most Frenchmen who witnessed them, and were made the occasion for what looked like a burying of the hatchet between the Government and the Army. Now that they are well over, an impression is abroad that they were disappointing. Some critics were led to the conclusion that the French have not yet mastered the true lesson. They appear to possess a gun that is all that could be desired, capable of firing thirty rounds a minute with the utmost ease. But what was surprising was that, when the troops met, they showed little disposition to take cover, and actually, on more than one occasion, opened fire from a standing position and in close formation. One who came fresh from South Africa declared he saw a division of twelve battalions and five batteries in action on a front of equal extent to that in which a single battalion of General Pole-Carew's division advanced to the attack in the action outside Pretoria. Solid masses of men were hurled forward, and no doubt remained upon the minds of observers that in actual warfare they would have been practically annihilated. Probably the French already recognise this themselves. If the operations in South Africa take long to bear fruit at Aldershot, it is not to be wondered at that they did not soon fructify in the plains of Beauce.

PORK FOR THE FLEET.

China is Par Excellence the Land of Pork, and Good Fresh Pork is a Nice Succulent Diet Hard to Beat. The above is a thoroughly characteristic Picture of Chinese Manners and Customs. The Chinaman dislikes the Stranger, but he doesn't Object to his Money, and he is here seen Packing his Pigs in Baskets for Conveyance in Sampans to the Ships of the "Foreign Devils" Lying Out in the Offing.

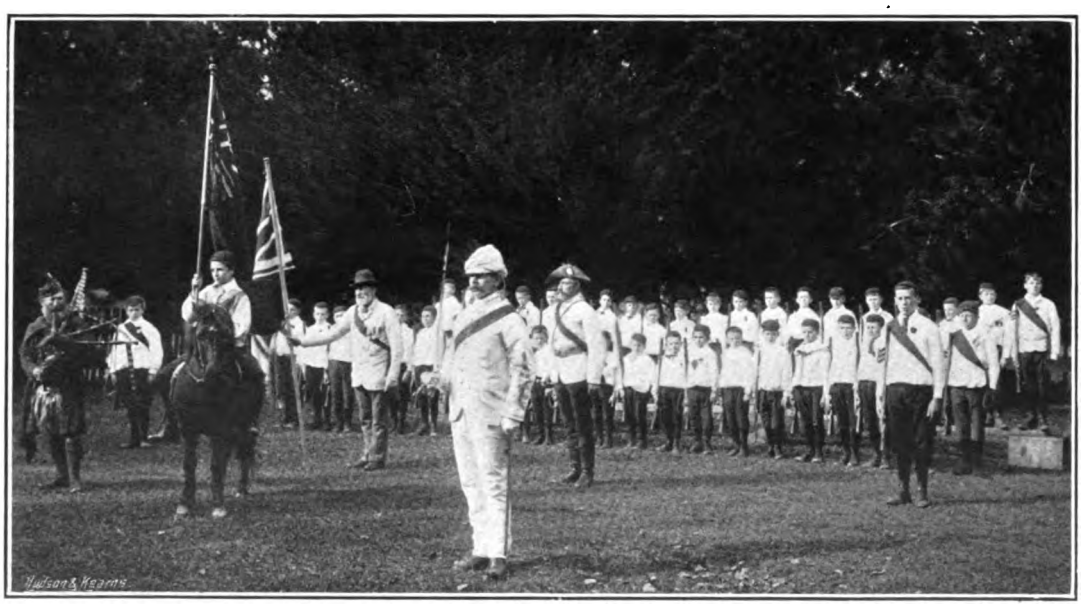
IT is interesting to know that a French committee, designing to do honour to the Frenchmen killed at Waterloo, has bought a piece of ground at the crossing near the Brussels road, and in the vicinity of Plancenoit, that is to say near the Belle Alliance, and is about to place there a monument executed by Gérôme. The design is striking and dramatic—an eagle in its death agony with its right wing broken and its left extended but pierced with bullets, grasping the staff of a riddled Imperial eagle. The figure of the bird is over 6-ft. high, and the outstretched wing measures 10-ft. The eagle stands upon a rock, and the complete height of the monument will be nearly 50-ft.



PICTURESQUE, BUT POWERLESS.

Cape Coast Castle has always been the Sea Base for our Operations in the Gold Coast Protectorate Hinterland, and of course played the usual role in the Recent Fighting. What we now know as the Gold Coast Protectorate was First Discovered by French Navigators in the Fourteenth Century, and the Old Fort at Cape Coast Castle was in Existence when the Royal African Company Commenced Trading there in 1672

THE Sultan of Turkey, in addition to prohibiting such innovations as bicycle races and ballooning exercises, has, by a recently promulgated Iradé, interdicted the flight of carrier-pigeons. There appears to be more in this than reaches the eye. The Sultan himself is a pigeon fancier, and not long since had consignments of the best birds from England and Holland, which have been put in training between the pigeon cotes at the Yildiz Kiosk and the Chataldja Forts, and it is not likely that this training will be abandoned. The real reason of the Sultan's action appears to be found in the fact that for a long time back Russian steamers from Odessa have been engaged, with the help of experts, in training homing pigeons finally flown from the Embassy in Constantinople, and it is rumoured that Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece have been taking similar steps to maintain communications in case of trouble. It is not easy to see how the Iradé can receive full effect, for it will not be easy to prevent the suites of foreign Ministers from conveying pigeons to their Embassies. Pigeon-flying is attracting new interest. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York both possess pigeon lofts, to which enthusiasts assign military value.



Photos. Copyright. A UNIQUE GUARD OF HONOUR. *"Navy & Army."*

"Way Back," as they say in the Colonies, in the North Island of New Zealand, is the District of Rangitikei, Two Hundred Miles from Wellington, which has Hunterville as its Centre. The Laddies here shown are the Guard of Honour of the Hunterville School Cadets who received Lord Ranfurly, the Governor, on the Occasion of his First Visit to the District. Some of the Lads in the Battalion, which has Six Companies, are only Six Years of Age.

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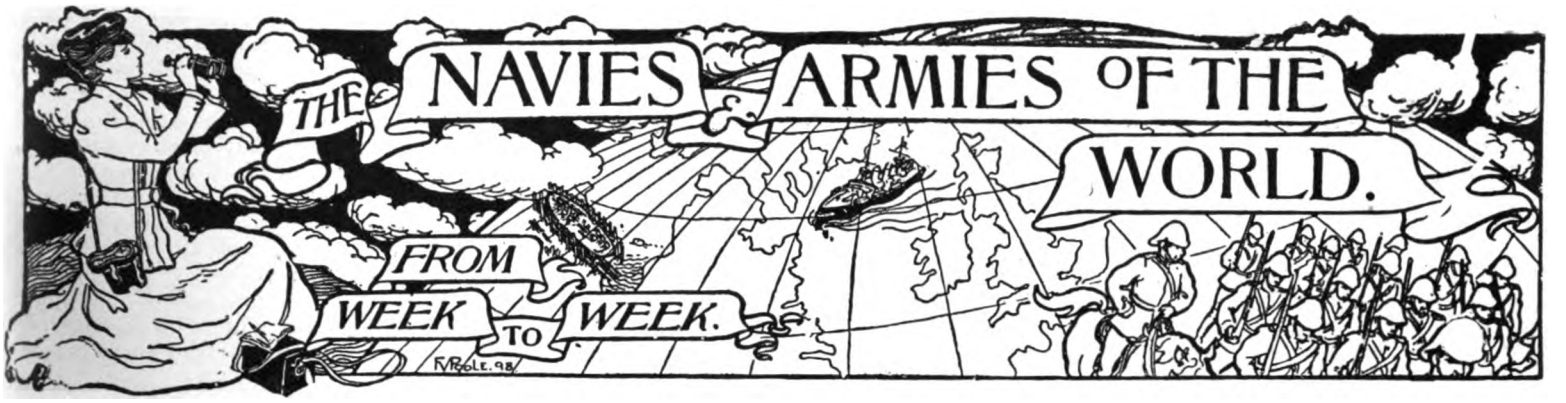

GENERAL ANDRE, the French Minister of War, has just made a great revolution of a social kind in the lives of French officers, though whether the latter state of those gentlemen will be better or worse than the first, is a question which the reader will be able to decide for himself. Hitherto it has been the rule that when a French officer married he had to show to the satisfaction of the proper authority that the young lady whom he proposed to lead to the altar was the happy possessor of a yearly income of 1,200 francs (£48 or thereabouts.) This had to be interest on capital, and not merely a life rent, and it was supposed to represent 25,000 francs, say, £1,000. As a matter of vulgar fact, what happened when Lieutenant Achilles or Captain Hippolyte, who had nothing but his pay, wanted to marry Mdlle. Angèlique, who had precisely the same fortune and no pay, was this. Somebody was persuaded, somehow or other, to lend her the needful capital, which was paid back immediately after the wedding, and the happy couple were then able to discover by experience that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window. When an officer was rich, he advanced the money himself, and got it back with the lady. This presumably did not happen often. The explanation given of this regulation is that fathers in easy circumstances did not like to give their daughters in marriage to military men who were always moving about with their regiments, and were liable to be killed.

* * * *

The circumstances have, it appears, changed. With the territorial system officers are no longer the rolling stones they were, so that the parents can continue to enjoy the society of their daughter, and likewise of the expected little strangers. Besides, there are no great wars, and so officers have as good a chance of dying in their beds as have civilians. Indeed, they die later than others, because they have to take exercise, which a well-to-do middle-aged Frenchman never does if he can help it. Finally, with universal obligatory service, one man is as liable to be knocked on the head as another. So nowadays there is no trouble about the dowry. Rather the contrary. Such is the prestige of the uniform, that an officer is absolutely pursued by dowries, and it requires some resolution and skill on his part to escape marriage with a nice girl who has a nice little amount of money. This, at any rate, is the pleasing statement of M. Cornély of the *Figaro*, but it seems too good to be true. If it has any foundation in fact, it certainly explains the popularity of military service in France. Who would not be a soldier when his epaulettes not only cover him with glory, but make him sure of a lovely bride and a comfortable fortune!

* * * *

However that may be, the circumstances have changed in the opinion of the Minister of War, and so he abolishes the restriction, which really restricted nobody. He has replaced it by regulations which may be excellently adapted to Frenchmen, but are certainly calculated to make the British officer open the eye of amazement. In future, when a French officer wishes to submit to the chains of matrimony he will have to inform the general commanding the district in which he is stationed. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from the Mayor of the place in which the family of the desired bride live, testifying to their position and reputation among their neighbours. When in possession of this document, the general will make enquiries, and when forwarding the document to the Ministry of War, must add his reasons for believing in the morality of the bride and the propriety of the marriage. The general can have recourse to the police (*pourra recourir à la gendarmerie*) for the purpose of making the necessary enquiries, but the mission must be entrusted only to officers, or to "non-commissioned officers whose instruction and education offer the necessary guarantees of reserve and discretion." Permissions to marry are to be good for six months, but can be renewed on application and the production of sufficient evidence of the propriety of the demand.

* * * *

One never knows quite how things look to men of another race, but to us these regulations, of which only a small part has been quoted here, appear to be the perfection of insolent interference. Imagine the feelings of Captain Marmaduke Ponsonby de Tomkyns on being called upon to produce a certificate from the Mayor of Eatanswill (fee 5s.) duly attesting the respectability of his future father-in-law. And what would be his manly indignation on learning that a pay-sergeant, of approved instruction and education, had been seconded to enquire into the morality of Angelina? How would the pay-sergeant set about it? By asking the crossing sweeper, inveigling the "buttons" into a neighbouring public, and pumping him over a pot of beer, or by making love to the cook and so worming out the family secrets, as discovered, interpreted, or invented downstairs? A gentleman upon being asked to play the amateur detective would, one supposes, be speechless through disgust, but there does not appear to be any doubt at the French War Office as to the readiness of officers to do this kind of thing. Of course, the new regulations will be about as effectual as the old restriction. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the whole apparatus of Mayor's certificate and general's enquiries will be a mere formality, though from our point of view a most vexatious and unwarrantable one. Yet the exceptional case must not be forgotten. We have only to think for a moment of what would follow if certain of the persons who figured in a late affair were in authority and wished to spite a subordinate who desired to marry. General Andre's regulations would open the door to any amount of mean tyranny being exercised not only over the officer himself, but all his connections also.

* * * *

The building programme of the French Navy for 1901 is an interesting, and even a rather touching, monument of the fragility of "schools" and prevailing enthusiasms generally in regard to armaments and the organisation of military forces by sea or land. It is only, so to speak, yesterday since the new school of Admiral Aube, and of M. Gabriel Charmes, his prophet, appeared to be entirely dominant in France. All the talk then was of torpedo-boats which were to worry battle-ships off the sea, and of swift protected cruisers which were to destroy commerce. We heard much of the folly of building great battle-ships, or even large cruisers meant to fight, seeing that England could always outnumber them. The young Navy was all for commerce destroying and harassing tactics, to be carried out by swift vessels, the smaller the better. The teaching of these prophets had its echo here, and we used to be told a good deal of the torpedo-boat's virtues, and the unwisdom of putting all our eggs in one basket. With us the torpedo-boat never inspired very great enthusiasm, and the great battle-ship went on getting greater, in spite of all the pleas and prophecies of the advocates of moderate dimensions. But in France it was not quite so, and the new school did produce a considerable effect. Yet when we look at the building programme for 1901, it is as if no such thing had ever been. The French are about to launch two battle-ships, and to begin two others of something like the proportions of the "Formidable." Meanwhile they are building, or about to build, fourteen armoured cruisers, vessels which are palpably meant to give battle on occasion. The torpedo-boat has been dropped, and the destroyer has come in its place. We hear a good deal of the submarine, or submersible, boat, which is the new enthusiasm of our neighbours; but this fresh wonder holds a very subordinate place by the side of vessels designed to do the old work of war, in as near an approach to the old way as is possible with steam. The French are perfectly right in reverting to the principles of former times, for the fantastic idea that you can win in war by dodging, evading, and nibbling at the heels of your enemy will not bear examination by reason. But the disappearance from sight of the "new school," which now in the regular course of Nature has become decrepit, ought to be a warning to those who feel disposed to yield to every fresh clamour, and every new fad, which is very loud, and confident, and cock sure that it can alter the whole character of war. These things never last, and money spent under their influence is nearly always money wasted.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

What will they do with it?

THE victory secured by the Government at the polls is overwhelming and decisive. It leaves no question upon the minds of doubters at home or rivals abroad as to what the British people mean. They mean Imperialism. The broad issue has not been confused in any appreciable degree by temporary or local circumstances, and both by the declarations of members of the Government and the interpretations of the Press we know that the country has spoken with its mind fixed upon affairs that are not in the insular sphere. The extreme clearness of the public judgment, expressed by the return of Conservatives, Unionists, and Liberal Imperialists, will not be lost upon South Africa or upon the Great Powers. We are emerging from a war wherein momentous issues were involved of an imperial order—a war which has been in many ways a hard trial to our national pride. War is always a hideous and engrossing fact. It cannot be paltered with, and to the credit of the British Empire be it said that we have not paltered with it. It has had our whole-hearted, undivided attention, and, in the strain of muscle and fibre, we have won the incalculable advantage that falls to a nation that concentrates all its force upon a great and absorbing problem. The nation led its leaders with no uncertain voice in this matter, and the note is as true now as it was before the war began.

Lord Salisbury's Government appealed to the country for a vote of confidence, and they have received a new mandate. We are not here concerned to enquire what measure of confidence is accorded to this member of the Government or that, nor whether, if there had been a strong, united body on the other side, led by commanding intellects, the country might not have given another verdict at the polls. When Lord North had submitted to him a list of officers proposed for the operations in America, he said that he did not know what effect those names might have upon the enemy, but that they made him tremble. It may be that such misgivings are inspired in the minds of certain chosen spirits in the Cabinet as to the capacity and statesmanship of some of their colleagues. It is, however, just to say that when a political creed is inspired in great degree by sentiment—and Imperialism, it may be admitted, partakes largely of that character—there may often be difficulty in obtaining a clear and decided confession of political faith. We will go further, and say that the expansion of empire has nearly always been reached by paths uncertain and obscure.

But we should be sorry to suppose that Lord Salisbury entertained any doubt as to what Imperialism means. In regard to South Africa, indeed, it seems to us that the greater, or at least the decisive, work is done. *Jacta est alea.* The late Republics are embodied in the British Empire, and the task is one of administrative creation. It is a task that may well absorb the full efforts of the Colonial Office—which, be it noted, has not taken the country into its confidence in regard to the details of its policy—but it cannot exhaust the energies of the Government. For Imperialism does not end with South Africa. It embraces the welfare of the Empire at large, the hastening of its prosperity, the fostering of its commerce, the maintenance and perfecting of the means and the engines of its safeguard and protection. It demands the highest statecraft, and its ends are not achieved by a policy which gives us, as in South Africa, an Army unfitted for our work, or that, through imperfect direction, leaves us in Naval inferiority in China.

Rarely has a more inspiring task lain before a responsible Minister than that which now lies before Lord Salisbury. What will his Government do with their majority? A supreme opportunity is offered. The country demands, and the Cabinet is pledged to carry through, a measure of Army reform and reorganisation; and Lord Roberts, our most experienced soldier, is there to lend the weight of his genius and professional authority in shaping the Government policy. There must be nothing half-hearted in this. True it is that we have looked in vain for any definite indication of the intentions of the authorities. It may be that Ministers do not yet know their own minds. They are awaiting the arrival of Lord Roberts before preparing their plans, but bitter will be the disappointment and resentment of the country if they do not support him with a will. A happy augury is found in the confidence that the gallant Field-Marshal inspires in every branch of his own Service, both in the Imperial Army and the Colonial Forces. The magnitude of the work is expressed when we see that it is a true Imperial Army we require, in which the soldiering of the colonies must have a definite and reasonable part. It cannot be an Army that places its trust in rifle clubs—useful as these may be—or that depends in any degree whatever upon improvising means at the outbreak of war, with the waste and extravagance of effort and money and the public peril that inevitably result. Least of all can it be an Army without a policy, created and maintained for an end and with a purpose that are not understood and defined. It must embody the best of our manhood, but there must be no lingering thought that its first and chiefest work is to defend these insular shores.

But the work of the Government does not end with South Africa and the Army. A colossal task confronts Mr. Goschen's successor, and incidentally it may be remarked with regret that the Naval Service in the new Parliament is scarcely represented at all. China is an object-lesson not to be misread in its bearing upon Naval supremacy. We now see, not only that the balance of Naval force is no longer the same that affected us before, but also in what manner it may directly concern us. As important, therefore, as the measure of military strength is that of sea power, and the increase of the Fleet, including the development of our constructive resources, and the providing of it with officers and men perfectly trained, and in every way fit for their duties, will demand penetrating judgment and wide administrative powers. Upon this matter, again, the Government have given no sign—perhaps could have given no sign pending the selection of a new First Lord. To that gentleman the nation will confide a great and supremely important task—the maintenance of the Naval tradition, and the full exercise of the functions and powers that that tradition implies. We are in quest of a Colbert, not of a Lockroy.

It must be confessed that the action or inaction of the Government in China does not inspire confidence. The definitive occupation of Port Arthur by Russia, after repeated assertions that the occupation was only temporary, giving the *droit du premier mouillage*, is now an old story. So, too, is that of the concession to Russia of the exclusive right to construct railways north of the Great Wall, while she, on her part, engaged not to seek any railway concessions in the basin of the Yang-tse. And yet the concession to the so-called Belgian Syndicate and the Russo-Chinese Bank—which Lord Salisbury has told us is a Russian State Bank—of the right to construct a line which will be both commercial and strategic from Peking to Hankow, through a district of China which is phenomenally rich, is a distinct infraction of that agreement, and was a diplomatic triumph for Russia. Now Hankow is in the very heart of the Yang-tse region, in which we are supposed to possess predominant interests and rights, and is to be connected with Canton by an American line. It possesses the capabilities of developing into a Chicago, and has also splendid water communications in every direction; but even there the vast tea trade is already in the hands of Russians, while Germans conduct the huge commerce in hides, and nearly every Power has won concessions along the river. Thus are we losing in the race in China. The Government will be unworthy of the great responsibilities they have accepted if they do not set a wide interpretation upon the Imperialism they have extolled, if they do not realise that we are not running with the swiftest, if they do not provide, by an organising and developing statecraft, for the commercial progress and efficient protection of our race in every part of the world. The Government have the nation behind them. It is for them to see that they use their unrivalled opportunities well.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 11, 1746.—Capture of the French "Mars," 64, by the "Nottingham," 64, off Cape Clear. 1797.—Battle of Camperdown.

October 12, 1702.—Rooke's destruction of the treasure galleons at Vigo. 1798.—Defeat of Commodore Bompart's squadron for the invasion of Ireland by Sir J. B. Warren, in Donegal Bay. 1843.—Rear-Admiral Sir R. H. Harris born.

October 13, 1776.—Defeat of the American flotilla on Lake Champlain by the British flotilla. 1782.—Lord Howe's relief of Gibraltar. 1795.—Capture of the French "Républicaine," 18, off Grenada, by the "Mermaid," 32. 1796.—Capture of the Spanish "Mahonesa, 36, by the "Terpsichore," 32, off Cartagena. 1883.—The "Amphion" launched. 1897.—The "Canopus" launched.

OCTOBER 11, 1763.—Surrender of Fort Monghir to Major Adams. 1780.—Capture of Forts Anne and George (American War) by Major Carleton. 1799.—French defeated at Lemmertown, West Friesland.

October 12, 1702.—Capture of Vigo by Sir George, Rooke. 1758.—Attack by French and Indians on the British post at Hannon, North America, repulsed. 1809.—Surrender of Cerigo, one of the Ionian Islands, to General Oswald. 1860.—Peking captured by French and British forces. 1899.—Armoured train derailed at Kraaipan by the Boers—the first engagement in the war.

October 13, 1803.—Capture of the Mahratta fort of Barrabutee by Colonel Harcourt. 1812.—Americans, under General Smith, defeated at Queenstown, on Lake Erie, by Major Derenzy.

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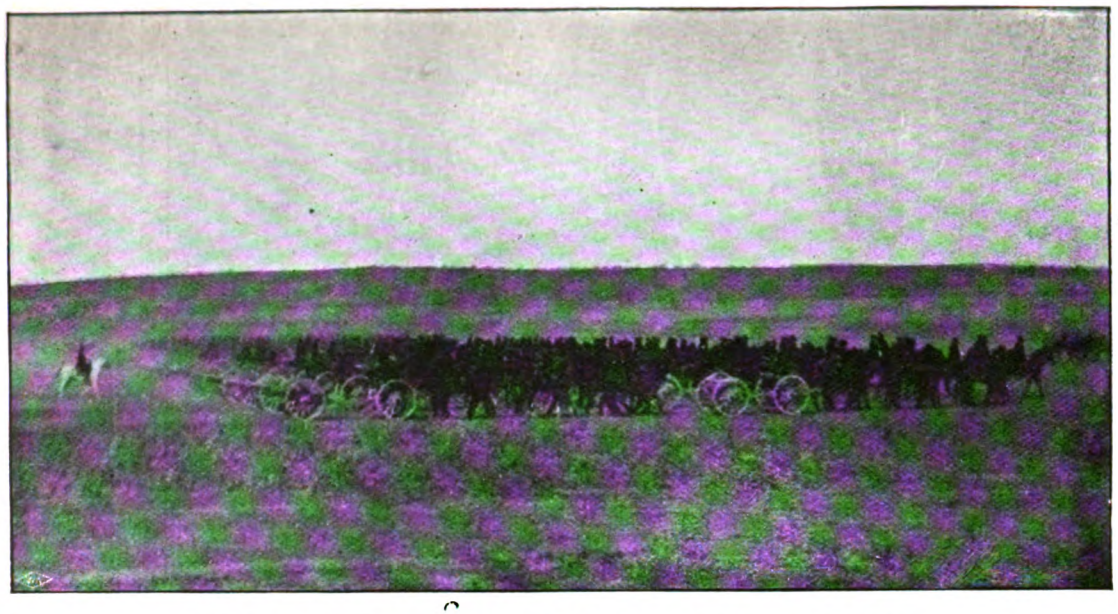
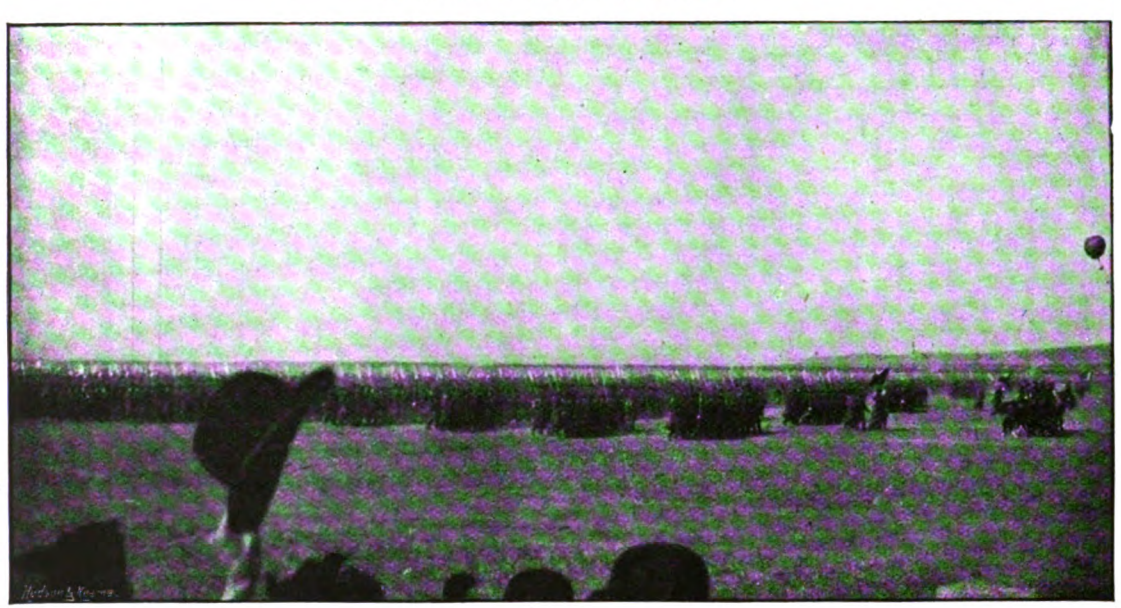
THE FRENCH MANŒUVRES.



SEVEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY ROUNDS A MINUTE.
Six French Batteries Marching Past in Line.

CONSCRIPT CAVALRY—A GAY AND GLITTERING SPECTACLE.
A Brigade of Dragoons Marching Past.



A SOLID SEA OF BAYONETS.
The 20th Division Swings by. Note the Balloon.

THE "PIECE DE RESISTANCE."
Advance of Two Divisions of Cavalry in Line.

The Review before President Loubet.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

THE NEW YORK WORLD
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God-speed to Lord Hopetoun.

Lord Shaftesbury. Sir John Cockburn. Earl of Glasgow. Lord Brassey. Lord Carrington. Sir Andrew Clarke. Lord Ampthill. Lord Aberdeen. Right Hon. G. J. Goschen. Lord Lansdowne. Lord Hulsbury. Lord Selborne (in Chair). Lord Hopetoun (Standing). Lord Clarendon. Earl of Jersey. Hon. H. Copeland. Sir Philip Fysh. Lord Denbigh. Sir Henry Norman.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

FAREWELL BANQUET GIVEN LAST WEEK TO THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

From a Photo. by Fradel'e & Young, 283, Regent Street, by Courtesy of Langher, Limited

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Germany in the Far East.

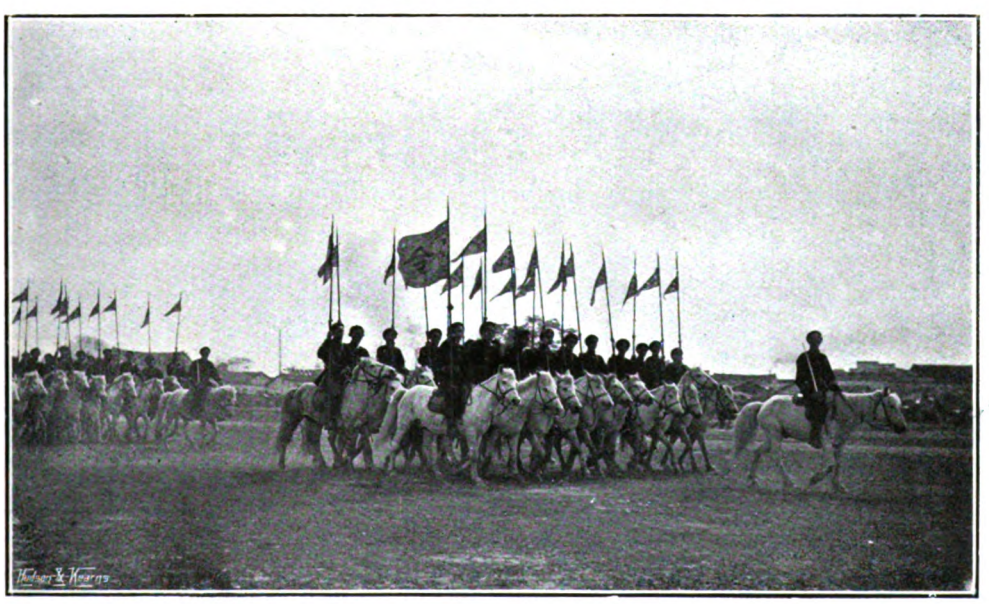
THE arrival of Count von Waldersee in the Far East indicated, of course, his assumption of that position of generalissimo to the Allied Forces to which he had been already appointed. At the points at which he stopped *en route* he was received with the ceremony which belonged to his rank. But apart from any question of this sort, his selection for the chief command of the forces of the Allied Powers draws attention to the work which Germany has already done.

At the present moment, the German squadron in Chinese waters is stronger than that of any other Power. It comprises four battle-ships and an armoured cruiser, and then there is the "Gefion," a second-class cruiser, of whose officers we give a picture. When all the civilised Powers have worked so loyally and well in China side by side, it would be a little invidious to attempt to single out the representatives of any particular Power for special commendation. We know perfectly well what was done by our own seamen and marines on Seymour's heroic march, which was none the less brave and self-sacrificing because it failed to carry out its object. Its failure was caused by the fact that the Chinese Imperial troops had joined its opponents. But Admiral Seymour was not stinting in the praise he awarded to the German Naval contingent which formed a part of his column. His despatch, indeed, pays a tribute to German work over and over again, and it is such documents as this—especially when they proceed from the pen of a discriminating and unselfish Commander-in-Chief—that are really the most valuable from the historical standpoint. The Germans captured some junks which were afterwards used for the conveyance of wounded, and subsequently, when the expedition was in a tight place, it was the Germans who captured several guns.

Sir Edward Seymour expressed his personal sense of the services of Captain von Usedom who was officially nominated to succeed the admiral in the event of a Chinese bullet finding its way home, and who commanded at the battle of Langfang. "In this determined attack on us," says Admiral Seymour, "the first in which Chinese Imperial troops joined with the Boxers, Captain von Usedom was wounded. To his skilful conduct and arrangements for withdrawing the train when it had become necessary, the avoidance of a disaster should be ascribed. As second to myself in rank of all officers present, I often consulted him with much benefit, and I also officially nominated him to succeed me in the direction of the expedition should I fall, and then felt our general interests would not suffer." This is high praise, coming as it does from a man like Seymour, whose tact and discrimination are proverbial throughout the Service. It shows how well the Germans worked with our own men, and how cordial has been the feeling of good-fellowship and *camaraderie* which has subsisted between the different detachments. People talk about friction and such-like. These are diplomatic phrases which may be used to work out political issues. In the field they have no meaning, and Sir Edward Seymour's words show how loyally Briton and Teuton worked together.

THE OFFICERS OF THE GERMAN WAR-SHIP "GEFION."
The Detachment from this Ship did Good Service in Seymour's Advance.

GERMAN NAVAL FIELD GUNS IN KIUNTSCHAU.
Observe the Jack Tars Mounted on the Animals Drawing the Guns.



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TAMING THE ALMOST UNTAMABLE.
Chinese Lancers Under European Control.

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THE NEW YORK WORLD

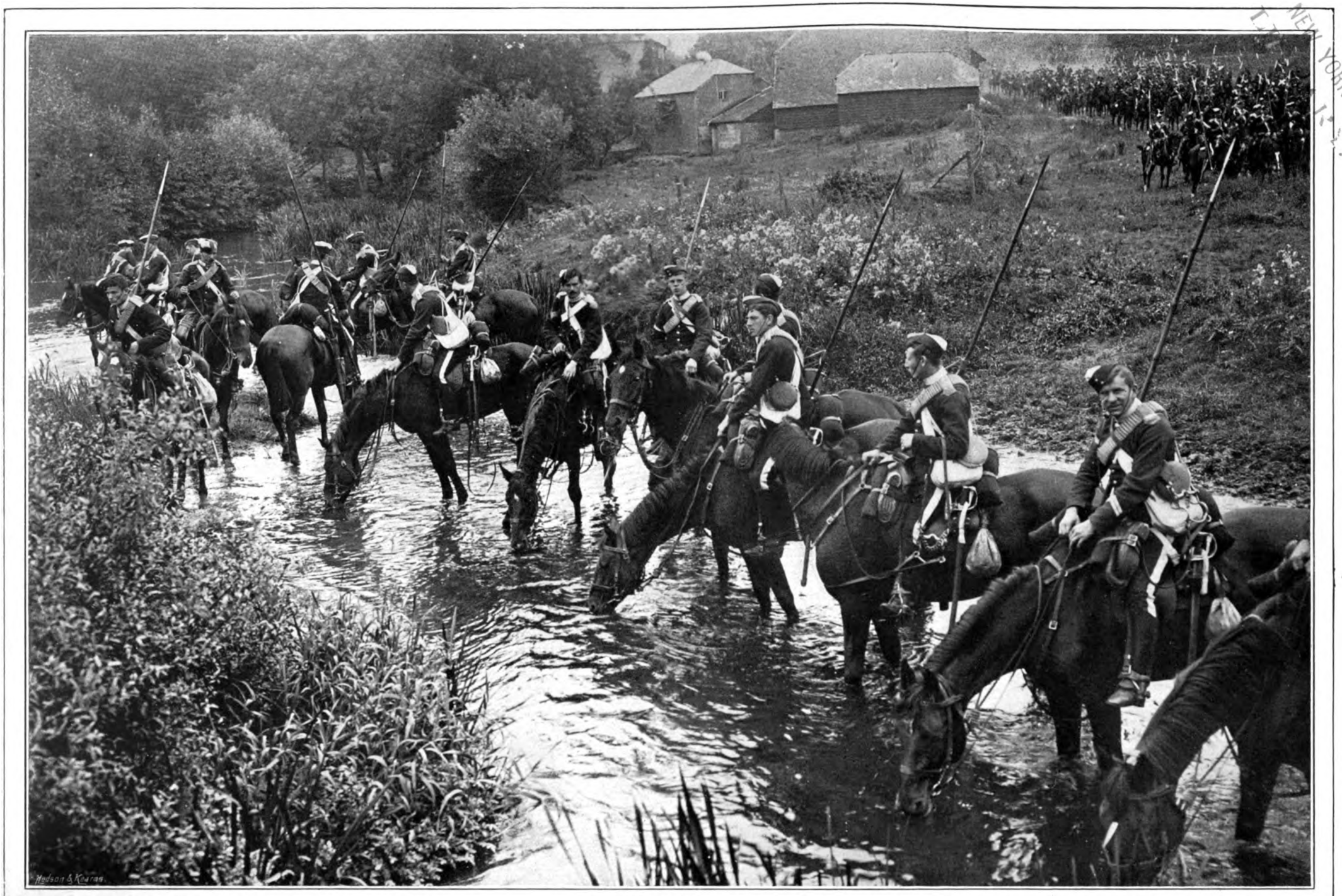

Photo. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

THE RECENT CAVALRY MANŒUVRES.—THE BAYS WATERING THEIR HORSES AT TETFORD.

The manœuvres which were recently carried out by the Aldershot Cavalry Brigade were in many respects most satisfactory. They comprised reconnoitring operations against a skeleton force, which was splendidly manipulated, and was not driven back without difficulty. Eventually, however, the advance patrols succeeded in penetrating to Havant and Portsmouth. Then the two Dragoon regiments joined the Southern Force, and a single regiment of Hussars was opposed to them on the return to Aldershot. The scouting was exceedingly good on both sides.

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The Portuguese in South Africa.

THE collapse of the Boer resistance in South Africa, with the flight of Mr. Kruger and his executive, has imposed a duty upon the Portuguese for which they have been long preparing. Our old allies, whom Wellington is said to have spoken of as the "fighting cocks of the Peninsula," were ready for the emergency, and when the Boers, on September 23, destroyed their "Long Toms" and crossed the border to Ressano Garcia, to the number of 3,000, including General Pienaar and his staff, they were immediately disarmed and despatched to Lourenço Marquez.

Thus the Portuguese are practically allied with us in putting an end to the Boer revolt, by interning the fugitives and despatching the paid mercenaries to their own countries. South Africa will be all the better for their departure. These circumstances lend a good deal of interest to the Portuguese Army, which is now undoubtedly a trained and very efficient body. In addition to a fine portrait of the King, as Marshal-General of the Forces, we are able to present a picture of the Crown Prince and a number of illustrations of Portuguese military life. Through the kindness of Senhor Desiderio Pacheco of Lisbon we are possessed of a very splendid series of pictures of the Portuguese Army and its establishments, and our illustrations to-day are but a selection from them.

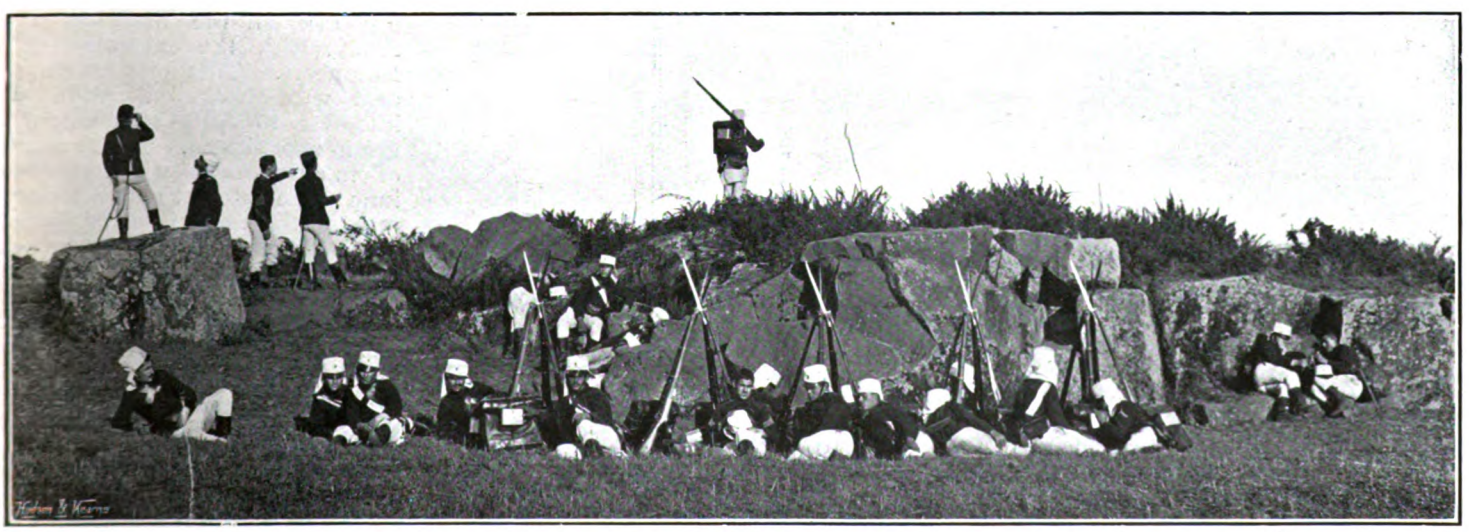
The situation of Portugal in South Africa has been throughout one of great difficulty. Nearly all the Boer supplies have reached them through Lourenço Marquez, but, on the other hand, an excellent feeling was created when Sir Frederick Carrington's Corps of Bushmen was allowed to land at the Portuguese port of Beira, and to proceed through the territory of that country to Rhodesia. The turn of events in South Africa has determined the Government in Lisbon to watch the frontier with care, and to take urgent steps to secure quiet in the country. Orders were issued for the formation of a special expeditionary corps on September 6, and it speaks well for the spirit of efficiency newly imparted to the Portuguese Army that the force was able to leave on the 13th in the transport "Benguella." The corps is under the command of a general of brigade, and comprises his staff, two companies of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, two companies of chasseurs, a battery of mountain and a company of fortress artillery, and a company of engineers, besides medical, veterinary, and administrative sections. Adding to these the continental troops now detached at Lourenço Marquez, or up-country—being a squadron of cavalry, a mountain battery, and two companies of infantry—and the troops forming the permanent garrison of the place, we find that Portugal will have a force of 4,000 men available for her present needs in South Africa. In addition, orders have been issued for the concentration of all available troops from Mozambique and Angola, while a new continental corps has received orders to be in readiness to depart.

The Portuguese Army is thus found active in the emergency, and military spirit runs high in the country. After long deliberation the Army received a new organisation on October 1, 1899, destined to increase its efficiency and to facilitate the work of mobilisation.

Under this system the active Army consists of four divisions, the engineers, artillery, and cavalry independent of these divisions, and the troops for the garrison of the adjacent islands (Madeira and the Azores), and there are also the reserve troops of the country and the islands. Each division of the active Army comprises two brigades of infantry, each of three two-battalion regiments, a regiment of chasseurs formed in four battalions, a regiment of cavalry comprising four squadrons, a regiment of field artillery with eight batteries, and a company of engineers. The active troops outside these divisions are companies of bridge-building troops, telegraphists, and railway troops, a group of two

H.R.H. LUIZ FELIPPE, DUKE OF BRAGANZA.
Crown Prince of Portugal.

THE EXPEDITIONARY CORPS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.
Infantry Equipped for Campaigning.



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AN OUTLYING PICQUET OF INFANTRY.
Examining the Enemy's Position.

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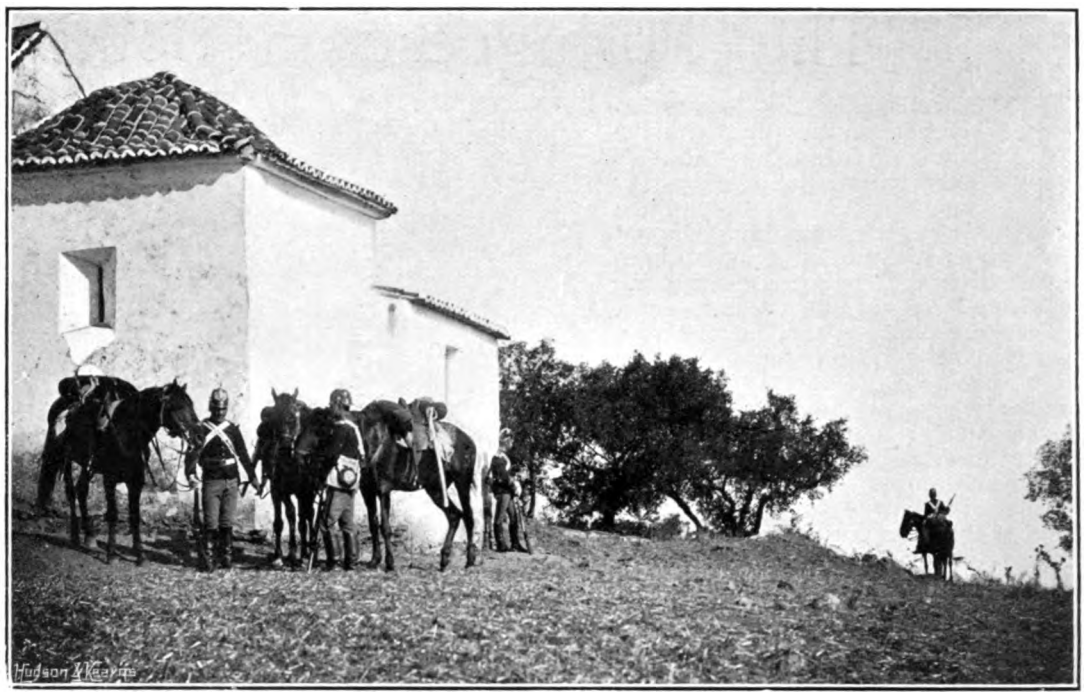
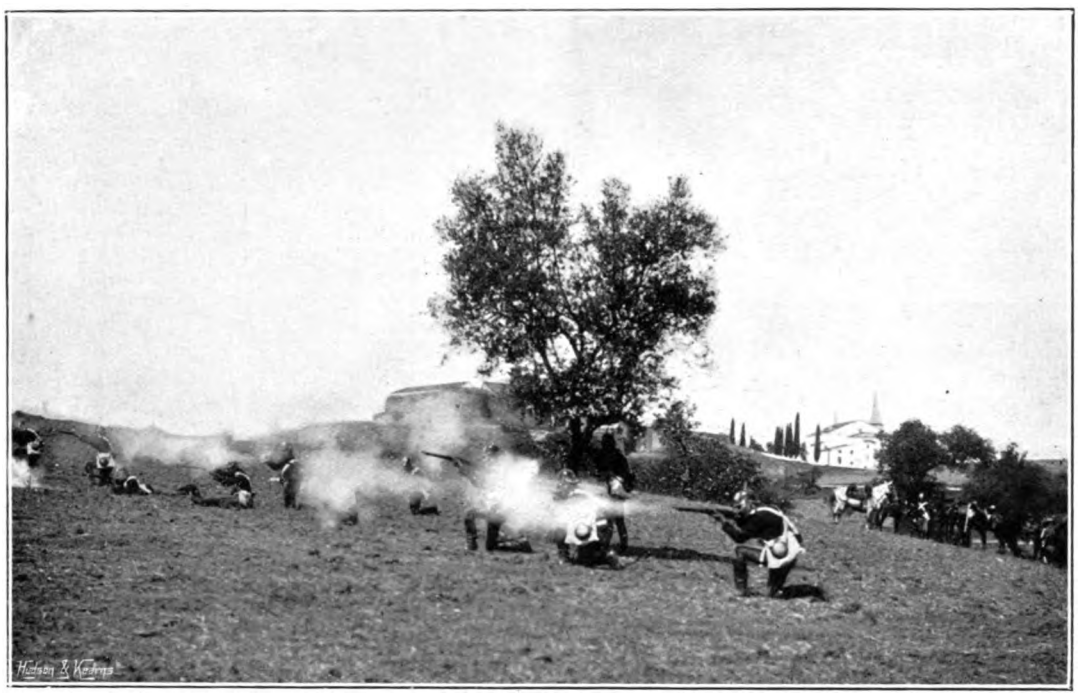
batteries of horse artillery, two batteries of mountain guns, two regiments of fortress artillery, and two brigades of cavalry, each of two regiments. The forces for the garrison of the islands of Madeira and the Azores are three infantry regiments and three companies of fortress artillery. The reserve forces are also very completely organised, and for the purposes of recruitment and mobilisation the country is divided into the four military districts of Lisbon, Vizeu, Oporto, and Evora. Each of these districts is the location of an active division, which plays its part in the military training and organisation of the reserve. In short, the system seems excellent and well conceived, and the training establishments, of which we may have something to say later on in other articles, are in a state of great efficiency. For command of the Army, the staff comprises, in addition to the King as Marshal-General, with supreme authority, one marshal, six generals of division, and twenty generals of brigade.



PORTUGUESE CHASSEURS—"A COSSACK POST."
Troops Reconnoitring at a Farm.

King Carlos I. of Portugal has never lost an opportunity of displaying his liking for our country. When the Channel Squadron visited the Tagus he exerted himself to give it a hearty welcome, and by his personal qualities he endeared himself to our officers; and his graceful spouse, Queen Marie Amélie, who was the daughter of the Comte de Paris, won all hearts by her kindness and constant courtesy. Their eldest son, Luiz Felippe, the young Duke of Braganza, who is heir to the throne, has already entered upon military life, and, though now only in his fourteenth year, is honorary colonel of the Real Collegio Militar. After the union of Portugal with Spain under Philip II. in 1580—a union which lasted sixty years—the Portuguese revolted, and proclaimed the Duke of Braganza as their national King, under the title of John IV., and from him the present King of Portugal is directly descended. Queen Maria II. (1834) by her marriage to a Prince of Coburg-Gotha, Fernando, Duke of Saxe, united the house of Braganza with that of the Teutonic Sovereigns, and King Carlos I. is the third Sovereign of Portugal of the Braganza-Coburg line. He is thus related to the German rulers, with whom he is on excellent terms, and under his rule Portugal promises to be prosperous and progressive.



A SUDDEN ALARM—ADVANCING TO ATTACK.
Cavalry Dismounted in the Field.

The illustrations of the Portuguese Army which we have here selected will afford our readers an opportunity of understanding the high effectiveness to which the military forces of our old ally have been brought. They illustrate all the branches of the Army, with the exception of the Engineers. This branch we shall deal with later on, when it is intended to fully supplement the group now shown. Of the pictures of infantry, one which possesses immediate interest shows a detachment of the expeditionary corps for South Africa, equipped for campaigning, while another depicts an outlying picquet of infantry. The realistic character of this, as well as of several others of the pictures, is due to the photographs from which they have been reproduced having been taken during manœuvres and exercises at the technical schools. In the cavalry pictures we see both chasseurs and lancers on service. Similarly there are illustrations of field, mountain, and fortress artillery, together with one illustrating the Ambulance Corps.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A PATROL OF LANCERS ON SERVICE.
Engaged in the Work of Exploration.

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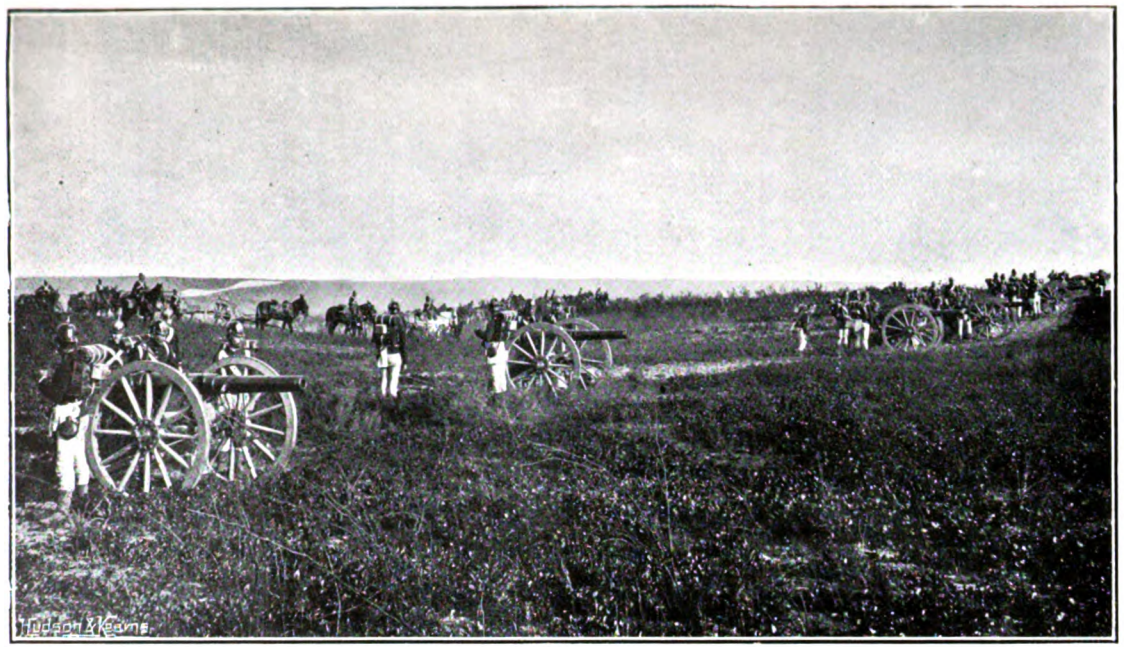
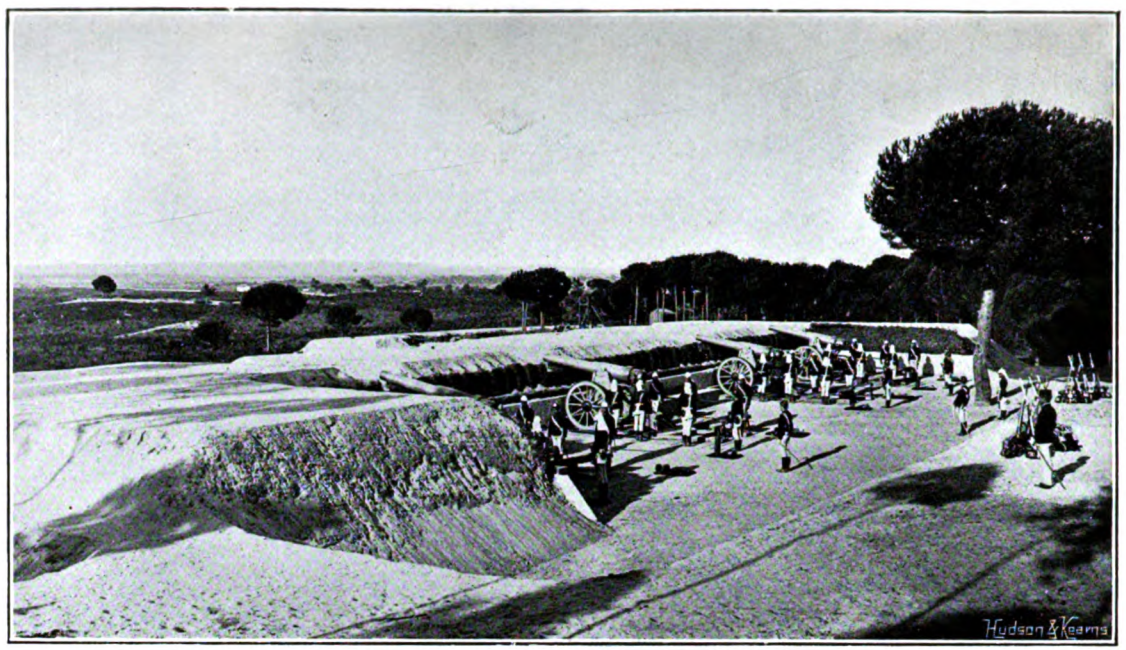
The Portuguese Expedition to Lourenco Marquez.



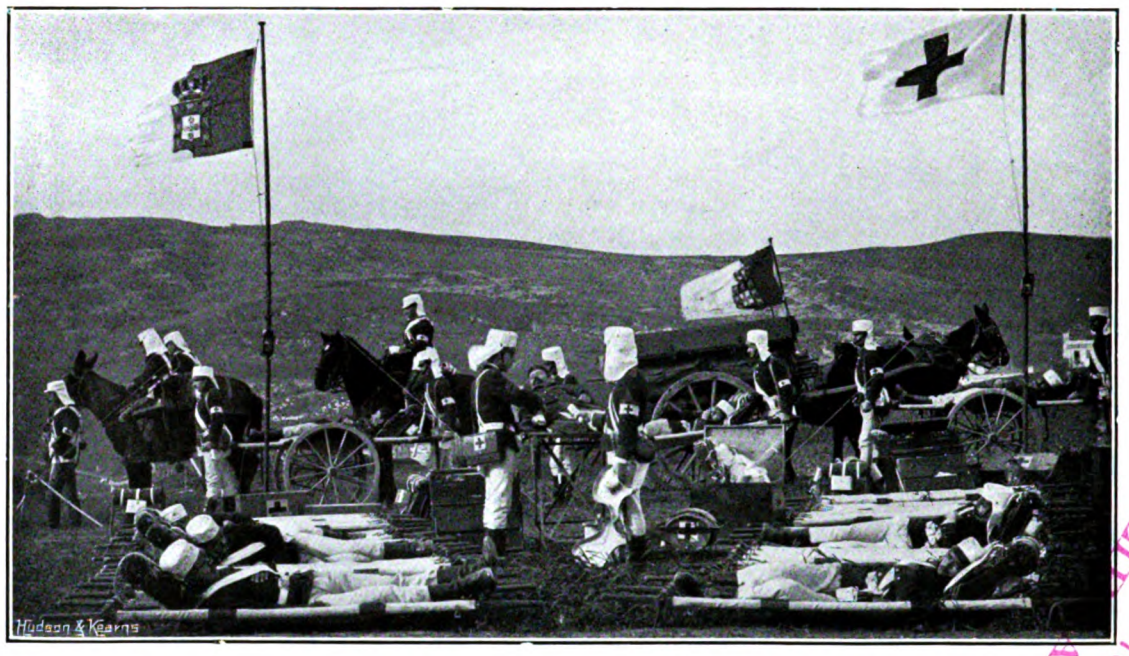
THE FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION.
A Field Battery Prepared to Open Fire.



A BATTERY OF FORTRESS ARTILLERY.
The Guns are of Steel Bronze with Krupp Breech Mechanism.

Photo. Copyright.

MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY AT THE FRONT.
Mules Carry the Gun and Carriage Detached.



"*Navy & Army.*"

A PORTUGUESE AMBULANCE CORPS.
The Whole Organisation is Very Efficient.

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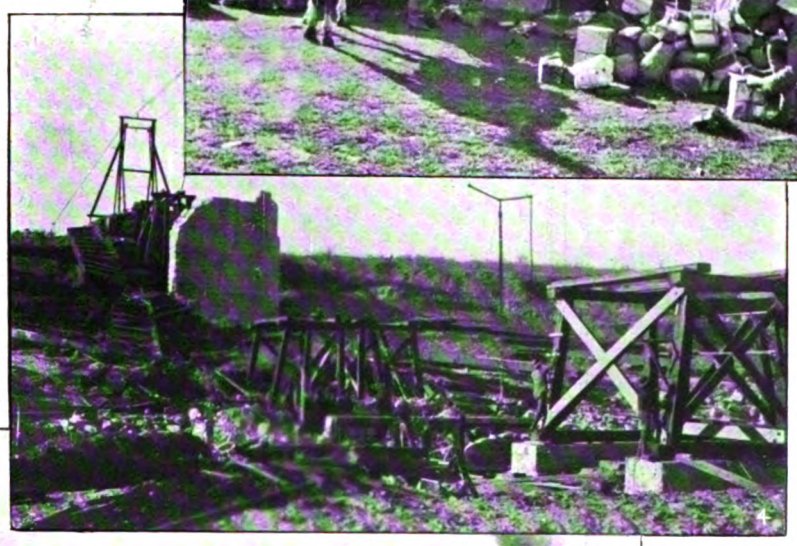
The War in South Africa.

THE batch of pictures here presented affords an interesting and instructive contrast, besides illustrating in a very attractive fashion the many-sided everyday work of the campaign. A glance at the titles will show that two distinct phases of the war are here depicted, both of very serious importance, but of widely different character. The first five pictures, to be brief, illustrate the operations carried out by Lord Kitchener in the hope, unfortunately not realised, of enclosing De Wet, while the remaining three, in pursuance of the policy which we formulated a week or two back, recall a previous stage of the campaign, and show the British forces literally on the threshold of what was then the South African Republic. The contrast, of course, lies in the different conditions of affairs at the dates when these two sets of pictures were respectively obtained. Between those dates lies the capture of Pretoria, and in a sense it is a real tribute to the genius of De Wet that such a blow to Boerdom should have so little hampered his own heroic efforts to retrieve a lost cause.

In the annals of the war the repeated escapes of De Wet will always form a readable chapter, although, as a matter of fact, they had little real influence upon the course of the campaign. To the lay outsider it may have seemed almost inexplicable that time after time this gallant and skilful commander, after being apparently surrounded by the closest possible cordon, should have slipped away without losing a man or a gun, and even succeeded in inflicting damage on our line of communications in the course of his retreat. But in a military sense De Wet had from the first very great advantages. For one thing, he was moving through a perfectly friendly country, and could always rely on being helped, if necessary, in the matter of supplies by every farmer near whose homestead he and his party passed. Another point in his favour was his ability, by reason of knowing every inch of the ground, to travel by night, a form of evasion which the best-drawn cordon finds it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to guard against. But granting all this, De Wet's performances were certainly extraordinary, and such as to inspire genuine respect, and even some measure of personal liking, on the part of his enemies.



It will be remembered that about the middle of July Hunter, who had marched down from Heidelburg, was endeavouring to draw a cordon round the Free Staters in the Bethlehem Hills, an operation which subsequently resulted in the surrender of General Prinsloo and a large force of the enemy. Through this cordon De Wet broke easily, and dashed northwards, closely followed by Broadwood. On the 21st the Boer leader reached the rail to the north of Honing's Spruit, cut both the line and the telegraph wire, and captured a train containing 200 men of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He had hoped to seize a waggon in which he had been informed that £100,000 in specie was being conveyed northwards, but luckily this had been taken off at the preceding station owing to an axle having got heated. De Wet had previously allowed two trains to pass unmolested, and on one of these the story goes that he wrote in large chalk letters under the name of the railway, "Christian De Wet, Traffic Manager," a distinctly humorous suggestion. Crossing the line, De Wet made for Reitzburg, about twenty miles south of Potchefstroom, and a little north of the Rhenoster River, which is a tributary of the Vaal. Here he took up a strong position in the hills, and hither Lord Kitchener came shortly afterwards, in the hope of enclosing him. But, as we know, the attempt proved abortive. On August 17 Lord Roberts telegraphed, "I much fear that De Wet has managed to elude his pursuers by breaking up his force into small bodies. He was last heard of near Rustenburg." And so it proved. Like an eel the Boer leader had slipped through Kitchener's fingers, and effected a junction near Rustenburg with Delarey. The later performances of De Wet belong to the closing scenes of the war, but the story of the manner in which he broke away first from Hunter

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1—The Trail of the Slippery One. Bridge Near Rhenoster Siding Destroyed by De Wet. 2—On the Track of De Wet. Scouts Feeling the Way on the Road to Rhenoster. 3—Parcels from Home. Sorting the Mail Outside a Cavalry Field Post Office. 4—"Repairs Promptly Executed." The Railway Staff Mending the Zand River Bridge. 5—Scene at Rhenoster Siding. Banished Hollanders Passing to Cape Town.

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and then from Kitchener is well worth separate study. Our first five pictures show the route taken in pursuit of De Wet by Lord Kitchener, and afford ample evidence of the former's characteristic habit of leaving behind him, even when a mobile force was pressing close on his heels, a trail of very real damage calculated to cause annoyance to his enemy. The burnt train and broken bridges attest the wonderful audacity and coolness displayed by this remarkable man.

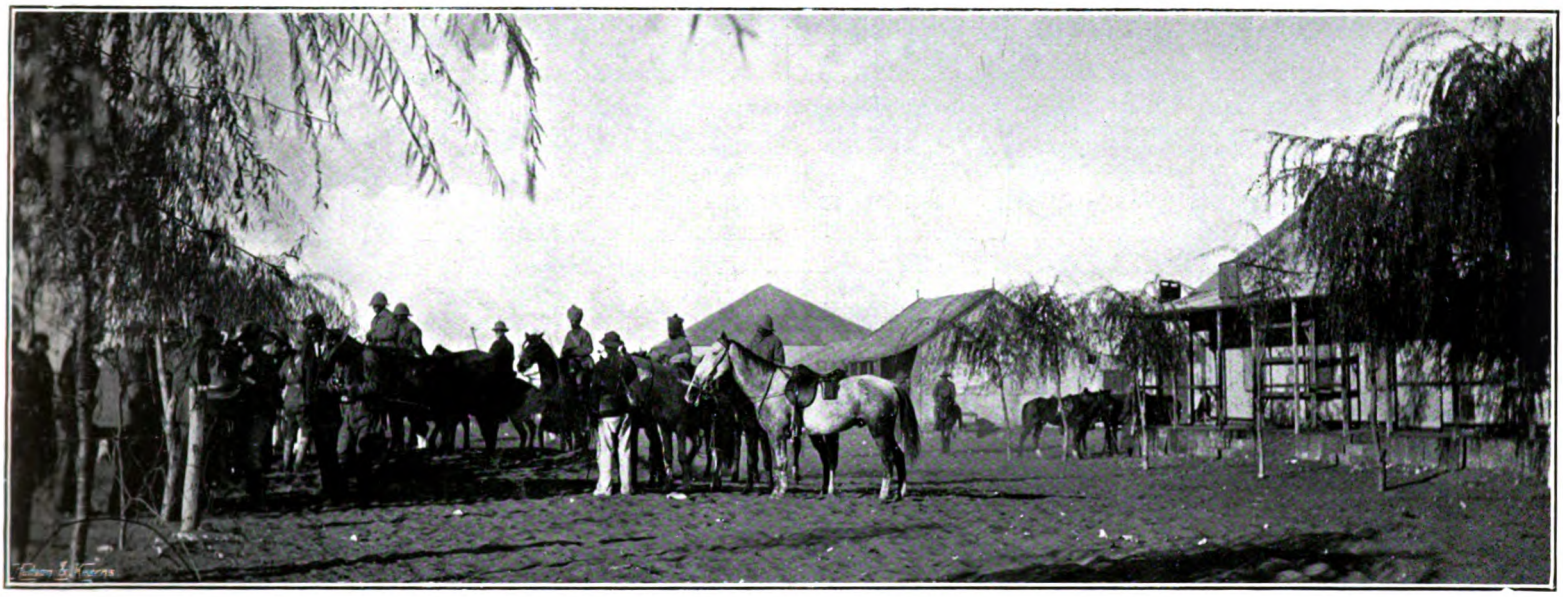
Turning from the first to the second series of pictures, we are reminded of the extremely interesting point in the history of the war when Lord Roberts first led his army across the line which then separated the Orange Free State from the Transvaal.

Viljoen's Drift is on the Vaal River, about half-way between Kroonstad and Pretoria, and, needless to say, the arrival of the British troops at this point aroused considerable enthusiasm.

Our pictures show three separate crossings of Viljoen's Drift, one by Lord Roberts and his staff, including Lord Kitchener, another by the mounted contingent of the City Imperial Volunteers, the third by Lord Loch's contingent. It is pleasant indeed to see the home Volunteers represented so worthily on such an historical occasion. It is interesting, too, to add that Loch's contingent were the first British troops to arrive at Viljoen's Drift, a fact of which the fine old soldier-statesman to whom the contingent owed its formation, and who has passed away during the war after a brilliant and useful career, would have been particularly proud. The writer saw this contingent before it embarked, and instinctively classed the personnel as the toughest lot—in a good sense—he had ever set eyes on.

C.I.V.'s ON THE WAR-PATH.

Mounted Contingent Crossing the Vaal River.



AT VILJOEN'S DRIFT.

Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and the Headquarters Staff.

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LOCH'S CONTINGENT.

The First British Troops to Arrive at Viljoen's Drift.

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The Guiding Spirits of a Well-known Battalion.

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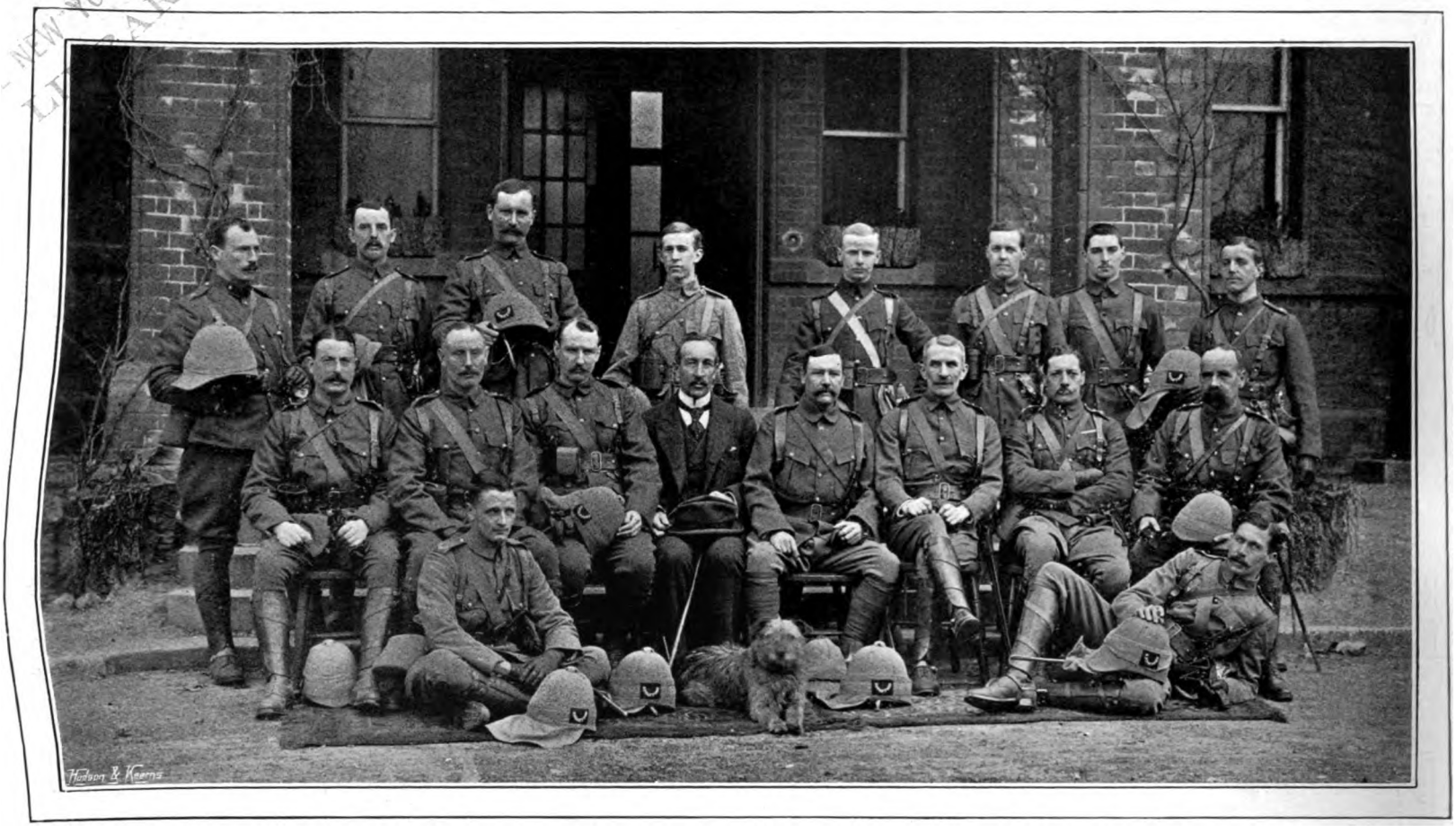
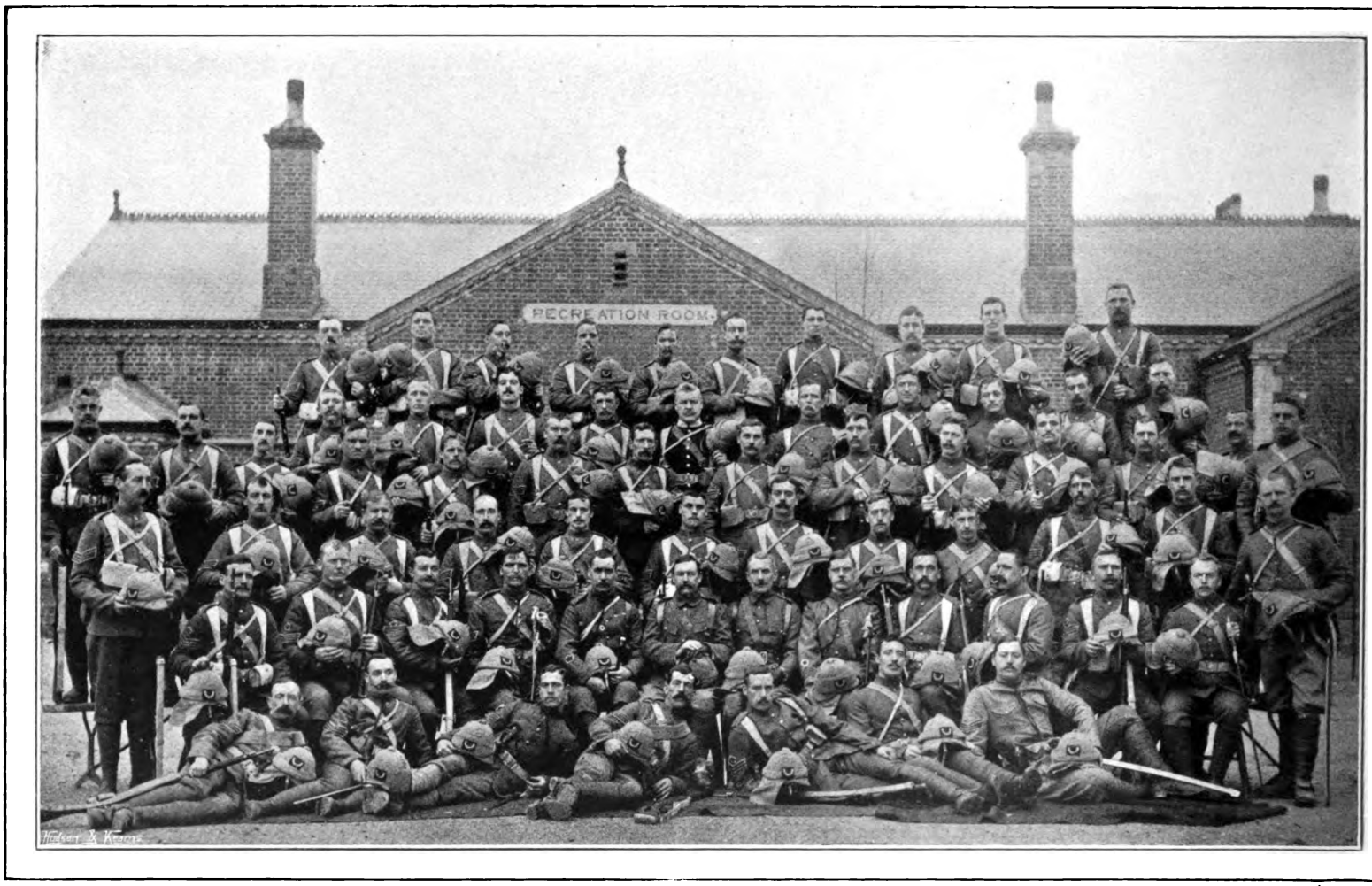


Reading from Left to Right the Names are—

Lieut. Taylor, R.A.M.C. Capt. Daukes. Lieut. Renny. 2nd Lieut. Eyre. 2nd Lieut. De Trafford. Lieut. Curtis. 2nd Lieut. Henderson. Lieut. Morgan. Capt. Grogan. Capt. Going. Capt. Cuppage. Major Chesney. Col. Savage. Capt. Layton (Adjutant). Capt. Colborne. Capt. Glover. 2nd Lieut. Brancker. * Now Colonel 4th Batt. Worcestershire Regiment. Lieut. De Joux.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BATT. SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT THE DAY BEFORE LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



Photos. Copyright. *Reading from the Left of the Rear Row the Names are—* *Cumming.*

Sgt. Robinson. Sgt. Thomas. Sgt. Williamson. Sgt. Newton. Sgt. Harney. Sgt. Keen. Sgt. Stanton. Sgt. Barker. Sgt. Harding. Sgt. Davis. Sgt. Hayes. Sgt. Fitzpatrick. Sgt. Barrett. Sgt. Anderson. Sgt. O'Neill. Sgt. Rowatham. Sgt. Ward. Sgt. Hastings. Sgt. Moore. Sgt. Sim. Sgt. Poole. Sgt. Hemmings. Sgt. Newlyn. Sgt. Ruddock. Sgt. Reilly. Sgt. Bailey. Sgt. Fulme. Sgt. Dutton. Sgt. Shenton. Sgt. Shaw. Sgt. James. Sgt. Aulton. Sgt. McGregor. Sgt. Nicholson. Sgt. Hurst. Sgt. Fokinther. Sgt. Brew. Sgt. Hodgkinson. Sgt. Chatwin. Sgt. Whittaker. Sgt. Townsend. Sgt. Warner. Sgt. Evans. Sgt. Grace. Sgt. Tranter. Sgt. Belt. C-Sgt. Potts. C-Sgt. Edwards. C-Sgt. Bates. C-Sgt. Shillshire. S-Maj. White. L-Col. Savage. Capt. & Adjt. Layton. Q.M.S. Belt. C-Sgt. Wilding. C-Sgt. Bettany. C-Sgt. Harrey. C-Sgt. Lancaster. Sgt. McCarthy. Sgt. Prosser. A-Sgt. Hawkes. Sgt. Higgins. C-Sgt. Kitson. Sgt. Hanham. Sgt. Harrison.

THE SERGEANTS OF THE 1ST BATT. SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE ABOUT TO PROCEED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

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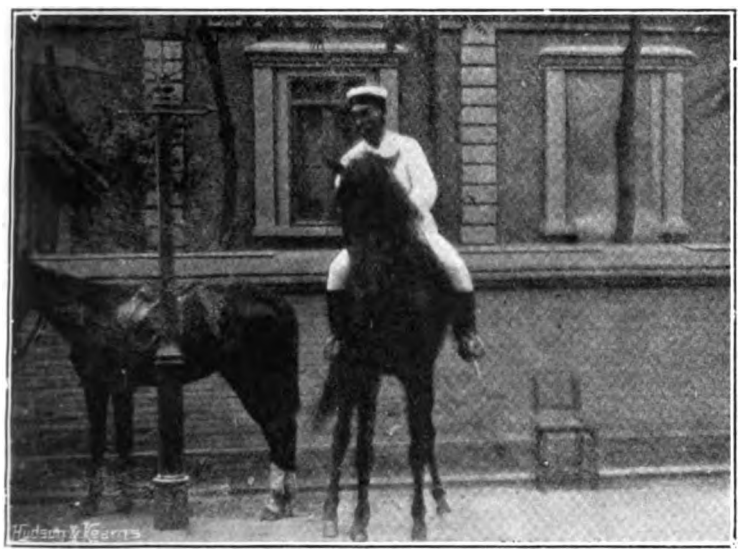
Scenes and Actors at Tientsin.

ON THE BUND (WHARF).

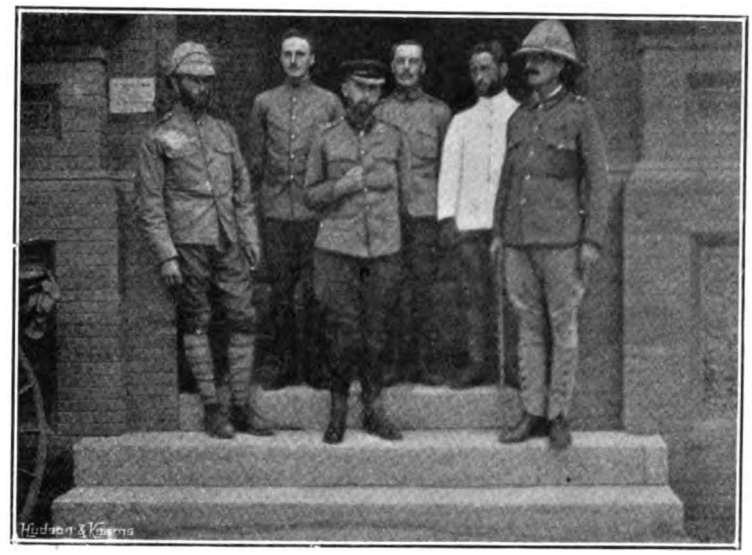
CAPTAIN FRASER'S 4-in. GUN.

The Naval Brigade Preparing to Leave for Peking.



GENERAL FUKUSHIMA (JAPANESE ARMY).

Who Fought so Gallantly at Tientsin.



GENERAL DORWARD AND STAFF (BRITISH).

Now Commanding Lines of Communication—Tientsin-Peking.

THE FRENCH BRIDGE ACROSS THE PEIHO AT TIENTSIN.

This Picture gives a Good Idea of the Destruction Wrought by Shell-fire in the City.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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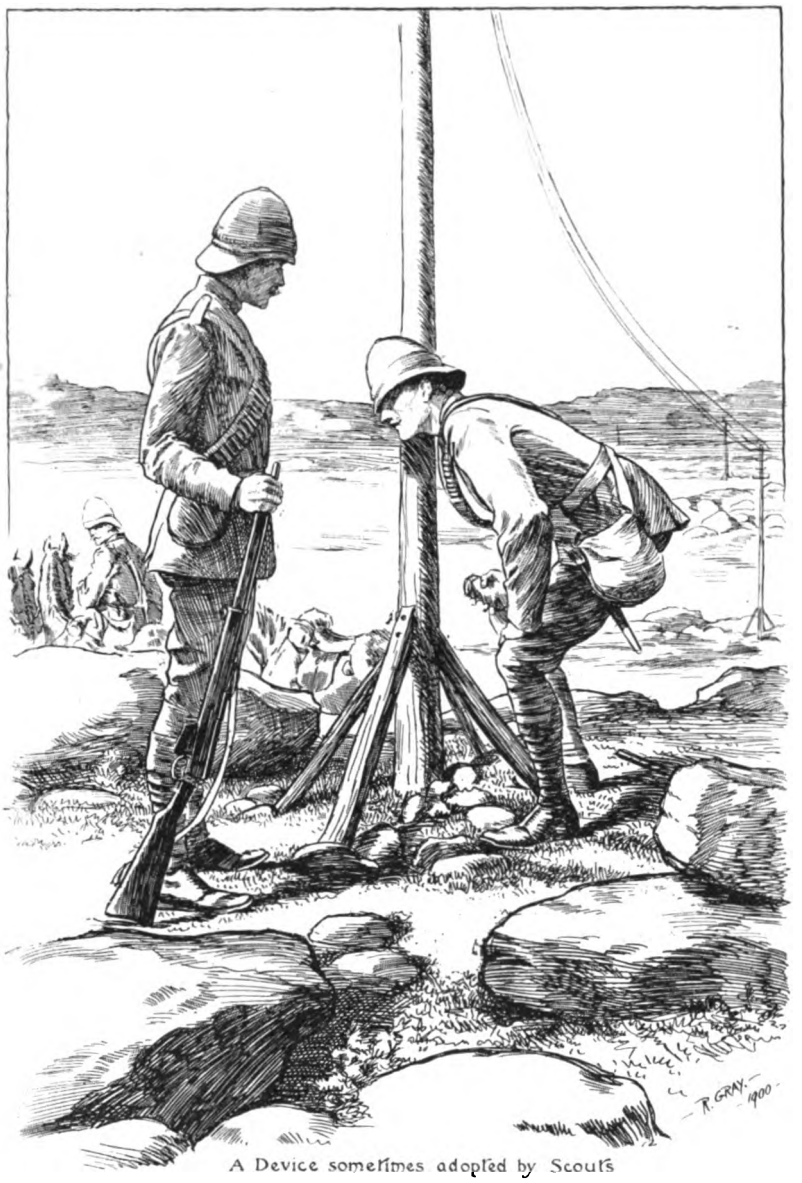
The Telegraph in War-time.

By CARLYON BELLAIRS.

THE electric telegraph has been part of our everyday life for nearly two generations, so that we scarcely notice the changes it has effected in warfare. It has conferred on the Press an influence in war which is perhaps greater than is desirable. It has introduced a system of demand and supply in commerce so nicely regulated, that the task of preventing a dire financial crisis through the partial derangement of that system in war is one of the most difficult problems which the Navy has to solve. Without venturing on tactical and strategical aspects, it may be possible, by a few examples drawn from history, to bring before the reader how different is our position to-day.

In my notes I find that the execution of Charles I. was not known in Paris until three weeks after it occurred, while news of the abdication of James II. took three months to reach the Orkney Islands. People remained blissfully ignorant of the outside world, like a certain old lady depicted by a newspaper correspondent. On courteously informing her that Dreyfus was in a passing carriage, the correspondent was astonished to receive the reply that she had never heard of Dreyfus!

Our forefathers were dependent on information brought by word of mouth or hand, and since, as has happened in the Bay of Gibraltar, hundreds of sailing vessels might be delayed for over a month by contrary winds and an unfavourable current, the time taken for news to travel was very uncertain. Here are a few instances of the time it took for news to filter through during war: News of the Nile, fought on August 1, reached England on October 2. News of Trafalgar reached Naples seven weeks after it had been fought. New Orleans, fought in 1815, was unknown to the United States Government at Washington for twenty-two days. For this reason provision had usually to be made in framing peace treaties to allow of war being continued in distant parts for weeks after friendly relations had been resumed at home. Sir John Colomb has related how in the Russian War a British war vessel dipped her ensign to a Russian frigate on the high seas while unaware that we had been "fighting for months." The same Russian frigate had been anchored in the middle of a squadron of British warships "months after the Guards had been cheered through the streets of London on their way to the East."



A Device sometimes adopted by Scouts

Had the telegraph been in existence during the last century, Arbuthnot would have received his instructions to reinforce Rodney, and the outcome of the War of Independence might have been very different. Then, again, the outbreak of hostilities in 1812 might have been avoided, for the United States Government would have known that we had conceded its chief demands. Of a much later period the *Times* has well remarked that there need have been no Trent affair to bring us to the brink of war if the submarine telegraph had been laid.

It was once plausibly argued that the telegraph facilitated revolution, as it gave opportunities for simultaneous risings all over the country. On the other hand, as the Government controls the lines, none but official messages need pass, so that the telegraph is more likely to consolidate the power of the Government. The alarm seems akin to that felt by Dr. Jules Guyot, who was oppressed by visions of some "good-for-nothing fellows" amusing themselves by cutting the wires of our chief cities and so paralysing the civilisation of the world! A curious commentary on the criticism that the telegraph would aid revolution was the abortive rising in Oporto, which the Portuguese suspected owing to an attempt to pass over the wires a number of messages to the effect that certain sick men would die that night.

Sometimes, as in the Franco-German War, the failure to destroy telegraphs has been disastrous to a country. In 1870 the Prussians kept up communication with Berlin along French lines. In the Kaffir War the telegraphs were spared, not from oversight or panic, but from superstitious awe. The Kaffirs, as Sir Arthur Cunynghame has related, were moving with impunity over vast tracts of country traversed by the wires. They looked upon the wires as connected with English witchcraft, and so they prayed to them, making incantations round the posts, invoking their mercy and aid, but never daring to destroy what they knew to be working mischief to their cause. In the case of the more educated barbarians familiar to our Indian frontier wars, the hollow iron posts have been converted into guns, and the wire wound round for extra strength or converted into bullets.

In the old days the official news was always ahead of that obtained by private enterprise. The Rothschilds' fortunes received their first great increase through successfully laid plans to get ahead of the Government with the news of the battle of Waterloo. The telegraph has produced a new diplomacy, by which the Cabinet is again and again called to account on the strength of Press telegrams in journals which have established reputations for accurate news. Thus the Convention concerning the cession of more territory on the mainland of China, off Hong Kong, was made known by the *Times*. Asked to lay this Convention on the table, Lord Salisbury complained that there was no precedent for such a course "merely on telegraphic warrant." The *Times* telegrams from China being in advance of "the ordinary channels of information," a minister described their contents "as an intelligent anticipation of facts before they occur." Sir Alfred Milner officially recognised the new diplomacy when he telegraphed the whole of his famous Transvaal despatch which took up nearly three columns of the *Times*.

At present it is one of the defects or advantages, according to the point of view, of submarine telegraphy that one cannot use it for nothing. With the familiar poles and wires of our land system it is different. If scouts are sent in the direction of the wires, they can use a device which is familiar to knowing tramps. Take a large stone to hit the post with, and a listener at a post several miles away will hear each knock reproduced. Like the organ of speech, the telegraph can make mistakes if unskilfully used. There is no automatic corrector for a fool and his folly, yet the telegraph went near to correcting one once. In the Kaffir War a telegram was received from a rather pedantic officer asking for rules and regulations. As supplies for the troops were in the minds of everyone, the clerk read the message out as "Send mules and vegetables." Our authority remarks with dry humour: "The mules arrived and were most acceptable for the guns, and the potatoes were far more useful to the troops than any code of regulations could have been!" ("My Command in South Africa," General Sir Arthur Cunynghame.)

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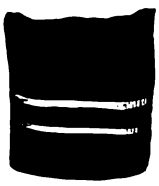
Naval Badges of Rank.

By DAVY JONES.

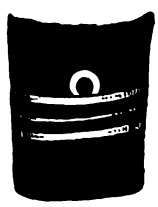
MANY are those in England, even in seaport towns, who have not the faintest notion of the meaning of the marks of distinction worn by the Naval officers of the British Fleet, and yet nothing is easier than to understand these badges, for the manner in which the various ranks are denoted in the English Navy is extremely simple. The principal badges of distinction are worn on the sleeves, and though they are not the only ones, yet as these are always worn they suffice to indicate the rank of an officer. Epaulettes are worn in the Navy, but they are not the same for all officers, neither is the peak of the cap, nor the badge worn on the latter. The peak of officers' caps, from the rank of commander and above, is adorned with oak leaves worked in gold. The badge is the same for all, except that a distinction is made between "executive officers" and officers belonging to the "civil branch" of the Navy. To the latter branch belong engineers, Naval instructors, surgeons, and paymasters. The badge worn by the latter class of officers has a gilt anchor under the crown, whilst in the case of executive officers this same anchor is of silver. The various distinctive marks of rank among officers of the civil branch are also worn on the sleeves. In both classes gold stripes denote the rank, with a few exceptions, which shall presently be mentioned.

Lieutenant.



Officer of Civil Branch.

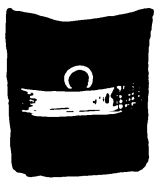
The great distinction between executive officers and officers of the civil branch is, that whilst the latter wear plain gold stripes on the sleeves, with cloth or velvet of various colours between these stripes, the officers of the executive branch have no such cloth or velvet, and that the upper stripe, or even the single stripe, forms a loop called "curl" or "ring." The two sleeves represented here will make this quite clear. The one with the "ring" is that of a lieutenant, whilst the other is that of a Naval instructor, surgeon, paymaster, or engineer, according to the colour of the cloth or velvet worn between the stripes. For engineers, this piece of cloth or velvet is violet or purple in colour, for the Naval instructor, a light blue, for the surgeon, crimson, and for the paymaster, white.



Lieutenant over Eight Years.

We will now enumerate each rank in the executive branch.

The Naval cadet in the "Britannia," and subsequently, is known by a little strip of white cord seen on each side of the collar of his coat, and terminated at its upper part by a gilt button. When the cadet has become a midshipman his collar is adorned on each side with a piece of white cloth about an inch broad and two inches in length, called the "patch." The next rank is that of sub-lieutenant. This officer wears a gold stripe on each sleeve, with the "ring," whilst the next higher rank, that of lieutenant, is distinguished by two stripes, as seen in the above diagram. A lieutenant of more than eight years' seniority is further distinguished by an additional stripe of half the width of the others, and placed between them, as shown in the following diagram. A commander, who comes next in rank, has three full stripes, and a captain four.



Commodore.

We now come to the flag officers, whose chief mark of distinction is a broad band of gold lace, always with the ring. Though the commodore is not a regular rank, yet as it does exist we may as well say at once that the captain who, for the time being, holds that rank, wears one broad band instead of the four distinctive stripes of his rank.

Admiral of the Fleet.

As there are four classes of admirals—viz., rear-admiral, vice-admiral, admiral, and admiral of the fleet—four more distinctive marks are necessary. As has just been said, all these flag officers will wear the broad band, but, in addition, they have smaller stripes over it, stripes of the same kind as those worn by other executive officers. A rear-admiral then, in addition to his broad band, will have over it one single stripe, like a sub-lieutenant; the vice-admiral two, like a lieutenant; the admiral three, like a commander; and the admiral of the fleet four, like a captain.

In the civil branch of the Navy, the badges of rank are not, of course, so numerous. The officers of that branch have generally to serve a good many years to reach the two coveted stripes which also confer the rank of ward-room officer; however, it is different with Naval instructors and surgeons, who enter the service as ward-room officers, and with two gold stripes at once.

The Training of Riding Horses for the Army.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. GRAHAM.

IN ordinary times the selection of horses for the Army is carried out by officers who are well acquainted with the needs of the various branches of the Service. These officers are likewise capable of appraising to a fraction the market value of the animals brought before them. Then, when the military education of the young horse is taken in hand, he is entrusted to the care of officers and non-commissioned officers who are specially fitted for their duties by their temper, patience, experience, and skill. The consequence is that our horses have been carefully broken on a humane and reasonable system.

Now, however, that the pressure of a great war is upon us, the same high standard cannot in all cases be maintained. Our troops being drawn from all parts of the Empire, and our horses from every quarter of the world, the regulated system of training and equitation necessarily falls considerably into abeyance. The urgent necessity for the employment of yeomanry, irregular horse, and mounted infantry has altered the whole situation. In fact, the new circumstances of warfare demand greater intelligence and admit of more frequent initiative on the part of all soldiers, but more especially on that of mounted men.

Although the colonial corps who are doing such splendid service have a comparatively free hand, yet there are certain principles by which all military purchasers and trainers of horses must be guided if the highest efficiency is to be ensured, and these remarks are intended to furnish the general reader with some idea of the points to which attention must be paid by all who buy and train horses for the mounted services.

It is evident that in choosing a colt to train for the saddle more importance must be attached to the head, neck, and shoulders than if he were destined merely for harness. The head should be small and well set on, the neck long, and sufficiently arched to carry the head without pushing the nose to the front. With a head and neck of that description a horse is easy to direct and light in the rider's hand, because the neck bends and the head yields to the smallest pressure of the rein. The shoulders should be well sloped. This formation places the natural seat of the saddle at some distance from the machinery by which the forelegs are moved; it consequently diminishes the jar of the tread, and gives the rider a safe, comfortable, and commanding position.

These points are essential in the cavalry horse, and are highly desirable in that of the mounted infantry. When it is remembered that the cavalryman's right hand holds his weapon, and that his left alone has to control all the movements of the horse, it is apparent that his proper mount is one that answers lightly to the bridle hand. Furthermore, both he and the mounted infantryman have to keep their eyes open and look well about them. They cannot be entirely absorbed in helping and holding up their animals, however rough the ground may be, and therefore their horses should have the safe action which arises from a good forehand and sloping shoulders.

Other characteristics for which the purchaser should look, although he may not always find them in one and the same quadruped, are a broad forehead, fine and rather small ears, and large good-natured eyes. These points denote intelligence and breeding. The colt's forelegs should be straight and proportioned to the weight of his body, his feet round and rather small. He should be deep from the withers to the brisket, have wide loins, long hind quarters, and strong hocks, neither too straight nor too much bent. These items indicate ample breathing space and propelling power. Lastly, the tail should be strong, well set on, and undocked. To dock a horse is not only a cruelty but a life-long injury, even if he be kept in this country; but to send him abroad on service and leave him to be maddened by the attacks of flies of all sorts and sizes, without his natural weapon of defence, should not be permitted.

With regard to the training of the animal for his military duties, it should be done patiently and kindly. Love for the horse may, therefore, be considered one of the best qualifications which a trainer can possess. He should also know

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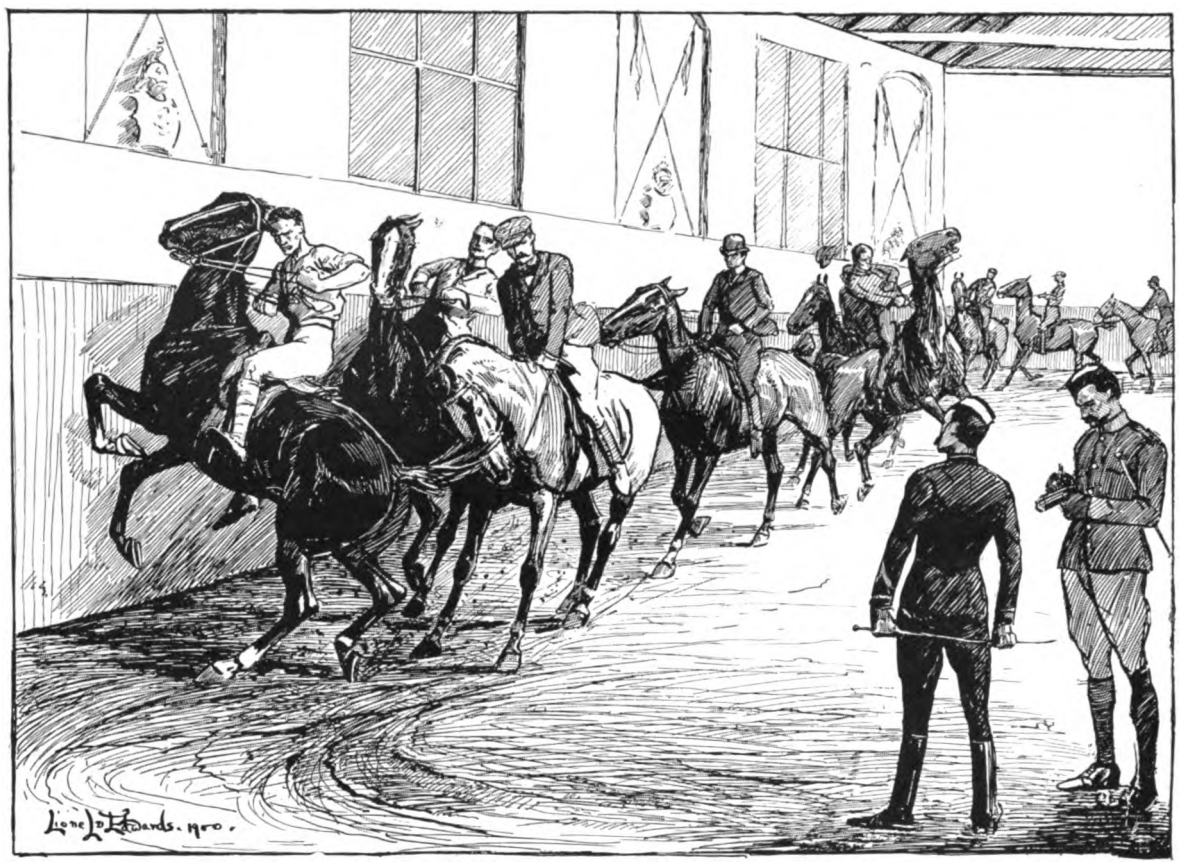
enough of the animal's anatomy to understand where the weight should rest on his back, and why other parts should be exempt from pressure, and he should be acquainted with the anatomical reasons for the prescribed application of the aids, as well as for all the acts, which he performs as a trainer.

Now, if we digress for a moment and look at the weight which the British troop horse has to carry, amounting to upwards of 19st., we see how hopeless it is to expect due mobility until this burden is diminished. The difficulty is to fix on the specific articles to be jettisoned; it is a difficulty, however, which will shortly have to be surmounted. The fact that so great a weight is carried makes it all the more necessary for cavalrymen to take care that none of it rests on the loins, the spine, or the bladebones. Indeed, all mounted men, whatever weight their horses carry, must keep this necessity in view, and above all they must see that their load is evenly balanced, or sore backs will be the immediate result. It would be well if these and similar elementary facts were more generally understood by the public, and if greater intelligence were shown with regard to the supply as well as the treatment of Army horses. Events have taught us that we must largely add to their number and to the effective strength of our mounted services, both regular and auxiliary.

To revert to the subject of training, the young horse is sure to have some habits which must be given up. He may also be unable quickly to comprehend what is demanded of him. There is, therefore, every reason to be lenient and to give him a chance to learn by the quiet repetition of his lessons, and by a kind and indulgent manner. If, however, it be found that the pupil is merely trying to have his own way and to avoid the trouble of performing his task, the *suaviter* must be accompanied by the *fortiter*. He has to be managed with firmness, but that does not mean an exhibition of brute force; it implies rather that the trainer has gauged the disposition of the particular horse, and that he is using every proper means to compel obedience, but that he is doing so quietly and with the infliction of the least possible pain.



Imperial Yeomanry Learning to Ride.

A young horse should look on his trainer as his friend, and he will certainly do so if handled and addressed in a sympathetic manner. When he has arrived at that stage he can be gently "longed" for a few minutes several times a day for the first few days, but neither the pace nor the length of the lessons should be increased until he has become accustomed to his new surroundings, and can perfectly understand what is required of him. The greatest care should be exercised to prevent injury to the mouth; there should never be any hard pulling or tugging at it. Ignorance of its structure, combined with heaviness of hand and carelessness, have destroyed many mouths, and have consequently lowered the value and efficiency of many horses.

When the horse's mouth has been injured he may become callous to the bit on one side or both, and he may also develop irregular action in his paces. This is an illustration of the necessity for skill and caution in dealing with young horses. Another example of the same truth is the ruin often brought on them by undeserved punishment, which outrages their feelings, and frequently produces a dazed and irresponsive condition, in which they are either unable or unwilling readily to obey the orders they receive.

Many of the more difficult lessons which chargers and troop horses have to learn are rendered easier by giving them oats, lumps of sugar, etc., at the proper time. In teaching them to stand fire, for instance, the associations should all be of the most agreeable kind, whether connected with the appearance of the weapons or the sound produced in firing. If the vision of a carbine or even of a field gun be associated in the young horse's mind with caresses and lumps of sugar, and if the sound of musketry and artillery be the gong which announces, or the music which accompanies, his feed, he will soon learn to stand steady under fire. Just as fright is communicated by one animal to others, so is confidence; the presence, therefore, of well-broken old horses is a great help to the trainer. The young ones imitate the old, and if the latter appear to take either sights or sounds as matters of course, the former will be sure to follow their example before long.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that untrained animals are fit for military work. Horses may be available in abundance, but they are as useless for military riding, without special training, as men would be without arms. Not only must they be perfectly broken and taught to walk, trot, canter, and gallop in proper form, to "shoulder-in and passage," to rein-back, to go about on the forehand, the centre, and the haunches, but the muscles used in these different operations must be gradually prepared and strengthened by exercise. An animal may be quite willing to do what his rider requires, but may be so stiff and so unused to the particular movement to which he is urged by hand and leg that he cannot perform it, and the attempt to do so gives him pain, and produces some movement of impatience. This is seen every day, and should be taken as a reminder that our safety depends, to a very great extent, on our possessing a large supply of young horses, growing up on our home grass lands, and being systematically matured and trained for the cavalry.

The prophetic soul is not required to show us that we shall require, whatever may be the outcome of the present war, vastly more horses than we can now lay our hands upon. To keep up the strength of the increased mounted forces which, by common consent, are essential to the efficiency of the British Army, is not the only object to be attained by collecting and maturing colts in the manner suggested.

There is the further duty of creating a reserve of cavalry horses such as we have never yet been able to boast of, so that we may not be caught in a state of unreadiness for any war demanding the employment of cavalry on a large scale. That this course could be adopted with economy and success has been recognised by experts, and is doubtless patent to every thoughtful reader. It has been done by other countries in one form or another.

The particular mode in which it should be worked among ourselves need not be borrowed from any outside source, but should naturally arise out of our peculiar circumstances and institutions. Probably a small subsidy, on the principle of that paid to the omnibus companies and other horse proprietors, would, on certain conditions, induce the farmers of the United Kingdom to keep a sufficient number of suitable young horses to form both a supply and reserve for the cavalry.

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MINIATURE RIFLES.

By G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

A SUBJECT which has exercised the minds of all people, but especially of Naval and Military officers, is that of the proper trial of rifles for sighting. The Government had to go down to the House of Commons some time after the war in South Africa had begun, and at the time when thousands of soldiers and tens of thousands of rifles were being shipped to South Africa every day, and tell the representatives of the people that not a single accurately-sighted rifle had been made either by or for the nation ; either in their own workshops or in any others. If there had been any other party, or any other statesman to form a party, in which the country and the House of Commons could have confided, the Conservative Government would have been exposed to a vote of want of confidence at once. It was for a lesser fault by far that its predecessors had been ignominiously turned out of office. It somehow got abroad that they were short of cordite powder, and knowing the watchwords of the Radical Party to be "Peace, retrenchment, and reform," the House of Commons believed there was more in the charge than had come to light, and that whatever faults the Conservatives might have, retrenchment was not likely to interfere with the proper armament of the country. Nor did it, for it costs just as much to make a rifle with the sight in the wrong place as to make it with the sight in the right place. The Government specifications were wrong; they put the sight in the wrong place, and such is the red-tapeism of the War Office that although many, if not most, of the under officials that had to do with the rifles knew that the weapons did not shoot true, there was no means of informing the heads of the department of the fact. The War Office made and stored these rifles for five years; they had, at least a proportion of them, been tried at the targets, but this was done in a manner that was not intended to try the rifle as a whole, including its sighting, but was meant only to test the rifling of the barrel.

The method adopted was this: A rifle barrel was placed in a rest and fastened down tight to it—that is to say, the rifle became more a part of this machine rest than the big gun is a part of the gun-carriage; the rest recoiled with the rifle. It was a perfect instrument for testing the rifling—that is to say, the barrel, being held by a mass of weight firmly in one position, could not fail to shoot several shots consecutively into the same place if the rifling was correct. But this clamping down of the rifle to its carriage converted it into something very different from what it would become in the hands of the soldier. It was, as clamped down, a steady weapon, by reason of its added weight—it could not kick, it could not jump, and it could not flip. For these reasons the Government rifle, as a whole, never had any trial whatever before it was placed in the hands of troops with which to defend their lives and the honour of the country. The Government had put right the fault of its predecessor—it had lots of powder, but it had not built a single rifle that would shoot straight to its sighting. The tinkering of an old pot never does prevent a fresh hole breaking out, and it goes without saying that a department which has to tinker in this way for two consecutive Governments may always have to tinker until, in its turn, it is tinkered by a new and greater blacksmith.

If the clamping down of rifles was the worst possible way to try them, the second worst was the way the miniature rifles at Bisley were tried in this year's meeting. Miniature rifle shooting is almost a new thing in this country. We all know the rook rifle, with its 50-yds. or 75-yds. accurate range; but what we hitherto knew nothing about was the system of shooting which is adopted in Switzerland and in the United States as a sport. There they have competitions at 100-yds. and up to 200-yds., and these competitions have served in the two countries indicated to make nations of rifle shots. The National Rifle Association saw all this—it was forced to see it by popular opinion—and it set about making miniature ranges, and instituting competitions at them. But before we can begin to learn to be a nation of rifle shots in the sense that the Americans are, we must become possessed of rifles which are fit for these miniature ranges. One would have thought that the very first thing to do, therefore, would be to try the various rifles in the market. The National Rifle Association, however, had its eye on the education of the shooter in a standing position, and this was putting the cart before the horse. It wanted the rifles before it could coach the men to use them, and by insisting on the standing position it discovered nothing whatever of the merits of the various weapons in the market, but only recorded the fact as to which was the most often used, and therefore had the most chances of winning when the verdict appeared. There is no man in the world who is capable of testing a rifle by shooting it in the manner called "off-hand," that is, from the standing position without a rest. There are many who can make good targets *for* the standing position, but there are *none* who can begin to make diagrams in that way to compare with those capable of being made from the rest. In trying the rifle we do not want to add the more or less error of the man to the constant error of the rifle. So that it is evident that the N.R.A. has not taken the initial step in the education of the nation in rifle shooting.

The proprietors of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, having become aware of the facts stated above, and although by no means inclined to rest the defences of the Empire upon amateur effort of rifle or any other clubs, yet observed that there was no good reason why the amateur should not lead up to the professional, nor any reason why the most patriotic nation in the world should not have as large a reserve of power in its amateurs as the United States of America. Amateur reservists are at least cheap, even if you do not consider the possibility that the first step to the making of a soldier has been taken when the first bull's-eye has been scored at the miniature range.

Holding these opinions, it is not to be wondered at that the proprietors of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED should have honoured me by the request to conduct some trials at their expense, which should have for their object the finding out of the best rifle in the market for use at the miniature ranges, and fit for the use of civilian clubs. It goes without saying that the best rifle for any and every distance in shooting is the ·256 Mannlicher; but this weapon will never educate the majority of the population on account of the cost of its ammunition. It was with this in view that the N.R.A. limited the cost of ammunition at its ranges to under 4s. the 100 rounds, and the cost of rifles to £3 5s. By this limitation it practically excluded all nitro-powders and all English-made rifles, except two new ones that had been specially produced. The best is always the cheapest if you can afford it; consequently it does not seem desirable to limit the enthusiasm of rifle clubites, and for this reason it would have been far better had the miniature competitions been divided into classes, the dividing lines between them being the prices of the various rifles.

The way to try rifles is obviously the way in which the gunmakers are accustomed to try them for regulating the sights. And yet I have recently seen even that truism disputed. The grounds for this difference of opinion are that the rifle should be free to jump as it would jump if held by the shooter in the standing position. Against this theory it is not worth while to argue; the custom of the trade and of every shooter who ever tries a rifle for himself is all in favour of the rest. It is based upon practice, and can be defended in good theory also. It is perhaps worth while to tabulate the influences in the discharge of a rifle that are always at work, more or less, to prevent the bullet flying true to its sights.

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These influences are those previously mentioned—flip, jump, and recoil. The two latter can be considered as one, for jump is merely the alteration of the direction of the axis of the bore of the rifle by reason of that part of recoil which takes place before the bullet is out of it. It is affected by any rigid substance pressing against the barrel, and is also affected, more or less, by the position of the centre of gravity of the rifle itself. To a less extent it is affected by the manner of holding the rifle; that is to say, the holding does add weight somewhere and does shift the centre of gravity somewhat, but this is very little, because the muscles are not rigid, and although they do alter the angle of the barrel very much indeed in recoil, the major portion of this alteration occurs after, and not before, the bullet is out of the barrel. The shoulder, for instance, does not become rigid until compression, by reason of recoil, has made it so. The position of the supports, hands or feet or leg, has more to do with the effective jump than the shoulder has.

Flip is a totally different thing from jump, although it is commonly confused with it. It is caused by the actual bend out of the straight of the barrel itself during the strain by the powder gas within the barrel. It is supposed to be affected externally, like jump, by the supports, also by the thickness of the walls of the barrel, and by any external rigid piece such as the fore end. Generally speaking, the muzzle of the rifle either makes a dip, or the centre of the barrel takes a rise. The effect of either is that the axis of the barrel points in a new direction, generally lower; but this is not all the effect, for where there has been bend there must be recovery, and this re-straightening may flip the bullet in one direction or another. Nobody knows his rifle sufficiently to say how much of direction is owing to either of these causes, but as they are in effect alike, and as the proper treatment of them is the filing of the sights until the shooting is true to them, they are not a trouble to the shooter unless he alters the position of his holding, or unless he alters his charge and load. The latter causes great variation, the former very little; so little, in fact, is it, that all rifle sighting is regulated from the rest, although it is certain that most sporting shots are taken without rest. The difference that does arise is easily compensated by a slightly different reading of the sights. But this is not so if a change of charge is used, nor is it if the soft rest is exchanged for a hard substance like a rock. The elbow or even the extended hand may rest on a rock without damage; but it is very different if the rifle itself touches the rock When this happens, flip is so far interfered with as to render the sighting useless.

Recognising then that to neutralise these external influences is a question of sighting, I propose to use any position and any rest in the trials which I hope, with the assistance of my friends in the gun and ammunition trades, to carry out at Cricklewood.

I have come to this opinion in view of the mistakes of the Government on the one hand, and of the National Rifle Association on the other, and because I am well aware that the first step in learning the rifle is a good rifle. I know of nothing more hopeless than the combination of a learner and a bad rifle. Whether he is a good shot naturally or a bad one does not in the least matter; he will be entirely unnerved and lose his little inborn confidence in himself if he starts with a bad rifle. It is, for instance, quite impossible for any learner to find out the difference between his own fault and that of his rifle without external assistance. That external assistance is best supplied in the form of a good trial rifle if it comes early enough, and before the beginner, by loss of confidence, has also lost his natural power of a good let off. After all, nineteen-twentieths of the art of rifle shooting is in a good let off. It makes all the difference between learners, as it does between men at the very top of the Bisley tree. There is a great deal in judgment of wind, but even that is subservient to the let off, for the latter, to be well done, must be done at the precise moment the flags indicate the required amount of wind. This all-important let off is best learnt with small charges, in rifles which cannot be felt in recoil, and, when it is learnt, the step to long-range work is a natural one. But before this step can be safely taken, the let off must be so perfect that the performer must never for two consecutive shots be in doubt as to whether a fault is his or the rifle's. Most of this degree of proficiency has been learnt in a room before now, all of it at short-distance shooting, and it is quite within the range of civilian rifle clubs to teach it to all learners who can see, and whose nerves are controlled by their wills. But as nobody can ever hope to learn as much as this with a rifle that does not shoot a good 10-shot diagram, there seems to be, as I hear in fact there is, much desired information as to which is the best rifle in the market for 100-yds. range. Then there is the question of ammunition, and it is certain that those who manifest the newly-awakened popularity of rifle shooting will not be put off with inferior ammunition. The Bisley regulation price of 4s. per 100 was not enough to permit the nitro-powders a chance of showing what they can do. The rifle clubs are not going to confine themselves to black powder because of a regulation of this kind; instead, therefore, of a price limit for ammunition, I think that one limiting the charge to 20 grains of black powder, or its equivalent in nitro powder, is the correct one. Whether this costs 4s. or 6s. per 100 really does not matter much. The all-important thing for the learner is consistent shooting, and this is no more possible without regular ammunition than it is without a good rifle. I have no hesitation in saying that, properly loaded, 100 cartridges will teach more to the beginner than 10,000 would which fluctuated in their load and shooting. It is essential to have perfect ammunition, at the lowest possible cost, no doubt, but to have it anyway.

Crack Shots.

ANOTHER new automatic pistol is on the market. This time the inventors are the old, well-tried, and reliable Colt's Patent Fire-Arms Manufacturing Company, the firm which for so many years has produced the well-known revolver. The weapon is made to carry seven cartridges without reloading, and the magazine lies in the handle, which is a part of what may be called the frame, or that part of the weapon that does not slide by reason of recoil. It is only made in one size and one gauge, viz., ·38 calibre. The barrel is 6-in., the total length is 9-in., and the weight 35-oz. Like all Colt's work, it is interchangeable; which means, in practice, that a breakage can be rectified by means of the post, by sending up to the firm for a similar part to the damaged one. The makers say of the weapon that it can be fired five times in a second, and that the whole business of the shooter is to aim and pull the trigger. Although we have not yet given the new pistol an extended trial, we are well enough acquainted with the enormous cost of the plant for turning out an interchangeable pistol, and with the reputation of the makers also, to be assured that they have got a workable weapon.

* * * *

As I have before said, this is the third bad partridge year we have had in succession. The biggest bag I had heard of up to September 24 was ninety brace killed at Lord Berwick's place near Shrewsbury, in the county Salopians claim as the second best for partridges in England.

* * * *

We shall have to wait for another fortnight before we hear of thorough comparisons of the deer-stalkers' work amongst themselves and between this and other years. Up to September 24, Lord Burton had secured four notable heads at Glenquoich, and at Ben Alder Mr. C. MacKay had got sixteen good heads, with several royals amongst them. Six of the latter have gone to Snowie, of Inverness, to be mounted, as also have several from the Duke of Sutherland. Up to October 1 Messrs. W. A. Macleay and Son had received for mounting four imperial and twenty-eight royal heads.

* * * *

As early as September 10 I heard that two imperial stags had been got; one by Mr. Hargreaves, at Gaick Forest, in Inverness-shire, and the other by Lord Burton. Now a second imperial is recorded from Glenquoich, shot by the Rev. C. Boden.

* * * *

Besides the imperials some twelve-pointers have been got by Mr. Frank Bibby at Kinlochmore, Mr. Greenfield at Afric, the Hon. R. Capel at Inchbrae, and Mr. C. M. Pitman and Mr. George Coates at Glendoe. An eleven-pointer got by Mr Walter Parrott at Wyvis is said to beat them all for spread and wildness and beam.

* * * *

Lord Salisbury told the Primrose dames how he desired that they might educate every man to shoot the rifle on his own doorstep. Lord Salisbury was not poking fun, although that is, as a matter of fact, the only place the law permits a man to fire a gun or rifle from, unless he elects to pay the gun licence duty which is giving all the trouble. Between Lord Salisbury's views and those of the National Rifle Association there is a great gulf. I am not quite clear that a Premier, one who really was not poking fun at the ladies, should sit still when the War Office and the National Rifle Association between them block the way. I think that secretary of the Birmingham Club must have his wits about him; they return seven M.P.'s for Birmingham, but he elected to write to the right one for getting things done, for now I hear that a further thirty rifles are to be had by the clubs, the price to be paid being 38s. a rifle. These are not, however, magazine rifles, but Martini-Enfields.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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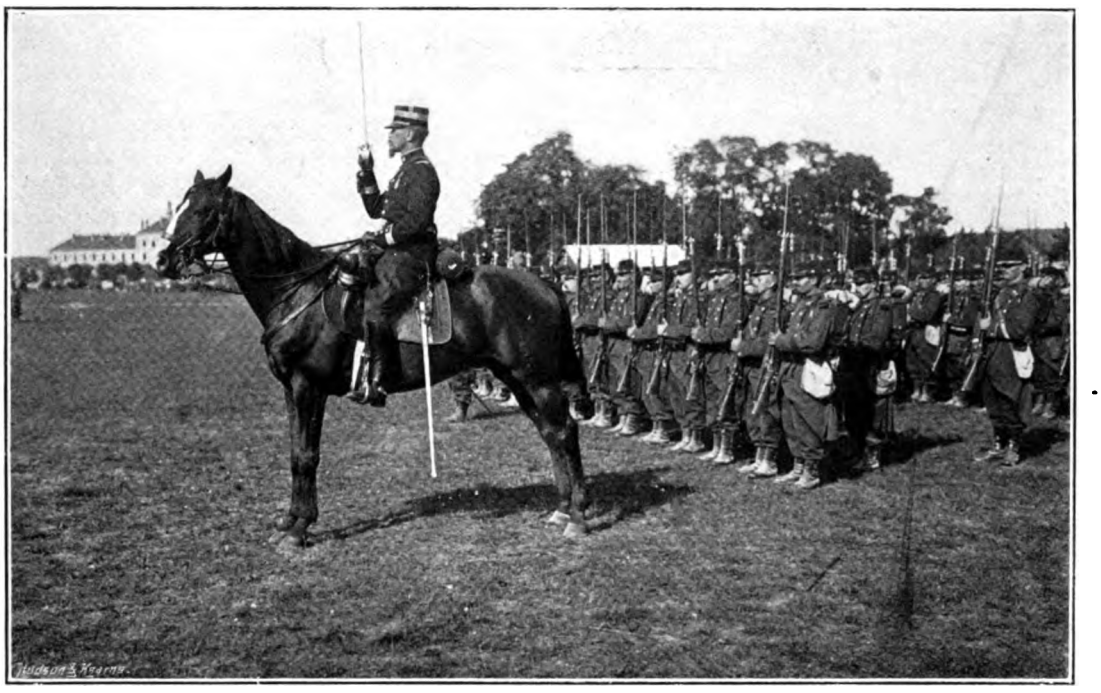
The Marching Powers of French Troops.

EVERYONE is acquainted with the French chasseurs, and no one will be surprised at the enthusiasm excited by a competition among them for a marching trophy. We have innumerable such trophies in our own Service, but they are generally the reward of marching and shooting combined. The 29th Battalion of "les Vitriers"—the nickname of the chasseurs—had to hand over the flag which is the badge of victory to the 26th Battalion. The winners have the reputation of being a battalion which, as we say of our own sailors and soldiers in this country, can go anywhere and do anything. An enthusiastic correspondent asserts that, after their Alpine training, they are "able and glad to foot twenty-five miles a day in full trappings of war for an indefinite time." It may be so, but the statement is one which seems to require the proverbial grain of salt. At the same time, the marching powers of the best marching regiment in the French Army are certainly not to be despised. On the contrary, they are a factor of which careful note should be taken by our military authorities. Marching has, after all, as much to do with the success of a campaign as shooting, and we have seen in South Africa how valuable the mobility of the Boers has proved to them. True, they are mounted, but this interposes only a question of degree, and the more mobile force, mounted or on foot, will always have an advantage which it is impossible to compute. There was a picturesque ceremony at the Polygon of Vincennes—which we depict—and the reputation of the winning battalion rests, not merely upon its march, but upon its past achievements, notably at Sidi-Brahim during the Kabyle War. It is worthy of note that neither French nor German soldiers wear socks of any sort. The Frenchman soaks his feet, in warm water if possible, and then greases them with candle ends. His boots are well made. They consist of single stout pieces of leather, and have no lining of any sort or kind. The German wears a short Wellington boot, and anoints his feet with a mixture of vaseline and carbolic. But neither Frenchmen nor Germans must run away with the idea that their marches are phenomenal. Some of the marches of our troops in South Africa will compare very favourably with any of them, and, if the truth must be told, we believe that no continental troops could have carried out Methuen's running fight and his brilliant pursuit of De Wet. In Lord Roberts's great march to Candahar the distance from the Sher-i-Daban Pass was covered at the rate of 16 13-16 miles daily, and from Mukur to Panjak—21 miles—in one day, and when General Crauford marched to reinforce Sir Arthur Wellesley at the battle of Talavera, in July, 1809, the brigade marched 62 miles in 26 hours carrying arms, ammunition, and pack

THE TRANSFER OF THE FLAG OF VICTORY.
The 26th Chasseurs Receive the Guerdon of their Success.



THE 29TH BATTALION SALUTING THE VICTORS.
They "Present Arms" to their Successors.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
THE UNITED BANDS PLAYING THE "SIDI-BRAHIM MARCH."
It was Particularly at Sidi-Brahim that the Chasseurs Distinguished themselves.

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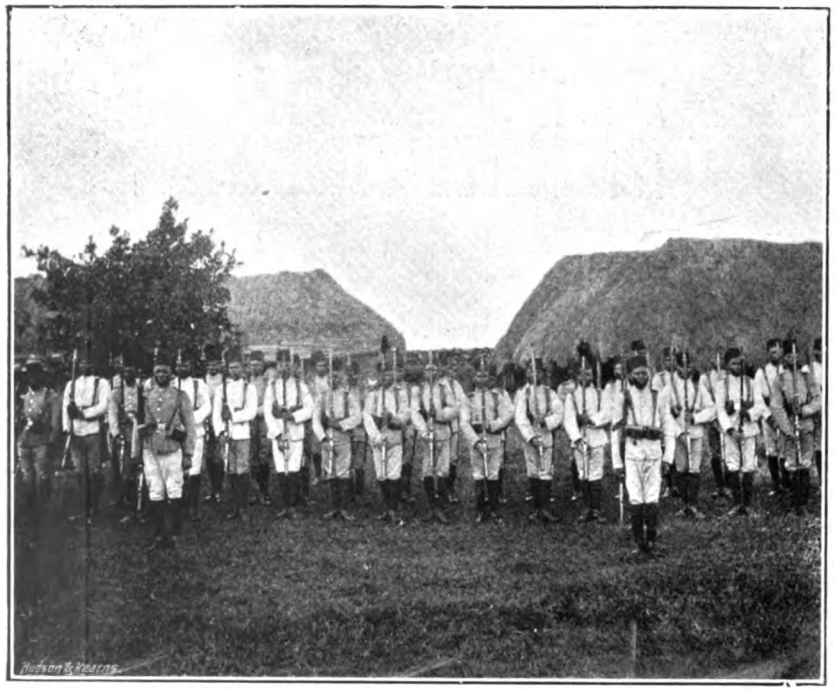
WITH THE EAST IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

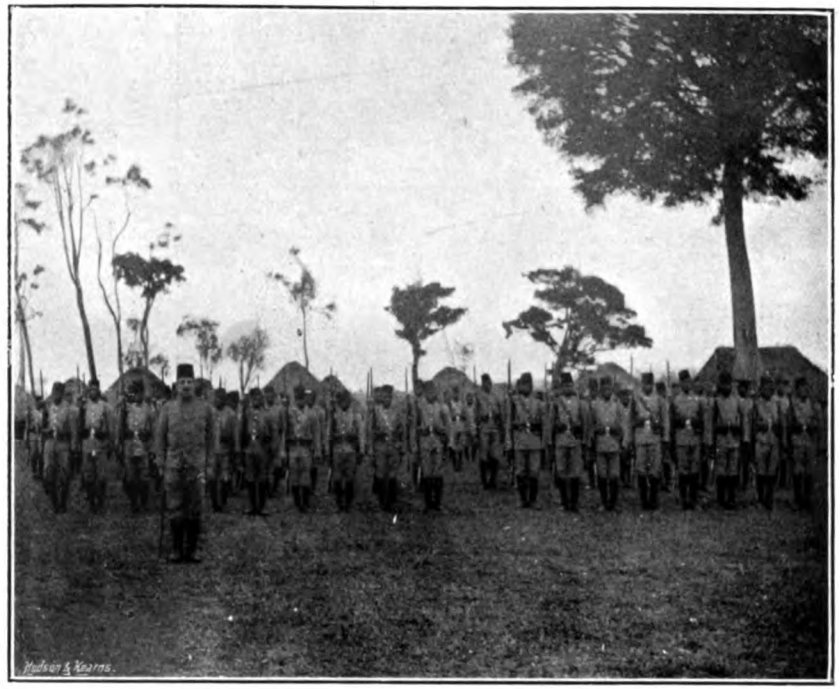


SOUDANESE COMPANY—EAST AFRICAN RIFLES.

The Old Sergeant on the Right Served with Emin Pasha and General Gordon. Most of the Men were Recruited in the Soudan within Three Months of the Battle of the Atbara, where they Fought against us. They are First-rate Fighting Men, and will follow their British Officers anywhere.

SOUDANESE TRANSPORT.

Two Women, Part of a Sergeant's Household. On the March the Women Carry their Husbands' Loads, and in many cases a Baby as well, Strapped on Behind.



SWAHILI COMPANY—EAST AFRICAN RIFLES.

These Men are Recruited in East Africa on the Littoral. The Photographs here Reproduced were Taken at Fort Smith, in the Kitmuga District. The Fort was Built in 1891 by Major Eric Smith, who is now in South Africa in Command of Imperial Yeomanry.

AN OFFICER AND HIS PETS.

Baby Cheetahs Fed from the Bottle. The One Awaiting his Turn is Chewing Rhinoceros Hide as an Appetiser.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army" by a Military Officer.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 194.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1900.

THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY.

Photo. Copyright. *Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.*

LORD ROBERTS AT PRETORIA.

The interesting photograph here reproduced will be welcome to all the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, as the most recent portrait of the distinguished soldier who has so successfully brought the war in South Africa to a satisfactory conclusion, and whom we expect shortly to welcome on his return home. The ladies in the illustration will be at once recognised as Lord Roberts's daughters, the Hon. Aileen Mary and the Hon. Ada Edwina Stewart.

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ROUND THE WORLD

SUNDAY next being the ninety-fifth anniversary of Trafalgar, the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square will again be adorned with memorial wreaths by the Navy League and by various individuals and bodies of people who like to do public honour to the memory of the great admiral. The Navy League is at pains to reiterate, what it has never failed to declare, that this ceremony is in no sense intended for the glorification of the signal victory over our gallant enemies, but is solely designed to impress upon Britons the fact that our national existence depends on our command of the sea, and "that such command can only be ensured, not by ships and guns alone, but by the resolve of the entire nation to lay to heart the lesson of Nelson's life and death, unswerving devotion to duty." Such a declaration should have been unnecessary, but a suggestion had been made that since British and French troops were fighting shoulder to shoulder in a common cause, the Trafalgar celebration should be intermitted. But to do that would certainly have invested the ceremony with the partisan character which it has not hitherto possessed. All those who visit Trafalgar Square will agree that the assembled crowds are merely expressing a kind of national feeling, without the smallest evidence of hostility to the French. The hostile spirit is manifested a great deal more by the Nationalist Press in Paris than anywhere by the banks of the Thames.

Photo. Copyright. IN MEMORIAM. *"Navy & Army."*

The Beautiful Memorial Window depicted has been erected to the Memory of Sir W. Penn Symons, the Gallant Soldier Mortally Wounded on Talana Hill just a Year Ago. It is in his own Parish Church at Botus Fleming, placed there by his Fellow Cornishmen as a Tribute of Admiration and Esteem.

THE C.I.V.'s, who will reach Southampton within little more than a week, are the first important organised body of troops to return from South Africa. They deserve well the cordial reception which is being prepared for them, for they have marched and fought in a way that should make the City proud of its sons, who come home as seasoned soldiers from the war. Let it not be forgotten that citizen soldiers were the mainstay of the Crown and afterwards of the Parliament three centuries ago. The C.I.V.'s will presently be followed by the Guards, and then will come the line regiments, as Lord Roberts and his successor in the command are able to dispense with their services. Of course a considerable garrison will have to remain for some time to come, at least until General Baden-Powell has completely organised his military police. Meanwhile the disintegration of the Boers is going on, and we shall presently welcome Lord Roberts himself. Since the break-up of the main armies of the Boers, the system of the gallant Field-Marshal seems not to have been understood. It was not all indiscriminate fighting that we heard of. The country was divided into military zones, General Paget having command of one in the Transvaal, while others were in the hands of Generals Clements, Hart, and Lord Methuen, and the Orange River Colony was assigned to Generals Hunter, Knox, and Rundle. It was the business of these officers to keep open the communications in the several districts, and to break up marauding bands, on the principle of Cromwell's major-generals, and thus the period of unrest was abridged by the efficient measures concerted.

Photo. *Russell.*

MAJOR-GENERAL BRUCE HAMILTON.

His substantive rank is Major in the East Yorkshire, but he Won the Brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel in Ashanti, of Colonel in Benin, and was during the War selected to Command a Brigade.

PERHAPS it may be possible for Lord Roberts, sooner or later, to brush quite away some of those ridiculous cobwebs of red-tapeism which shroud a good deal of military work. A correspondent of the *Times* lately drew attention to the humorous side of the instructions for vedettes and sentries issued at the Curragh, which would not seem likely to lead either to consummate vigilance in scouting and outpost work, or to improve the soldier's notions of English grammar. There is something irresistibly grotesque in the picture of a British sentry surprised by an enemy while conning over some such moral maxim as "I pay no compliments, and I am not to allow anyone or anything to distract my attention," or while endeavouring to extract the quintessence of such a sentence as this: "The enemy are over there, he is most likely to advance by that road." Truly the military authorities who pen such things as these may add to the gaiety of the people without improving the quality or greatly enlightening the intellect of the British soldier.

Photo. *Russell.*

COLONEL THE EARL OF SELBORNE

Commands the Militia Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, but is better known to the Public as the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, an Onerous Office he has well filled.

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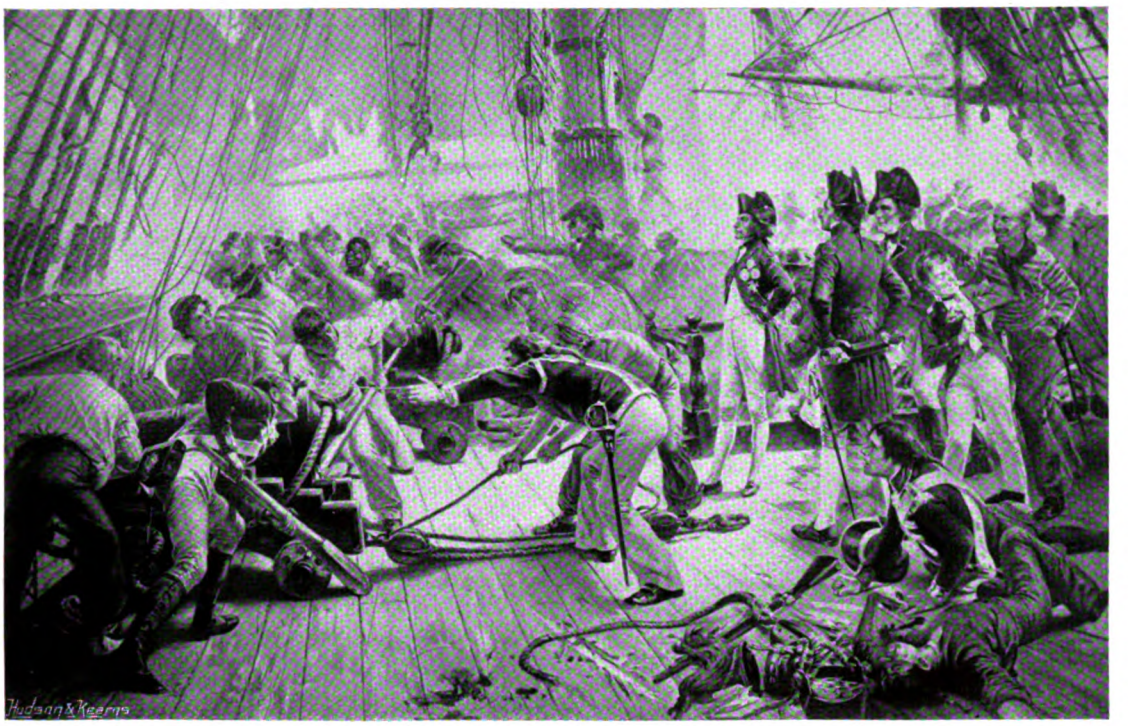

ON THE EVE OF VICTORY.

This Striking Picture, Representing a Scene on the Deck of the "Victory" at Trafalgar, was the Work of the late Mr. W. H. Overend, who stood very high among the Marine Artists and Painters of Naval Life during the Century. It was Exhibited Last Year at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, and, in a year when Painters of Historic Events showed Exceptionally Good Work, was Greatly Admired.

By Kind Permission of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

THE word has gone forth, according to the fashion journals, that military red is to be the colour for the winter season. Notwithstanding a certain revival, khaki has had its day. It is, in truth, the colour only for people who wish to hide themselves, after the manner of the curious leaf and twig insects that adapt their form and colour so ingeniously to imitate the background upon which they live and move. Such is not the way of society. Meanwhile, the permanent uniform of the forces is already under consideration, but it is worth while remarking that neither in ships of the Navy nor the uniform of the Army is the colour which makes for invisibility usually assumed in peace-time. It is, perhaps, not likely that the British soldier will take kindly to a permanent khaki, which marks little individuality of regiments or arms.

THAT gallant soldier, Major-General Luke O'Connor, V.C., has just been confiding to Mr. T. P. O'Connor's smart journal some reminiscences of his youth. As everyone knows, the brave officer rose from the ranks and came from the very military county of Roscommon. In London he took the Queen's shilling for the 17th Lancers, and got off by paying smart money, but the ruling passion was strong, and once more he took the shilling and joined the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, to the command of which he afterwards rose. Very early he became extremely proficient in drill, and as a sergeant was often called out to drill the whole regiment on parade. It was in the Crimea that he won his commission. He was one of the escort for the colours at the Alma, and though wounded in the breast and with two ribs broken, he planted the flag upon the parapet of the enemy's redoubt, in order to rally and encourage the men. He spent some time in hospital but returned to his regiment, having received an ensign's commission. Almost immediately he became a lieutenant, and on June 18 volunteered for a proposed storming party of his regiment to attack the Redan. In the last attack on the place he commanded a party, and was shot in both legs when he reached the parapet. He remembered no more, he says, until he came to himself in camp some hours later, still grasping his broken sword. He received the V.C., and immediately went out to India, where he was present at the relief and capture of Lucknow, the defeat of the Gwalior contingent at Cawnpore, and in many other affairs. These are very gallant reminiscences, told modestly and well.

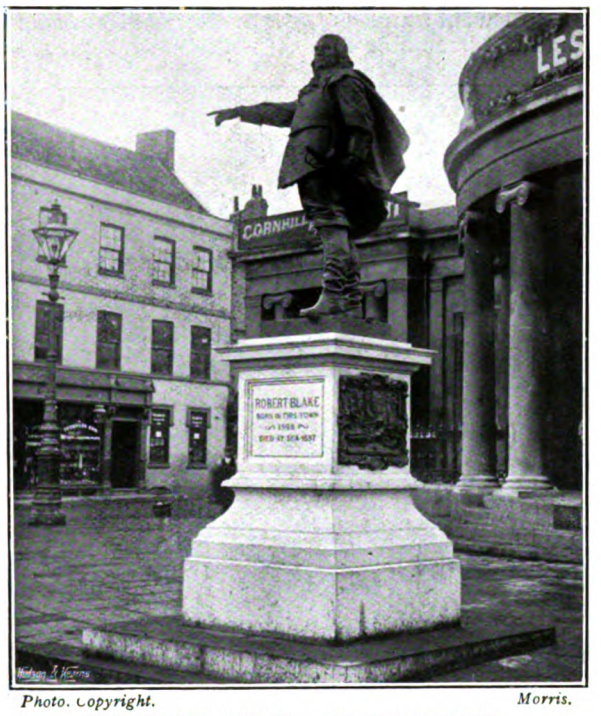

Photo. Copyright. Morris.

THE BLAKE STATUE AT BRIDGWATER.

The Townsmen of the Famous "General-at-Sea" have Erected this Monument to his Memory, and it was lately Unveiled by Lord Brassey. Blake Fought much for the Parliament in Somerset.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE STAFF OF THE LANCASHIRE BRIGADE.

No Brigade has done more Glorious Service during the War than the "Lancashire Lads" which Wynne Commands under Buller. Read from Left to Right, the group standing are: Lieutenant Vaughan, Railway Staff Officer; Captain Carleton, A.D.C.; Captain Harper, R.E.; while those sitting are Colonel Bethune, the Gallant Leader of the Mounted Troops attached to the Brigade; General Wynne; and Captain Braithwaite, his Brigade-Major. Our Picture was taken when the Brigade were Guarding the Railway between Standerton and Volksrust.

THERE can no longer be any doubt that the Russians have shown extreme barbarity in China, and General Fleischer, who was in command at New Chwang, appears to have been responsible for the outrages there. Some 1,500 or 2,000 Chinese soldiers, Boxers, and civilians were killed, and the town would have been assaulted if the foreign residents had not interceded. The soldiers and Boxers had fled, but General Fleischer had declared his intention of killing all the Chinese in the place, saying it was impossible to distinguish between soldiers, Boxers, and civilians. No doubt exists that outside the walls men, women, and children were killed, and from all sides come reports of outrage upon women. The policy of which General Fleischer is the agent appears to be one of destruction and extermination. Kai-chau, twenty-four miles south of New Chwang, was given up to the ravages of the troops for some days, and nearly all the villages in the district have been burnt and the inhabitants killed. The object is unmistakable. It is to establish a control of terror, and the Russification of Manchuria proceeds apace.

IF a Naval and Military Exhibition should be held next year, as has been proposed, those who direct the Naval section of it may find it difficult to discover a secretary so competent and well-informed, and possessed of such administrative power, as the late Sir Alfred Jephson, the secretary of the Royal Naval Exhibition of 1891. In these pages recently a portrait of the lamented officer was given, and it may be pointed out that he was there represented with only three medals, instead of with the five which he possessed. He fought in the Black Sea during the Russian War, in the Indian Mutiny, and in China in 1860, and he was wounded and mentioned in despatches for his services in Japan in 1863-64. He had also the medal for the Benin Expedition of 1894, and the Jubilee medal of 1887. He had been Agent-General of the Niger Coast Protectorate, and was Secretary-General of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem

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and Assistant-Secretary of the Imperial Institute. Indeed Sir Alfred Jephson's service was equally valuable in active warfare. and in administrative work.

GREAT interest always attaches to the last words of famous men, and the papers have lately told us what were the final utterances of the late Lord Chief Justice and of Prince Bismarck. Both appear to have been of a pious order, notably that of the Iron Chancellor, just recorded by Dr. Oncken, Professor of History in the University of Gieszen. We are reminded of the last words of Pitt—"O, my country! How I leave my country!" concerning which Lord Beaconsfield used to tell a saturnine story not inappropriately recalled after an election. When the future Prime Minister first entered the Commons he used to be served at dinner by a grim old waiter, who was supposed to possess a hidden treasury of political tradition. The young member sought to win his confidence, and to draw fruit from his reminiscences, and one day the venerable domestic relented. "You hear many lies told as history, sir," he said. "You know Mr. Pitt's last words?" Disraeli of course repeated the famous utterance. "Nonsense," said the old man, "I'll tell you how it was. Late one night I was called out of bed by a messenger in a postchaise shouting outside the window. 'What is it,' I said. 'You're to get up and dress, and bring some of your meat pies down to Mr. Pitt at Putney.' So I went; and as we drove along he told me that Mr. Pitt had not been able to take any food, but had suddenly said 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's mutton pies,' and so I was sent for post haste. When we arrived, Mr. Pitt was dead. Them was his last words: 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's mutton pies.'"

Photo. Copyright. Navy & Army."

IN NAVARINO BAY.

Twenty-two Years, less a day, after Trafalgar—on October 20, 1827—a Hasty Musket-shot from a Turkish Fire-ship gave the Signal for the Commencement of an Action which resulted in the Total Destruction of the Turkish and Egyptian Squadrons by the Allied Forces of England, France, and Russia. The Bay is Horse-shoe in Shape, the Entrance being some 600 yds. wide. The Fort, now used as a Prison, seen in our Picture at the Extremity of the Point, was actively engaged in the Action.

A YEAR ago on the 20th of the present month, General Sir William Penn Symons fell mortally wounded at Talana Hill, Glencoe, and some days afterwards passed away in the Dundee hospital, mourned alike by Boer and Briton. To keep his memory fresh and sweet his own countrymen of Cornwall have fixed in the parish church of Botus Fleming—the native place of the general—a stained-glass window and memorial brass, which were unveiled on the 10th by the Earl of St. Germans. The window represents the centurion coming to Christ. It is in three lights, and is at the east end of the north aisle. A handsome brass is affixed below on grey marble. An interesting fact is told concerning the inscription.

After being prepared it was submitted to the War Office for verification, and immediately arrived duly revised. After detailing the general's early career, and recording his sad death at Glencoe—one of the earliest in the war—it concludes as follows: "Alike by his courage, kindness and goodness of heart he endeared himself to all who knew him, and his heroic death called forth the sorrow of the whole nation, and also the sincere expressions of regret from the enemy against whom this nation was fighting. 'Good luck have thou with thine honour: ride on.'" The latter was a favourite saying of the general's.

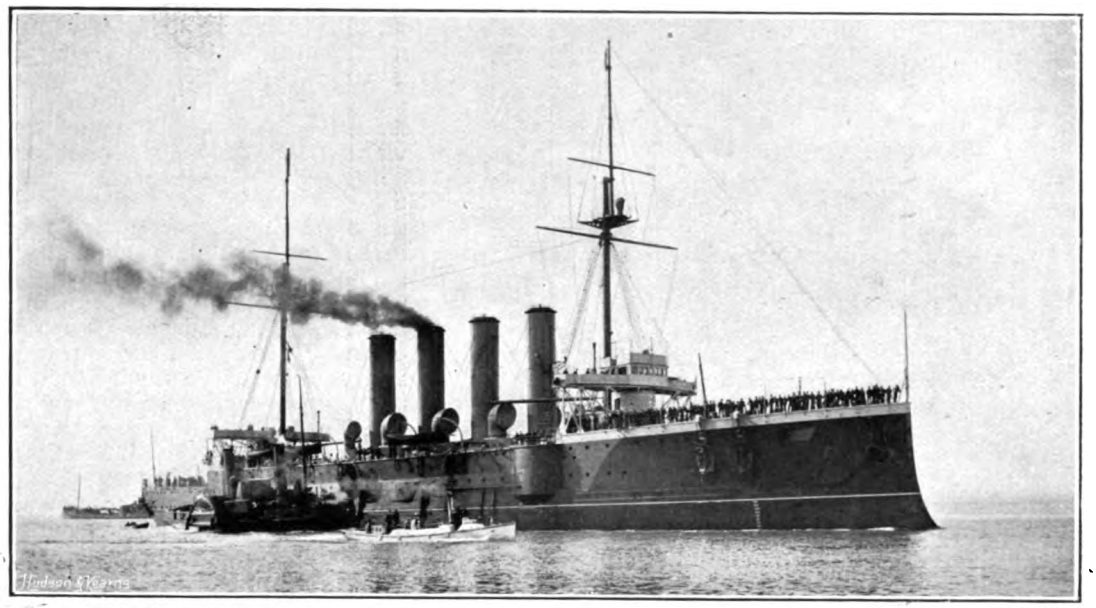
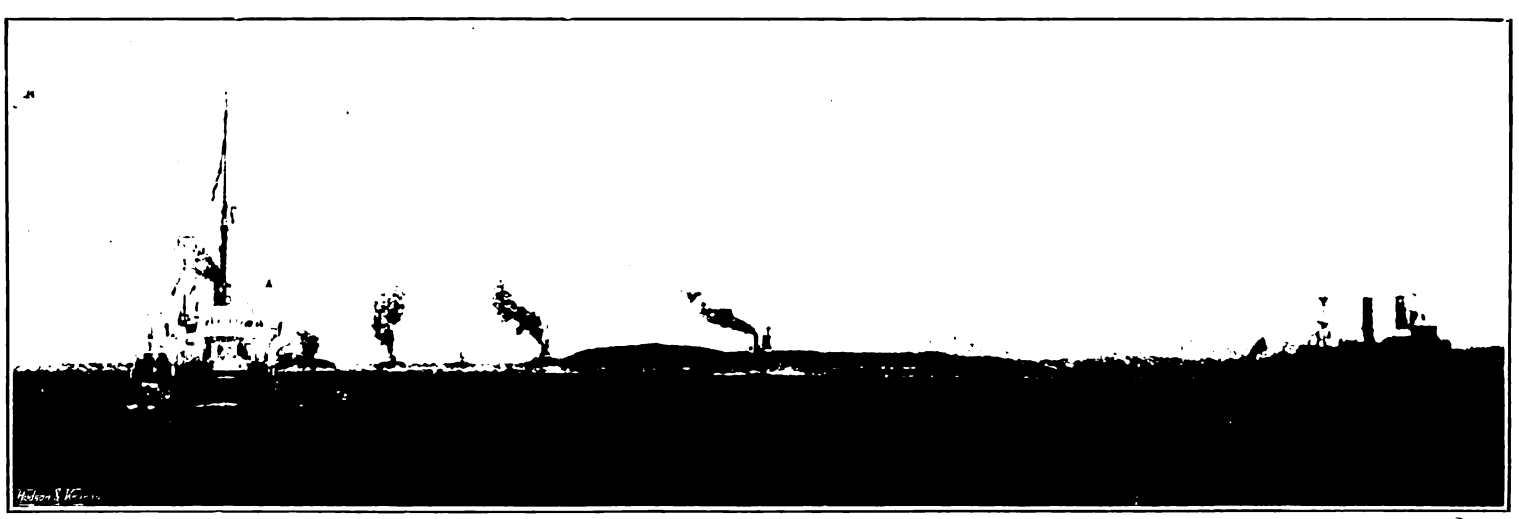


Photo. Copyright. Cribb.

THE LATEST ARMOURED CRUISER.

The "Cressy" is the Prototype of a Class of Six Heavily-armoured Cruisers now Completing for the Royal Navy, which when finished will be amongst the most Powerful Ships of their Class Afloat. On a Displacement of 12,000 tons they carry an Armament of Two 9·2-in. Guns, as Bow and Stern Chasers, with a Central Battery of Twelve 6-in. Quick-firers, besides numerous smaller Quick-firers and Machine Guns. They will not be the Fastest Cruisers afloat, though their Speed is 21 knots.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

Our Picture shows the British North American Squadron being Escorted out of Bar Harbour by the United States North Atlantic Squadron. The Hospitality extended to the Fleet during their Week's Stay was most Cordial. Luncheons, Dinners, Balls, and Picnics were the Order of the Day, and neither Hosts nor Guests will soon forget the Fleet's Visit. A certain Mr. Van Ness took the Opportunity of the British Fleet's Arrival to Hoist the Boer Flag in Front of his Dwelling, which faced the Anchorage, but it was Promptly Removed by the Police.

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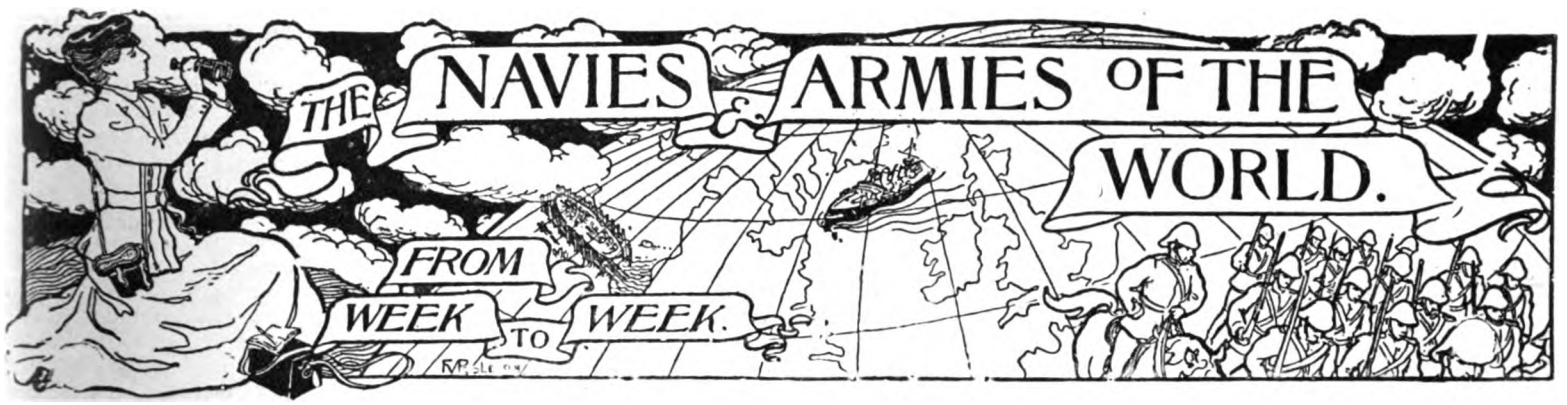

A CORRESPONDENT of *Le Yacht* has taken advantage of the late cruise of the Royal Family along the coast of the Bay of Biscay to make some remarks on the present condition of the Spanish Navy, and the proper Naval policy of the country in the future. The writer is a Spaniard, and, like many of his countrymen, can speak with excellent sense. It is mainly in action that the unwisdom of that people is shown. They can talk admirably. This particular Spaniard devotes a good deal of his space to a description of the reception of the Royal Squadron and the festivities which took place on the occasion. These are not, however, matters of permanent interest. It is otherwise with the schemes which Señor Silvela is understood to be maturing for the restoration of the Navy. Señor Silvela has so far discharged the onerous duties of a Prime Minister in this sad passage of his country's history very creditably. By forcing the richer taxpayers, and more especially the commercial class, to pay their taxes properly, which they never did before, by imposing fresh taxes, and cutting down expenses, he has succeeded in balancing the budget—or, at least, in avoiding bankruptcy and the necessity for a fresh loan. He has it very much at heart to put the Spanish Navy on a respectable footing. The ambition is one which he shares with many others among his countrymen. It has been said by some that though Spain could do without an army, she cannot dispense with a fleet; and that is obviously the case. Placed as she is between two seas, with a real natural frontier to the north, she is destined to be the victim of the next great Naval struggle, unless she can protect herself.

* * * *

It is a wonderful proof of the folly of her government that, though there has been a Spanish Navy since the Middle Ages, everything is still practically to do. There is a corps of officers nearly as large as the Italian, there are dockyards, and there are a few ships, but the first have little or no practice, the second are far from well found—Ferrol, for instance, is not even in connection with the general railway system of the country—and the third are the mere fragments of a squadron. Though she has iron, coal, and fine harbours, and was in former times rather famous for her ship-building, Spain has to go abroad for her vessels. There is not even a gunnery school for the training of the men. *Le Yacht's* correspondent says rather pathetically that it will be necessary to impose sacrifices in order that the officers and crews may be practised. In other words, money must be spent on coal and cartridges in order that the crews of the Spanish Navy may learn to shoot. It is a very true observation, but it never seems to have suggested itself to anybody—at any rate, not to ruling persons—before. To get ships of sorts and a great many officers, and then to collect young crews by the conscription, has hitherto been the only course which recommended itself. When these raw materials were collected, they were left "a-riding at anchor." Navies are not made in that way, as the Spaniards must learn if they want to restore theirs. Fortunately, the easiest thing for them to do is also the most indispensable. With the "Pelayo," the "Carlos V.," and a few other survivors, or vessels in course of construction, and the reconstructed "Vitoria" and "Numancia," the Spaniards have the elements of a practising squadron which can at least do good work for their gunnery training.

* * * *

The scheme which Señor Silvela is understood to have drafted is a modest and quite practicable one. It is proposed to build ten battle-ships of about 12,000 tons, four armoured cruisers of 8,000 tons, of the same class as the "Cezarewitch" and the "Bayan," now building for the Russian Government in the French yards, and about 100 torpedo vessels. They are to be built in the next ten years, mostly in France, but presumably also to some extent at home, and a special loan is to be raised to pay for them in instalments. There is nothing here which Spain ought not to be able to manage with ease if her finances are properly looked after. Ten years of peace and sane administration would make her one of the most prosperous countries in Europe. By the time the new ships are ready, the officers and crews might be in a state of training to handle them to some purpose. With ten respectable battle-ships, four good armoured cruisers, and a fair proportion of small craft, and with her excellent ports on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, Spain would be a very useful member of any coalition—always supposing that her Navy consisted of something more than mere ships and unpractised officers. Señor Silvela's policy is a sound one, and he may contrive to get it accepted by the Cortes. Then if his Ministry is not upset, and the first enthusiasm does not grow cold, Spain may once more have a Navy. But, as the Spanish proverb puts it, "De lo dicho à lo hecho va gran trecho" (it is a long road from said to done), and the Spaniard is particularly apt to take a siesta on the way. The ships we may probably see, but the hard work, which *Le Yacht's* Spanish correspondent justly considers indispensable if the crews are to be fully trained, is not so likely to be provided.

* * * *

General Sir F. Maurice's report on the cycle manœuvres in the Brighton district last August will be acceptable reading to the Volunteer cyclists who are anxious to see their iron horse recognised as useful for military purposes. He blesses it altogether. Far be it from me to dispute his accuracy, and one can see easily enough that a conveyance which enables one to get over the ground at a great pace must have its uses. But what strikes one a good deal is the no doubt unconscious desire to make the cycle the centre of the whole military organisation, and to cause all the rest to hang from it, which pierces through this report. Sir F. Maurice speaks of concentrating 100,000 men over 15,000 square miles of country to bar the road to an invader. This is a big army with all its belongings, among which would be 100,000 cycles. One wonders what would be the effect of this colossal number of "bikes" blocking roads, and also how the consciousness that they must never get away from their means of escape would work on the minds of the cyclist riflemen. The 100,000 are to be "concentrated not at a given spot, but on the circumference of a circle." It is calculated that by breaking up roads, lining hedges and ditches, and so forth, the riflemen could bar the road to an invader. With all due deference to Sir F. Maurice, I venture to disbelieve that a strung out line of hastily collected men would ever prevent a resolute assailant, who was not governed by a nervous desire to keep down the butcher's bill, from breaking through somewhere, which being done, the whole line must go back; and when riflemen are once dismounted from their "bikes," they are infantry soldiers and nothing else. If they are tied down to be kept close to their machines, they are perfectly useless, except upon one shot, and for defensive purposes. Of course we hear a good deal of the lessons of the South African War. But, after all, is not the chief lesson of that war just this, that the wilful practice of taking up positions and scampering out of them when attacks are pushed home, or your flank is threatened, may delay defeat, but it will never secure victory.

* * * *

It is to be hoped that the protest made by a military correspondent of the *Times* against the destruction of the King's Bastion and the Spur Battery at Portsmouth will be favourably listened to by the authorities. Nothing which is a part of history, and has any intrinsic merit of its own, should be destroyed unless there is a very substantial reason for taking it away. In this case there does not seem to be any pressing call for removing the last fragments of the old fortifications of Portsmouth. It would be a piece of stupid vandalism to take them away merely to save a few pounds, or even on the ground that they interfere with guns on modern fortifications which will probably never be used, and are in the opinion of some badly placed themselves. Unhappily there is a perfect mania in the minds of a good many people for making a clean sweep of whatever they are pleased to describe as obsolete. The question is not whether it will serve the purpose for which it was first designed, but whether it prevents the end from being reached by other means. If it does not, why destroy what is a link with the past and worth looking at in itself?

DAVID HANNAY.

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OFFICE:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

The Personal Element.

LAST week we discussed the principles that have been vindicated by the result of the General Election. Let us consider this week some of the personal questions that are closely connected with the events of the past month. "Principles not persons" is a maxim more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Personal force, individual character, has a share in moulding public as well as private fortunes, larger than any abstract principles, larger even than the factors of self-interest or traditional prejudice. If there were any who doubted this, any who thought that the elemental bases of human nature had suddenly altered, they must be convinced of their error by the results of the polls. These results can be explained in no other way than by allowing that personalities have had quite as much to do with them as politics. After all, the majority of electors (electors in country districts especially) do not know much about the questions that agitate the minds of politicians. On the other hand, they do know a great deal about Squire A or Mr. Manufacturer B. They know how the Squire's tenants are treated; they know whether "the gaffer" is on good terms with his workpeople, and where he spends the money they help him to make. Even when a candidate is not known to the electors in this way, they are pretty sharp at finding out whether he is a man or merely a mouthpiece. Time after time it has been proved that an energetic candidate with an attractive personality can, by dint of hard work, induce a constituency to change a political allegiance which no argument could have caused them to abandon. Exactly the same thing is seen in Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain's case is a case very much in point. What has made Mr. Chamberlain so popular? The principles he professes? If so, why do not other members of the Cabinet enjoy an equal measure of popularity? His oratory? His business capacity? There are many better speakers, many equally good men of business. What is the explanation, then? Simply that Mr. Chamberlain is a man of remarkable personal force. He knows what he wants, and he knows how he means to try to get it. There are wiser men than Mr. Chamberlain among the advisers of the Queen and the representatives of the nation. There are men of finer fibre, of riper judgment, of more excellent discretion. But what are these qualities when they are weighed in the balance against individuality, against character of such strength and weight that it can sweep away opposition as the hurricane scatters dust in its path? The prophet in the Old Testament recognised that the still, small voice was mightier than the rushing, mighty whirlwind, but the mass of people will always think the whirlwind a vastly finer performance.

How important is it, then, that at such a time as the present we should have men of strong and vigorous personality to deal aright with the questions that so urgently demand settlement. In the very forefront is the question of Army Reform. Not less important is the problem of keeping the Navy in every way up to the highest standard of efficiency. The retirement of Mr. Goschen, who carries with him into private life the gratitude of all true friends of the Navy, casts upon Lord Salisbury the heavy responsibility of finding some able statesman to carry on at the Admiralty the good work that Mr. Goschen has done there during the last five years. The proposal that the post should be entrusted to Lord Charles Beresford hardly takes into account all the difficulties of the task. Lord Charles is a very good sailor, and it is to his eternal credit that he once resigned an office because he thought the Government under which he held it was not doing as much for the Navy as the country had a right to expect. But Lord Charles is not a statesman, and at the Admiralty we need a statesman. Of the members of the present Cabinet Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would be, on the whole, a good choice. He is a man with a backbone, at any rate, and his experience as Chancellor of the Exchequer must have shown him how a spending department can get the better of Treasury clerks when they are in too economical a frame of mind. The War Office as well as the Admiralty seems likely to need a new chief before the new Parliament meets. If the Prime Minister invited Lord Cromer to succeed Lord Lansdowne, the country would breathe more freely. However, these things lie on the knees of the gods. A point we can discuss with more freedom is: How does the new Parliament compare with the last in respect of private members who can be trusted to lend assistance of any value when measures of defence come up for discussion? On the whole, well. In fact, there is really little change, and the changes that have been made are mostly to the good. The Service members have nearly all come back, and among the newly-elected are several who can be counted upon to speak sensibly and vote straight in Naval and Military debates. Mr. Winston Churchill's voice, we may be sure, will always be lifted up in advocacy of adequate defensive preparations. Mr. Henry Norman has seen enough of the far-off dominions of the Empire to realise the piteous imbecility of the Little Englander cry for reduction of armaments. Mr. Gilbert Parker will represent the sane Imperialist view that animates the Dominion of Canada. These and other new members ought to do good service when the subject of building up a really satisfactory Imperial military system comes to be discussed.

The Naval element in the House of Commons is very much smaller than the Military element. Indeed, it is so small, that it is a pity Captain Hedworth Lambton was not returned even as a Liberal Imperialist. The label matters little. It is the man himself who must be considered. Captain Lambton, it is true, showed more humour in his election speeches than the British public cares for in its public men. He would scarcely have been taken very seriously at Westminster. Still, it is a pity that he has not been given a chance to prove himself a useful legislator. After all, his opinions on Naval matters are sound, although the expression of them savoured something too much of the professional humorist. One thing that we may be thankful for—and perhaps the fact that our Naval politicians are few may help to account for it—is that no attempt has been made to drag the Navy into the political arena and to count it as a pawn in the game of party politics. The endeavour in some quarters to treat the Army in this way, and to stigmatise every vote given against one side as a vote against the Army, deserves the severe condemnation of all who know how to combine patriotism with common-sense. Surely we might have profited by the lesson of the Dreyfus case. Is it only a short year since we were lecturing France in good set terms upon the folly of allowing the Army to be identified with a political party? Well may we pray "Lest we forget" when our memories are as short as this.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 14, 1066. — Battle of Hastings. William of Normandy defeated King Harold, who was killed. 1719.—Surrender of Ponte Vedra to Major-General Wade.

October 15, 1775.—Defeat of the Americans at Kingston by Major-General Vaughan. 1778.—Captain Ferguson surprised and cut to pieces an American force at Egg Harbour.

October 16, 1781.—Sortie from Yorktown; eleven guns spiked. Surrender of Palang, Sumatra. 1897.—Bombardment of Metemmeh by the Nile flotilla.

October 17, 1347.—Battle of Nevil's Cross. Queen Philippa defeated King David of Scotland. 1778.—Surrender of Pondicherry by the French to Major-General Hector Munroe. 1803.—General Lake attacked and defeated seven of Scindia's battalions encamped on the glacis of the fort at Agra.

October 18, 1791.—Nundy Durgum, a hill fort near Bangalore, carried by assault by Lord Cornwallis. 1860.—Summer Palace at Peking burnt. 1897.—First battle of Dargai. The Orakzais and Afridis routed by Generals Westmacott and Kempster.

October 19, 1719.—Messina surrendered after a siege of twenty-one days. 1791.—Capture of Nundy Droog by General Meadowes. 1897.—Defeat of the Uganda mutineers.

October 20, 1709.--Surrender of Mons. 1794.—Defeat of the Rohillas by Sir Ralph Abercromby near Cawnpore. 1897.—Second battle of Dargai. The Gordon Highlanders, under Colonel Mathias, made a gallant charge, and the tribesmen were again routed. 1899.—Battle of Dundee. The Boers, under Lucas Meyer, defeated. General Sir W. P. Symons was mortally wounded, and General Yule succeeded to the command.

OCTOBER 14, 1747.—Hawke's victory off Finisterre. 1798.—Capture of the French "Résolue," 36, by the "Melampus," 36, in the Channel. 1810.—Capture of the French "Sans Souci," 14, by the "Briseis," 10, in the North Sea. 1871.—The "Gorgon" launched.

October 15, 1711.—The "Edgar," 70, blown up at Spithead. 1795.—Capture of the French "Eveillée," 18, by the "Thunderer," 74, off Ile Groix.

October 16, 1664.—Formation authorised of first English regiment of Marines. 1759.—Smeaton's Eddystone Lighthouse first lighted. 1798.—Action in the Channel between the "Mermaid," 32, and the "Kangaroo," 18, and the French "Loire," 40. 1799.—Capture of the Spanish treasure frigates "Thetis," 34, and "Santa Brigida," 34, by the "Naiad," 38, "Ethalion," 38, "Triton," 32, and "Alcmene," 32, off Corunna. 1815.—Napoleon landed at St. Helena from the "Northumberland." 1875.—The "Boadicea" launched.

October 17, 1781.—Admiral of the Fleet Lord Hawke died. 1782.—Action off St. Domingo between the "Torbay," 74, "London," 98, and "Badger," sloop, and the French "Scipion," 74, and "Sybille," 40. 1854.—Naval bombardment of Sebastopol.

October 18, 1564. — Hawkins's second expedition left Plymouth. 1760.—Capture of the French "Valeur," 20, by the British "Lively," 20. 1798.—Capture of the French "Loire," 40, by the "Anson," 44, and "Kangaroo," 18. 1806.—Capture of the Dutch "Maria Riggersbergen," 36, by the "Caroline," 36, in Batavia Roads.

October 19, 1760.—Capture of the French "Sirène," 32, by the "Boreas," 28, off Cape Nicolas. 1872.—Admiral of the Fleet Sir T. J. Cochrane died. 1895.—The "Victorious" launched.

October 20th, 1793.—Capture of the French "Réunion," 36, off Cape Barfleur by the "Crescent," 36. 1798.—Capture of the French "Immortalité," 40, in the Channel by the "Fisgard," 38. 1827.—Battle of Navarino. 1839.—Admiral Lord Charles Scott born.

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THE LAUNCH OF THE GERMAN CRUISER "AMAZONE."

The German Navy will receive many additions this year, for the new energy in ship-building is beginning to bear fruit, and within a comparatively brief period we shall see the Naval forces of the Empire occupying a larger place in the world's affairs. The "Amazone," which was launched at Kiel on October 6, is a protected cruiser of 2,800 tons, one of a useful class of which others are now in hand at Danzig and Wilhelmshaven. For protection they have a steel deck, and they carry ten 4·1-in. and fourteen 1-pounder Krupp quick-firers, besides a torpedo armament of one above-water and two submerged torpedo-tubes. Water-tube boilers and engines of 9,000 horse-power are to give a speed of 21 knots.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

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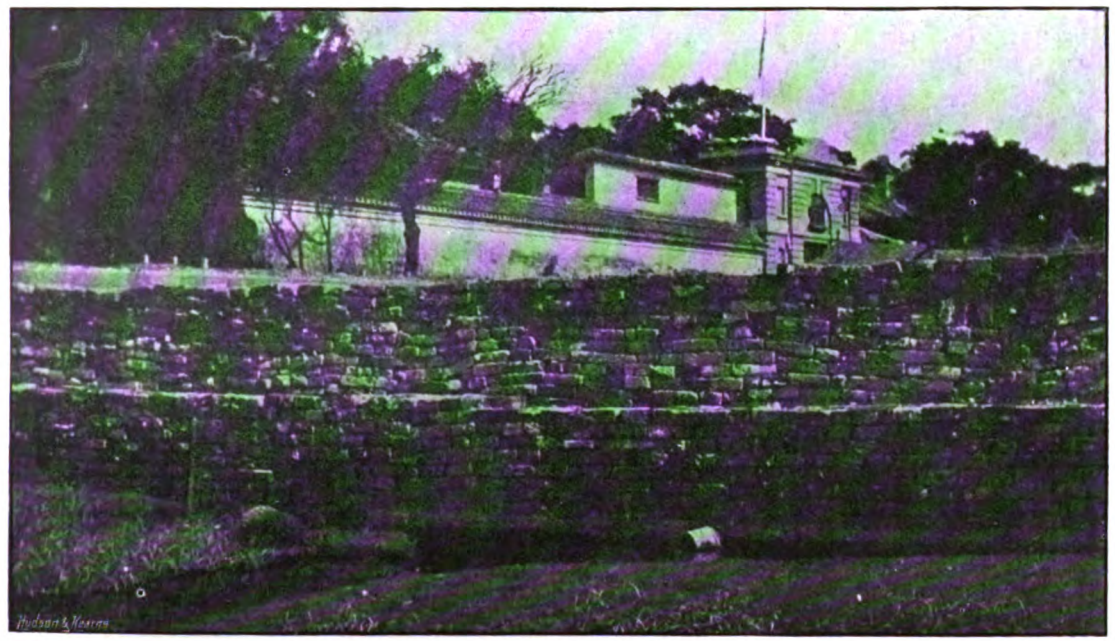
The Defence of the Peking Legations.

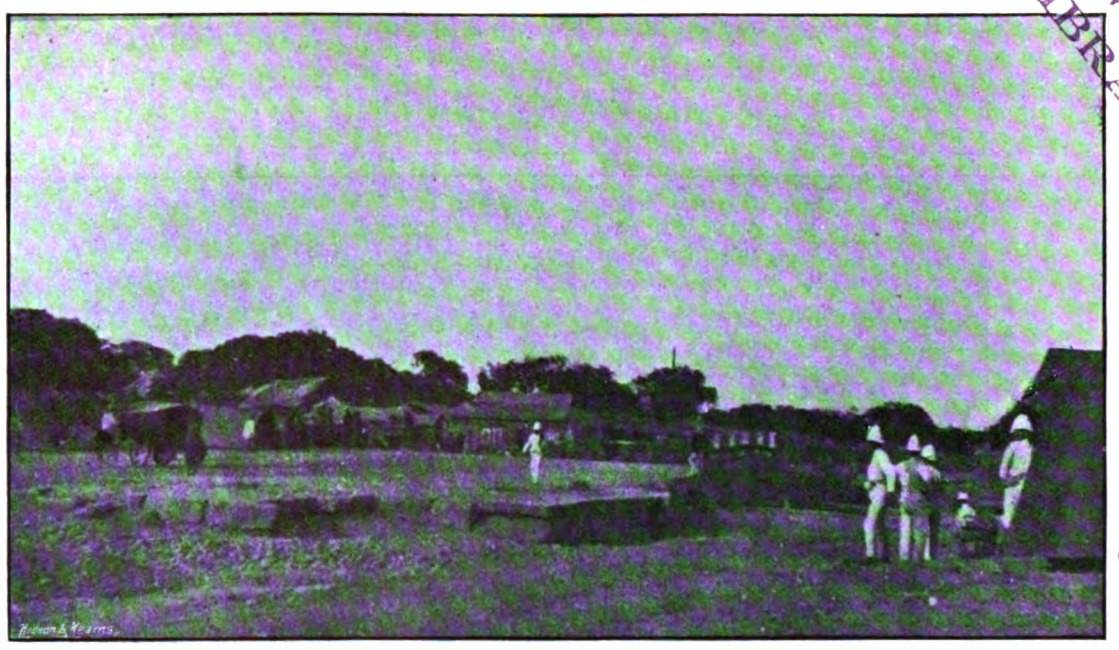
THE BARRICADE IN LEGATION STREET.

Constructed by the Russians between their Legation and that of the Americans. The Chinese built a Loop-holed Wall not Twenty Yards from it. It was the Scene of much Fighting.



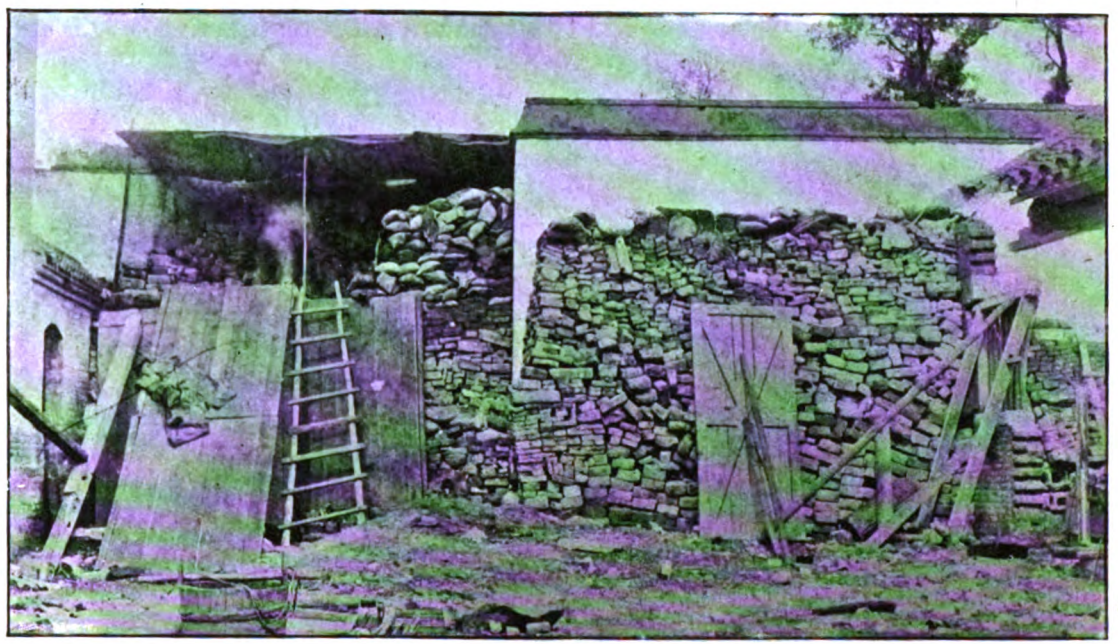
THE COVERED WAY ACROSS THE TARTAR CANAL.

Built by French Engineers, and so Strong that the Heavy Rains failed to Damage it, even when there were Four Feet of Water in the Canal. A Grand Sortie was made here.



THE REDOUBT AT THE MAIN GATE.

Held by British Marines with a Nordenfelt to Command the North Bridge. "Thornhill's Roughs," a Volunteer Corps, Assisted here, and a Student Interpreter is seen in the Picture.



THE AMERICAN POSITION ON THE CITY WALL.

Held by a Mixed Guard of Americans, Russians, and British. A Vital Point, where many Losses Occurred. Once Abandoned, but Recaptured, and Held until Relief came.

From Photos. Taken Specially for Navy & Army Illustrated.

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Imperial Service Troops for China.

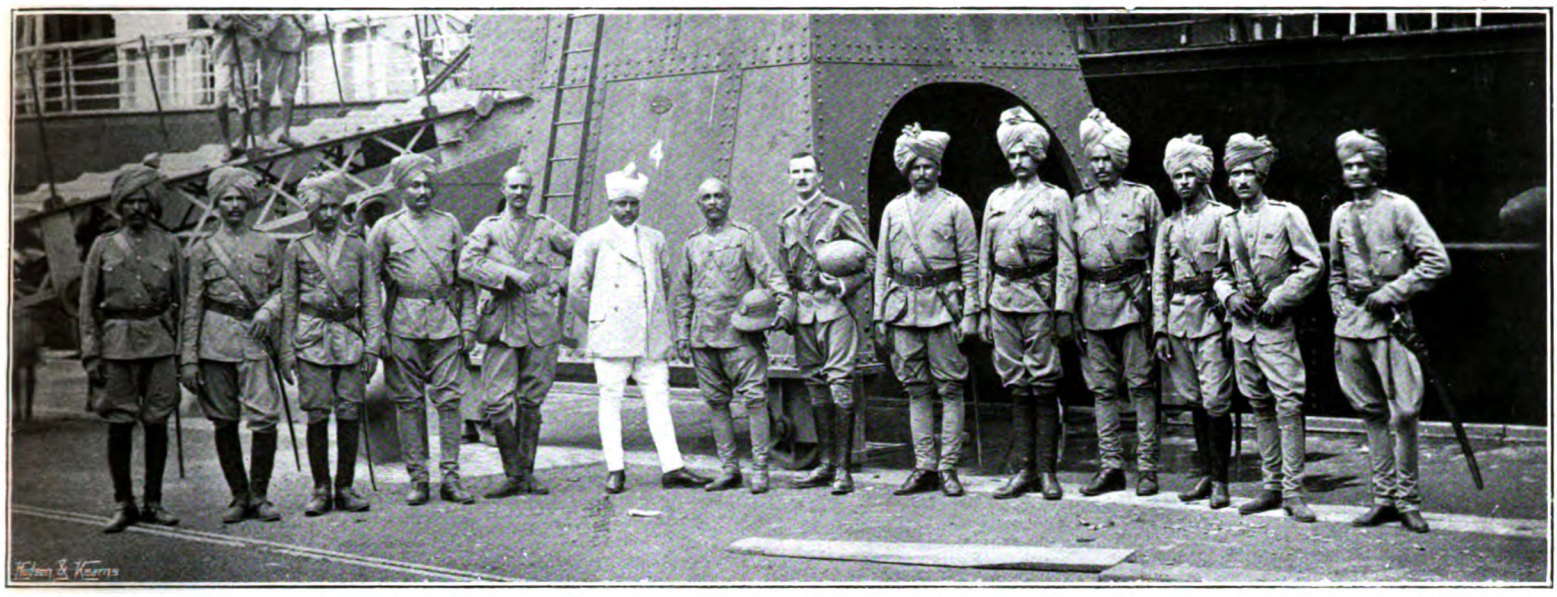


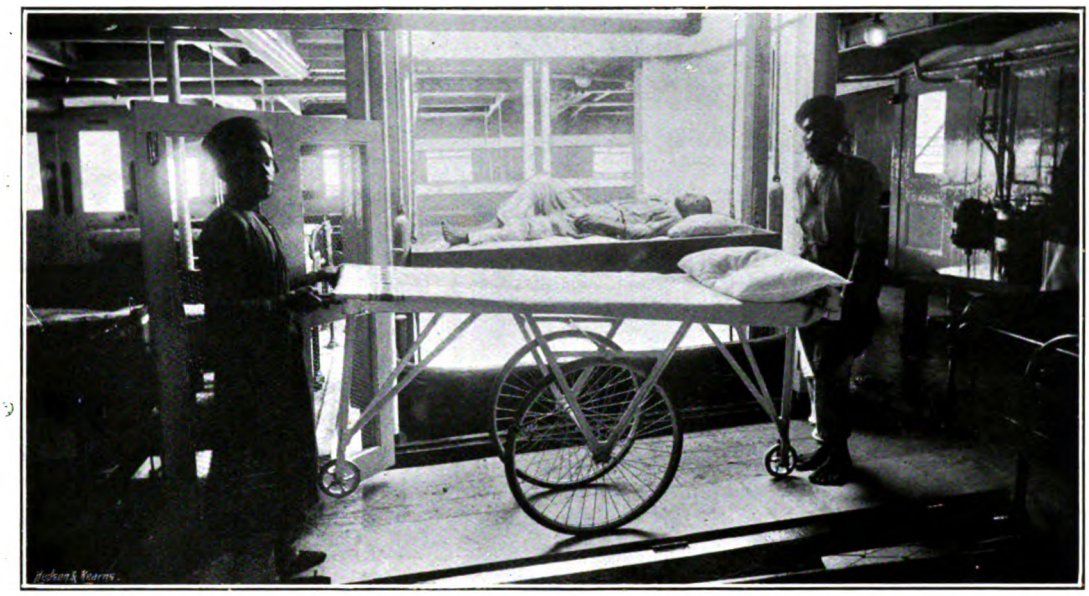
Photo. Copyright. *Kapp.*

INDIA'S BLUE BLOOD RUNS LOYAL.

Officers, Headquarters Squadron, Jodhpur Imperial Service Lancers.

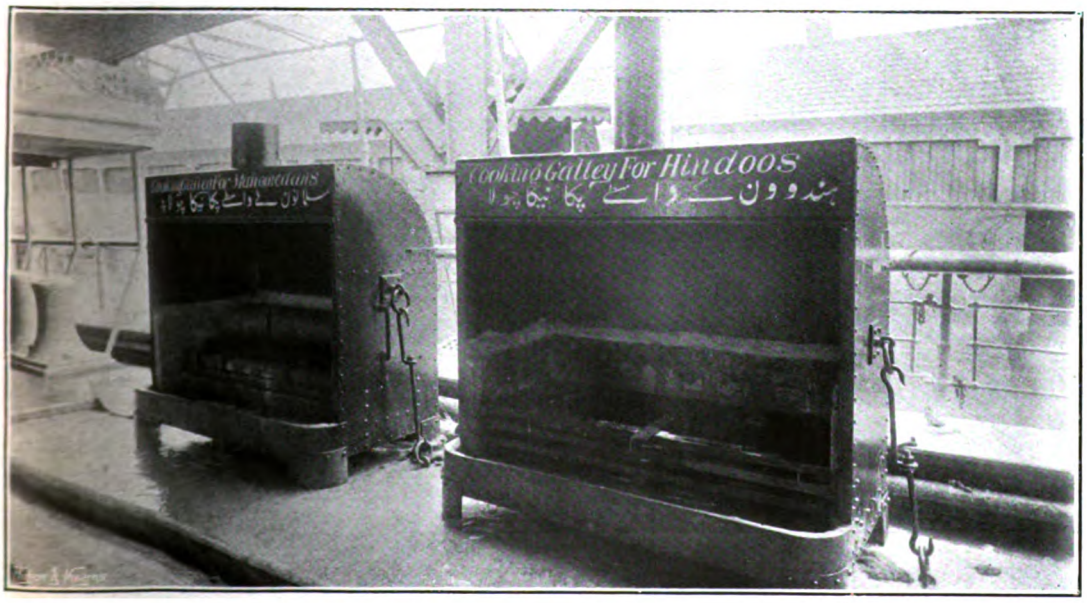
HERE is another instalment of pictures relating to one of the most interesting developments as yet apparent in the Chinese imbroglio, the employment, namely, of the Imperial Service Troops far beyond the limits of India, and for quite other than defensive purposes. The two corps here represented are the splendidly efficient Jodhpur Imperial Service Lancers and the Bikanir Imperial Service Infantry. In the groups are included several well-known British officers connected with the Indian contingents for China, and three pictures are added in which the method of getting on board sick men, and the scrupulous regard paid to native prejudices as to cooking arrangements, are happily illustrated.

In the first picture the English officer who stands seventh from the right is Major J. G. Turner, who formerly commanded the Viceroy's Bodyguard, and is now employed with the Imperial Service Cavalry and Transport of the Native States in Rajputana and the North-West Provinces. Next to him, with an English helmet in his hand, is the Maharaj Dhiraj Sir Pertab Singh, G.C.S.I., C.B., of Jodhpur, and next to the latter again, H.H. the Maharaj Adhiraj Sir Madho Rao Sindhia of Gwalior, G.C.S.I. Both the latter are honorary colonels in the Indian Army.



CAREFUL PREPARATIONS FOR HANDLING THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

Transferring Invalids from Dhoolie to Lift on Board Ship.



Photos. Copyright. *Raja Deen Dayal.*

NATIVE CUSTOMS ARE STRICTLY REGARDED.

The Special Cooking Galleys Provided for Hindoos and Mahomedans.

In the picture showing General Cummins and the staff of the 4th Brigade, together with the officers of the Bikanir Imperial Service Infantry, General Cummins is the eighth officer from the right. The Maharajah of Bikanir, who comes next to him, and commands his own contingent, is a ruling chief in Rajputana, and holds sway over 20,000 square miles, and a population of nearly 850,000 souls.

In the group of officers of D Squadron Jodhpur Imperial Service Lancers is included Brigadier-General Pipon, who sailed with them in the "Itaura."

It may be interesting to recall, for the benefit of readers who do not follow these matters closely, the fact that the Imperial Service Troops which here make such a fine show, and which in real life are a most valuable and efficient auxiliary to our

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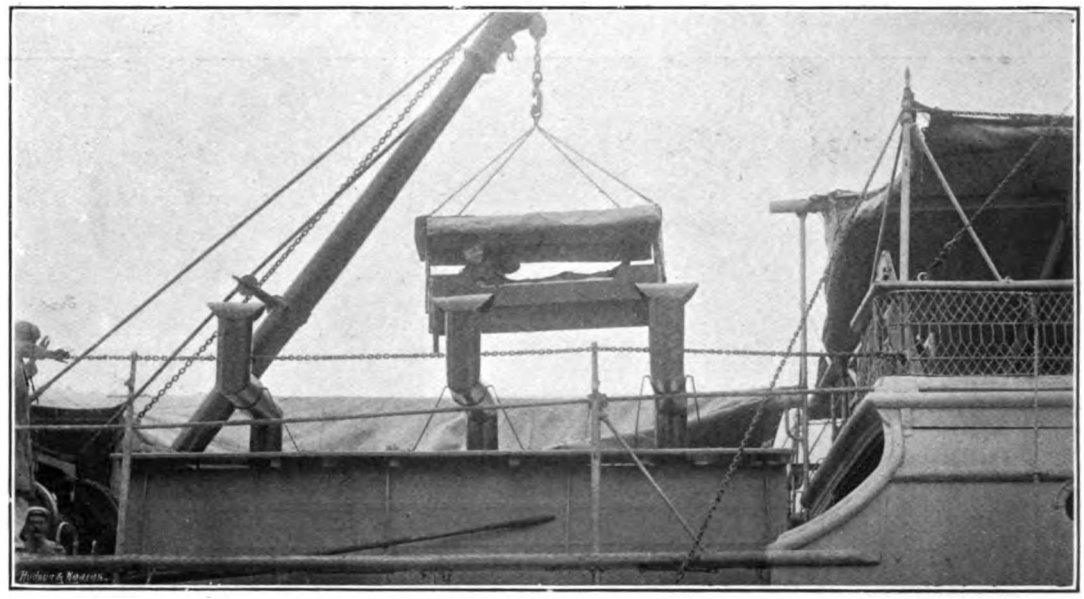
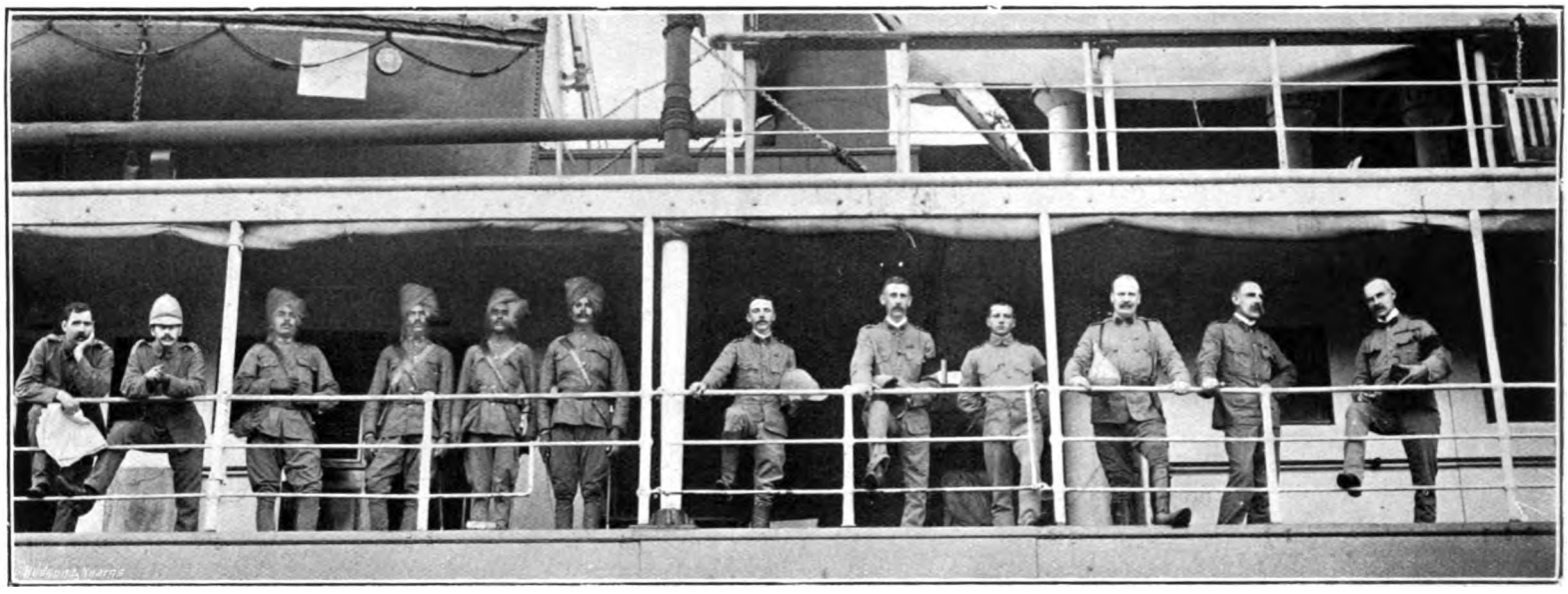
Indian Army, are an organisation of by no means long standing. It was only in 1889 that Lord Dufferin conceived the happy idea of converting the rabble armies maintained by native rulers, and commonly regarded as a source of possible danger in time of trouble to the paramount Power, into thoroughly loyal and well-organised troops, which in war would co-operate with the British forces against the common enemy. To this end selected corps in the various States were trained and inspected, but not commanded, by British officers, and the result has surpassed the most sanguine expectations. In time of peace the native Princes have under their complete control splendid bodies of troops, organised and equipped on an uniform plan; and when danger looms, the eagerness displayed by these rulers to offer themselves and their contingents for service is a glorious proof of the far-seeing wisdom of Lord Dufferin in thus dealing with a difficult and delicate question.



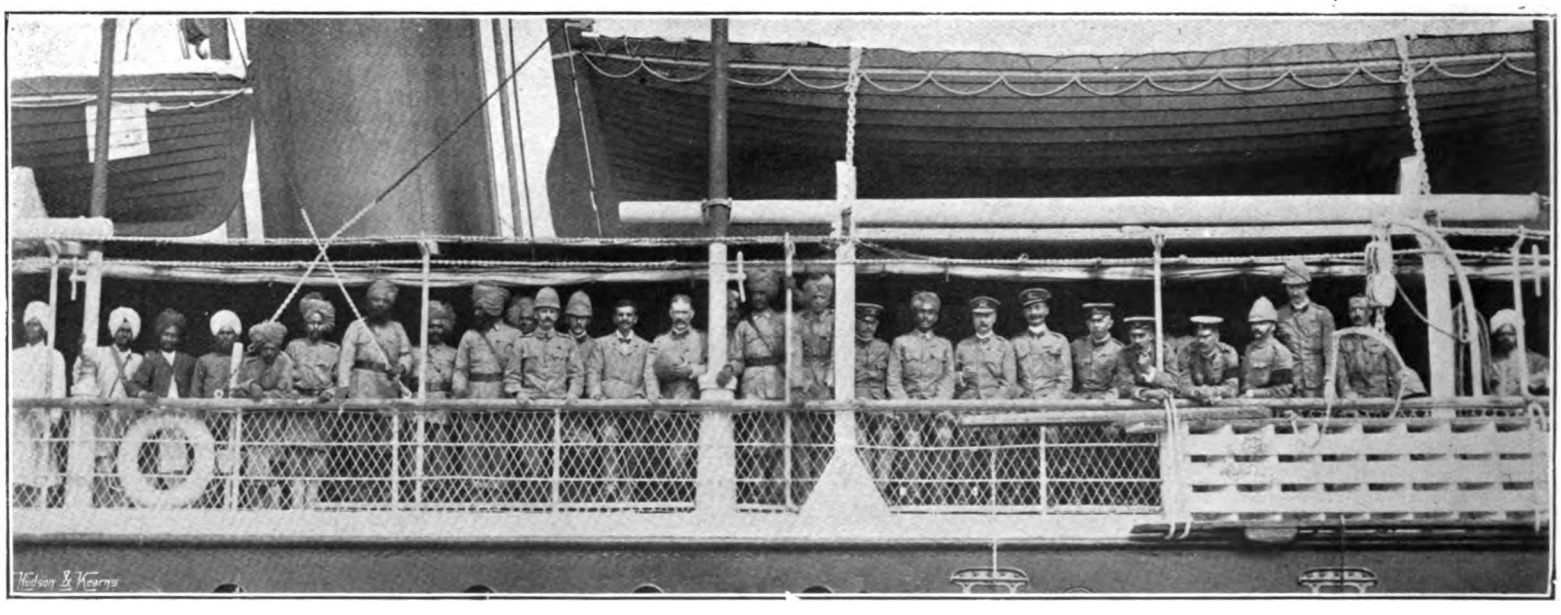
FROM DHOOLIE TO DECK.

Swinging Invalids on Board the Transport.



JODHPUR IMPERIAL SERVICE LANCERS.

ON BOARD THE "ITAURA"—THE OFFICERS OF THE D SQUADRON.



Photos. Copyright. *Kapp.*

A WELL-SUPPORTED BRIGADIER.

GENERAL CUMMINS AND STAFF, WITH OFFICERS OF THE BIKANIR IMPERIAL SERVICE INFANTRY.

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Some Battle-ships and their Officers.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A SMART SHIP IN THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

The Captain and Officers of the "Prince George."

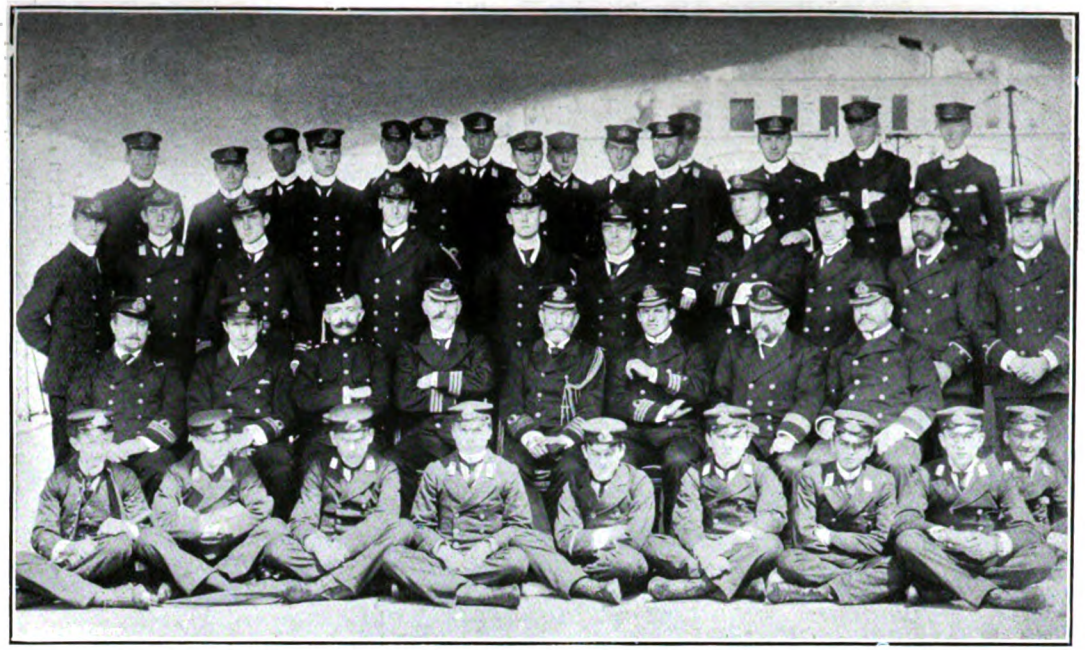

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

RECENTLY HOME FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The Officers of the "Revenge," some Transferred from the "Victorious."

Photos. Copyright.

ANOTHER BATTLE-SHIP IN HOME WATERS.

Captain Gerald W. Russell and the Officers of the "Hannibal."

Russell & Sons.

THE SECOND FLAG-SHIP IN THE CHANNEL.

Admiral Jenkings, Captain Ferris, and Officers of the "Magnificent."

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The War in South Africa---North to South.

ARTILLERY ON ITS WAY ACROSS THE VELDT.

A Battery of 15 pounders, Rhodesian Field Force.

AN ENGINE OF WAR OF USEFUL SERVICE.

The Armoured Train "Wasp" at Mafeking Station.

THE war in South Africa has entered upon its last stage. Henceforth it is a matter rather for an adequate force of military police than for an army, and that this is fully recognised on the spot is shown in two ways. In the first place, a strong body of military police is in process of organisation, and Major-General Baden-Powell has been placed in command. It is universally recognised that no more appropriate appointment could have been made. In the second place, some of the troops are already coming home. Many of the Canadians have returned; the City Imperial Volunteers, who have done such good service and have been praised both by Lord Roberts and by General Smith-Dorrien, will be in England in the course of a few days; and the Guards will not be delayed. The Commander-in-Chief is too good a soldier to deplete his force in this way unless he was fully assured that the troops can be spared, and that, though the process of settling down may be a gradual one, the sting has been thoroughly taken out of the Boer resistance.

One of the features of the war has been the way in which it has familiarised the ordinary "man in the street" with the personal appearance of some of our leading generals. Not only Lord Roberts himself and Lord Kitchener, but Sir Redvers Buller, Sir George White, Lord Methuen, Baden-Powell—these and many others would be certain of recognition in the London streets. On the other hand, there are others with whose appearance the public are

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

A GENERAL OF LONG EXPERIENCE IN SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Sir Frederick Carrington and his Staff.

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less familiar. Some of them arrived at the scene of action at a later period of the war; in other cases there are special reasons. Sir Frederick Carrington, for example, would hardly be recognised, and apparently hardly any photographs have been taken of him since his arrival in Africa. The reason, probably, is that he landed at Beira and went up-country from the port through a sparsely-populated district. We are, therefore, gratified to be able to present to our readers the pictures which appear with this, one of which represents Sir Frederick Carrington and his staff—we wish it had been a portrait—when he was about to set out for the relief of Colonel Hore. Sir Frederick knows South Africa well. He has seen service and done brilliant work there before the present campaign, and it is a tradition that he and Baden-Powell are the two men whom the average Boer hates most, and of whom at the commencement of the war he stood most in awe. The reason is that both are accomplished scouts, thoroughly up to the wiles of the enemy, and not likely to fall into any trap, or to be deceived by any exhibition of Boer "slimness." Both have commanded irregular troops which a certain number of Boers joined, and those who thus worked under them are aware that both generals are far more astute than the cleverest Boer. Sir Frederick Carrington has been rather in the background since he arrived in Africa this time, but he has rendered good service in the pacification of that part of the country in which he has been operating. Another of our pictures shows a battery of artillery crossing the veldt. It is a 15-pounder battery belonging to the Rhodesian Field Force, a body of men which has done good work in the north-western portion of the Vaal River Colony—formerly the Transvaal Republic.

D—A Striking Scene in Kaffraria. The March Past of the Women Dancers.

E—Some of the Lady Performers. The Man on the Right is Major Hamnett, Commanding A.S.C. at Maritzburg.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

F—Another Portion of the Dance—Observe the Crowns. They Sing all the Time they are Dancing.

G—The Wild Fury of the Dance. It goes on until the Performers are Worn Out.

Our other pictures relate to a different class of subject. One of the curious phases of the war which has not received the attention which it merits is the manner in which the natives have received the news of our victories. We know that at the outset it was difficult to restrain them. They have had old quarrels with the Boers, and had scores to wipe out, for the manner in which, in the past, the Boers have habitually treated the native races admits of no justification or excuse. It is necessary, no doubt, that the Kaffirs should recognise the superiority of the white race; but it is not needful that this should be accomplished by means of persistent ill-treatment and cruelty. The natives had indeed much to avenge, and were eager to take up arms. It was decided, however, that we should not employ native auxiliaries against white men. The fact that we should rely largely on our native Indian troops if Russia made an attack on India, somewhat spoils the logic of the argument; but it was, at any rate, allowed to prevail, and the natives were told that it was a white man's war, and that they could not be permitted to take part in it. Had a different decision been reached, the assistance of the natives would have been valuable. They are quite as cunning as the Boers, and they know the country, while, unless they have greatly degenerated, they are equally as good as fighting men. If England had not interposed and stamped out the Zulu power, the Boers would have been destroyed at the time; but, whether wisely or unwisely, we saved them then, and we have abstained from using against them during the present war a very effective weapon which was lying ready to hand. In the dark days which are associated with such names as Colenso and Spion Kop the natives remained loyal, and our very curious and interesting pictures show how they celebrated our victories when the tide of war turned. We are in a Kaffir kraal. The news of a British success has just come in, and the natives are receiving it in their own way. They know that for them British rule means justice, and they are well content to exchange for it their present condition of intolerable bondage. A native dance is a very singular spectacle. Beginning in a comparatively mild form, it goes on increasing in its vigour until the performers are compelled to cease from sheer exhaustion. At the same time, the powers of endurance possessed by the dancers are wonderful, particularly when it is remembered that they sing all the time they are dancing. Our pictures give a very good idea of this striking and weird scene. We see the parade of the women with which the dance commences, and another picture shows some of the dancers.

Finally, the last two indicate the manner in which the dance is carried out in all its grotesqueness. We are glad to have had the opportunity of placing these pictures before our readers, and there is a double reason. In the first place, they emphasise the feeling entertained by the natives towards British rule; and, in the second place, they give a faithful portrayal of a scene which it is impossible for stay-at-home Britons to witness, and which has not always been seen even by those who have passed years in Kaffraria. The native question is a momentous one in South Africa.

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The French Manœuvres.

SOLDIERING IN FRANCE.

FRANCE has a magnificent Army. The material of which its infantry is composed is perhaps the best in Europe. Small, dapper, quick little men, they shoulder their 60-lb. and march—march as no British infantry could march except under forced draught. When they have done their preliminary training, the general officers think nothing of marching the men forty kilometres a day during the manœuvres, and the men themselves think nothing of it.

They march fifteen miles to the scene of the day's operations, fight the necessary battle for the instruction of the senior officers, then "quick step" another fifteen miles to their billet or bivouac. Ten minutes after the companies have "fallen out," coffee has been cooked and is served out. Their bread is in their knapsack, and meat has been procured from the regimental *fourgon*. They are the happiest and most handy soldiers one can imagine. But a good-tempered, stout marching, and resourceful infantryman, although he goes a long way, is not everything in soldiering. He must be a sound fighting man, trained under a sound system. The system of tactical training which finds favour in France is at total variance with that which is believed to be essential with us. The French maintain that they are right; we are positive that South Africa has taught us the outline of the only system which is possible in infantry attack. The French believe that in the future battles will be won, as they were at the beginning of the century, by the side able to launch the heaviest weight of infantry at the desired objective. We believe that there is a limit to the punishment which infantry will undergo. At any rate, for economic reasons we cannot afford to risk the losses which must take place when infantry advance in mass. Here we must let the matter rest, as to clinch the argument it would be necessary to provoke a European war. But follow the battalion which chances to be before us—the 136th—through a day's fighting, and then draw your own conclusions. The regiment is doing flank guard to an advancing division. It is on the exposed flank, and a bicycle scout has just brought the intelligence to the advance guard that he narrowly escaped capture by a squadron of chasseurs round a bend in the road. The officer in charge of the leading company, at all events, knew his duty, and in the first picture you find his men nicely under cover in the cutting by the side of the road. He at least is safe until his commanding officer has made up his mind. In the next illustration the same company is falling back. It has struck something more serious than the chasseurs; the company occupied the village in its rear, to find an opposing division debouching into the plain below; but it hung on manfully—too long for real warfare, as the village presented no great tactical advantages. The method of evacuation, however, is worthy of notice. In the next two pictures our company is lost, being merged in the battalion, which has massed to dispute the advance of the southern division, while the main body effects the passage of a river a mile to its right rear in retirement. These two pictures present an admirable illustration of the infantry tactics practised by the French, and possibly they are right. There are still many experts in our own Service who believe in close order in an infantry fighting line.

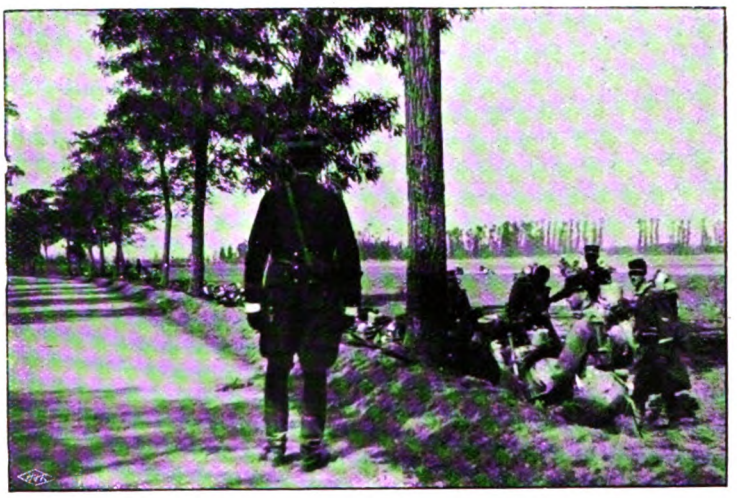
Nothing but the real test of war will prove the value of the respective methods.

WHAT PRICE MAGERSFONTEIN?

The 136th Regiment Retiring Under Fire of All Arms at 1,200-yds.

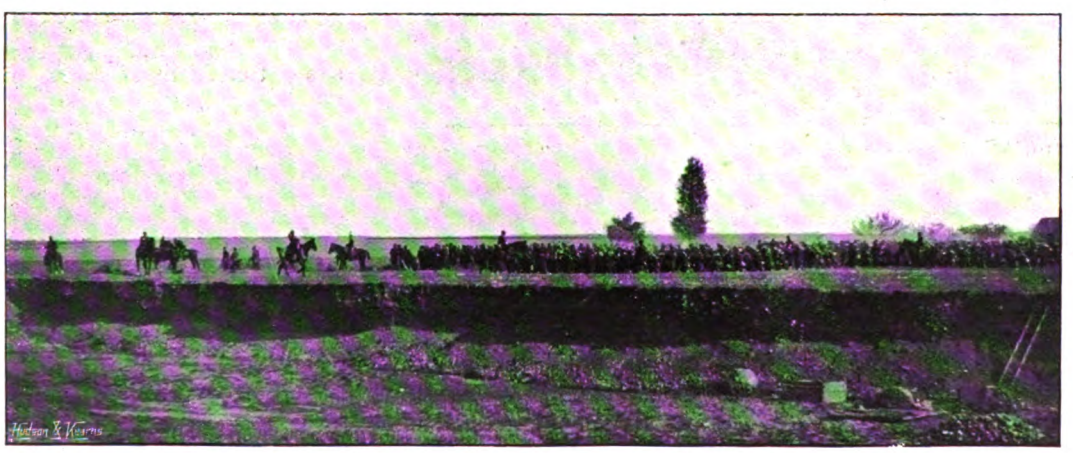
NOT MUCH TIME.

The Southern Infantry have just Entered the Village these Men have Left.



WAITING FOR CAVALRY.

Flank Guard Company of the 136th Regiment Awaiting the Appearance of Southern Cavalry.



"HALT! FORM FRONT TO RETURN THE FIRE."

God Help Them!

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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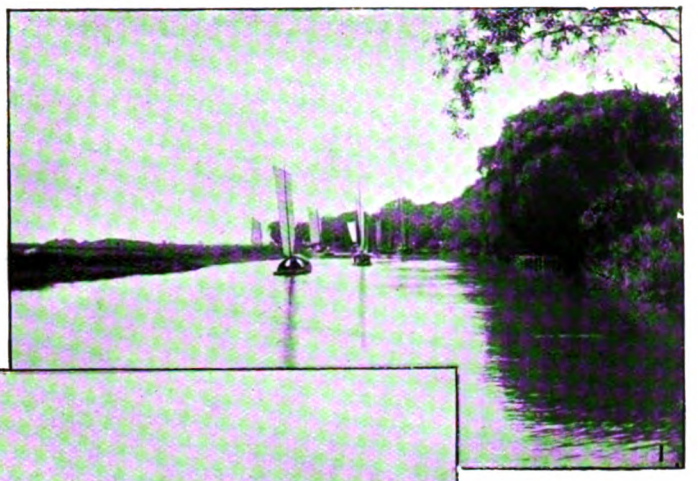
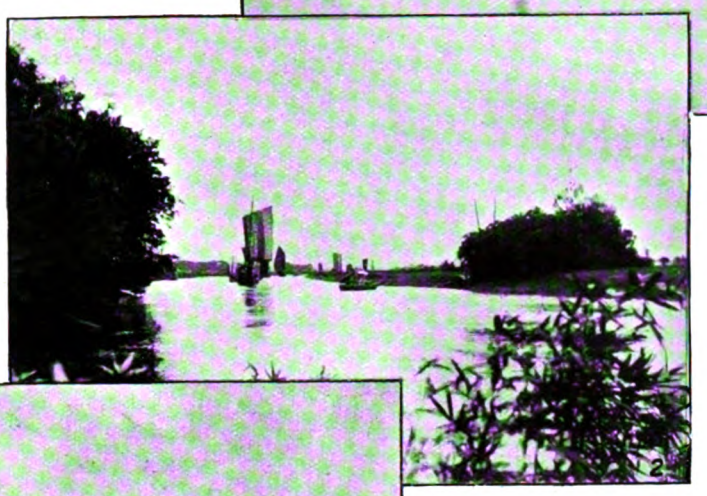
At the Entrance to the Yang-tse.

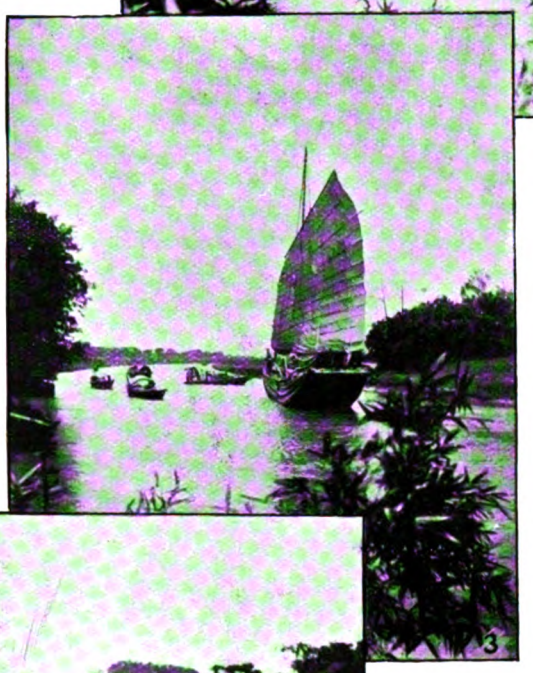
WHEN the troubles in China broke out, one of the first things which was feared was that there would be an attack made upon Shanghai. The place is situated up an arm of the sea about forty miles above Woosung, and is the most important foreign settlement in China. It is, indeed, almost entirely British, and it is a pity it has not been regularly acquired by this country. As it is, the place is commanded by Chinese forts, and it was felt that the few Volunteers—of which a corps, including Light Horse, Artillery, and Infantry, was formed in 1854—would not suffice for the defence of the settlement in case of attack. This fear has now been dispelled by the landing of troops belonging to Great Britain and other Powers, and it appears probable that there will be no trouble in this neighbourhood. The natives, however, have been inspired with great, if unnecessary, alarm, and are making their way up-country in large numbers, their boats laden with their families and all their goods and chattels. In the pictures which we have been able to obtain some of these boats and junks so laden are shown. The scene is a place called Unkaza, about five miles up the important waterway leading from Shanghai to Loochow, and known as the Loochow Creek. It abounds in peaceful spots, and in many places its banks are picturesquely wooded. This is well shown in our pictures, which also give an idea of the expanse of the waterway. It is obvious that Shanghai occupies an important strategic position, but it would be necessary for anyone holding it to be also in possession of Woosung. The Yang-tse is a mighty waterway leading into the very heart of China, and connected by its tributaries and canals with an enormous system of water carriage. It is true that in some places it is encumbered by rapids which a more progressive Government would long since have removed. These, however, are not sufficient to stop navigation, though they of course detract materially from the value of the river as a commercial route. But whatever may eventually be the outcome of the crisis in China, it is almost certain that it will lead to the opening up of the country. With the extreme western portion of it Europeans are very little acquainted, but enough is known to enable it to be said that the land is one of infinite possibilities. Hitherto it has resisted Western civilisation, and certainly the difficulties of commercial, and, in fact, of dealings of any kind with the Chinese are increased by the ineradicable duplicity of the race. It is sometimes said that the real Chinese are by no means averse to intercourse with foreigners, and that the barriers which exist are maintained by the Manchus, whom the native Chinese hate. This may be the case; but at any rate the Manchus are the dominant race, and it is with them that Europeans are brought into contact. Still, it is not likely that the Allied Powers, having taken the matter in hand, will withdraw from China until some satisfactory arrangements are made for the future security of foreigners, and for, at any rate, the partial opening up of the country. It remains to be seen whether Lord Salisbury's policy of the "Open Door" will be the one adopted, or whether it will even be possible for this country to maintain it if other Powers should pursue a different course. Upon this point it is idle to speculate; events must be left to shape themselves. But it is certain that whatever course may be adopted, any opening up of the country will increase the already great trade of Shanghai and the volume of traffic passing along the Loochow Creek. It is these facts which lend additional interest to our pictures. They bring before us scenes from a foreign land where there is an important and thriving British colony, and where even up to a recent period there was a very real peril that the colony might be swept away. They show scenes which are unfamiliar to English eyes, and introduce us to a neighbourhood which in all probability will in another generation be even more British than it is now. For this we must be prepared. It is impossible that the isolation of China can continue indefinitely. In all probability considerable inroads will be made upon it at an early date, and every step which is taken in this direction must increase the importance of Shanghai. Under these circumstances, steps ought to be taken to assure the safety of the foreign community. Forts which dominate the settlement ought to be dismantled, and the settlement itself put into a state of defence. It may be said that no such demands would be put forward to ensure the security of a body of British merchants in a French or German town. This is perfectly true, but the two cases are not parallel. France and Germany are civilised Powers capable of giving protection to foreigners living on their soil, and abiding in their treatment of such foreigners by the law of nations. The attack on the Legations shows the sentiment by which China is animated on the subject, and the necessary intervention of the whole of the civilised Powers of the first rank suggests that some guarantees should be taken for the safety of foreigners in the future. The moment is opportune.



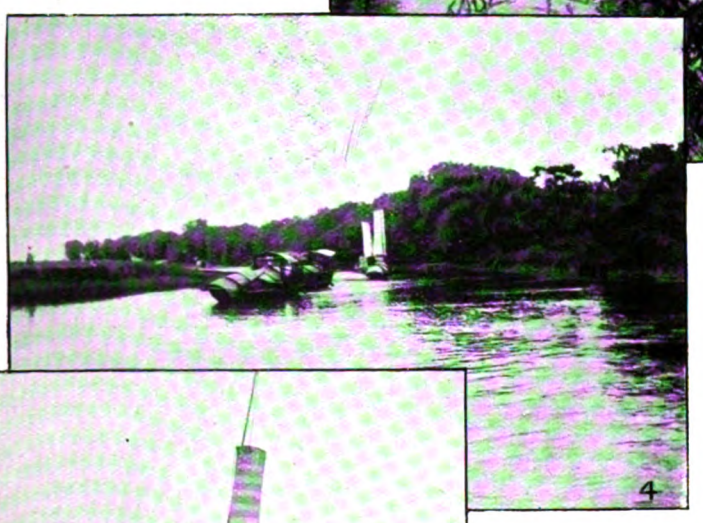
1—On the Way to the Interior. Boats and Junks on the Loochow Creek.

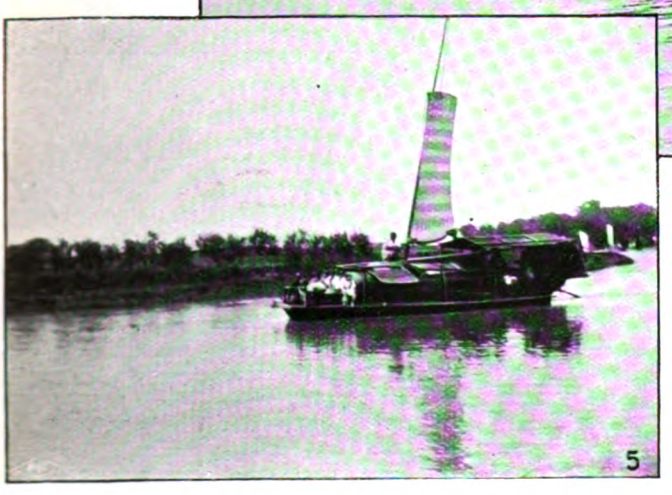


2—A Peaceful River Scene. Coming Up under Full Sail.



3—Drifting with the Ebb Tide. On the Way Down to Shanghai.





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4—Under the Shelter of the Woods. A Quiet Spot in the Evening-time.

5—A Heavily-Laden Craft on the Loochow Creek.

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Militia Brigade Transport.

CAPTAIN C. E. F. RICH.
Commanding the 3rd Militia Brigade Transport, Perham Down

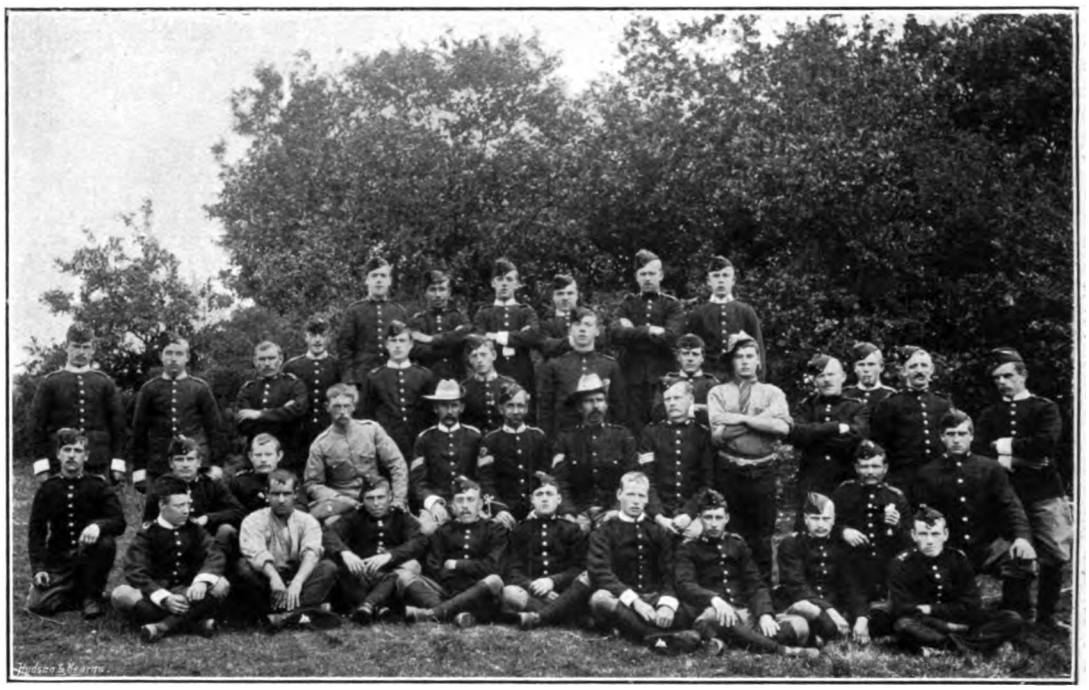
WE have great pleasure in illustrating for the benefit of readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED an interesting new departure in connection with the encampment during the past summer of three Militia Brigades on Salisbury Plain. Our pictures represent the Brigade Transport attached to the 3rd Militia Brigade, which was encamped on Perham Down, under command of Brigadier-General J. W. T. Hume. The officer in charge of the Brigade Transport was Captain C. E. F. Rich, of the 3rd Batt. Lincolnshire Regiment, of whom we give a portrait.

Other pictures show the non-commissioned officers and men of the Transport staff, and the Transport falling in for parade at Ludgershall. Our readers will not fail to be struck with the thoroughly workmanlike appearance of both the men and animals, and those who "know these things" may think to themselves that even a smart brigade of line battalions would be glad to have such transport at its disposal.

The correspondent to whom we are indebted for these pictures assures us that the work done by the 3rd Militia Brigade Transport on Salisbury Plain this summer has been most creditable. The men have taken a real interest in their duties, the organisation and equipment appear to have been well fitted to the necessities of the case, and we are disposed to add our private impression that the officer in charge has proved both efficient and popular, since seldom, if ever, is departmental work, in particular, satisfactorily performed unless the man at the head is both liked and respected by his subordinates.

What added very considerably to the work of the Transport staff on Perham Down was the fact that during the season over 16,000 Volunteers, besides the Militia, came into that camp alone. What that means only those deeply versed in transport duties can tell. But the lay outsider will readily appreciate the fact that a certain amount of genuine hard work is associated with the mere process of getting the baggage of 16,000 Volunteers from the railway station to the camp on arrival, and from the camp to the station on departure. Of course, too, there are many other Army Service Corps and transport duties to be performed in addition to these, while it must not be forgotten that when a good day's work has been done the men of the Transport have still their horses to look after and their waggons to clean.

Anyone who has seen Militia transport at work in one of the big camps which have formed such a striking feature of the past drill season, must have realised that units possessing such aids to mobility and practical training are on the right road to fighting efficiency.



MEN OF ALL WORK.
Non commissioned Officers and Men of the 3rd Militia Brigade Transport.

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FALLING IN ON PARADE.
The Transport Waggons at Ludgershall, Salisbury Plain

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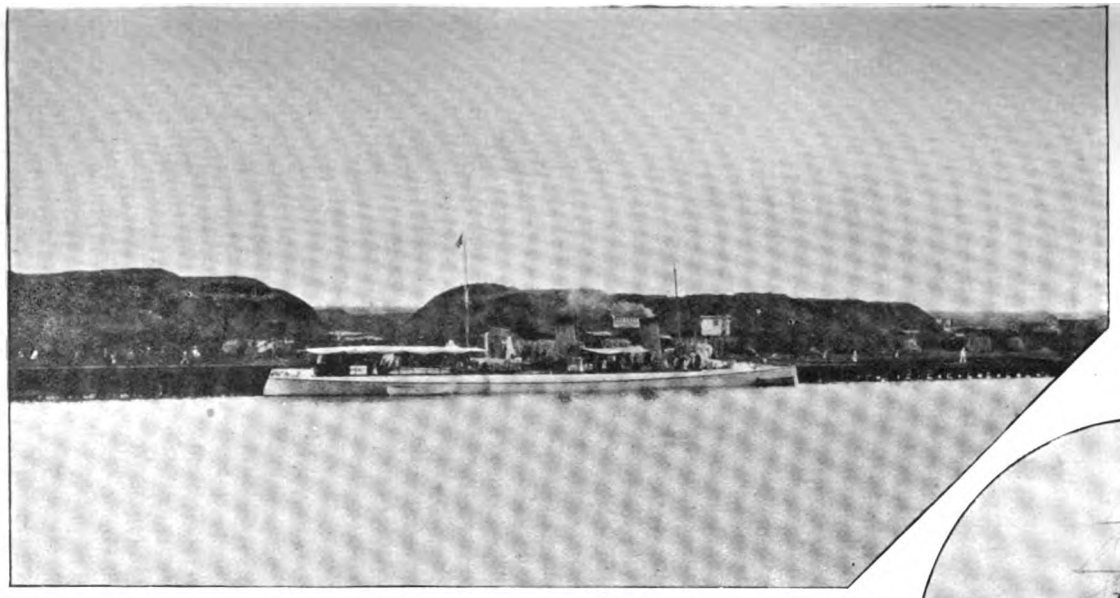
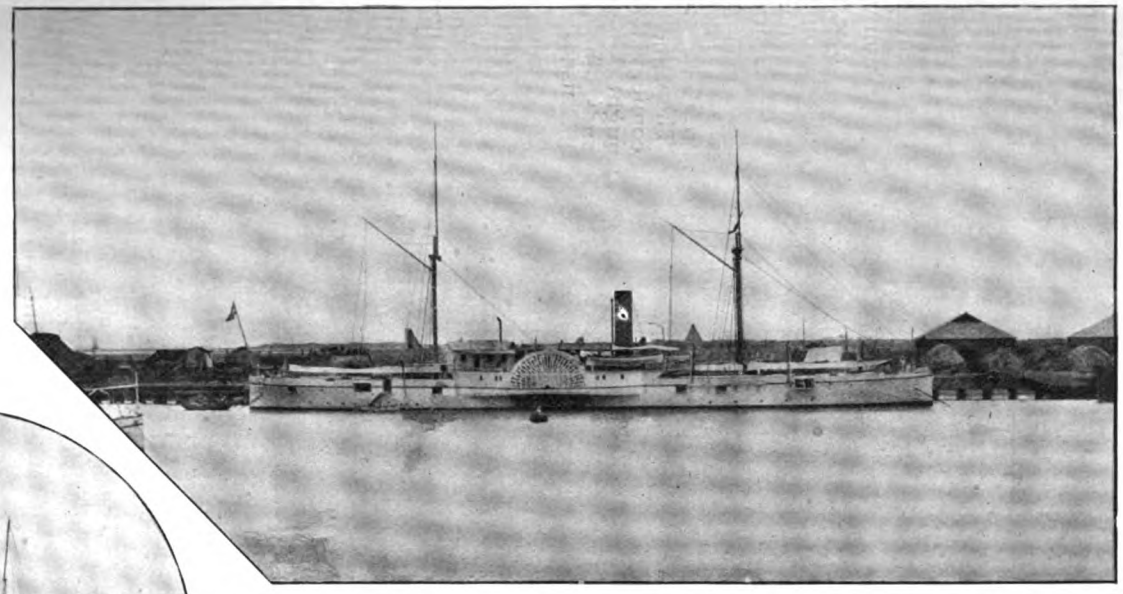
The Concert of the Powers in China.

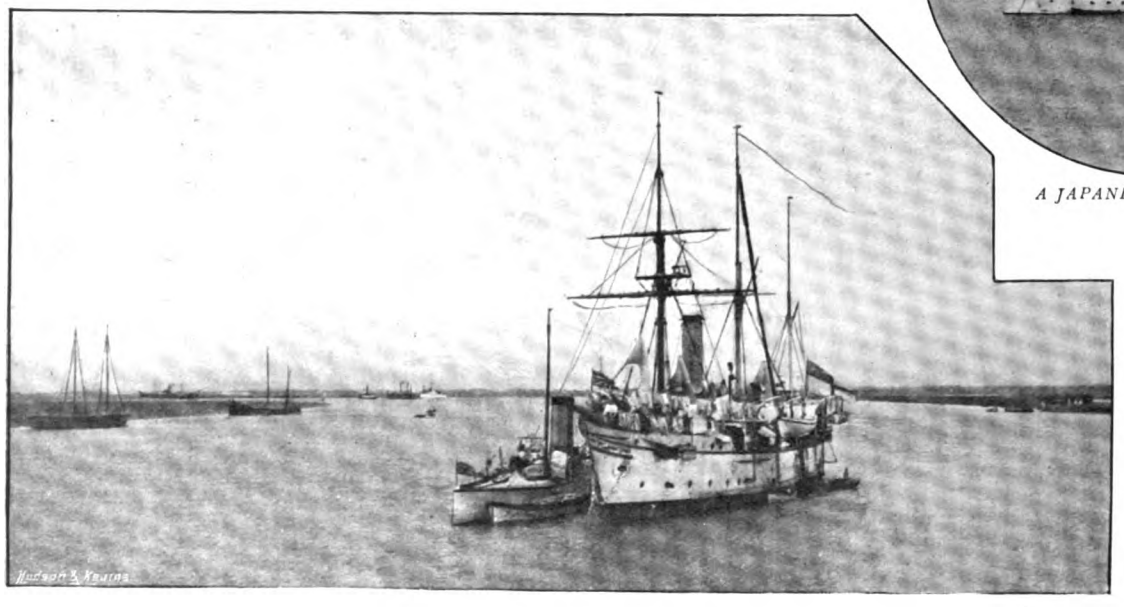


REPRESENTING IMPERIAL GERMANY.
A German Torpedo-boat Coaling at Tongku.

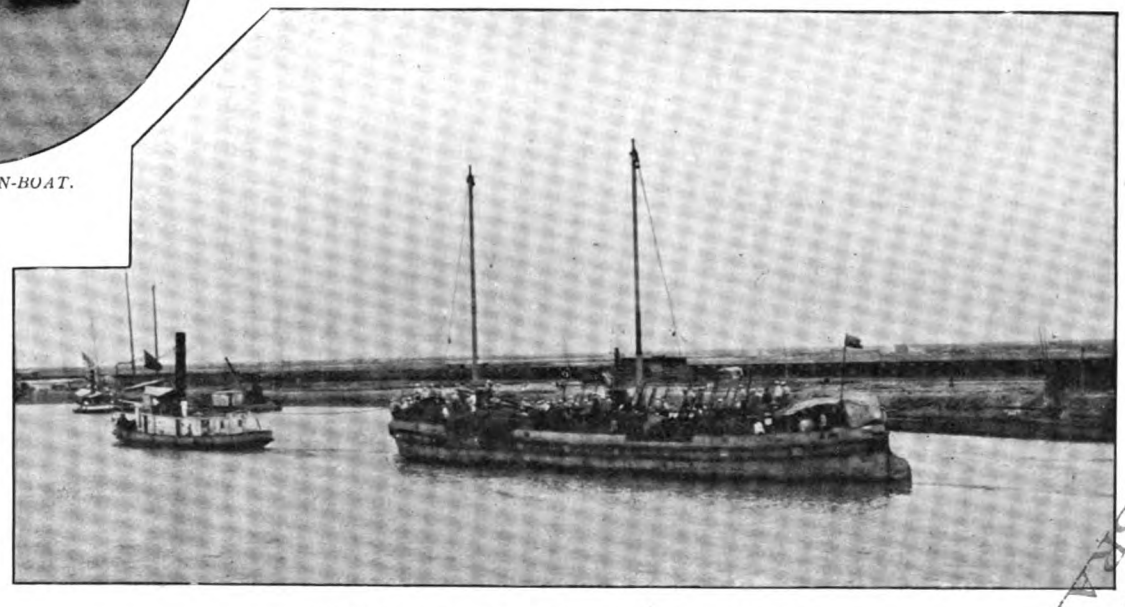


A VETERAN FROM THE STATES.
The U.S.S. "Monocacy" at Tongku.

A JAPANESE GUN-BOAT.



A SMART BRITISH GUN-BOAT.
The "Phœnix" at Anchor in the River.



WATER TRANSPORT FOR THE GUNS.
A Russian Battery being Towed up the Peiho.

War-ships of the Allies in the Peiho.

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A New Nautical Ballet.

THE sailor has always been a popular character. In every age the fascination of the sea and the cheery, engaging manners of those who go down to it in ships, have impressed the popular imagination. Consequently there have been Naval spectacles among all peoples which have indulged themselves with any form of dramatic representation. When chariot-racing palled, and early Christians (or wild beasts) were scarce, and even the combats of gladiators became unexciting through constant repetition, the Romans used to fill their arenas with water and fight mock Naval battles The deck of a ship has been a popular scene in drama ever since its youngest days. One of the earliest of English mystery plays was on the subject of "Noah's Flood," and in this was represented the building of the Ark and the embarkation of Noah and his family and the animals. The scene in which Noah's wife refuses for some time to go aboard without her friends and "gossips" is highly dramatic. She stands on the bank and storms at her husband in his ship:—

"Yea, sir, sette up your saile
And row forth with evill taile,
For withouten any fail
I will not out of this town"

THE "HANDY MAN" AFLOAT.
Preparing for a Frolic on Board the "Loyalty."

However, she is forcibly taken on board at last, though still in a bad temper, for when Noah peaceably greets her with

"Welcome, wiffe, into this botte" (boat),

she replies in curst fashion with

"Have thou that for thy note,"

accompanying it with a sound box on the ears! As drama gradually took shape, nautical diversions were introduced in less crude form, and plays savouring of the sea have always been greatly to the taste of theatrical audiences. The long line of sailors, serious and comic, who have adorned our stage might be celebrated in a volume and yet much be left unsaid in their praise. Naturally enough, then, the inventors of the modern *ballet d'action* deem it well worth while every now and again to exploit the sailor, and to find the motive for their pageantry in a seafaring theme. Not often has the thing been done so thoroughly as in the ballet that is now winning nightly applause at the Alhambra Theatre. The moment is opportune for an entertainment gifted with the title of "The Handy Man," and the producers have made good use of their opportunity. The dresses are as accurate as the demands of dancing will allow, and they make up a series of capital stage pictures. In board the man-of-war all is brightness and bustle; and then by way of contrast to the trim uniforms of white and blue we have in the final scene the gorgeous East, with its rich splendours of colouring and a host of dusky Persians, to make the British tars (represented by the fair Alhambra ballet dancers) look more pink and white than ever. When they are engaged in their "frolics between decks" ("dance and song," as the programme obligingly tells us, and as everyone interested in the Navy knows, "being their favourite pastime"), when they are thus engaged these Bluejackets are the mildest-mannered of—young ladies! But when the blast of war blows in their ears, and they are invited to make it hot for a wicked Bey who has designs on an English maiden, then see how they imitate the action of the tiger, stiffen their sinews, summon up the blood, and trip to and fro on the points of their elegant toes in a manner that would intimidate even a gay bachelor, let alone an Eastern satrap with a palace full of wives. Their officers are worthy to lead such a gallant crew, and the midshipmites who are shown in our pictures, would be accepted with enthusiasm as messmates in the gunroom of any of Her Majesty's ships.

A BRITISH SEAMAN DARES THE ARAB BEY.
Mr. Lytton Grey, Mr. Frank Celli, and Miss Lily Harcham.

From Photos. by A. Ellis and Walery.

It would be easy to make fun of "The Handy Man," though it would be scarcely fair, considering the limitations which are set on every side around the inventor of a *ballet d'action*. It would be possible to object to this dressing-up of young women to represent Bluejackets, and to ask for something more virile, more truly dramatic, more like the real thing. But, taking a reasonable view of the matter, we can welcome a performance of this kind without any reservation. Such entertainments do good, in addition to amusing and interesting people who take pleasure in ballets, by showing how popular the Navy is, and how delighted the public are with anything that reminds them of the Service which is Great Britain's first line of defence and the bond of safety for the whole of our widespread Empire. "It is on the Navy, under the good providence of God, that our wealth, prosperity, and peace depend." So it was in the spacious days of great Elizabeth, when these words were written; so it is now. Anything that helps to keep the less thoughtful among us in mind of this is to the good, even if it be only a ballet at a popular variety theatre.

In the last century Naval ballets were a favourite form of popular spectacle, and were always in demand when a Naval victory was to be celebrated. The commander, whose praise was on the lips of all, would be shown in effigy at the end on a pinnacle of honour, wafted into the regions of everlasting fame by the heralds of his strategy and

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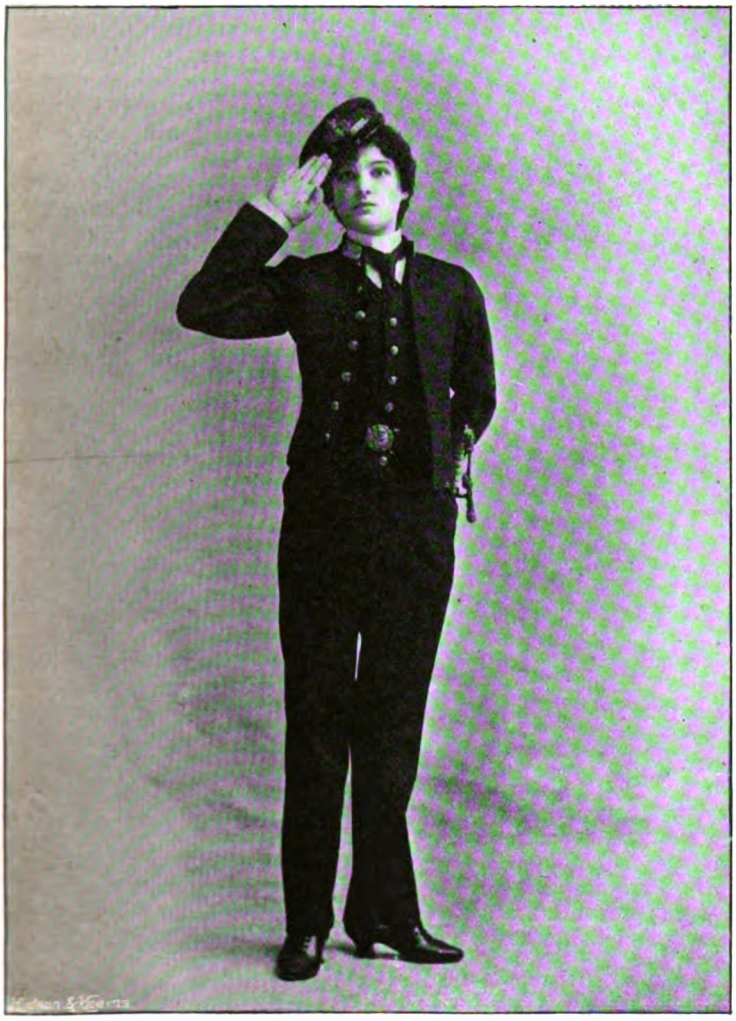
LIEUTENANT GREY BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS SWEETHEART.
Mr. Lytton Grey and Miss Lily Bircham.

JIM SLACKS STANDS BY TO OBLIGE THE COMPANY.
Miss Beatrice Ford as a British Tar.



A SMART LITTLE MIDDY OF THE "LOYALTY."
Miss Clara Taylor as Tom Trevor.

IN CHARGE OF THE "LOYALTY'S" SIGNALS.
Mr. F. Farren and Miss Friel.

daring. Perhaps, if ever we have a Naval war again, this form of entertainment may come in once more. We must make sure, however, that there shall be no lack of triumphs to celebrate. We can do this by making the efficiency of the Navy a matter of personal interest to everyone of us, by letting our voices be raised always in favour of any measure that tends to strengthen the Fleet or to increase the usefulness of our sailors.

From Photos. by A. Ellis and Walery.

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The Evolution of the Howitzer.

By H. G. Archer.

"Hoist with their own petard"—Boers will have to face the weapon which their own ancestors invented.

"THE engineer hoist with his own petard" is a trite aphorism, and with the arrival at the theatre of war of our field howitzer batteries—and they almost exclusively fire the lyddite shells, which the enemy so much dislike—the Boers are finding it indirectly applied to themselves. They and others are probably unaware of the fact, but as the credit of the invention of live shells and howitzers rests with the Dutch artillerists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Boers will have only their own ancestors to thank if their ultimate defeat in the field and the reduction of Pretoria should be brought about by means of a searching high-angle fire, directed from guns specially designed for the purpose, and which, together with the terrific explosive used, should render their positions utterly untenable. A great deal has yet to be learned, however, concerning the field howitzer and lyddite shell.

Mortars, so called in resemblance to the utensil in which substances are pounded with a pestle, are believed to have been the first ordnance used, and though frequently changed from age to age in form of chamber, size, and projectile, in all they have been found too useful in their special way to be given up, or until very recently to be essentially altered; so that they now find themselves amalgamated, so to speak, with what were originally their offspring, viz., howitzers. In the days of rude and rough artillery, cannon, or mortars, as we should now term them, fired spherical stone projectiles, and in order that the ball might receive its full force on the centre, the bore was so arranged that the projectile completely closed the small chamber containing the charge. As the art of mixing and preparing "villainous saltpetre" came to be better understood, however, longer pieces, by means of which horizontal fire at short ranges was rendered possible, were introduced, and mortars, with their vertical fire, were relegated to siege purposes only. Upon the successful manufacture of "live shells or carcases" by the Dutch artillerists in the sixteenth century, mortars somewhat regained their vogue for use in the open field, due to the fact that these early shells were exploded by the agency of a slow match, and this could not be lighted until the projectile itself had been securely ensconced in the bore. The moral effect of shell fire was not long in making itself felt, and the Dutch artillerists, who were the pioneers of Europe where this arm is concerned, busied themselves in perfecting the destructive properties of the new projectile, and in rendering the mortar a less cumbersome weapon in the field. Finally, towards the close of the seventeenth century, the famous Dutch engineer, General Coehorn, developed the howitzer from the mortar, the new piece being specially designed for horizontal fire, in contradistinction to the vertical fire of shells with small charges, and combining in some degree the accuracy of the cannon with the calibre of the mortar, but lighter and more portable than either. Like the mortar the howitzer was made with a powder chamber of smaller diameter than the bore, while as percussion and time fuses were as yet unknown, the length of the barrel was regulated to admit of the shell being reached by hand, in order to adjust and light the slow match in the axis after the howitzer was loaded. For a great number of years howitzers and mortars were the only kind of ordnance from which shells could be thrown, for with spherical projectiles fuses were useless until some method could be devised of maintaining the former in their proper position in the bore of the piece. This, however, was at length accomplished by the invention of the "sabot," a thick circular wooden disc, to which the spherical shell was attached. The adoption of the "sabot" exercised a widespread influence throughout the armies of Europe; it was at once realised that shells could now be fired by field guns, and accordingly the howitzer, which on account of its short range and inaccurate fire had never been really popular outside the artillery arm, was relegated to a very secondary *rôle* in the field; in fact, only to be brought into use when the object to be fired at was unseen by the gunner. Then came the introduction of rifled cannon and elongated projectiles, accompanying which the "sabot" was further improved by being converted into a metallic cup or disc fixed to the bottom of the projectile, so as to fill the bore and take the rifling when the piece was discharged, and also to act as a gas check. The effect of all this was that by the close of the Russian War howitzers were considered practically obsolete, though smooth-bore mortars, throwing spherical shells, were universally utilised in the bombardment of besieged towns. For example, at the siege of Sebastopol no howitzers were included in the British siege train, though the operation necessitated the use of 101 mortars of from 5⅔-in. to 13-in. calibre. The next campaign of importance — viz., the American War of Secession—was marked by the absence of any improvements in howitzers and mortars, the former being sparingly used, if at all; indeed, during the whole of this decade artillerists of every nationality centred their efforts upon increasing the range and power of field guns and guns of position, labouring under the impression, probably, that horizontal fire was destined to supersede the vertical variety entirely. The war of 1870, however, thoroughly re-established the value of the latter. The resuscitation of the rifled howitzer as a factor in the field came about in the following manner: With the ever-increasing range of field guns and the introduction of magazine rifles and machine guns, the question of cover had grown greatly in tactical value, and this in turn led the Russian military authorities to consider some means by which an attacking force, compelled to advance over open ground, and subjected to the fire of masked batteries, could have recourse to long range, high-angle fire. They decided, accordingly, to fall back upon the field howitzer, as a type of ordnance whose capabilities, entirely neglected of late years, might be brought thoroughly up-to-date, and the inspiration culminated in a weapon which, for a few months at least, was the envy of every other Power. This is a breech-loading howitzer, 6-in. in calibre, weighing only 9-cwt., mounted upon an ordinary field carriage, and throwing a 46-lb. projectile. It is as easy to transport as a field gun, and has an effective range of 4,000-yds. But the Russian gun had not to wait long for rivals. Germany was next in the field with a howitzer, that claims to be superior to its prototype; and then came England with the 1895 5-in. weapon, which also weighs 9-cwt., and now hurls a 50-lb. forged steel lyddite-charged shell for a distance of 5,000-yds., with a muzzle velocity of 782-ft. per second.

A Mediæval Howitzer.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

IF in my last article I have dwelt at some length on such "small deer" as antelopes and gazelle, it is for the reason that they make up the bulk of the ordinary subaltern's bag, and are common almost throughout India. I may add that, unless exceptional circumstances call for it, I shall not return again to the sport with any animal which may frequent several of the districts I have marked out, contenting myself with merely saying that it occurs in the others as I reach them.

The really big game of the Rajputana and desert district consists of tigers, leopards, bears, nylghai, and sambur. To this list I might, though it is not very big, add the rare Indian lynx, being fortunate enough to be one of the very few British sportsmen who have shot one.

What is there to say about tigers that has not been said a dozen times before? Yet most men who lay themselves out to kill one, succeed; and in safer ways than a Sandhurst chum of mine, who, hearing a generally disbelieved report of the existence of a tiger in the vicinity of a station where such a thing had not been heard of for many years, persistently prowled about the jungle alone till he literally met the animal, and shooting him dead, turned the tables on the scoffers with a vengeance.

On this occasion, however, my task is facilitated by the fact that it will not be necessary for me to speak of one method of tiger shooting which practically never comes in the way of officers, except those of high rank. I allude to beating up grass jungles with a long line of elephants.

Of other methods of tiger shooting two are recognised—driving the jungle with beaters, and sitting over a "kill." The latter method I confess does not appeal to me, but some sportsmen own to a liking for it. At all events it can by no means be neglected here, for it is an excellent method in which to make a first acquaintance with "stripes," and has, moreover, the advantage of being absolutely safe. Even in this case "safe" is a relative term, for at least two sportsmen have been dragged out of their machans (platforms in trees) by wounded tigers. In one case the machan was 15-ft. from the ground!

THE PAD ELEPHANT READY FOR HIS BURDEN.

THE RESULT OF A GOOD DAY'S SHOOTING.

Having obtained intelligence of a recent kill (and the best way of all to secure this is to tie out half-a-dozen young buffaloes in likely places), and being moreover sure that no one has in any way disturbed, or even touched, the dead animal, the sportsman should go quietly to the spot as soon as possible with two or three men. Selecting a tree some 20-yds. from the carcase, and well to windward, a platform should be built upon its branches. About the best way to do this is to bring with one a charpoy, or native bedstead, and fasten it up where required. By this means hacking and chopping of branches, with its concomitant noise, is reduced to a minimum. A bamboo ladder is left by the machan, by which, as the sun is sinking, the sportsman with his shikari ascends to the places. If he is lucky it will not be long before

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the tiger arrives on the scene. Whether a shot be obtained or not, one can go home safely about eight by the light of a lantern brought for the purpose, for if the tiger has not arrived by then, he will not come.

My objection to this sort of sport is twofold: Firstly, that it partakes of the uncertainty of all-night shooting; and secondly, the subsequent danger. This lies in the fact that many tigers so shot at go off wounded. Naturally the sportsman does not want to lose his game, and follows the blood trail. If he has an elephant to do so, well and good; but this is seldom the case. Following up wounded tigers on foot is a practice that ends in grief, sooner or later, and generally sooner. If, of course, the ground is fairly open, a track may be followed, due precautions being taken, when it will generally be found to lead into a patch of covert of a larger and thicker nature—very often a nullah. There is little risk in going along the higher bank of this, but if nothing is so seen, the best plan is to give it up, unless there be a herd of buffaloes about. Their herdsman, being protected by his animals, can safely drive the place out to the sportsman posted to the best advantage at the other end. Never allow natives to try to drive a wounded tiger towards you. They are often ready enough; but once a tiger is wounded, all beaters must be stopped till he is dead or the ground is changed to covert that he cannot have reached.

The usual way that "soldier-officers" get their tigers in India is by "hanking"—that is, driving the jungle with beaters. If the above precautions are observed there is no danger to be apprehended for the men. The guns, of which there should be several, are posted at places which the natives think likely before the beat commences. Generally they take post in a tree, or on a rock, or even on an elephant, but very often these things are not to be found, and the sportsman must just stand as best he can. I append a description of tiger shooting in this manner from a book of my own:

"From the crest, where the beaters had been waiting, three rocky spurs ran out towards me. Two little valleys were thus formed, and to my right of the last spur the hill ended in precipitous rocks. The little valleys of which I have spoken were full of thorny jungle, and at their lower ends some straggling thorn bushes ran down towards the dry torrent bed. Quite unbelieving as to the possibility of seeing anything more exciting than a blue bull, I placed myself out in the open between these two lots of bushes, which doubtless owed their origin to the water drainage of the little valleys.

"The beaters advanced slowly, clambering over the great rocks, and rolling stones down into the valleys beneath, to the considerable danger of those men who were below them.

"'Aie! bagh' ('Oh! a tiger') came in a shrill yell from the valley to my right. I sprang behind the bushes to my left, expecting, however, to see nothing bigger than a hyena. Then followed the usual appalling shouts as some more of the beaters caught sight of the moving animal, and the rest, who from their position obviously could not do so, joined in the chorus. Directly afterwards there emerged from the valley in question—a tiger. I had no doubt of that, though I had never seen one before except in a menagerie. Startled from a well-earned slumber, he emerged as I have said, with splendid bounds. Finding, however, that the cause of the alarm was only some men on the hill behind, he broke into a lumbering trot, which, as he approached me, lessened into that peculiar pace of the cat tribe that I can best describe as a 'slink.' I don't mind saying that my heart beat quick. I fully realised that I was by no means in a good place to tackle a wounded tiger, and that I had only one rifle. But I had had some experience of big game in other lands, and I knew how rarely a wounded animal charges back. So, stooping forwards, I waited till the brute had passed me. Exactly opposite me was a small tree. I waited till the tiger's tail had cleared this. My 12-bore rifle was already at my shoulder. I pressed the trigger. The report was answered by a snarl, and a patch of blood showed at once behind the shoulder, but rather high up. The range was so unusually short that I probably sighted a little too full.

"Quickening his pace, the tiger made for some rocks in the river-bed. I dropped upon my knee and aimed again. His hind-quarters were now towards me, and, knowing from old experience that with a heavy rifle there is no more deadly shot than a raking one from behind, I fired again. Immediately the tiger rolled over, roaring horribly. After reloading I moved cautiously towards him. He heard me and turned his fore-quarters, trying to drag himself towards me with his fore-paws. Seeing that he was paralysed, I walked steadily towards him with the intention of putting him out of his misery. Just as I raised the rifle to do so the head dropped on his paws, and with a moaning sigh he sank on his side—dead."

SNAFFLE.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, *and* 29.]

Crack Shots.

I SHOULD not for the world like to say a word injurious to a deserving class of men, yet in the interests of sport a little hint concerning pheasants may prove of use. I do not suppose one in twenty buyers of game in London knows a young from an old pheasant, and although ordinary buyers would be the last to fancy a broody farmyard hen, or one which had just reared a family, being incapable of appreciating the outward difference between old game and young, they readily buy up the equivalent in game to the old hen of the poultry-yard. A few young birds always do find their way into the London markets very early indeed on October 1. I am not aware that any of these are birds which the game farmer has reared, and whose necks he has wrung on the night of September 30, in preparation for the big prices that always rule for the game that could never have been shot, but is sold upon the opening day.

* * * *

But if the game farmer does not kill his young birds in this manner, that is the way some of the class dispose of a great many of their penned birds which have produced eggs, maybe for a couple of seasons, and are not safe to risk for another. My advice to householders is to avoid old birds for their tables when October 1 comes round again; then they will run no risks. I suspect a good many of the young birds which were exposed for sale in London on the date mentioned were found to contain no shot pellets; but I actually know of cases where the pheasant farms have sent up their old stock to take their chances of making high prices. Technically these are game birds, of course; as a matter of fact, they are a little coarser eating than the domestic chicken, and very much more tough. I do not know whether those who are not sportsmen have any sentiment in the matter, or whether, when game comes to table, the idea of sport has anything to do with the flavour of the game, but I am sure that if I were presented with a brace of birds straight from the pens, my feelings would be so mixed that I should not know whether to decline or accept the game. Probably I should dine at my club that night, in the hope of avoiding ancient hens, and thereby pay for the very same thing that I might have had for nothing.

* * * *

The close of the grouse shooting in Scotland always comes before that in England, and by the end of September almost all the grouse driving is over in both countries. No greater bags than those previously noticed in these pages have been made, and it is safe to say that none will be made now. Scotland has had a splendid season, but probably a long way off that of 1872, which was the record grouse year in modern times throughout the British Isles. Moy Hall is a good first in Scotland as a driving moor; but although the English shootings are only moderate this year, Wemmergill is always very bad to beat. The first five days there this year produced 2,060 brace of grouse, and as 1,500 brace were obtained in a second five days' work, by seven guns, there is not much to choose between the best Scotch and the best English driving this year. It will be remembered that of the four best days at Moy two were ruined by wet, that the party obtained over 1,400 brace in two days, and thought it would, but for the wet, have been easy to get 2,000 brace in the four days—that is, sixty brace less than they obtained in the five days at Wemmergill. Good as this is, Yorkshire has before now about doubled it.

* * * *

The stags proved earlier than was expected in June, and before the first week of grouse shooting was over some had paid the penalty of being in a hurry to get rid of their velvet. Soon afterwards Lord Burton scored a previously-mentioned imperial head to set beside his twenty-pointer, and several royals had fallen, including at least one to Mr. Henry Chaplin on the Duke of Sutherland's Dunrobin forest. It is very seldom that the best heads are got early, as it is also that the big bags of partridges are scored early in the season. The two best bags in one day I have heard of are 360 brace to Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh's party and 170 brace to Lord Carnarvon's party, the latter at Highclere.

* * * *

The Martini-Enfield is a weapon with the Martini action and the ·303 Enfield rifling, and the conditions on which it is to be had by clubs is that it is returnable on the demand of the Government. If occasion should arise, the clubs must give up the rifles, when the full money will be allowed for them, less one twelfth of their value for every full year after the date of issue. The terms are reasonable enough as far as they go; but at present there is no exemption from gun licence except of club rifles. What we want is to walk before we attempt to run, and Lord Salisbury's ideal will hardly be fulfilled until a man may shoot a miniature rifle when and wherever he gets the chance.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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Exiled from South Africa.

CAPTIVE BOER TRANSPORT ON THE MARCH.
An Episode of Commandant Prinsloo's Surrender.

THE VICTOR ENTERTAINS THE VANQUISHED.
General Hunter receives General Prinsloo and Commandant Vilomel in his Tent.

THE question of the disposal of large bodies of prisoners of war is one which is always full of difficulties. A few can be easily dealt with, but the treatment of a great number is quite a different matter. This was felt even in the Franco-German War, when the vast size of the territory of the respective contending Powers, and the fact that each country was loyal within itself, rendered secure internment comparatively easy. The case was widely different in South Africa. When prisoners began to arrive by the thousand, it was exceedingly difficult to know what to do with them. The exigencies of health prevented them from being kept afloat in hulks for any length of time, while the fact that among the disloyal Dutch, who unfortunately exist in the Cape Colony, they had innumerable sympathisers who would be ready to abet any attempt at escape, forbade their retention ashore in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. There was nothing for it but to deport them to some healthy spot across the seas where they could be retained in security. Cronje and the men who were made prisoners with him were deported to St. Helena, and subsequent batches of prisoners have been sent to Diyatalawa, or "The Happy Valley," one of the most beautiful and healthy spots in Ceylon.

Our pictures deal with some of the incidents of one of those dramatic scenes which contributed so largely to the sum total of deported prisoners. The first illustration furnishes a contrast. Neither the British officer nor the British trooper or private is ever hard-hearted. He fights for all he is worth. It is with him a question only as to who can be first at the foe; but he is more than merciful, he is even tender, to the vanquished, and thus the men of a captured Boer transport train are permitted to ride in waggons, although British prisoners have uniformly been compelled to walk. Our other illustrations picture the details of what in the aggregate was one of the most remarkable sights in history. They deal with the surrender of General Prinsloo and his commando—a surrender which had much to do with the end of the turbulent Orange Free State, and its conversion into the Orange River Colony. What wonder that the Boer general held out as long as he could for special terms? What wonder that at one time the negotiations became so strained that they almost came to an end? But Hunter was righteously inflexible. It was of no use for General Prinsloo to contest the matter. The trumps were in his opponent's hand, and he yielded. One of our pictures shows Prinsloo and Commandant Vilomel in General Hunter's tent, while another depicts a group of prominent Boer prisoners and a captured Vierkleur. And the others? They tell the story of the grim procession that lasted for many days when old men, grey and grizzled, sturdy manhood, boys in their teens scarce strong enough to hold a rifle, passed in succession between those twin lines of steel, and each captive in turn threw down his rifle and his bandolier, until the pile numbered some 4,000. Look at them as they pass on, heads down, dejected, dispirited. They are tasting the bitterness of defeat. But the time will come, in a not far distant future, when the two races whose representatives are now playing the parts of victor and vanquished in one of life's dramas, will bury their animosities and unite in working for the welfare of South Africa as a group of self-governing colonies loyal in its devotion to the British Empire of which it forms a part.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THE CAMP.
Generals Hunter and Maxwell talking to Commandant de Villiers.

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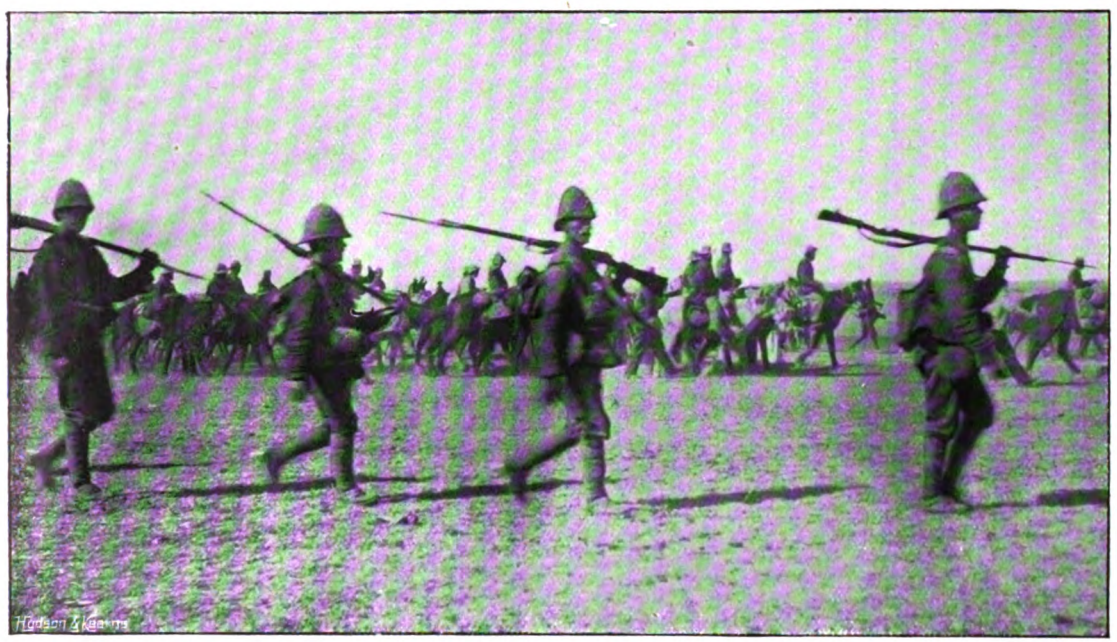
Scenes of the Boer Debacle.



BOER PRISONERS ON THE MARCH TO THE BASE.
Showing the System of Escort adopted by Our Troops for Security.

A SCENE IN THE BOER LINES BEFORE THE SURRENDER.
The Dispirited Crowd awaiting a Decision as to the Terms.

GROUP OF CAPTURED BOER LEADERS AND STANDARD.
From Left to Right the Seated Prisoners are: Commandants Joubert, Duplooy, Potgieter, Crowther, and Joukal.

STARTING ON THE LONG AND WEARY WAY.
The Captured Boers Entraining under British Guard for the Journey South.

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THE
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THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Although the visit of the Shah, Muzaffer-ed-Din Mirza, to Europe did not include a visit to our shores, His Majesty has found occasion to sojourn in certain European capitals. After being warmly welcomed in Vienna, he proceeded to pay a visit to the Sultan. Difficulties of Oriental etiquette being overcome, he proceeded on September 30 by train to Makri Keui, where he embarked in the Sultan's yacht Izzeddin to receive a State welcome at Constantinople. Our picture was taken on board the yacht, and represents the Shah, with the Minister of the Exterior, H.E. Sherif Pasha, Mirza Mahomed Khan, Persian Minister at the Sublime Porte, H.E. Nazir Montauk, and others

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE reception prepared by London for its citizen soldiers is only what is due to their gallantry, patriotic self-sacrifice, and endurance. They have fought like war-hardened veterans at Jacobsdal, Britstown, Florida (or, as it is sometimes called, Doornkop), Diamond Hill, Lindley, and in a score of other engagements, and they have marched as perhaps no other soldiers in the world could have marched. It has been a glorious nine months' work. Just 495 years ago, on the well-remembered day of St. Crispin (October 25), the battle of Agincourt was fought, and it is worth while to recall the fact that London at that time was stirred by patriotic fervour as now, and that many a citizen, like warlike Harry, did "assume the port of Mars," while, in the words of Shakespeare, all the youth of England were on fire, the armourers throve, and honour's thought reigned solely in the breast of every man. He whose chin was "enrich'd with but one appearing hair," like the "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England," stood forward for the cause. And have not our splendid fellows—the Yeomen too—now shown "the mettle of their pasture"? A hearty reception from their countrymen—and, as Lord Roberts says, their countrywomen—is therefore their due, and it is right to see

Photo. Lekegian.

Lieut.-Col. E. P. C. GIROUARD, D.S.O., R.E.

This Gallant Young French-Canadian Officer—he is only thirty-three—has during the Present Campaign served as Director of Railways, and in that Capacity has rendered Service to Lord Roberts only Second to that which Earned him his D.S.O. and Brevet for Similar Work in the Soudan.

Photo. A. A. Gray.

PRIVATE JAMES KENNEDY.

No wonder the Comrades of the Gallant Canadian Soldier whose Portrait is here given have Christened him the "Human Sieve," for our Brethren the Boers have Riddled him with Bullets no less than Eleven Times, though he still Survives to Tell the Tale.

'In the quick forge and working-house of thought
How London doth pour forth her citizens"

to greet these men returning from the war. They have deserved well of the City, the country, and the Empire, and their achievements will be writ large in history.

BUT let us not forget either the men of the Imperial Army or the other Volunteers who have done so much in South Africa. There is tangible evidence of the break-up of the huge field force in the departure of the Canadian Infantry and the C.I.V.'s, in the preparations for the return of the Guards to this country and of the Indian contingent to India, and in the withdrawal of the Naval Brigade under Captain Bearcroft, and of the Natal Volunteers. These last deserve very great praise. They must not be confused with the Imperial Light Horse, or Bethune's or Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, which had their origin in Natal, but were recruited largely out of the Uitlander population, and embodied Englishmen, Australians, New Zealanders, and others who flocked to the seat of war at the outbreak of hostilities. The Natal Volunteers proper number in peace-time about 1,500, and are divided into seven corps, but the recruiting was brisk when war broke out, and they went to the front about 2,000 strong, under Colonel Royston, who unfortunately succumbed to fever after the relief of Ladysmith. They bore much of the brunt of the Boer attack, and did admirable service with the Natal Field Force. Many of them were with the Ladysmith garrison, and as soon as the siege was raised Sir George White telegraphed to the Governor of Natal, saying "I never want to serve with better." They had been engaged in Sir Archibald Hunter's sortie, when the Gun Hill battery was destroyed, and in the defence of Wagon Hill and Cæsar's Camp. They deserve the greater credit because many colonial Dutchmen were in their ranks, especially in the Umvoti Rifles, which came from a disaffected district. The colony should certainly be proud of its sons.

Photo. Ball.

PRIVATE JAMES O'BRIEN.

This Typical Irishman was born at Ballybricker, County Limerick, twenty-two years and three months ago, and has the Proud Distinction of being the First Recruit Enlisted for Her Majesty's Youngest Regiment, the Irish Guards. He stands 5-ft. 11½-in. in his Socks.

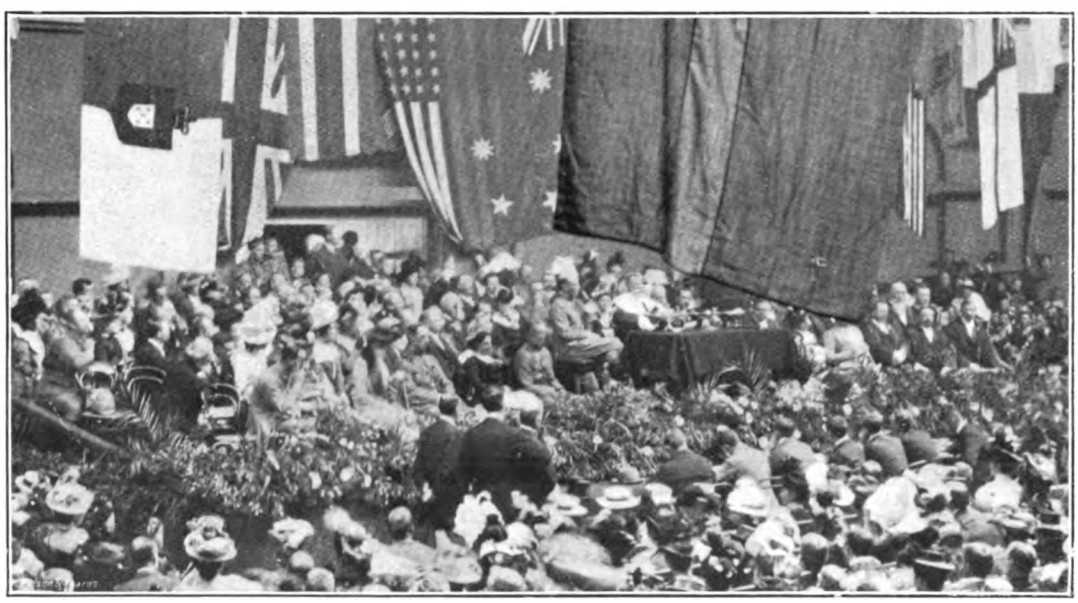

Photo. Copyright. "Nav. & Army."

HONOURING THE HERO OF MAFEKING.

The "Wolf that never Sleeps" had a Foretaste on his Arrival at Cape Town of the Reception that he will meet when he comes Home. Our picture represents the Presenting of an Address by the Mayor and Corporation of Cape Town. On the right of the Mayor, Mr. Ball, who is sitting at the Table, is General Baden-Powell, next to him his A.D.C., and then Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Captain Chester Master, and the Duchess of Teck.

THERE remains no possibility of doubt that the Chinese Government did most actively

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and practically support the Boxer movement. Correspondents who have had access to Chinese official papers make all this very clear. The Boxers were an insignificant sect in Shantung, but they grew strong after the annexation of Kiauchau by the Germans, and their anti-Christian fervour commended them to the Dowager-Empress, who determined to use them to exterminate the hated foreigners. They were officially recognised, and their operations extended into the province of Chi-li. They ascribed the drought to the Christians, and when they burnt the railway station of Feng-tai, as an act that would injure Christians, rain immediately fell—*quod erat demonstrandum*. The Viceroy of Chi-li took them into his favour, and became the channel for the distribution of supplies. Hard cash was paid down to support their operations. When they attained any success they were rewarded; if any of them fell, their families were provided for; and when they were in need of rations they were duly supplied. A sum of 30-dol. went to every Boxer wounded, and 100-dol. to the family of any Boxer killed. All these facts, and many more of like character, entered with methodical care in day books, have been disclosed by the capture of the Viceroy's papers after the reduction of the native city of Tientsin. Unfortunately this knowledge of the criminalty of the Chinese Government does not smooth the path of the Allies any more than does the withdrawal of Russia from Peking, or the thanks which she has received from the Chinese Government for so doing.

Photo. Copyright. *W. J. Johnston.*

IN MEMORIAM.

No Trait is more Pronounced in our Queen than her Affection and Consideration for her Personal Attendants. Of these the late John Brown was the One best known to the Public, and the Handsome Statue here shown (for the first time, we think) was Erected to his Memory by Her Majesty, and stands near the Castle at Balmoral, where the Court is now in Residence.

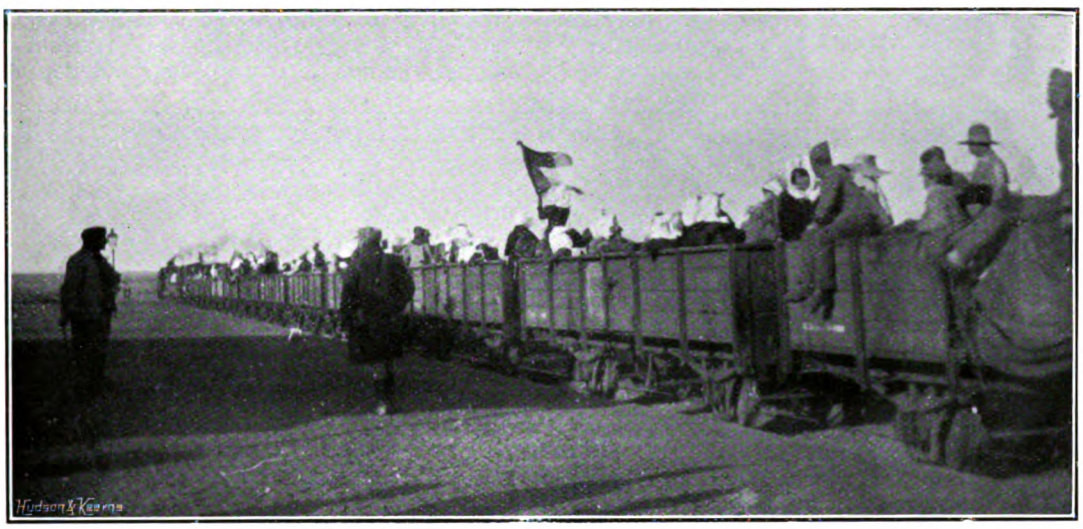

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

BOER AMAZONS.

The above picture represents a Train-load of the Wives of Boers who are still in Arms against us, and who have been Deported from the Towns we Occupy and sent by us to Rejoin their Belligerent Husbands. The Women are, apparently, as Hostile as the Men, and can Display their Rancour without Fear. It will be noticed that One has Hoisted the Transvaal Boer Flag.

WHEN the speeches of the German Emperor are collected for the edification of his subjects, they will assuredly form a very interesting subject of study. They will disclose the faculty of historical imagination which His Majesty possesses in no common degree. His recent utterance at Salzburg was extremely characteristic. Warriors wearing the breastplates and short swords of Roman soldiers mingled freely with amiable German chieftains, clad in bearskins and carrying long spears. As the Emperor has often ranged in his Valhalla the gods and heroes of the old Teutonic Pantheon, and has drawn inspiration from the legendary triumphs of the "Nibelungenlied," and from the doings of the Odins, the Beowulfs and the Siegfrieds, so now does he call down Cæsar Augustus to be ranged among the exemplars of modern Germany. The Emperor of the Germans has raised a statue to the Emperor of the Romans in the principal entrance of the new Salzburg Museum, but it is not necessary to imagine that he takes the Roman Empire explicitly for his model. He uses it as an illustration of power, just as at the launch of many a ship he has been inspired by traditions of Teutonic deities and heroes, or by the memories of chiefs of the Hohenstaufens and Hohenzollerns, including even great Barbarossa himself. All we can say in regard to the recent utterance of the Emperor is that it reveals a statesman who appeals powerfully to the imagination of his subjects, and does so with the very practical object of making them enterprising citizens of the "Weltreich."

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

DIED AT HER POST.

Army Nursing Sister Clara Evans was One of the Nursing Sisters Specially Selected by the Princess of Wales for Service in South Africa. A Lancashire Lady—her Home was at St. Helens—she was on the Staff of the London Hospital. After Long and Arduous Work at Wynberg, she was Removed to Bloemfontein, to Fall in a few weeks a Victim to that Scourge of War, Dysentery. The Danish Cross worn above the Red Cross is the Special Badge of the Princess's Nurses.

TIME consumes all things, even the animosity of nations. Just thirty years ago, France was deeply humiliated by Germany. The drama of Metz, which began on August 14, 1870, when Bazaine decided upon another contest with the foe, was brought to an end on October 25, when grey-headed Changarnier arrived at Cornay — the veteran who had earned his laurels at Constantine in Algeria—to offer a surrender. There were vain endeavours to save the fortress from the capitulation, and on the 26th all Metz stood under arms. But on the next day, at ten o'clock in the evening, the protocol was signed, and three marshals, 6,000 officers, and 173,000 men became prisoners, while 56 eagles, 622 field guns, 876 position guns, 72 machine guns, 137,000 rifles, and 123,000 other small arms, with an immense quantity of war material, were surrendered. On October 29 the gallant defenders marched out, and received the respect of their adversaries. The place revealed the plight in which they had been—buildings mostly destroyed, all cultivation swept away, horses gnawing the bark of trees, others in piteous condition licking the slime at their feet, many lying in harness in their carts, the ground a swamp, the soil all grey, and desolation ruling where a few months before plenty had been. The story of Bazaine is well known. This great national tragedy took place only three decades since—a short time in the history of nations — and yet in France *la revanche* is no longer extolled, and it is easy to see that there is greater friendship even for Germans than for us.

THE close of the French Exhibition finds France in a more peaceful state than did its opening. It was a gauge of peace, and in fact many angry passions have apparently been stilled. In a real sense, notwithstanding some defects and partial failures, the Exhibition has been a brilliant and even a triumphant success, and a new manifestation of the creative

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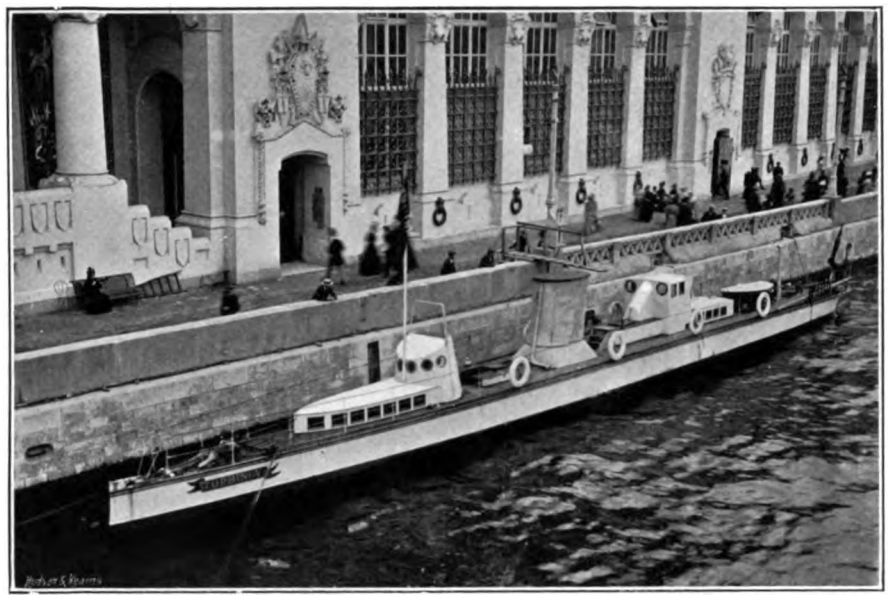
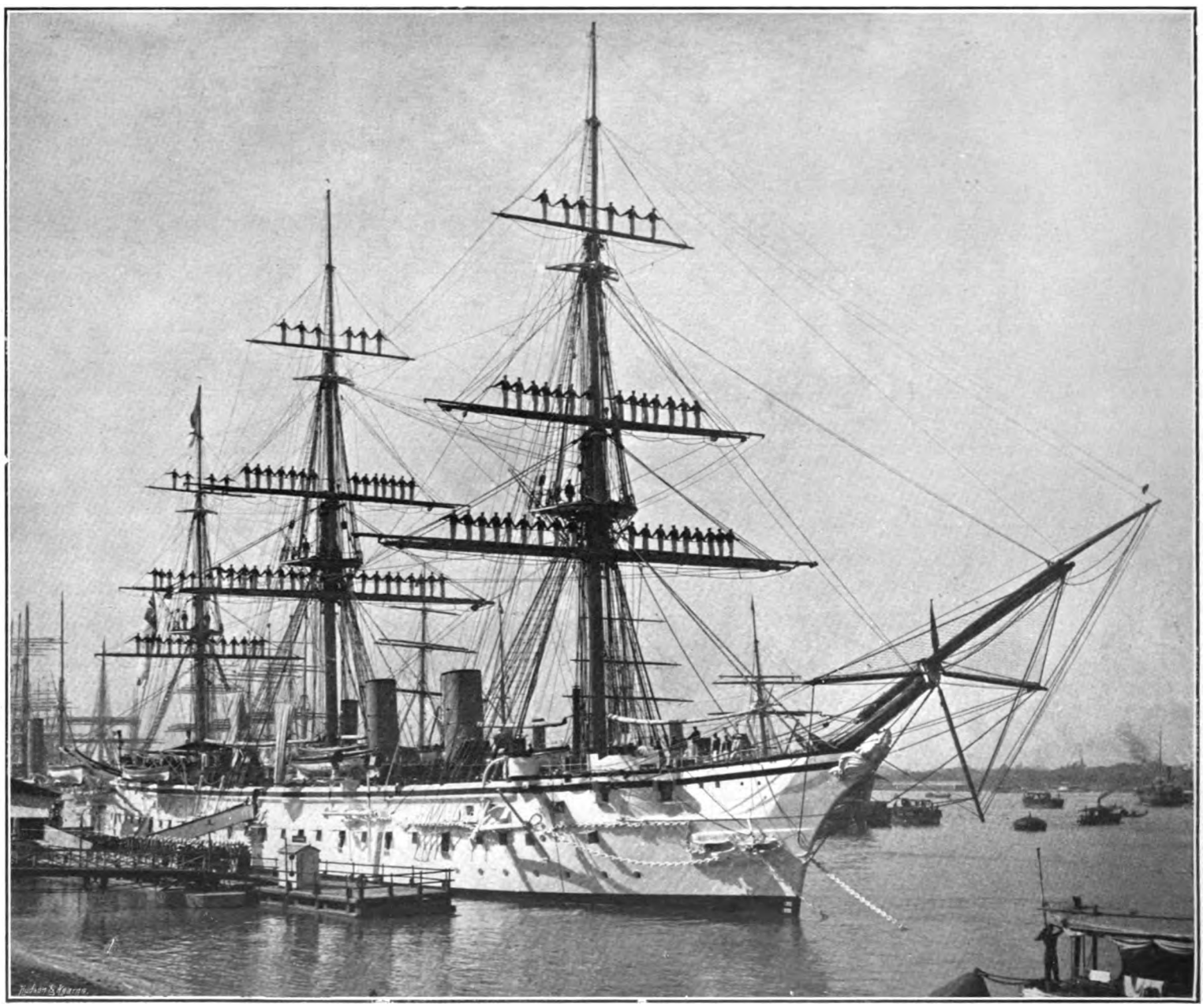
genius of France. M. Loubet, who six months ago was one of the best execrated men in Europe, is now extremely popular with his countrymen, and his upright conduct and firmness of purpose have done a great deal to calm public apprehension. It will require all his ability to steer the ship of state through the tortuous channels which are prepared for it by the extreme Nationalists, but it may be hoped for the good of France that he will have a strong majority behind his Government, and that the country may be led upon the path of real reform, and be drawn away from those dangerous discussions which have lately seemed to promise ill for the peace of Europe. The Exhibition which is now just about to close has at least afforded breathing-time, and French statesmen will be wise if they take steps to make permanent the pacific conditions which have been attained.



THE FASTEST SHIP ON THE SEINE.

All who saw the Great Jubilee Review at Spithead will Remember the "Turbinia," the Marvellous Boat Constructed by the Hon. C. A. Parsons, and the Prototype of the Fastest Torpedo-boat Destroyers in the British Navy. She has Disported on the Seine, to the Delight of Parisians and Visitors, and our illustration shows her Lying in Front of the Superb Building Devoted to Land and Sea Armaments at the Paris Exhibition.

A STATEMENT is made that the Abyssinians intend to carry to Adis Abeba the "Faidherbe," the gun-boat which conveyed Major Marchand and his companions to Fashoda. The British expedition which has been surveying the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary, after proceeding up the Nile and the Sobat, crossed a marshy district and found the gun-boat lying on a wooded island on the Baro River, stove in on one side, but protected by a grass roof. When the expedition returned, hundreds of men were found employed, and the gun-boat had been cut in two and one half of it hauled to the foot of almost perpendicular cliffs which barred the way. The Abyssinians declared that they would overcome obstacles and get the boat up the mountains. A gun-boat which has crossed nearly the whole African continent from west to east, and has ascended the lofty mountains of Abyssinia, will certainly deserve to be placed in a museum. The Frenchmen certainly showed great resource in taking it from the Gulf of Guinea up the Niger and the Benue, then hauling it from the western side of the watershed to the eastern, and launching it on the Nile.



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A RELIC OF THE PAST.

The Old "Boadicea," now being Dismantled for Use as a Hulk, is just Twenty-five Years Old, and is the Last of those splendid Fully Masted and Sparred Steam Frigates that immediately preceded the present Sailless Cruisers. Our picture shows her in her Pristine Vigour, with her Crew Manning Yards, for it was taken at Calcutta when she Occupied the Proud Position of Flag-ship on the East Indies Station.

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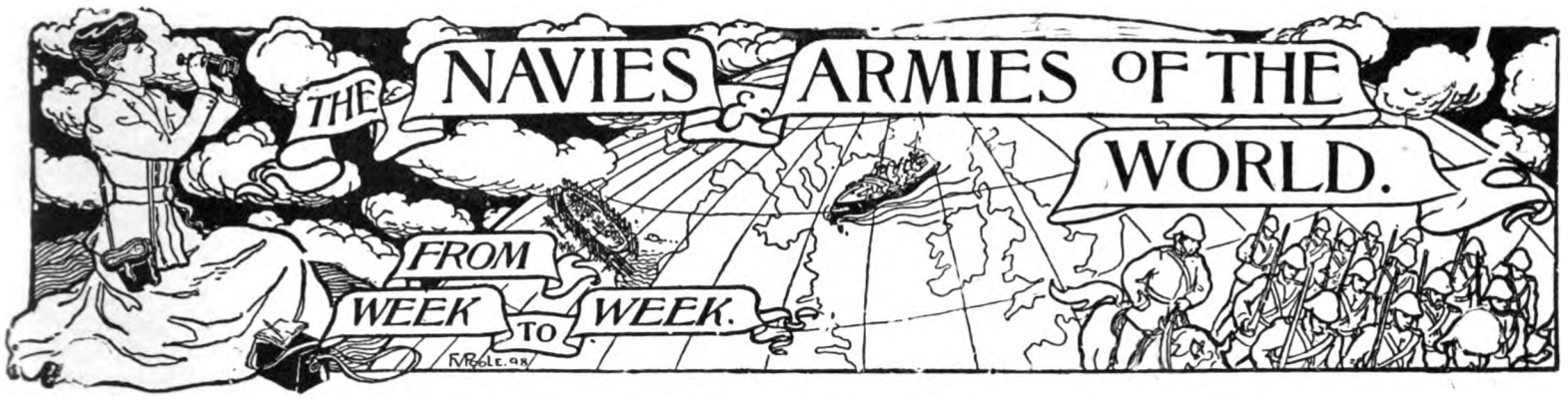

THE Navy League undoubtedly meant well when it decided to lay a laurel wreath with a complimentary inscription to the French and Spanish sailors who fell at Trafalgar among the ornaments of the Nelson Column on the 21st. None the less the action, polite as it was in intention, really served to emphasise the bad side of such demonstrations as this which have been made for the last few years about the column. Observe that the celebration was not an established and historical affair, but was begun nearly a century after Nelson's death, in the midst of a great outbreak of what we consider inoffensive patriotism, but what looks to our neighbours like defiance and arrogant self-assertion. It never had the excuse that it was begun when the great victory was new, and had been continued ever since. It was a revival; and though we split hairs about it as much as we please, there was something in it which seemed to say to other nations "We will do it again." Now that may be a very proper thing to think at all times, and to say on occasion. But it is idle to argue that it is not of the nature of a defiance, and it is childish to maintain that those to whom such a message is addressed have not good cause to consider themselves provoked. The Paris *Figaro* has crossed the "t's" and dotted the "i's" of the League's inscription by remarking that it "testifies to the need of a *rapprochement* between the countries." In other words, the "floral festival" of October 21 has been taken for a manifestation of ill-will, and has been one of the excuses quoted for the undoubted hostility felt for us nearly all over Europe.

* * * *

The League may answer that it does not care what the foreigners think, that we have a perfect right to go on glorifying ourselves for ever, and that if they do not like it they are free to sulk. But if this is the point of view, why make a wreath of laurel for the losers at Trafalgar, and put a civil inscription on it in dubious English?—for to speak of "respect and homage" to the memory of anybody is rather a French than an English formula. To me, at least, there is also an element in this piece of intended politeness which is not wholly pleasant. It reminds me, to be candid, of a passage in Thackeray's studies of British snobs on the Continent. "Did you never hear Colonel Cutter and Major Slasher talking over the war after dinner? or Captain Boarder describing his action with the 'Indomptable'? 'Hang the fellows,' says Boarder, 'their practice was good. I was beat off three times before I took her.' 'Cuss those carabineers of Milhand's,' says Slasher; 'what work they made of our light cavalry'—implying a sort of surprise that the Frenchman should stand up against Britons at all; a good-natured wonder that the blind, mad, vainglorious, brave poor devils should actually have the courage to resist an Englishman." This sort of condescension is more offensive than insulting. Of course, the League may want to be offensive, and in that case it has gone the right way to work. But it appears to profess to want to be civil. If that is its real wish, it would do much better to follow the example set by Germany, which has dropped the Sedan celebration for this year, out of regard for the feelings of France, and will in all probability never hold it in the future.

* * * *

It may be argued that we are entitled to remember the great men of old, and the fathers who begat us; and so we are But there are ways and ways of doing a thing which is commendable in itself, and all are not equally good. There is a cheap, flashy theatrical way, compatible with much cant and a good deal of advertisement, as, for instance, holding a yearly show of cut flowers, which can be got up with no expenditure of brains or study, and may leave all who see it as ignorant as they were before. The sole merit of this class of patriotic celebration is that it is good for trade, and that it serves to remind everybody that the persons who get it up are in existence. A mob collects, gapes as it would at Punch and Judy, and then goes away. If the individual members of the mob could be rounded up, and called upon to answer a few elementary questions about the Trafalgar campaign, the chances are that not one in ten could answer correctly even a part of the queries, and that none could answer all. The ignorance of almost the whole population of this country concerning the history of the Navy beggars description. There is another way of honouring the great men of old, and that is to tell people something about them. To me it appears that the Navy League would do far better to spend its money in giving prizes for well-written accounts of great events in Naval history, and distributing them at a cheap rate. A Nelson library, which should not be all about Nelson, and should in particular have nothing whatever to say about Emma Hamilton, might really, with good management, do something to teach Englishmen what the Navy has been to this country. It might amount in time to a very respectable monument of labour, good criticism, and good English. But of course it would mean a good deal of work, and some thinking, and it is unquestionably easier to contract for flowers at Covent Garden, decorate the column with them, and indulge in a feast of windy eloquence.

* * * *

Meanwhile it happens, curiously enough, that the decoration of the Nelson Column is accompanied by a manifesto from the Navy League which is enough to make the flesh of all who take it seriously creep. Mr. H. Seymour Trower gives in this document a terrible picture of the poor estate to which the British Navy is fallen, and ends with a general malediction of responsible sinners. "The management of marine affairs for five years has been incompetent. The result of that incompetence is that we have lost the command of the sea. Nothing less than the vigorous demand of a determined people can change the situation." Such is the conclusion of the whole matter at which the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Navy League arrives, after a survey of all that has been done by others, and ought to have been, but has not been, done by us, in the matter of keeping the strength of our respective fleets. We are as badly off as we were fifteen years ago, when the increase of the Fleet was taken seriously in hand, towards the end of what may be called the Gladstonian epoch. Now supposing the chairman to be right, what a comment his letter is on all the tall talk we have heard for years about Sea Power, and Nelson, and the Navy. It has plainly been mere rhetoric, which had not the virtue to keep us from committing the most absurd oversights in the management of our most vital affairs.

* * * *

One cannot argue with statements of this order. They are too manifestly the result of mere excitement and the love of saying things in a violent, hysterical way. But what is the good of hanging up laurel wreaths to the French and Spanish sailors who fell at Trafalgar, when the very body which pays the compliment publishes a declaration of its belief that we are not safe unless we are strong enough to crush all our neighbours. To them this is nothing less than an assertion that we mean to crush them if it suits our interests. We have no right to complain if they take the words in this sense, since we accuse them openly of the design to plunder us. There is fatuity, or, as Thackeray would have said, arrogant snobbery, in our amazing habit of attributing every degree of unscrupulous greed to others, while claiming from them a belief in our disinterested virtue. So there is in the constant assumption that we have an inherent right to the "command of the sea." There is also something else, and that is foolishness. The more we talk about the command of the sea as indispensable to ourselves, the more we invite others to add to their Fleets, both for the purpose of putting pressure on us and for their own protection. It may be that they need no exhortation; but, after all, the fact remains that this extraordinary activity of foreign nations in fleet-building has followed our agitation of a few years ago. We have opened the eyes of all the world to the importance of Sea Power—and how do we propose to prevent great rich and populous nations from providing themselves with Navies? More especially, how do we propose to do this when we are steadily increasing our obligations on land, and with them the need for increased work and outlay on our Army?

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Colonial Influence.

THERE has been much discussion about the pay of Army officers. War always brings to the front questions of military efficiency and reform, and this is a problem that certainly demands attention. But there is another question, of even more general interest, which will soon be pressed upon our notice, and which has been scarcely talked about at all. That is the pay of the private. If you want to keep a man satisfied with a small wage, you must not let him work alongside people who are paid a great deal better than he for doing the same thing. In the parable, the labourers who were hired early in the morning at a penny a day naturally resented the payment of the same wage to those who had been at work only since the eleventh hour. In the same way Tommy Atkins, who has borne the burden and heat of the day, does not quite understand why colonial troops, who were called in, say, at the fifth hour, should be receiving five or six times as much pay as he draws. Tommy is a generous creature. He does not grudge the Colonials their 5s. or 6s. a day, but he is making up his mind that he will no longer be content with his meagre 1s., which in war-time augments itself to the magnificent sum of 1s. 3d. And it will be very difficult to know what to say when the demand for an increase is submitted.

Actually submitted of course it never will be. We shall have it brought to our notice by a decline in the number of recruits. The soldiers now enrolled are in the position of the labourers of the parable just quoted. If they grumble, the obvious answer for the Government to make is, "Did we not agree with thee for a shilling a day?" But the possible soldiers of the future are under no agreement. They are free to make the best bargain they can. And 1s. a day they will consider hardly good enough. "If the country wants our services in war-time," they will say, "we shall be quite ready to enlist as Volunteers at thirty-five shillings a week." That is what Volunteers are drawing in the present campaign, and many of them 6s. instead of 5s. a day. Here is a specimen case. A. B. offers himself to the C.I.V., but his services are declined because he has not served in a London Volunteer corps. He goes out to South Africa and enlists in the Kimberley Light Horse, with a daily wage of 6s. A. B. has a brother who is a subaltern in the regulars. The brother who is a trooper gets just one-fifth more pay than the brother who is an officer. Of this kind of comparison the inevitable consequence is discontent. Look at the difficulty there has been in filling up the ranks of General Baden-Powell's police force. Even 10s. a day is thought to be little enough for these trooper-policemen. This is just what we pay a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy—an officer who every night is in charge of a million pounds' worth of public property. Surely no man in the Queen's service undertakes so great a responsibility for so small a recompense.

"Don't you make any mistake," said a volunteer soldier from Australia the other day; "when Tommy comes back, he will come back with his eyes opened. He isn't going to be content with his shilling a day any longer. And, one thing more, you won't find him so ready to be treated as a machine." Well, if the soldier becomes less of a machine, so much the better for everybody. It is a bad system, a stupid, cast-iron formula, which has kept him a machine, and made junior officers even little more than machines into the bargain.

But as to raising the private's pay, that is a question which the taxpayer must decide. It is another burden to add to the heavy load which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to bear. No wonder Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is credited with a desire to escape from the nightmare of next year's Budget. It is better to spend other people's money—at the Admiralty, for instance—than to pay other people's bills.

Some may say that, although the colonial Governments offer generous rates of pay, their troops appear to have a good deal of difficulty in getting paid. Certainly it is a pity that soldiers from the colonies should be stranded penniless in London and have to borrow money from the Lord Mayor's Fund; but it seems pretty clear that the fault in the matter lies neither with the men themselves nor with their Governments, for, strictly speaking, they have no business in London at all. They were invalided, and they ought either to have been kept in hospital in South Africa or to have been sent home. It is characteristic of the way in which we are muddling through (thanks to the absence of rational methods of dealing with War Office business), that drafts for home are made up of any invalids who happen to be anywhere near Cape Town when the transport is ready. Never mind where the man comes from and wants to get back to—send him aboard. There's no one to ask questions. What does it matter? What does anything matter? So the wounded New Zealander presently finds himself in London (very glad to be there, but not knowing how to get his back pay or how he is to make his way home), and even the voyage from Cape Town to Natal has to be made by way of Great Britain! This is not the way to treat our kinsmen. Bring them to London, by all means, if it can be so arranged, and let us look after them well and give them a good time; but to muddle them over and leave them to shift for themselves, still sick and suffering as many of them are, only brings our management of the Empire into contempt. Private agencies have done for them what they can. Sir Edward Walter, who has deserved so well of his time by his efforts in the interests of old soldiers, made them free of the Commissionaires' barracks. Lord Carrington and the Lord Mayor promptly arranged to lend them money for their needs. But no help from private agencies ought to have been required. If we want our colonial soldiers to respect the methods of the Mother Country, we must treat them in a manner at once more considerate and more business-like than this.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 21, 1757.—Action off Cape François between the "Augusta," 60, "Dreadnought," 60, and "Edinburgh," 60, and a French squadron of two 74's, one 64, one 50, one 44, and two 32's. Enemy defeated and put to flight. 1805.—Battle of Trafalgar.

October 22, 1707.—Wreck of the "Association," 90, with Sir Cloudesley Shovell on board, off the Scilly Islands. 1793.—Action between the "Agamemnon," 64, Captain Horatio Nelson, and five large French frigates off the coast of Sardinia. 1889.—The "Blonde" launched.

October 23, 1762.—Capture of the French "Oiseau," 32, by the "Brune," 28. 1813.—Capture of the French "Trave," 40, by the "Andromache," 38, after being in action with the British "Achates," 18.

October 24, 1779.—Capture of the French "Alcmène," 32, by the British "Proserpine," 32, off Martinique. 1793.—Action between the "Thames," 32, and the French "Uranie," 40, off Ushant. 1798.—Capture of the Dutch "Furie," 36, and "Waakzaamheid," 24, by the "Sirius," 36, off the Texel. 1835.—Admiral Sir H. S. Nicholson born.

October 25, 1799.—Cutting out and recapture of the "Hermione," 32, which mutineers had given up to the Spaniards, by the boats of the "Surprise," 28, Captain Edward Hamilton, in Puerto Cabello on the Spanish Main.

October 26, 1781.—Capture of the French "Neckar," 40, by the "Hannibal," 74. 1803.—Cutting out of the French "Resource," 4, by the boats of the "Osprey," 18, off Trinidad. Cutting out of the French "César," 4, by the boats of the "Herald," 18, in Otranto Harbour. 1809.—Destruction of the French "Robuste," 80, and "Lion," 74, in the Gulf of Lyons by a squadron of the Mediterranean Fleet detached from off Toulon. 1819.—Professor Montagu Burrows, R.N., born.

October 27, 1760.—Admiral Sir Richard Strachan born. 1800.—Cutting out of the Spanish "San Josef," 14, by the boats of the "Phaeton," 38, under a heavy battery near Malaga. 1810.—Capture of the French "Loup-Garou," 16, by the "Orestes," 16. 1835.—Earl Spencer, former First Lord of the Admiralty, born.

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OCTOBER 21, 1776.—Americans defeated by General Vaughan near White Plains. 1781.—Mahadapatam taken by Colonel Braithwaite. 1899.—Battle of Elandslaagte. Boers defeated by Sir George White.

October 22, 1452.—The Earl of Shrewsbury surprised the garrison of Bordeaux and took the greater part prisoners. 1764.—Sir Hector Munroe routed the army of the Nabob of Oude near Bukar.

October 23, 1642.—Battle of Edgehill. Indecisive battle between Charles I. and the Roundheads; 5,000 killed. 1708.—Surrender of Lisle to Prince Eugene after sixty days' siege. 1709.—Capitulation of Mons as the result of Marlborough's victory at Malplaquet.

October 24, 1812.—Slight reverse inflicted on the Allies by the French at Muriel. 1793.—Capture of Nieuport by Colonel de Wurmb. 1893.—Battle of the Shangani. Matabele defeated by the British South African Company's troops. 1899.—Battle of Rietfontein. Boers defeated by Sir George White.

October 25, 1415.—Battle of Agincourt. Henry V. defeated the French, who lost 10,000 killed and wounded and 14,000 prisoners, while the English loss did not exceed 400. 1854.—Battle of Balaclava. Famous for two cavalry charges. General Scarlett with the Scots Greys and Inniskillings charged and routed a Russian column. The Light Brigade (4th and 13th Light Dragoons, 8th and 11th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers) charged the Russian batteries, and of 670 only 198 returned.

October 26, 1812.—Passage of the Carion. Wellington drove the French back, and the village of Muriel was reoccupied on the 25th. He continued his march next day and secured the bridges, thus assuring his retreat behind the Douro. 1854.—Sortie from Sebastopol repulsed.

October 27, 1644.—Battle of Newbury. Indecisive action between Charles I. and the Earl of Essex. 1771.—Surrender of Tanjore to Colonel Smith.

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A Visit to a Little-known Museum.

By A. B. Tucker.

ON the west side of the barrack-field at Woolwich, and enclosed within a line of field works, is the Royal Military Repository, where all Artillery officers have to pass through a course of instruction, and the soldiers are taught to mount, serve, and dismount heavy guns, the use of pontoons, and other things required in field service. The public, of course, are not admitted to the Repository, but within its boundaries is the Rotunda, as the building is called, which is devoted to the purposes of a museum of Artillery. The building will be easily recognised by its unusual appearance. At a distance it has the look of a huge circular tent. The walls form a polygon of twenty-four sides and the roof is circular. It was originally designed by Nash, and was erected in St. James's Park for the reception of the Allied Sovereigns on their visit to England in 1814, after the battle of Leipzig. The building was applied to its present purpose in 1820. It is 116-ft. in diameter, and covers 10,600 square feet—about two-thirds as large as Westminster Hall. As originally constructed, and for several years after its removal to Woolwich, the roof was entirely self sustained, and nothing prevented the eye from taking in the full extent of the surface covered. Since then, a central pillar like a very solid tent-pole has been added to help to support the roof. Inscribed on this pillar is a most interesting list of names of officers in the Artillery who have rendered memorable services to their country. One of these officers, Lieutenant-General Albert Borgard, between the years 1676 and 1709 took part in no fewer than eighteen battles and twenty-four sieges. Among other names inscribed on the pillar are those of Lieutenant-General Desalguliers, the first Artilleryman to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; Major-General Thomas Phillips, who commanded the Artillery at the glorious battle of Minden; Major Stephen Payne Adye, distinguished father of two distinguished sons, the late Major Mortimer Adye, R.A., and General Sir John Adye, G.C.B., R.A.; Major-General Sir Thomas Blomefield, who rendered signal service as Inspector of Artillery in 1780, and was created a baronet for his services as officer in command of Artillery in the expedition to Copenhagen; Lieutenant-General Henry Shrapnel, the inventor of the shell that bears his name; Colonel Sir Augustus Simon Frazer, K.C.B., who commanded the Horse Artillery at Waterloo; Major-General Sir Alexander Dickson, G.C.B., who served with great distinction in the Peninsular Campaigns, at Quatre Bras, and at Waterloo; Major William Norman Ramsay, who, after serving with great credit in the Peninsula, commanded the Royal Artillery at the battle of the Alma and at the first bombardment of Sebastopol, and was killed at the battle of Inkerman; Field-Marshal Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross, G.C.B., the first Artilleryman to be made a field-marshal; General Sir Edward Sabine, K.C.B., as distinguished a scientist as he was a soldier; Major-General Sir Henry Tombs, K.C.B., V.C., who won the Victoria Cross in the Indian Mutiny; and other distinguished officers.

The Rotunda Museum, Woolwich.

The museum comprises a large and valuable collection of early arms and armour, including a complete suit of armour said to have belonged to Bayard, a large number of tilting helmets, salades, basinets, shirts, and sleeves of mail and other equipments of knights of old. The armour of the time of the Cavaliers and Roundheads is also illustrated. There is, too, a good collection of early swords, ancient and modern, of European and Oriental make. These vary in shape and size. For instance, there is a two-edged sword of the fifteenth or sixteenth century with its original handle of wood, covered with velvet and studded. The length of the blade is 51-in. In sharp contrast to this heavy weapon is a sword with the cap of Liberty on the guard, and of the pattern used by the pupils of the Ecole de Mars about 1795, which is 20·7-in. in length. There are a large number of claymores, rapiers, daggers, and poignards, many of them exquisite in workmanship. Again, the history of the bayonet can be traced from the specimens exhibited. It is interesting to note that the first regiment which had bayonets attached to the muskets was the Grenadier Guards, in 1693. The bayonet was originally made with a haft to be thrust into the barrel of a musket. One specimen is shown in which the bayonet served also as a ramrod. Then there are examples of the three-edged bayonet, and other patterns which preceded the modern short sword-bayonet.

But it is in gunnery that the museum is exceptionally rich. Here, for instance, is to be found the earliest English gun known. It is at least as old as the earlier part of the fifteenth century. It is a short, thick, mortar-like weapon made of wrought iron, strengthened with rings, and was meant to throw stone balls of about 160-lb. weight. This very curious piece of ordnance was found in the moat of Bodiam Castle, Kent, and was preserved for many years at Battle Abbey. The interior of the gun is of cast iron, and is probably one of the earliest known specimens of iron in that form. Going carefully through the various pieces of ordnance, the visitor can trace the evolution of the gun. Perhaps the most interesting of the early guns are those that are breech-loading and rifled, in which, though somewhat rudely fashioned, nearly every modern contrivance seems to have been anticipated. Thus we find a breech-loading cannon made 400 years before Armstrong, Krupp, and Canet's time. One of the most remarkable of these early breech-loaders is of English make of the fifteenth century, very roughly made, and, it would seem, a very wild shooter. The breech arrangement is simple, and resembles that of Krupp guns, and there is a duplicate breech to save time in loading. There are guns of all nationalities, muzzle-loaders as well as breech. The visitor who wanders among the many specimens ought not to miss one very interesting group which formed part of the English battering ordnance at the siege of Sebastopol.

The history of rifling is admirably illustrated in the museum. Here is a rifle with a barrel dated 1547. This is the earliest dated rifle barrel known, the next in order of time being one in the Paris collection, forty-two years later. But it took a long time for the "hand gonne" to develop into the Martini-Henry and Lee-Metford rifles of to-day. The soldier of Queen Elizabeth's time before he could discharge his clumsy matchlock had to set up a rest and light a match, and then take such aim as he could while his adversary was advancing upon him. The rifle was adopted in the British Army in 1792, and the collection of weapons showing its gradual development is complete.

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Trafalgar Day.

"LEST WE FORGET."

The Nelson Monument decorated by the Navy League. The principal wreath was tied with a bow of ribbon showing the French and Spanish colours, and bore the inscription, "Respect and homage to the memory of the gallant sailors of France and Spain who fell fighting at Trafalgar, October 21, 1805."

From a Photo. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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Naval Guns in China.

THE use of naval guns on shore is quite one of the most interesting and important warlike developments of the past twelve months. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has given especial prominence to this subject, and will continue to do so, since, as will be seen from the accompanying series of pictures, another field has been opened for the utilisation of Naval artillery on land; and it is quite possible that the lessons to be learnt in China in this connection will be not less instructive than those which have been afforded by the war in South Africa.

There is no need to recapitulate here the oft-told story of the manner in which the Naval guns on Captain Percy Scott's mountings were hurried up to Ladysmith, in charge of Captain Lambton, and arrived in the nick of time to dominate the enemy's guns of position, against which our own field artillery, firing with shrapnel, was powerless to cope. But one or two details, culled from a joint lecture recently delivered at Hong-Kong by Captain Percy Scott, and Captain A. H. Limpus, also lately of the "Terrible," may be of special interest with reference to possible developments in China. Of course, in the latter case Captain Scott, and those associated with him, will be able to profit largely by the experience gained at Ladysmith and elsewhere. But a perusal of the lecture alluded to impresses very forcibly the perfectly marvellous success attained in an experiment made under by no means favourable conditions, and at the shortest possible notice.

Here are some facts and figures. On October 25, 1899, General White telegraphed to Simon's Town to know if it were possible for the Navy to send him some long-range 4·7-in. guns. The admiral asked Captain Scott if he could design a mounting for a 4·7-in. and get two finished by the following afternoon. "It was rather a rush," remarks Captain Scott, "but they were ready by 5 p.m., put on board the 'Powerful,' and she started with them and four 12-pounders for Durban."

Again, just before Buller's final attack on Pieter's Hill, the general telegraphed to Captain Scott, then at Durban, to ask if he could possibly have a 6-in. gun by the following Monday. The message arrived on Wednesday, and on Sunday morning the gun was despatched. From this gun 500 rounds were fired into the enemy's position, and, according to a Boer prisoner, they "disliked it very much."

From supplementary remarks made by Captain Limpus, it appears that up to the end of February, 1900, Captain Scott's mountings had enabled the Navy to land in South Africa more than forty guns, to wit, one 6-in., fourteen 4·7-in., and twenty-six 12-pounders.

The accompanying pictures for the most part illustrate the manner in which forges and other machinery for constructing the Scott mountings have been extemporised on board the "Terrible," now on the China station. A final picture, which illustrates the resourcefulness of the Naval Service, shows the "Horse Artillery" of the "Alacrity," which is commanded by Captain Cradock, mentioned in despatches for his work at Taku and Tientsin. If the "Alacrity" should be sent up the Yang-tse, Captain Cradock's ponies should be useful.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

1—An Extemporised Forge, made of Old Railway Iron, Fire Bars, and Sheet Iron. 2—A Contrivance for Iron Working. 3—Drilling Holes in Angle Bars and Plates. 4—Bending the Tyre Round the Wheel.

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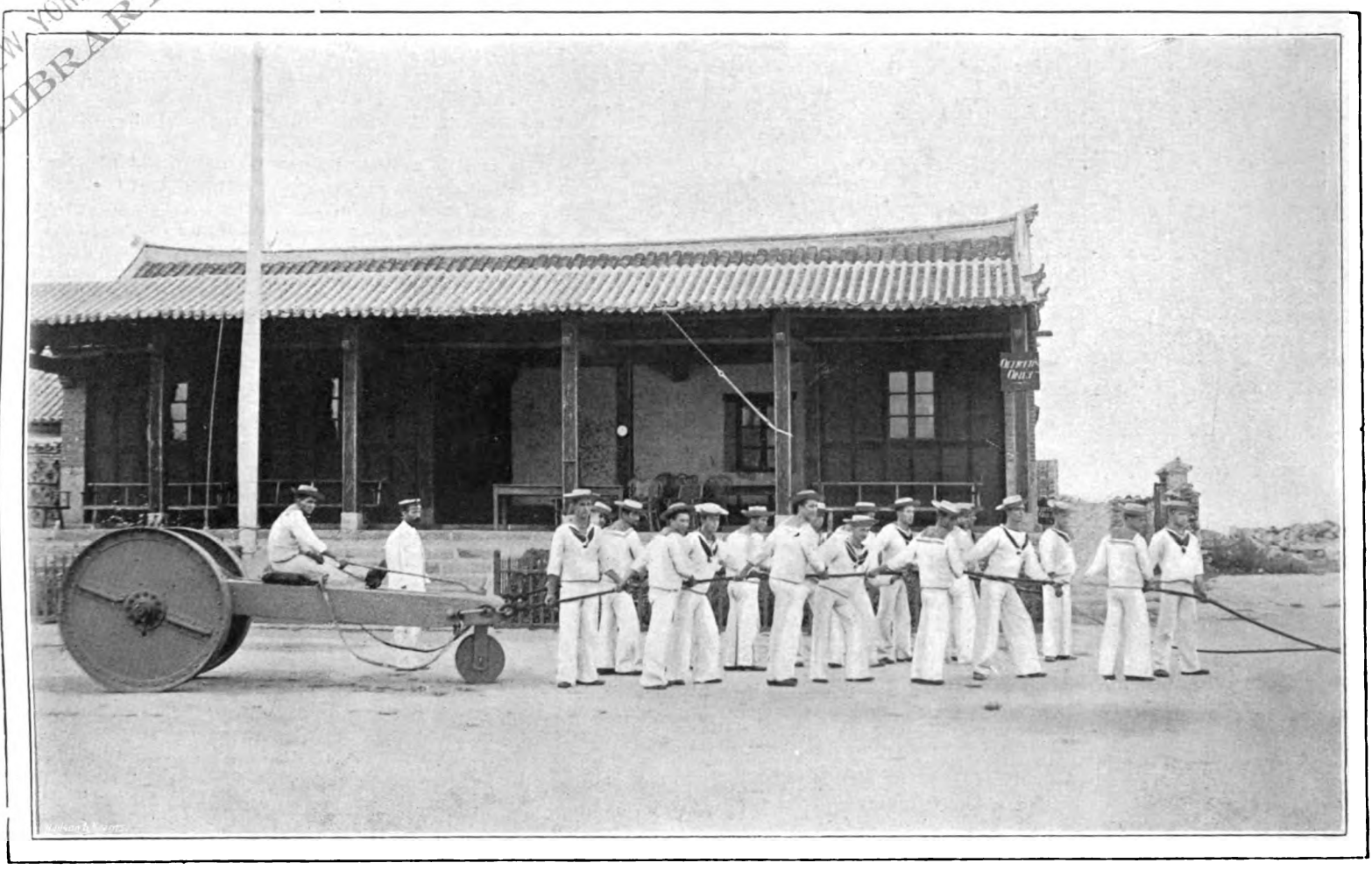
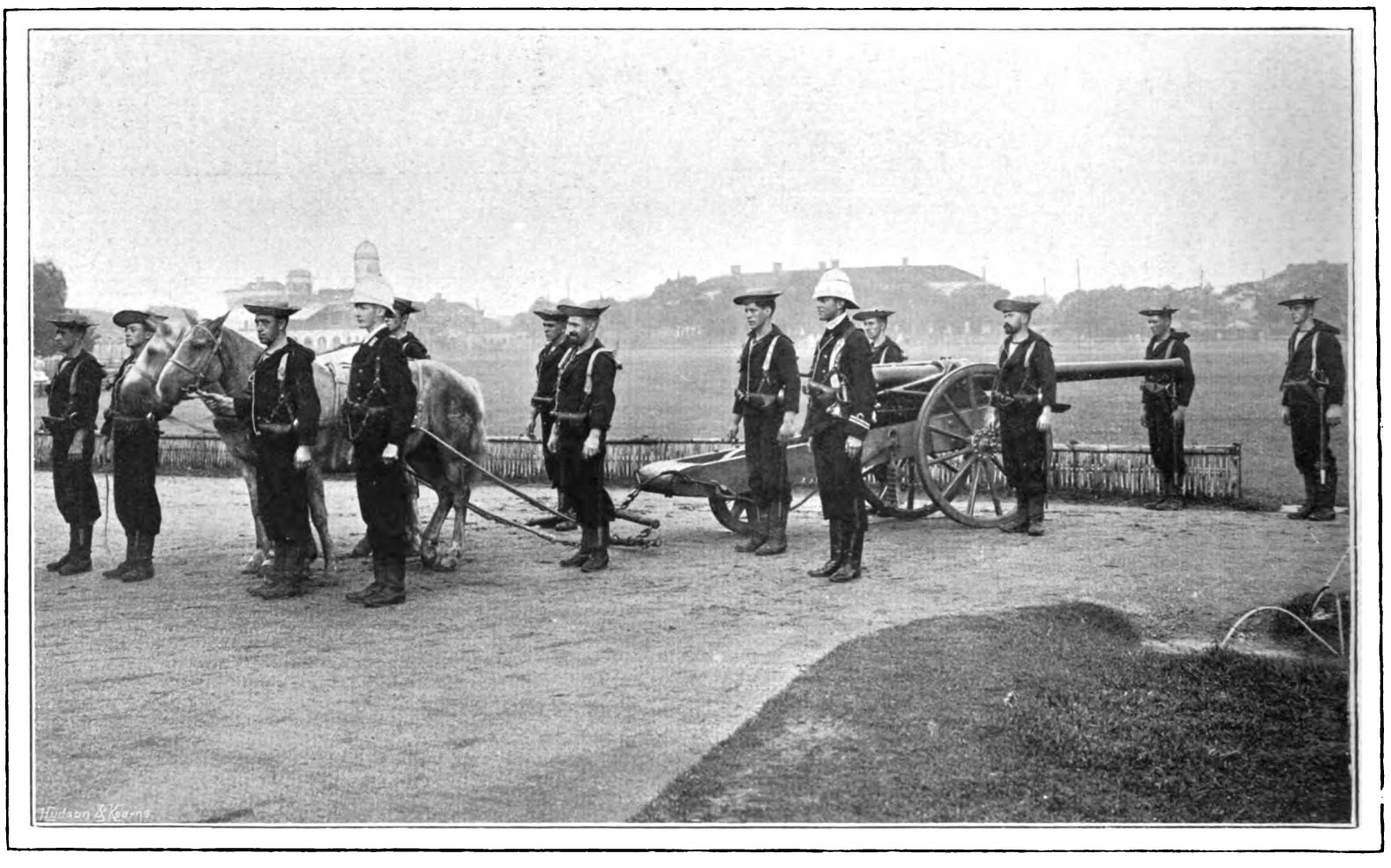
Naval Ordnance Ashore.



A VERY FINE PIECE OF THE SEAMAN'S WORK IN CHINA.

A Carriage on the March Ready to Receive the Gun.

THE "ALACRITY'S" "HORSE ARTILLERY."



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

DRAGGING AN EXTEMPORISED FIELD GUN WITH THE HELP OF CHINESE PONIES.

An Example of the Ingenuity and Resource of a Sportsman.

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Guards' Sports at Election-time.

THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY

CONFINED TO BARRACKS, BUT IN GOOD TRAINING
Sergeants of the 3rd Coldstreams, all in a Cluster at the Finish.

WITH THE GRENADIERS IN BURTON COURT
The Final of the "Hundred"—Private Bond Wins.

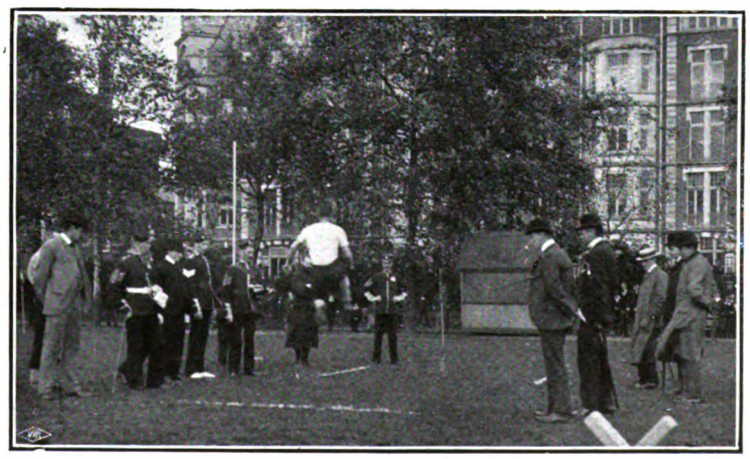
"A LONG, LONG PULL," AND A VERY STRONG ONE.
The Tug-of-War at the 3rd Coldstreams' Sports at Chelsea.

AN EASY WIN OVER EIGHT FLIGHTS OF HURDLES.
Won by Sergeant York, the Champion of the Grenadiers.

FOR CORPORALS ONLY OF THE 3rd COLDSTREAMERS.
Equal Running in the Last Lap.

PLENTY OF AMUSEMENT FOR THE SPECTATORS.
And perhaps more Luck than Skill to the Winner.

A GOOD START FOR THE OFFICERS' RACE.
Major Bouverie was First and Major Lambton Second.



A GOOD TAKE OFF AND A SUCCESSFUL RISE.
Sergeant York Scores a other Win in the Long Jump.

The Grenadiers and Coldstreamers.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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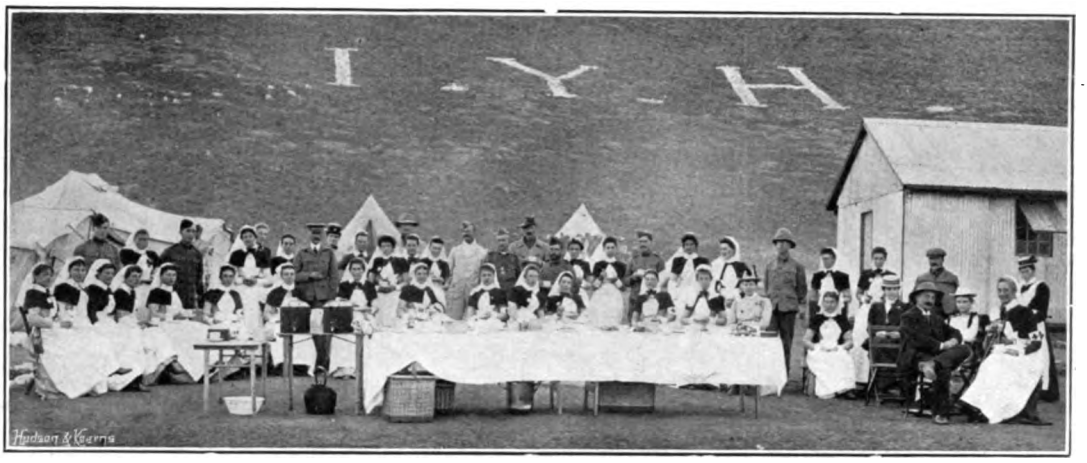
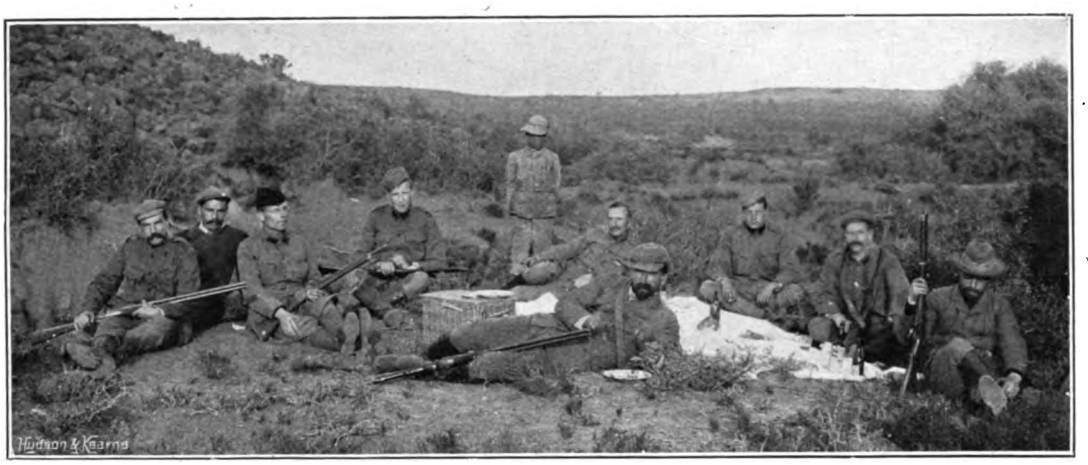
The Imperial Yeomanry Hospital at Deelfontein.

NO body of men which has taken part in the war in South Africa has won for itself a higher reputation than the Imperial Yeomanry. Before the war gave us fresh notions of perspective in military affairs, there were a number of individuals both in the House and out of it who sneered at the Yeomanry, just as there were a number of others who never could say anything bad enough about the Volunteers. Both forces have confounded their traducers, and the men of the Imperial Yeomanry have nobly borne their share in bringing about this result. Innumerable officers in the highest position have borne testimony to their work. One example will suffice. In a private letter received recently by General Sir George Higginson from an officer holding a command at the front, it was said, "I cannot speak too highly of Chesham's Yeomanry. They are absolutely fearless. The general officer told me that I could march my division with absolute security so long as I saw the Yeomanry scouting on the right and the left. I feel my flanks are perfectly secure." This is high praise, and it is a legitimate source of pride to the men to know that it is thoroughly deserved. Not in the field alone, however, have the Imperial Yeomanry and those connected with them done good service to the country. They have maintained a hospital, or rather a group of hospitals. The principal hospital was at Deelfontein, where Lieutenant-Colonel Sloggett, whose stalwart figure is prominent in our second picture, is the commandant and principal medical officer. He has been supported by an able and zealous medical and nursing staff, and at the time of the latest reports available he had under his charge many officers, and 1,099 non-commissioned officers and men, of whom eight officers and 514 men belonged to the Imperial Yeomanry. But in addition to this chief hospital, there is a branch hospital in Pretoria under the able charge of Surgeon-Major Kilkelly of the Grenadier Guards, and another at Mackenzie's Farm, Maitland, for whose well-being Captain Turner, R.A.M.C. is responsible. The Pretoria Branch Hospital was inspected by the South African Hospitals Commission on September 19, and the Commissioners expressed themselves as very pleased with all they saw, whilst, when giving his evidence before the Commission, Surgeon-Major Kilkelly was able to state that there was no complaint against the hospital, though, of course, there was considerable pressure during the epidemic. Unhappily such pressure is inevitable during war, and, without wishing to prejudge the report of the Hospitals Commission, it may be said that it must account for very many of the sensational stories which we have heard.



AN ENJOYABLE TEA-PARTY IN THE OPEN.

Including the Nurses and Medical Staff of the Hospital.



THE DOCTORS TAKE THEIR PLEASURE NOT SADLY.

A Sporting Lunch on the Rolling Veldt.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE OFFICERS' HUT, SHERWOOD RANGERS' WARD.

The Ladies not in Nurse's Costume are Lady Chesham and Miss Cavendish.

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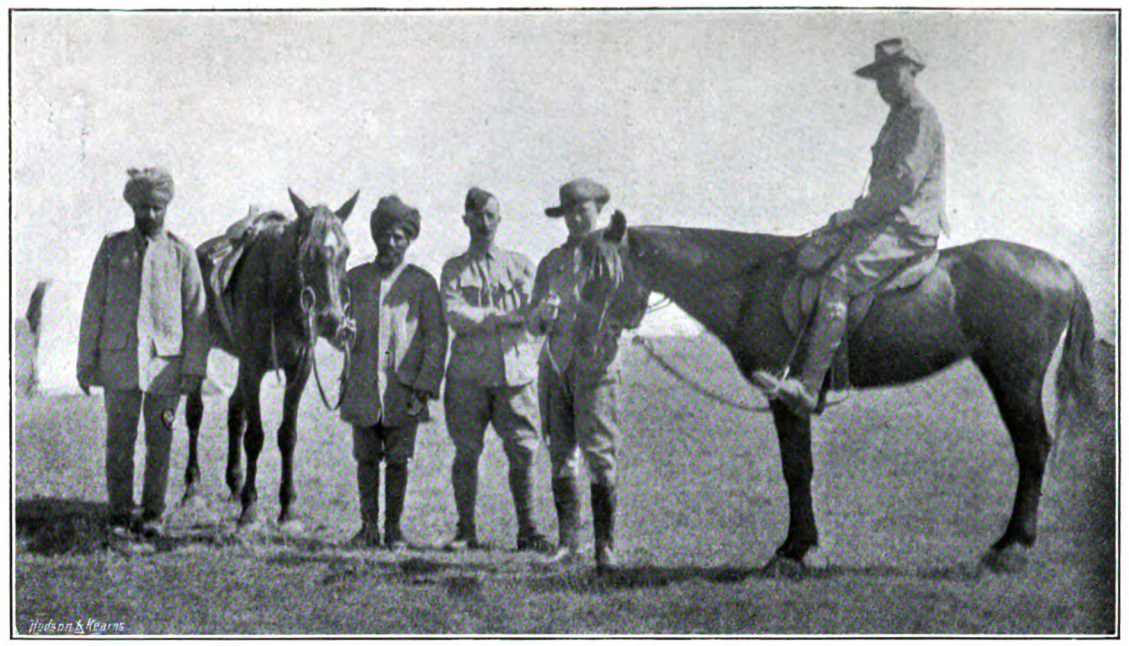
With Our Generals in South Africa.

HE FEELS A PERSONAL INTEREST.

General MacDonald watching the Fire from a Gun laid by himself against the Boer Position at Retief's Nek.



A MOUNTED INFANTRY LEADER.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, Commanding the 8th Mounted Infantry Corps, and his Staff Officers.

GENERAL HUNTER'S STAFF.

From Left to Right—Captain Gamble; Captain Kirkpatrick, Intelligence Officer; Captain Knight; and Captain Ross. At Captain Gamble's Feet is a Despatch-box formerly belonging to Mr. Steyn.

GENERAL PAGET AND HIS STAFF.

From Left to Right—Lieutenant Paget, A.D.C.; General Paget; Captain Fisher, Extra A.D.C.; Captain Fernyhough; Major Stuart, Brigade Major; and Captain A. W. Grepe. The Officer lying down in front is Captain Williams, Intelligence Officer.

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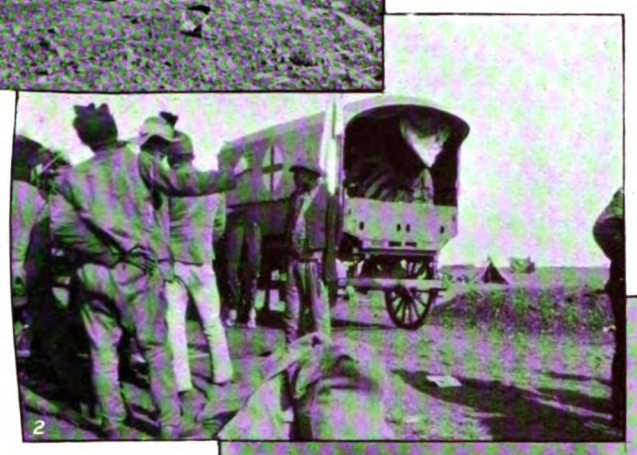
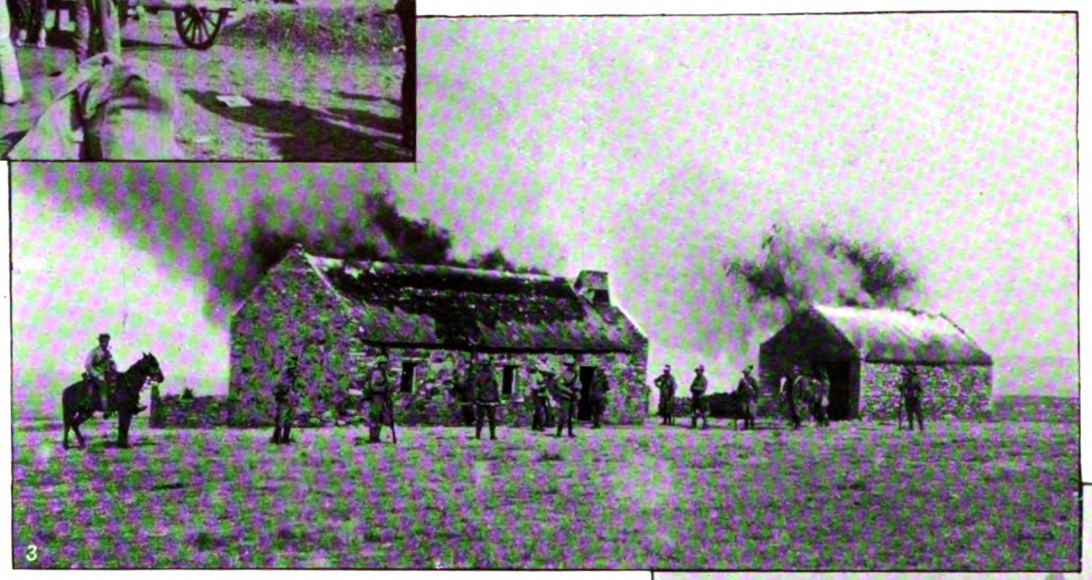
Rough Justice in War-time.





"MAN'S inhumanity to man" is a common theme with sentimentalists, and among the latter are to be found many who inveigh, with special fervour, against the cruelties which in war it is sometimes positively necessary to inflict upon apparent non-combatants. The accompanying series of pictures illustrates very graphically the class of "cruelties" in question. Here we have evidence of burning homesteads, and "peaceful" farmers hauled away into captivity, sights and scenes over which an emotional writer or speaker could easily expend quantities of glowing indignation or tearful sympathy. But, needless to say, there is another side to the picture, one calculated to provoke very different sentiments from those of what Miss Squeers would call "unliquidated pity."

However hateful a policy of reprisals may be in connection with civilised warfare, it becomes absolutely necessary when those who receive favourable treatment as neutrals or non-combatants engage in treacherous opposition to a scrupulously fair enemy. In the earlier stages of the war in South Africa, our treatment of supposed non-combatants was tender to a degree, and compared with continental usage was almost fantastic. While payment was invariably given for all stores procured from civil residents, the dwellings and property of the latter were most carefully respected, even though there might be suspicions as to the exact attitude of an owner and his family. Oaths of neutrality were freely accepted, and men who had obviously been in arms against us were allowed to return to their farms on handing over an obsolete rifle, and making a protestation of future abstention from hostilities.

But, so far from such measures having a conciliatory effect, the result of them was to positively strengthen the opposition to our arms, since leniency was mistaken for weakness; and in such a trifling matter as the breaking of a solemn oath or the perpetration of an act of cowardly treachery, the pious, God-fearing Boer proved himself by no means squeamish. Not content with supplying his fighting compatriots with food and useful information, he often continued to fight secretly against us, and sometimes did not scruple to entrap our troops by displaying the white flag, and then opening fire from what purported to be a peaceful and neutral farm. Such conduct could meet with but one sort of reward, the nature of which is pretty clearly illustrated in these pictures.

When the patience and good-heartedness even of Lord Roberts were at last exhausted, he issued a warning that, in cases where there was *primâ facie* evidence of collusion between farmers and the fighting Boers in the field, farms would be promptly burnt. Here we see several instances in which this warning was disregarded with painful results. It is a serious thing, no doubt, to burn a man's homestead to the ground and leave him and his children to find shelter as best they can, but it is an equally serious thing to have brave fellows shot dead by a treacherous volley from a house, the residents in which have enjoyed special immunity as being non-combatants. If these farmers had shown good faith, they would have had nothing to fear from the chivalrous British soldiers and the kindest of kind-hearted commanders who ever led troops to victory.

The pictures of the British officer nursing an ejected Boer's baby, and of the successful raider, show these pains and penalties of warfare in a lighter aspect. The officer who is assuming temporary responsibilities in these curious circumstances, is said to be well known in Irish hunting fields. The successful forager appears to have profited at the expense of some ignoble enemy, who would probably have shot him ruthlessly in cold blood if a safe and convenient opportunity had presented itself. We may feel quite sure that these severe measures were only taken because there was no other way to protect our soldiers from assassination. In fact, we know that this is the case. No pity need be wasted upon the ruffian who gives up open warfare and takes to base, murderous methods. For those dependent on him everything possible ought to be, and no doubt is, done. Their lot is indeed bitter. But it is the inevitable lot of the weak when the strong take up arms. The days are past, fortunately, when it could be said that in war-time:

> "The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
> And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
> With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
> Your fresh, fair virgins and your flowering infants."

Though we may heartily lament the suffering which warfare causes, we must conduct our wars upon reasonable principles, with the sole object of getting them over as soon as possible, and this most fortunately is the course at last made possible in South Africa.

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

1—A Burnt-out Boer. Typical Small Farmer who has been Caught Red-handed. 2—A Gloomy Picnic. Treacherous Farmer and his Family Carried Off as Prisoners. 3—The Penalty of Foul Play. South African Light Horse Burning a Farm which has Fired on Our Troops. 4—One Touch of Nature. British Officer Nursing an Ejected Boer's Baby. 5—A War Tax-collector. A Trooper of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry Returning from a Raid.

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With the Channel Squadron.

A POPULAR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND HIS OFFICERS.
Sir Harry Rawson, Captain Egerton, and the Officers of the "Majestic."

THE STAFF OF ONE OF OUR SMARTEST BATTLE-SHIPS.
Captain Henry J. May and the Officers of the "Mars."

A GATHERING ON THE QUARTER-DECK.
Captain W. Wilson of the "Resolution," and his Officers.

ON BOARD AN EXCELLENT FIRST-CLASS CRUISER.
Captain Harry S. F. Niblett of the "Diadem," Surrounded by his Officers.

From Photos. by Russell & Sons.

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A Typical Corps at the Italian Manœuvres.

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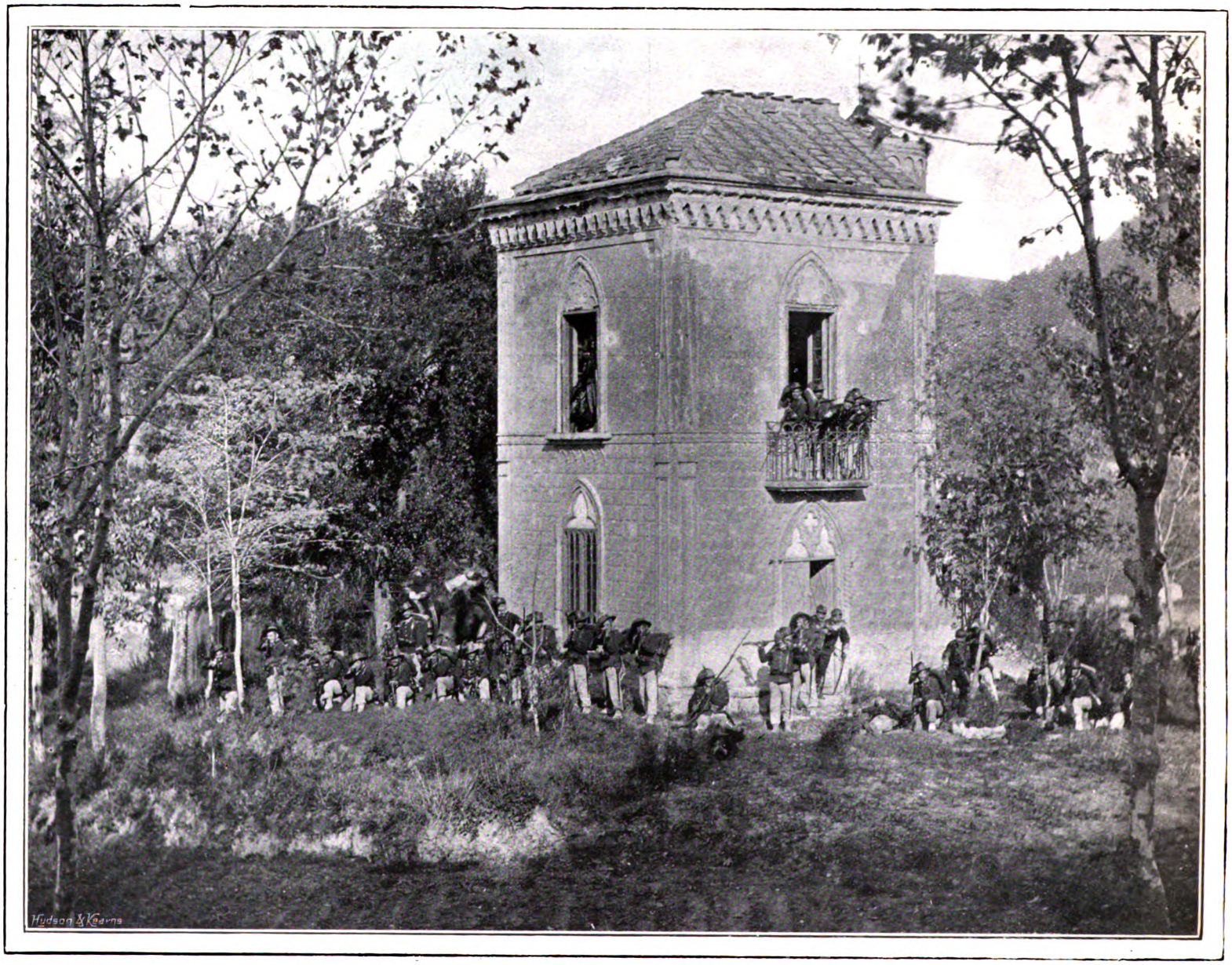
THE MARCH OF EXPLORATION OF A PICTURESQUE BATTALION

Bersaglieri Advancing on the Route to Capone.



Photos. Copyright. *Abeniacar.*

FOR THE DEFENCE OF AN OLD LODGE IN THE WOODS.

Bersaglieri Ready to Hold it against All Comers.

The Italian Manœuvres this year were eminently successful. They covered a wide front, and a large number of troops were engaged. Among them were the 12th Regiment of Rifles (Bersaglieri), to whom our pictures relate. The Bersaglieri come from Northern Italy. They are a Piedmontese corps, and in old times they saw service against the Austrians. Their work lies more particularly among the mountains, and their endurance is marvellous. It will be observed that, with the addition of a ponderous plume of feathers, they wear—as they have always worn—a hat nearly akin to that which has been found so useful in South Africa, and which may possibly become the recognised head-gear of the British Army.

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The Round Tower at Portsmouth Point.

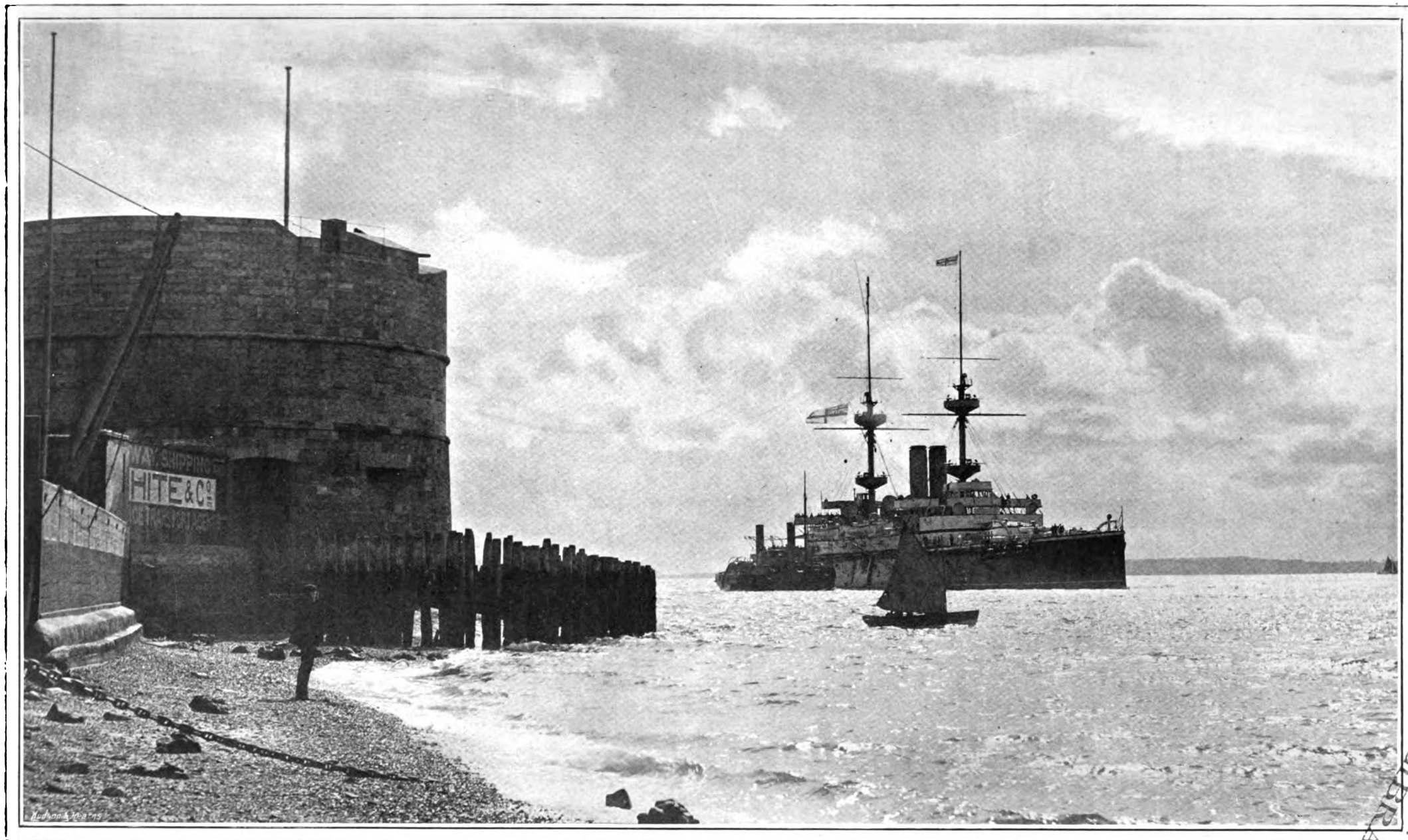

Photo. Copyright.

AN HISTORIC FORTIFICATION.

The old Round Tower, at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour, was begun by Edward III. and finished by Henry VIII. At its base may be seen the chains which reach across the harbour, at this point only a quarter of a mile broad. In these days of torpedo-boats, Spithead is no longer a safe anchorage, and if war was impending, our great ships would probably be collected in the harbour, so that some kind of boom would be wanted across the entrance to afford protection, as was usual in the old days. In the picture the flag-ship "Majestic" is seen entering the mouth of the harbour.

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Comrades All: The Commissionaires Club.

IN "The Overseas Club" the celebrated author presents a pregnant picture of a gathering of Britons in a building in Japan. From the East and the West, the North and the South they have come—representatives of that inborn love of travel and adventure which has built the Empire and made Britain the World-State that it is. And, as they sit, welded into a band of brotherhood by the pride of race and language, there is only one topic of conversation amongst them—England—the Motherland—Home. What of the old faces? What's doing there? How are things going? It is a pathetic picture, touching to tears those who know what it is to roam widely, and, at last, even in a foreign land, to meet in hearty handshake strange yet brother Britons.

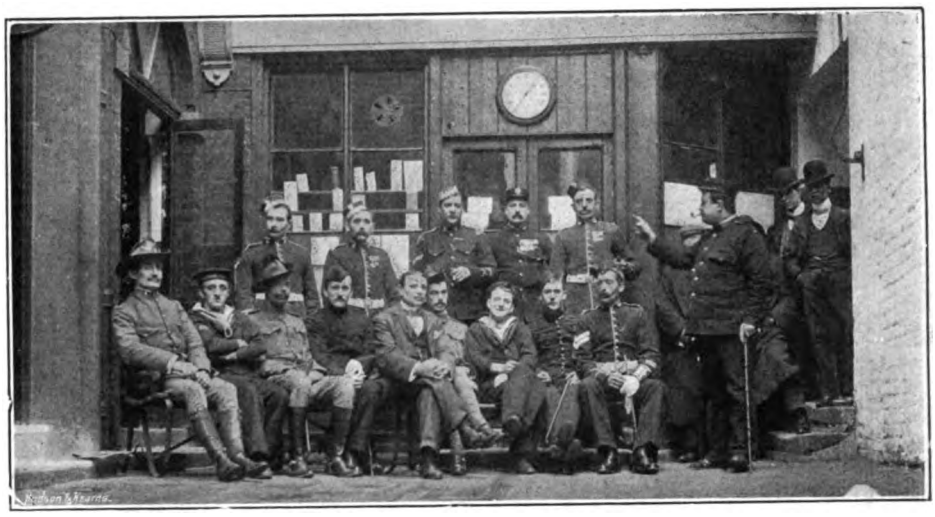
Of the many who have been charmed by Kipling's story, how few realise that in London a very similar club exists. In the heart of the throbbing Strand, hidden away up a narrow court opposite the great Hotel Cecil, bowered in unpretentious buildings, is the home Overseas Club. This is not its real name, although, at the present moment especially, it deserves such a designation, and even under normal conditions the title would not be an incorrect one. It is the club, barracks, and headquarters of the organisation known as the Corps of Commissionaires.

Founded in the early part of the year 1859, this corps is due to the conception of Sir Edward Walter. Starting with a membership of eighty-nine in its first year, it now numbers the respectable total of 2,590, with branches in the provinces. Although the corps is in no way officially connected with the War Office, but is a strictly private enterprise conducted upon business principles, the organisers possess the hearty good-will of both Naval and Military men, as is evidenced by the long list of regiments and exalted officers who accord it their support. The idea of Sir Edward Walter in establishing the corps was to provide suitable employment for Service pensioners after their return to civilian life. As he so admirably reasons "A soldier or sailor, if he acts strictly up to the principles of his profession, is a much better man than anyone who has not had the advantage of a Service training." And to such an extent have the men under his charge commended themselves to business men, that their services are in great request for responsible positions; so much so, that the demand invariably exceeds the supply. An employer naturally thinks that he is on the right side of the hedge when his Commissionaire is willing to guarantee himself in any sum up to £100, and in special cases even up to £500, and this, too, in addition to the guarantee of the corps. Thus it will be seen that a man stands to lose a good deal by reason of misconduct.

It is interesting to learn that candidates for admission must have served in some branch of Her Majesty's regular Naval or Military forces, and be in receipt of a pension. Under certain conditions—conditions, however, only calculated to promote thrift amongst the men—Service men without pensions may join, while men belonging to the Militia, Volunteers, and Police, if injured while on duty and awarded a permanent pension, are admitted upon the same terms as regular soldiers.

The social side of the institution is well illustrated when it is stated that there are excellent refreshment, messing, and barrack arrangements, sick, pension, clothing, convalescent hospital, and savings bank funds, besides such facilities for recreation as billiard, game, and reading rooms.

In stating that this institution, in a very special way, may be called the Overseas Club, there is the justification that during the past



A SUNDAY GATHERING.
Men of All Branches of the Service.

A GOOD GAME OF NAP.
The Veteran Holds a Strong Hand.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.
Where Fare is Always of the Best

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.
A Scene in the Club Reading-room.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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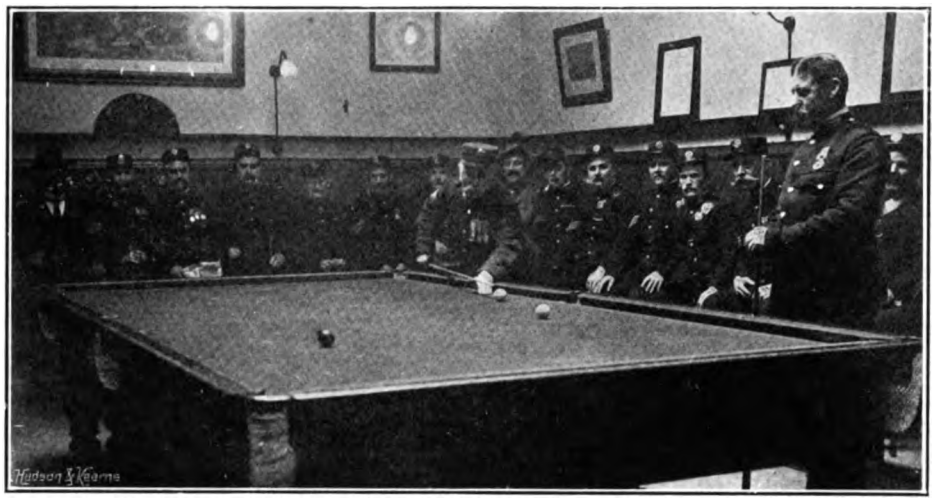
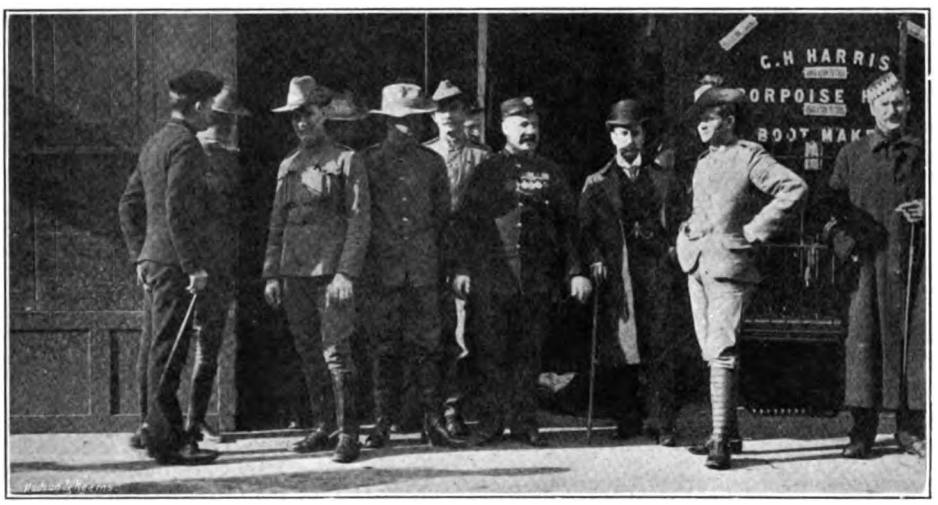
few weeks the officers of the corps, with fine generosity, have thrown open the club, with all its social advantages, to the members of the various colonial contingents who have fought in South Africa, and who—wounded, many of them—have been brought to this country for rest and change. They have been made honorary members, and the extent to which they appreciate the kindness can only be realised by those who talk to them on the subject. Pedestrians along the Strand recently cannot have failed to notice a little knot of these khaki-clad and bronzed stalwarts generally grouped around the entrance to No. 419. Many are the glances of admiration they have received, and many a hearty hand-shake from stranger-friends, but brothers in blood. These frontiersmen of the Empire have met in pleasant intercourse with many of the worthiest veterans of the regular services, have fought their battles over again with them, and will carry back to their distant colonial homes kind memories of generous hospitality, and a better conception of the Motherland they have so nobly defended.

But even normally we may speak of this as the Overseas Club, for included in its membership are to be found men who have travelled and fought in nearly every corner of the world. And the thrilling stories they can tell of the tented field — stories that make the pride of race surge strongly in the listener's veins over a game of cards, or in the comparative quiet of the reading-room. Men still on the active list drop in to see their chums and gather inspiration from old veterans with brilliant records. Horse, foot, artillery, the Navy, all are represented here, as may be seen from one of our illustrations, each proudly boasting the merits of a particular arm of the Service. Men of three, four, and five campaigns wear their decorations with becoming modesty; a Lancer challenges a Dragoon to a game of billiards; and their supporters stand around, applauding the strokes and flinging out bits of advice in garbled Burmese, Hindustani, Kaffir, and other tongues, which unconsciously betray the service of the excited speakers. It is interesting to recall in connection with the corps that so recently as last Sunday—October 21—a most effective church parade took place, which has a special significance in relation to the visit of our colonial soldiers. A column about 1,000 strong mustered at Westminster Hall, graced by a good sprinkling of the overseas Volunteers. These were addressed from the steps of the historic building by Sir Edward Walter, in terms of the most cordial and fraternal welcome. The parade in question will have a special interest for the readers of this paper, inasmuch as the pictures we give both of it and the commanding officer were taken exclusively for us.

SIR EDWARD WALTER, K.C.B.
The Founder of the Corps.



AN EXCITING GAME OF BILLIARDS.
The Fine Play of the Sergeant.



A SNAP-SHOT IN THE STRAND.
Sons of Empire in its Heart.

This, however, was not all. At the club afterwards a pleasing little function took place, for the Commissionaires, with brotherly generosity, entertained their colonial visitors to a capital dinner — an event in itself perhaps unique. As for the appreciation of the colonials, that was well expressed by Sergeant Gilfillan of the New South Wales section, who, on behalf of his comrades, said, "Nothing the Commissionaires could do for our comfort has been left undone. Since we have been in London they have acted as more than brothers to us. We shall never forget their kindness."

Yes! it may well be called the Overseas Club, for its members have come from over the seas, and have seen much of the majesty of the Empire whose service they have adorned.

THE CORPS IN WESTMINSTER PALACE YARD.
Review of the Commissionaires on Sunday Last with their Colonial Guests.
From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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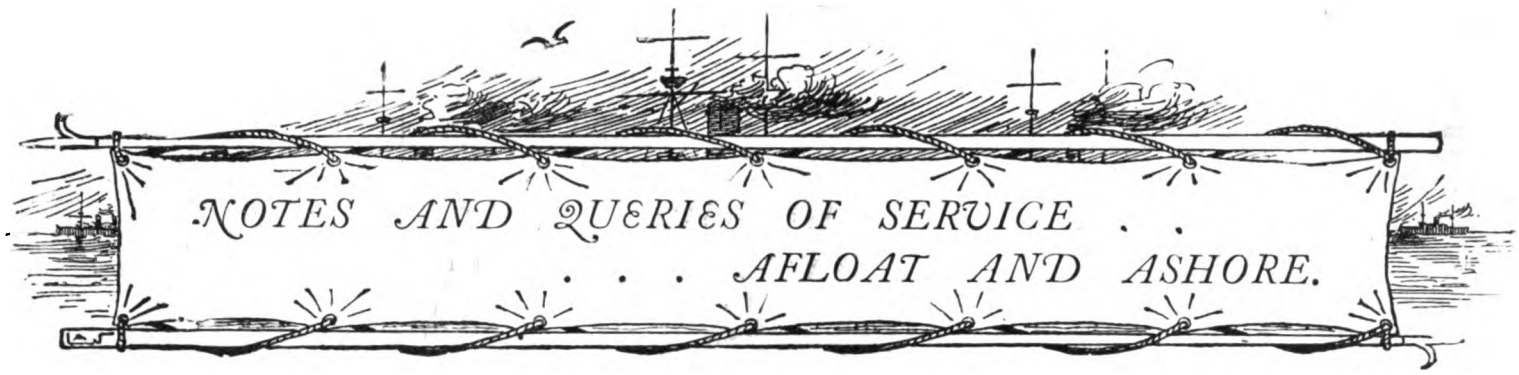

"MILES."—You are mistaken in saying that Army officers have always been wedded to the rigid parade-ground methods of doing their work. Why are officers so sedulously encouraged to go in for hunting, shooting, polo, and games of all sorts, except with a view to prevent their becoming too "groovy" in what Nelson called "the ziz-zag method" of doing their work? Read Baden-Powell's book on scouting, and see how, in a hundred and one ways, utterly divorced from "parade-ground methods," even to the reading of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," he advocates training the intelligence of officers and men. To go further back, see how the soldier-historian, Sir William Napier, in his "Advice on Drill," wrote of the way he used to practise his men in movements which were, if anything, the reverse of the exact manœuvres of the parade-ground. Thus he "practised them to suddenly run back or advance in the most confused mobbish manner, either to rally readily or seize an advanced position. The first man who arrived at a rallying-place served as a point on which the others formed without confusion. My command would be, 'Soldiers, do you see the enemy's skirmishers advancing to that hedge, bank, ditch, rock, whatever the thing might be? Yes! Well, forward at speed and seize it before them.' In an instant the race and emulation fired them; they used to dash forward furiously even on parade, and in battle generally gained the ground first."

* * * *

"N. O."—Naval officers who have resigned their commissions for reasons other than breaches of discipline, are rarely, if ever, allowed to return to the Service. The only instance of a commissioned officer having been accorded this privilege is that of the late Fleet-Paymaster Isaac Hearnden. He became assistant-paymaster in 1849, paymaster in 1857, and early in 1860 was allowed to leave the Service on purely private grounds. He found very shortly afterwards that he had made a mistake in throwing up a certainty, and brought private interest to bear for obtaining his readmission. After a great deal of pressure the Admiralty reinstated him as an assistant-paymaster on April 7, 1861, and paymaster from the 9th idem, but his name did not appear in the Navy List until 1863, on appointment to the "Columbine." The senior Naval Lord at the time had previously been in command at the Cape, in which colony Mr. Hearnden's interests lay, and the Secretary of the Admiralty was a Naval officer who exercised considerable leverage at Whitehall. The late Vice-Admiral the Hon. A. C. Hobart-Hampden withdrew from the Navy while a captain, in consequence of his connection with the Turkish Imperial Fleet. On resigning his appointment in the latter he was placed on the retired list of vice-admirals in October, 1883, in the position he would have secured had he remained in Her Majesty's Service. Captain W. H. Giddell, who died in 1880, while commanding the "Tamar," was placed on the Reserved Half-pay List in 1857 (equivalent in those days to being retired), having been found unfit, by medical survey, for further service. In 1859 his health was sufficiently re-established to admit of his return to active employment, and he eventually reached the rank of captain at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight. His case, although an unusual one, hardly bears, however, on that of an officer being reinstated after voluntarily resigning his commission.

* * * *

HENRY HOWARD.—There were only three officers of the name of Howard who fought at Waterloo—Major the Hon. Frederick Howard, Ensign James Arnot Howard, and Captain Robert Howard. Major the Hon. Frederick Howard was the third son of the fifth Earl of Carlisle. He belonged to the 10th Prince of Wales's Own Royal Regiment of Light Dragoons (now Hussars), and was killed while gallantly leading the last charge. His body was brought home and buried at Streatham, whence it was, in 1879, removed and reinterred in the family mausoleum at Castle Howard, Yorkshire. Ensign James Arnot Howard belonged to the 33rd (1st Yorks West Riding) Regiment, but I cannot trace his subsequent career. Captain Robert Howard belonged to the 30th (Cambridgeshire) Foot, now known as the 1st Battalion East Lancashire Regiment. He was made brevet-major for the campaign, was promoted to be major on the unattached list in 1837, and died at St. Asaph in 1856. A son of Captain Robert Howard, Robert Henry, took part as a captain in the 91st Highlanders in the Kaffir War of 1851-52, and afterwards sold out.

* * * *

"ROYAL YACHT."—The old "Victoria and Albert" and the "Osborne" both carry guns—of course, not for any purposes of real defence. The "Victoria and Albert" carries two smooth-bore 6-pounders. The "Osborne" also carries only two guns, but they are 7-pounder rifled muzzle-loaders. The "Victoria and Albert" was laid down in February, 1854, launched in January, 1855, and completed in the following July. The "Osborne" was laid down on November 30, 1868, launched on December 19, 1870, and completed in August, 1874.

* * * *

"A. G."—The bullet fired by the Boers from their Mauser rifles resembles our Mark II., with the exception of its being a shade smaller, the diameter being about ·295. Unless it hits a vital spot, the wounds caused by it are comparatively trivial, lungs and bones once penetrated rapidly recovering. It is a cupro-nickel compound, and as far as surgeons can judge is quite aseptic. The wounds of entrance and exit are the same size, a strange departure from the habit of the old Martini bullet, which tore a huge hole on exit. The fore sight of the Mauser is like that of the Lee-Metford, with the exception that it slopes forwards.

"CIVIL LORD."—The introduction of the civilian element into the government of the Navy dates back to 1618, when, in consequence of certain alleged abuses, owing, it was said, to the incapacity from lack of training of certain "old sea captains" to manage what was rapidly becoming a large business, a Grand Commission consisting of civilians was appointed. The result can scarcely be described as satisfactory; indeed, one critic—but then he was a Naval man—summed up the experiment tersely, if not brutally, by the remark, "Yet after much time and treasure spent the result of all was nothing or worse than nothing." The fact is that the Grand Commissioners were rather too much of business men, and with a keen eye to the main chance, promptly proceeded to farm out the various contracts for their own benefit, as, for instance, in the case of Sir W. Russell, who, in his official capacity, was Treasurer of the Navy, but in private life a Muscovy merchant. In the latter capacity he sold to his official half £15,000 worth of cordage, and there being no funds available for payment for the same, he graciously accepted in lieu a grant of land from the Crown of the estimated value of £30,000.

* * * *

"MOUNTED INFANTRY."—It is little short of impossible to describe all the duties of a mounted infantryman. He is a picked infantry soldier mounted, not to fight on horseback, but to provide him with a means of rapid movement. There is no permanent body of mounted infantry in the British Army, but battalions at home are ordered to send from time to time detachments consisting of one officer, two sergeants, one corporal, and thirty privates to Aldershot or some other station for training. The course lasts six weeks. The men selected for training should be good shots, of good character and good physique, and not over a certain weight. A company of mounted infantry is divided into four sections, each under a subaltern. Sections are again sub-divided into sub-sections of four men each, one being sub-section commander. It is never intended that mounted infantrymen should assume the *role* of cavalry. The former fight dismounted, and are armed with no weapon of defence or offence when mounted. The latter, on the other hand, are furnished with swords and lances.

* * * *

"ENQUIRER."—A Marine has four different regulation coats—a cloth tunic and a "frock," respectively blue for a gunner and red for a private, a blue serge and a white drill jacket. It is probably the blue serge to which reference is made in the question. The proper dress for furlough is the "frock," but Marines are sometimes allowed to wear their second best cloth tunics when they have two good ones. In any case it is desired that furlough should be a real relaxation, and so long as the smart appearance of the corps is kept up, there would be small offence in wearing a good serge for games, country walks, etc., or in exceptional weather, though it would appear unsuitable in the streets, in church, or a theatre. Permission is given to wear plain clothes on furlough in certain circumstances.

* * * *

"RESERVE."—The rank and file of the Royal Reserve Battalions are distinct from the Army Reserve, being composed of "old soldiers"—that is to say, men who are not liable to be called up for service. The men serving in these specially-formed battalions are now subject to military law like the remainder of the Army, but before answering the invitation to join (which, by the way, came from Her Majesty) they were civilians pure and simple who had formerly served. Army Reserve men, on the other hand, are liable to be called up for duty at any time, and have been described as soldiers who are allowed to go on furlough on certain conditions. The men do not form a corps, but on being called up join their own unit. Even when in civil employment they are virtually subject to military law, and are liable to punishment for (1) failing on two occasions to comply with orders respecting payment; (2) failing to attend when ordered; (3) behaving insubordinately to superiors; (4) fraudulently obtaining pay; and (5) not complying with orders and regulations.

* * * *

"P. L. R."—Elephant Bay is one of the best-known places, to the Navy, on the West Coast of Africa. It has for very many years past been the custom for each ship visiting Elephant Bay to leave a record of the fact by marking her name on the hills facing the sea in white-washed stones. Many names of old wooden frigates of the Royal Navy are there, as well as those of modern ships. Also to be found there are the names of Spanish, Portuguese, and German war-ships. One particular object of interest at Elephant Bay is the "Philomel's" trophy, erected in June, 1897, in honour of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty. Cricket and football and hockey are to be got at Elephant Bay, and also seining, the best recreation of the place. The climate is generally delightful, and the place is officially noted as "outside the fever limit."

* * * *

"SNIPS."—I regret that the answer to your question, which appeared in our issue of September 15, was not quite accurate. All Rifle regiments wear green uniforms, without any exception. The King's Royal Rifle Corps has scarlet facings, the Rifle Brigade black facings, the Royal Irish Rifles dark green, and the Scottish Rifles dark green. The Royal Irish Rifles must not be confused with the Royal Irish Regiment (the old 18th Foot), which wears a scarlet uniform with blue facings as a Royal regiment.

THE EDITOR.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

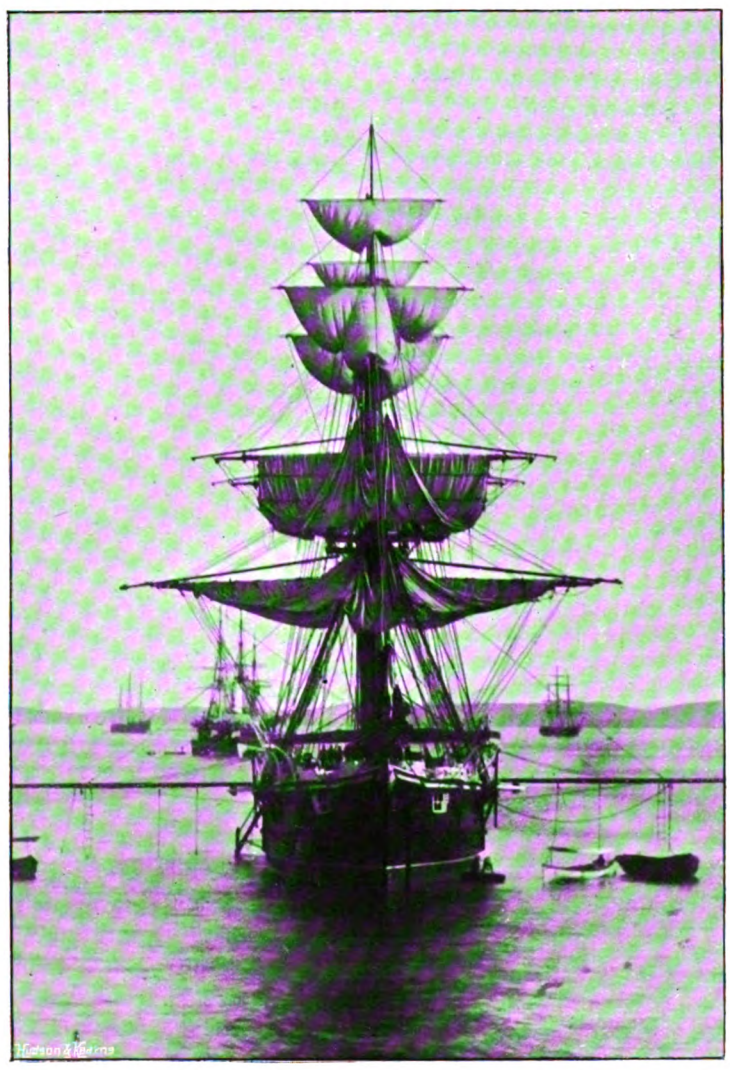
THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA *(continued)*: THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

THE Falklands are one of the few regions where the account of sport is not exaggerated. In fact, it would be difficult to exaggerate, for of its kind the sport is unsurpassed. Here is a perfect sanctuary for wild-fowl of every description, and the only place in the world where wild geese are tame, so tame that there is no sport in shooting them; but so good are they, that they are worth shooting for the pot, and the number slaughtered is only to be regulated by the trouble of transport. Good practice may be had by shooting them with a rook-rifle; but a better plan is to send a few Bluejackets round to drive them. In this way I, with a couple of mids, bagged 100, and loaded up a horse twice over.

Swans are occasionally met with, but ducks, teal, and snipe are abundant, and nearly as tame as the geese. On my first visit to the Falklands in 1872, a herd of guanaco still existed, one of which I killed, but they have since been exterminated. A few wild cattle were to be found on some of the outlying islands, and wild pig on others. Hares and rabbits have been introduced and have multiplied so much that, when I was last there in the "Ruby," we killed 2,000 of the latter in four days on Speedwell Island, and eighty-eight of the former on another.

The wild cattle introduced originally by the Spaniards have been killed down to make way for sheep—the principal resource of the islands—and probably few remain. But they give grand sport, especially as the old bulls charge on sight. This is indeed a perfect paradise for sailors, and our men were fed on beef, mutton, and game during the whole time of our stay.

It is also a good place for fishing, and some grand hauls of mullet were made with the seine in some of the tidal estuaries. In the small rivers there is a fish called a trout, which takes a fly well, but it reaches no size and gives poor sport, although it is excellent to eat. To a yachtsman the Falklands present unusual attractions, as the harbours are numerous and secure, but good ground tackle is necessary, as the gales are frequent and severe. It has always been a wonder to me that rich men possessing steam yachts do not visit these remote and little-known places; but I suppose the attractions of the Solent are too great, especially for the fair sex! The climate is healthy and bracing, and most beneficial to the human frame, more so, I suspect, than that of any German watering-place, and likely to be of more lasting benefit to the *blasé* residents of Mayfair.



THE "RUBY."

The Welsh Colony of Chupat.

An account of sport on the south-east coast of South America would not be complete without reference to the Welsh Colony of Chupat, a place visited by us in the "Ruby" three or four times. After our first visit to the colony I wrote a report on the prospects of the settlers, which did not meet with their approval. It was, nevertheless, a faithful account, and was not intended to do them any sort of injury—indeed, quite the reverse—but on subsequent visits we understood each other better, and on the last occasion I was the guest of Mr. Luis Jones, who treated us all most hospitably, and gave us the best of sport.

In the Chupat River immense flocks of wildfowl congregate; I don't think I ever saw so many birds on the wing together. Guanaco, ostriches, cavies, and crested tinamon are to be met with in the neighbourhood of Port Madryn, the seaport of Chupat. The two places are now connected by a railway, but when we first visited the colony in 1885 there was none, and one had to traverse the distance (some 45 miles) on foot or horseback. I do not know a more dreary region—a barren sandy plain, interspersed with bush, with no trees to relieve the prospect nor water to quench the thirst. Many people have either perished on that lonely journey or gone mad from thirst.

The last time I made it on horseback, accompanied only by my coxswain, we hove to for a spell about halfway. The sun was blazing hot and no water could be found for our poor horses. A bottle of claret sufficed for our wants, and when we had finished it, I scrawled on a piece of paper the following notice: "Dying from want of water. You will find my body one mile S.E. of this spot.—Signed, Jones."

This sad record I placed in the empty bottle, and left hanging on a bush. I heard long afterwards that it was found, but no trace of the corpse, which, considering that there were at least 1,800 persons of the name of Jones in the colony, is not surprising.

In these articles I have purposely avoided giving the scientific names of the birds, beasts, etc., because they are chiefly written for sailors, and sailors as a rule don't care a d—— what the scientific name of a creature is so long as it is good for the pot.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August 25, September 8, 22, and October 6.*]

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Crack Shots.

IN this country we insular sportsmen profess to despise gold ornamentation and wood-carving on our shooting-irons, and it is well for our poorer pockets that nobody sets the fashion of works of art, in a double sense of the term. The art here is that of mechanical perfection, but on the Continent it is sometimes combined with that of the studio. A combination of this sort made for a Russian nobleman by a Belgian firm was on view at the Paris Exhibition. The guns were sold for £640 the pair, so that whatever English shooters may think, English gunmakers may think differently.

* * * *

The field trials for retrievers which have been held in Hampshire remind me of those held thirty years ago at Vaynol, in North Wales. The faults of management were much alike at both, and the results of the trials disappointingly similar. Field trials for retrievers must always depend for their success on the variety and quantity of game brought down, for the more wounded game the better. Now on Mr. Warwick's shooting there was plenty of game, but the shooters did not seem too anxious to kill it, for very little was brought down; not enough, certainly, to try the dogs thoroughly. As far as the trials went, the verdicts were satisfactory.

* * * *

The other similarity was in the dogs which won. On this occasion there was but one dog in the stake other than the fashionable black-coated sort of show-bench glory; she was an ugly little liver-coloured animal that would not attract attention at the heels of a rat-catcher, but she won hands down, and handsome is as handsome does. She could bring back the game when others had quite done with it. A similar-coloured one won in Wales at the first event of the sort, and there have only been three really fair trials, besides a couple of attempts at trials within thirty years.

* * * *

Some journalistic very-much-too-sharp young man has been criticising my remarks, in a paper that shall be nameless. He assures me that if Mr. Irvine ever saw what I gave him credit for seeing, it would be bad for his reputation. I am sorry that, if Mr. J. C. Irvine had anything to say about my remarks, he should have adopted the course of employing somebody else to speak for him. The smart journalist in question evidently desires it to be thought that he speaks with Mr. Irvine's authority. But as he sees so little of the possibilities of the measurement of chamber pressures, and confesses that he never heard of pressure over space in terms of foot-pounds of energy, I shall be content, instead of treating him as a serious entity, to refer him to his military text-books, where he will find that length of barrel (which is space) multiplied by average pressure (which is variable) gives a result in foot-pounds, or foot-tons, of energy. The converse process will reduce known energy into pressure. When we take a supposed pressure on a leaden crusher, the usual and absurd way of looking at it is that highest pressure within the chamber has produced all the compression. It has done so no more than highest pressure has produced all the energy of the projectile from the muzzle. I really think Mr. J. C. Irvine must have seen this after all · and if not, he will not find it from the smart journalist afo: esaid, but it is to be found all the same. Possibly the greatest danger to Mr. Irvine's reputation consists in letting it be thought that his mouthpiece is to be found in the smart journalist aforesaid, and not in seeing the whole bearing of the pressure question which he was trying to explain, and which his words implied that he had seen.

* * * *

If the smart journalist will try to find a measure for highest pressure without movement, he will discover, sooner or later, that all measurements of pressure must be by their effect over space. When he has done that, it will be time enough for him to begin to understand whether or not pressure over space is best expressed as a single "pressure" value, which it cannot be, because it varies, or in expended energy, which it is.

* * * *

A rather remarkable bag has been made on the Lews Castle shootings, where no less than 40½ brace of October grouse were shot over dogs in one day, and in four days the same sportsmen had as many as 119½ brace. A good bag of partridges has been obtained on Lord Northbrook's estate in Hampshire, where three days served to bring over 600 brace of partridges to bag; and on Thursday, October 4, no less than 320 brace were killed by seven guns. These were Lords Baring, Yarborough, Ilchester, Savile, and Lathom, Mr. Portman, and Mr. Henry Foley. Mr. W. H. Tomasson, at Hunthill, in Forfarshire, after a very productive season, wound it up with three days' grouse driving in which three guns killed nearly 550 brace.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

"Charlie's" Flag-ship.

By EDWARD FRASER.

THE "Ramillies—or "Ramilies," as in old times the word was always spelt — commemorates in her name the most artistic battle and most complete victory recorded in our military annals.

The name "Ramillies" was placed on the British Navy List by an Admiralty order dated December 18, 1706, seven months after the battle. By this order three existing men-of-war were rechristened the "Blenheim," the "Ramillies," and the "Marlborough," being the old "Windsor Castle," "Royal Catherine," and "St. Michael," all Charles II. ships. The ship selected to receive the new name of "Ramillies" was, as it happened, already the most noted man-of-war of the time as a hard fighting ship. The "Royal Catherine" when she became the "Ramillies" had already fought in no fewer than nine fleet battles. Named after Charles II.'s queen, and launched in the year 1664 with Royal pomp and ceremony, as Pepys tells us, and a rainbow in the sky—typifying the good wishes of Providence—she bore a part first in the Duke of York's victory of June, 1665, then in the four days' fight of June, 1666, where she sank a Dutch flag-ship, and the St. James's Day fight of the same year. Next, the "Royal Catherine" fought at Sole Bay, where the Dutch actually boarded and took her, but were later overpowered, and the ship retaken by her own crew, who burst up the hatches and surprised their captors. After that she fought in Rupert's three battles of 1673, in 1690 at Beachy Head, and in 1692 at La Hogue. The "Royal Catherine" later still fought at the great sea battle of Malaga in 1704, the bloodiest sea fight in our history. She was Rooke's flag-ship in that battle, and that she did her duty Rooke himself testifies. "The side of the 'Royal Catherine,'" he wrote to the Admiralty, "that was next the fire of the enemies is so mauled that all above water must be rebuilt." The ship had not long come out of dock after this rebuilding when she was ordered to take the name of "Ramillies." She cruised in the Channel Fleet for three years, but no enemy came her way, and she was eventually broken up in 1742.

Our second "Ramillies," built in 1748, as it is stated, out of part of the timbers saved from the first, began her service in a battle that the Navy would rather forget. She was Byng's flag-ship off Minorca in May, 1756. After that, however, came Hawke as Byng's successor in the ship. Hawke had his flag in the "Ramillies" down to a week before the battle of Quiberon Bay, when by hard luck the storm-worn flag-ship had to leave the fleet for Plymouth Dockyard. The fate of our second "Ramillies" is one of the most tragic tales of the sea on record. She was making for Plymouth in a storm on February 15, 1760, mistook Bolt Head for Rame Head, and, amid circumstances of awful horror, was wrecked, only one midshipman and twenty-four seamen being saved out of a company of 734.

"Ramillies III."—there is quite an Egyptian look about the name in this form—was built in 1763, and saw all her service in the American War. She was one of Keppel's fleet in the battle off Ushant on July 17, 1778, and about a year later she was with Sir Charles Hardy in the retreat of the Grand Fleet up Channel before the combined fleets of France and Spain. Then she spent two years in the West Indies, but without having a share in the fighting under Rodney and Hood. She sailed for home in the autumn of 1782 as one of the escort to Rodney's prizes from the battle with De Grasse, and was, with her consorts, overtaken by the hurricane which overwhelmed the unfortunate convoy. After the storm, dismasted and water-logged, the "Ramillies" had to be abandoned and blown up.

Our fourth "Ramillies," built in 1785, began her career by rendering brilliant service on the "Glorious First of June," 1794. It also fell to her to assist the "Brunswick" in that ship's desperate set-to with the French "Vengeur." She finished off the famous "Vengeur" for the "Brunswick," and gave the *coup de grace* with two tremendous broadsides. The bombardment of Copenhagen was the "Ramillies'" next battle, though as one of the off-shore squadron until nearly the end of the fight she had little part to play. In 1805 the "Ramillies" was with Collingwood, and was sent by him to reinforce Nelson in the West Indies. But the ship just missed Nelson, and, as an ultimate consequence, Trafalgar. In the closing years of the Great War the "Ramillies" saw a good deal of service, first in the West Indies, and then on the American coast, with Sir T. M. Hardy—Nelson's Hardy—for her captain. One memorable incident of the commission was the extraordinary attempt the Americans made to torpedo the ship. The old vessel was in existence as quarantine vessel at Stangate Creek until forty years ago. Lord Charles Beresford's new ship is her immediate successor on the Navy List.

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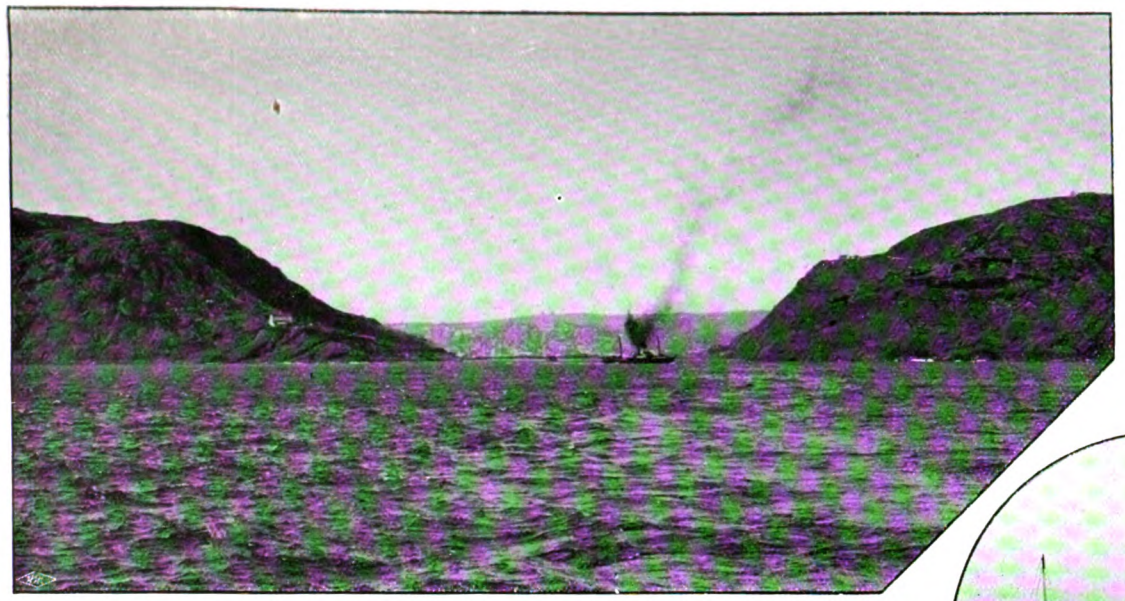
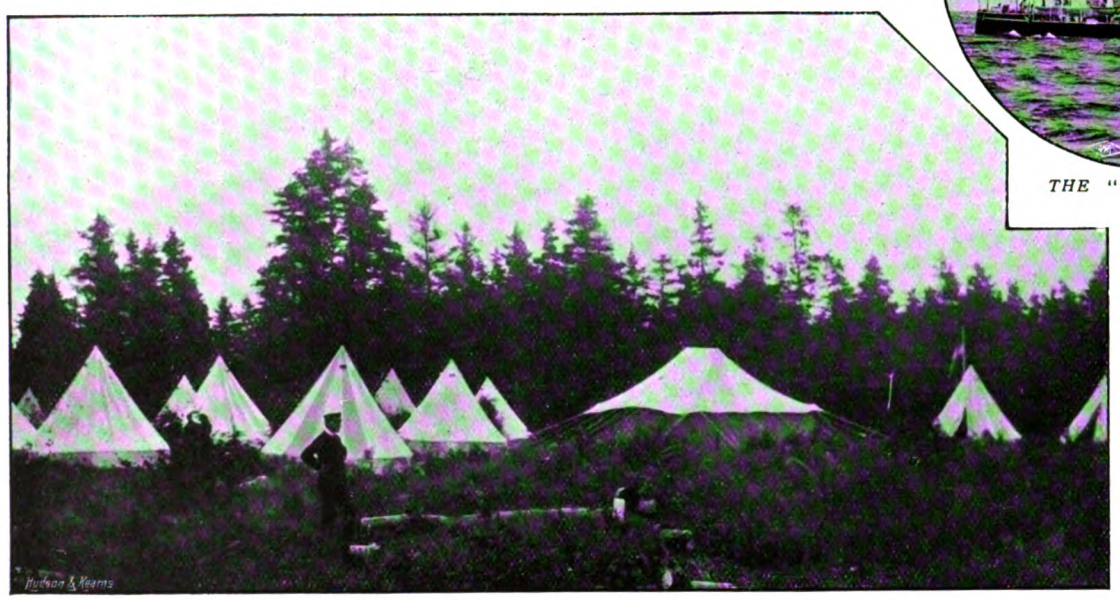
'Mid the Fogs of Newfoundland.



FROWNING ROCKS AND A NARROW ENTRANCE.
St. John's, Newfoundland, from the Sea.

SHIPS AT ANCHOR IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.
The "Comus," "Buzzard," "Indefatigable," and "Quail."

THE "PROSERPINE."



JACK LANDED FOR RIFLE PRACTICE.
A Naval Camp at McNab's Island.

BLUEJACKETS PLAYING SOLDIERS ASHORE.
A Battalion of Seamen Landed at Halifax.

The Guardianship of the Cod Fishery.

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THE NEW YORK WORLD

Photo. Copyright. IN THE CHINESE HIGHLANDS—A BRIDGE OVER A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN FU-KIEN PROVINCE. *Thomson.*

The Chinese learnt the secret of arch-building long before the Greeks got beyond the primitive method of laying a horizontal stone from one upright to another. It will be noticed that the arched stones of this old bridge are all carefully cut, although the rest of the structure consists of the roughest boulders. The universality of bridges in China goes a little way towards making up to the discouraged traveller for the equally universal badness of the roads. There is, by the way, at least one good road in China, between Wan-Hsien and Ching-Pu Fu, built about half a century ago, and still in good repair. It consists of great stone slabs carefully laid on stone supports through the otherwise flooded fields of rice.

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THE RETURN OF THE "ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

There are two sides to it, after all. It is one thing to march through the streets with the heart swelling to the enthusiasm of acclaiming crowds; it is another to go home and peer through the cobwebbed apertures of broken windows and to look in vain for dear ones who used to be there. While we applaud our victorious troops, then, let us see as far as we can that there shall be few sad home-comings.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE Anglo-German convention in regard to the affairs of China, came as a surprise to all who have not followed very closely the progress of events. It may be a self-denying ordinance, but it is likewise a warning to other States. It throws wide open the door, but does not, in the case of certain eventualities, preclude an ultimate partition of China. Latterly a tendency to a *rapprochement* between France and Germany has been observed, and it will not be forgotten that those two Powers assisted Russia in preventing Japan from deriving the fullest benefits from her great victory over China. But it was not to be expected that German diplomatists would in any way bind their country to a quasi-alliance with Russia and France. Germany having obtained a foothold in China, her interests tend rather away from those of her former allies in that quarter. She will patiently await developments, and may be expected to act with precision and due regard to her own interests. The basis of the convention is evident. Amid the conflicting claims of the Powers in China, practically no course remained open but that which has been adopted, and which should have the double advantage of convincing that country that aggression is not contemplated, and of forcing Russia to show her hand in a manner that may open the eyes of the Chinese to Muscovite intentions.

Photo. Russell.
Rear-Admiral A. K. BICKFORD, C.M.G.

Who succeeds Admiral Beaumont in Command on the Pacific Station. His Record includes War Service in Japan and Egypt, and he was First Lieutenant of the "Amethyst" in the Engagement with the Peruvian Ironclad "Huascar." When he Commanded the "Resolution," she was the Smartest Ship in the Channel. He has since been Captain-Superintendent at Sheerness.

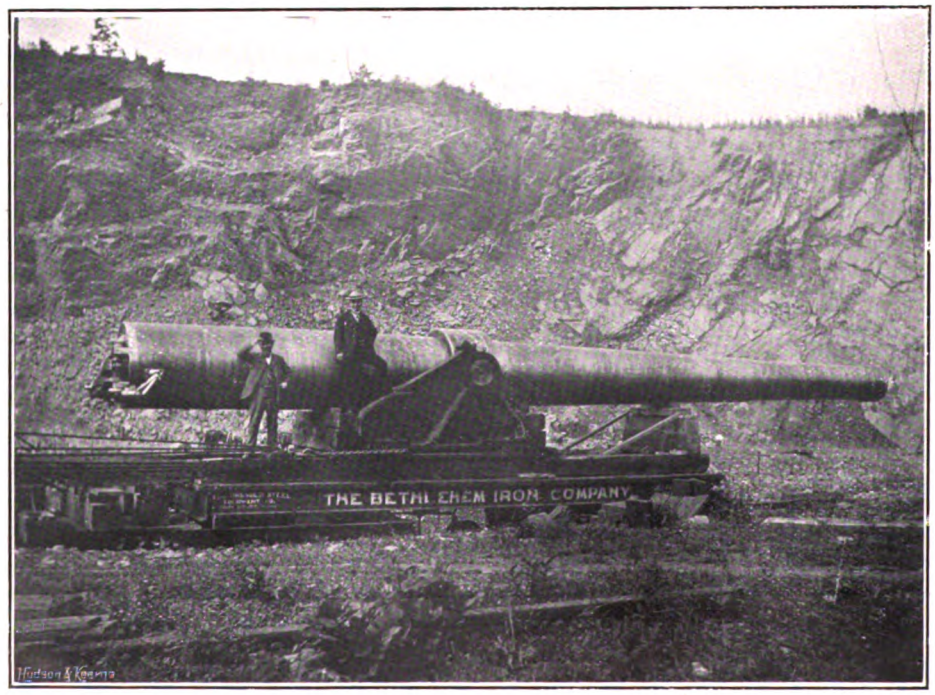
Photo. Maull & Fox.
CAPTAIN W. H. MAY, M.V.O., A.D.C.

Vacates Command of the Whale Island Gunnery School to become Director of Naval Ordnance. He is One of the Few Officers who Wear the White-ribboned Medal for Arctic Exploration, and is One of the most Eminent Gun and Torpedo Specialists in the Service. He has been Assistant-Director of Torpedoes since 1893.

Photo. Russell.
REAR-ADMIRAL E. F. JEFFREYS.

Vacates the Appointment of Director of Naval Ordnance to succeed Admiral Harris in Command on the Cape Station. He was, in 1874, Winner of the Beaufort Testimonial in Qualifying for Lieutenant. His War Service comprises the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, during which he succeeded Lord Charles Beresford in Command of the "Condor."

A FEELING of disappointment naturally exists in France at what has occurred, and when the Parliament reassembles next Tuesday angry passions are likely to be let loose. The Exhibition closes its doors on Monday, and although the Government has done much for the country, and deserves its gratitude, there are signs that lively times may be expected at the Palais Bourbon. The coming of Kruger rekindles the fire of Anglophobia, which M. Delcassé had done his best to quench. The Dreyfus case, or rather incidents arising from it, will be stirred afresh, and if M. Loubet is wise, he will abandon any idea of granting a plenary amnesty which would arouse the fury of the Nationalists. Again, General André has been doing some things during the recess which have been bitterly criticised, and suspicion is roused by his recent decree having for its purpose to bring military promotion more directly into his own hands. Altogether, the outlook is less pleasing than might have been anticipated after the lull in the storm which has prevailed during the Exhibition.



THE LARGEST TORPEDO GUN IN THE WORLD.

This Gun, which is of 18-in. Calibre, 44-ft. long, and weighs 59 tons, is the Invention of Mr. Gathmann, who claims for it that it will throw an Aerial Torpedo Fifteen Miles if necessary. It was tested with Successful Results before General Nelson A. Miles, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. It is, of course, intended for Coast Defence.

WILL the Tsung-li-Yamen be submerged by the state of affairs in China, or will it rise regenerated from the crisis? When it was created in 1861 it was a respectable organisation, with Prince Kung, Wen Siang, and Kwe Liang as its leading lights. But it has degenerated sadly, and become a sort of buffer between the ruling power at Peking and the "foreign devil." The crusted Manchu has never, in his own heart, admitted the equality of Europeans, and the Tsung-li-Yamen has been expected to parry their advances and checkmate the encroachments of Western intruders. In this way it has become a school for the training of "slim" diplomats, whose highest achievement has been to set the outer barbarians by the ears, a process which has been facilitated by their suspicion and jealousy of one another. The members of the Yamen would not have dared to act without the authority of the Palace, and the double result has been that they have remained tools of the Dowager, and have rarely won the respect of foreign representatives, more especially as these latter have not seldom found them their equals, if not their superiors, in diplomatic fencing.

THE worst feature of Chinese relations with foreigners has always been the absolute unwillingness which the Manchu nobles, as a body, have shown to be taught anything from outside. No Manchu noble will tolerate a subordinate who claims to have any dignity of his own, and who refuses to demean himself in order to please his chief. The educational missions sent

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abroad have nearly all ended in smoke. When it was discovered that Chinese students and American women could come to such an understanding that they entered into the bonds of wedlock, and when the young graduate arrived with the airs of an American dude, accompanied by an American wife, he was immediately tabooed. This was the lot of Yung Wing, who was an LL.D. of Yale University, and was driven out of the Chinese diplomatic service, while his American wife was excluded from Manchu society. Nearly every Manchu who has shown the courage of his opinions has gone to the wall before the colossal prejudice of the Chinese official classes, and even a statesman like the Marquis Tseng, who was a man of force, appreciated in the West, found himself a discredited diplomatist in Peking.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

DETERMINING A CHRONOMETER'S ERROR.

Every Midshipman before Passing for Lieutenant has to take a certain number of Sights. The Youths here seen are taking Sights to Determine the Error and Rate, of the Chronometer of their Ship The further Midshipman is using the Sextant to ascertain the Sun's Altitude, and the nearer one taking the Time.

THE world at large may well congratulate the Emperor of Japan upon his birthday. His Majesty Mutsuhito was born on November 3, 1852, and therefore enters upon his forty-ninth year. He is the 121st sovereign of Japan, the first Mikado having commenced his reign in B.C. 660, and it may be said without any doubt whatever that the present ruler has seen more striking events in his country than any one of his predecessors, even since the day of the famous war, and presided at Mr. Winston Churchill's lecture at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, which was an interesting event. A fortnight ago his lordship, in a speech at the dinner given by the chairman of the City of London Schools, took occasion to commend the Navy. It had been stated, he said, that when the great army was sent out to South Africa, the defence of England was rather neglected, but it was forgotten that we possessed the most powerful and glorious Navy that had ever defended these shores. From time immemorial we had depended upon the Navy, and it had never failed us. Lord Wolseley also paid a high tribute to the spirit of the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, which it is good to remember at a time when the air is yet full of the great reception that was given a few days ago to the gallant City Imperial Volunteers. It would be ungenerous at such a time to recur to the blunders that have been made, but Lord Wolseley was right in saying that no nation can send an army into the field without making mistakes, that the despatch from Great Britain and her dependencies of 234,000 soldiers, accompanied by 170,000 horses and other animals, to a distance of 7,000 miles, was altogether unexampled, and that no

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

PREPARING AN "ARTIFICIAL HORIZON."

There being no Natural Horizon in a Land-locked Harbour, it is necessary to prepare an Artificial One. In this picture the Midshipmen are seen Pouring the Quicksilver into a Receptacle, on to the Clear Surface of which the Reflection of the Sun is brought.

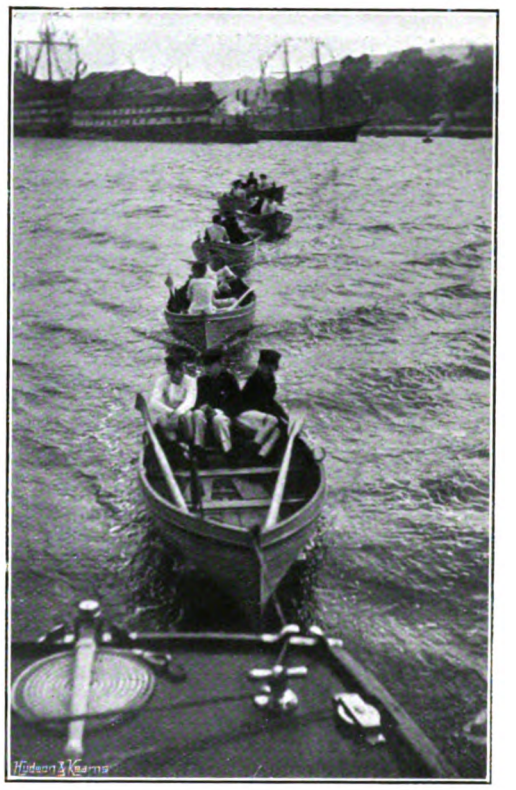

Photo. *Crockett.*

A TOW UP FOR THE GIGS.

The Boat Sailing given in the "Britannia" stands the Cadet in Good Service when he joins a Sea-going Ship, for he will at once be put in Charge of a Boat. After a Long Afternoon's Exercise in the Boats, a Tow Up is, of course, Pleasanter than a Long Pull Home.

LORD WOLSELEY has lately been saying some true things about the Emperor Jimmu. He succeeded his father in February, 1867, and in the next year, after a struggle, asserted his power and overthrew the ancient power of the Shoguns, who had been *de facto* dictators of the country since the twelfth century, superseding the rightful but nominal sovereigns. The feudal system followed the Shoguns in 1871, and since that time Japan has entered upon a course of unparalleled development. At almost a single bound she adopted the material advantages and many of the customs towards which other nations had been groping for centuries. The Emperor's reign has witnessed the rise of the country to the position of a first-rate Power, holding a high place in the international concert. Civilisation has made rapid progress, reforms have constantly been introduced, and Japan has attained a state of unprecedented prosperity. The Emperor is dark-complexioned, with a beard, rather stout, and looking more than his age. At about the present time he will be holding at the Palace of Euryo-kwan his annual chrysanthemum party, which is one of the great events in Japanese Society. His Court is modelled upon the system of our own, and he has the same Court officials as the Queen, while the Empress holds Drawing Rooms, is the leader of Society, and takes an active part in all philanthropic movements.

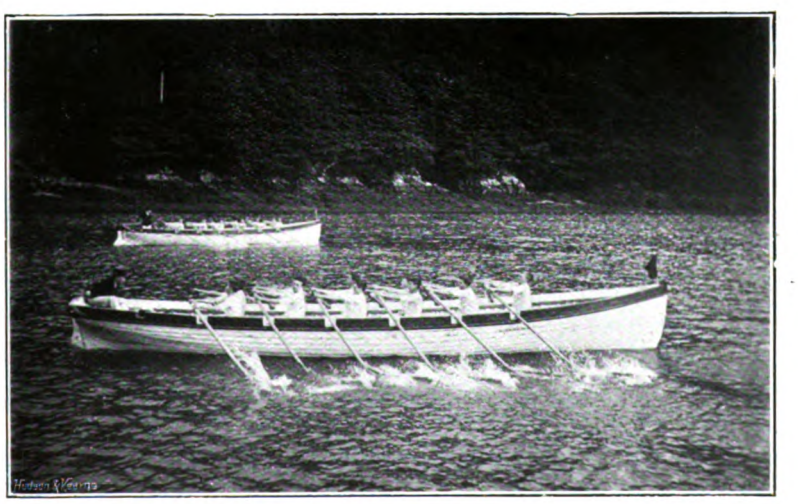

Photo. *Crockett.*

A "BRITANNIA" CUTTER RACE AT DARTMOUTH.

Rivalry between the Boats is, of course, Keen, and the Two Crews here seen, both Smart Ones, have an Interesting Race before them. They are just about to Start, and we may be sure the Race will not be a Procession. The Losers probably will find Plenty of Excuses for their Defeat.

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Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

BOAT SAILING IN THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

No small share of the Smartness and Alertness of the "Handy Man" and his Officer is due to the Boat-work that is always going on in the Navy. Regattas for the Boats of the Fleet are always the most Popular of Sports. Strict Service Rig is not always adhered to as will be seen from the above illustrations.

other nation in the world could have accomplished the same thing. All this has been done without a hitch, and is an achievement to be remembered. These are excellent words to be spoken by the retiring Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S air-ship appears to promise well, though it cannot be said yet to have solved the problem of aerial navigation, or to have brought it within the realm of practical utility. The ascent on October 17 was reasonably satisfactory. In a light wind the balloon attained and maintained a height of 400-yds., and, after describing a circle, went with the wind about six miles, then circled again, and made headway against a current of increasing velocity. The descent was made rather prematurely, for one section of the apparatus collapsed, no damage being done, and the descent was steady. Evidently the difficulty found at the first trials had been overcome. The third trial took place on October 21, when the air-ship rose to the height of 900-ft, described a circle, and went some distance to the eastward, performing various evolutions. It then turned in a southerly direction and returned, to descend easily almost at the exact spot from which it had started, and was partly towed and partly worked by its own propellors to Fredericks-hafen. Great interest attaches to these trials, and high hopes are entertained in some quarters of a practical outcome, but upon that point it is much too early to speak.

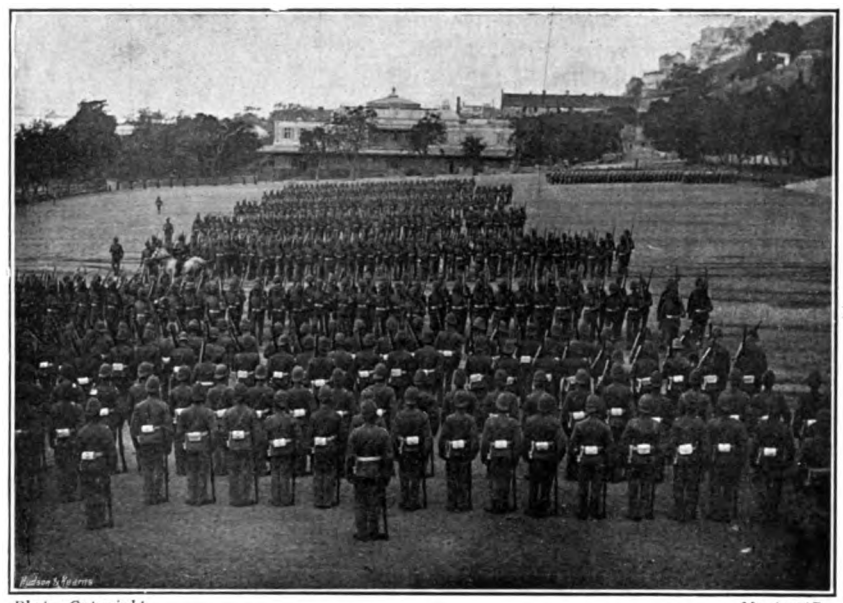

Photo. Copyright. *Montegriffo.*

THE INSPECTION OF THE 1st ROYAL BERKSHIRE AT GIBRALTAR.

Our picture shows the Inspection, by Sir H. E. Colvile, Commanding the Infantry Brigade at Gibraltar, of that Historic Old Corps, the 49th, now the 1st Berkshire. It was this Battalion that Won for the Corps the Title of "Royal" by its Distinguished Gallantry at the Action of Tofrek, near Suakin, on March 22, 1885. The 2nd Battalion, the old 66th, is now in South Africa.

THE death of a notable sportsman, of whatever nationality, will always find an echo of sympathy in this country. The late Comte Gustave Le Clerc de Juigné, who died at the age of 75, was probably one of the best sportsmen that France ever produced. He was descended from a very ancient family of Anjou, and was greatly respected in his own country. In partnership with Prince Auguste D'Aremberg, president of the Société Hippique, he met with deserved success on the turf. He began to race in 1867, and in 1873 won the Cambridgeshire with Montargis, and was thrice successful in the chief race at Baden, with Yellow, Perdican, and San Stefano. He was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1896, and well deserved the honour. One of the first horses that carried his colours was Mars, sire of Jongleur, who won the Cambridgeshire in 1877, after carrying off the French Derby.

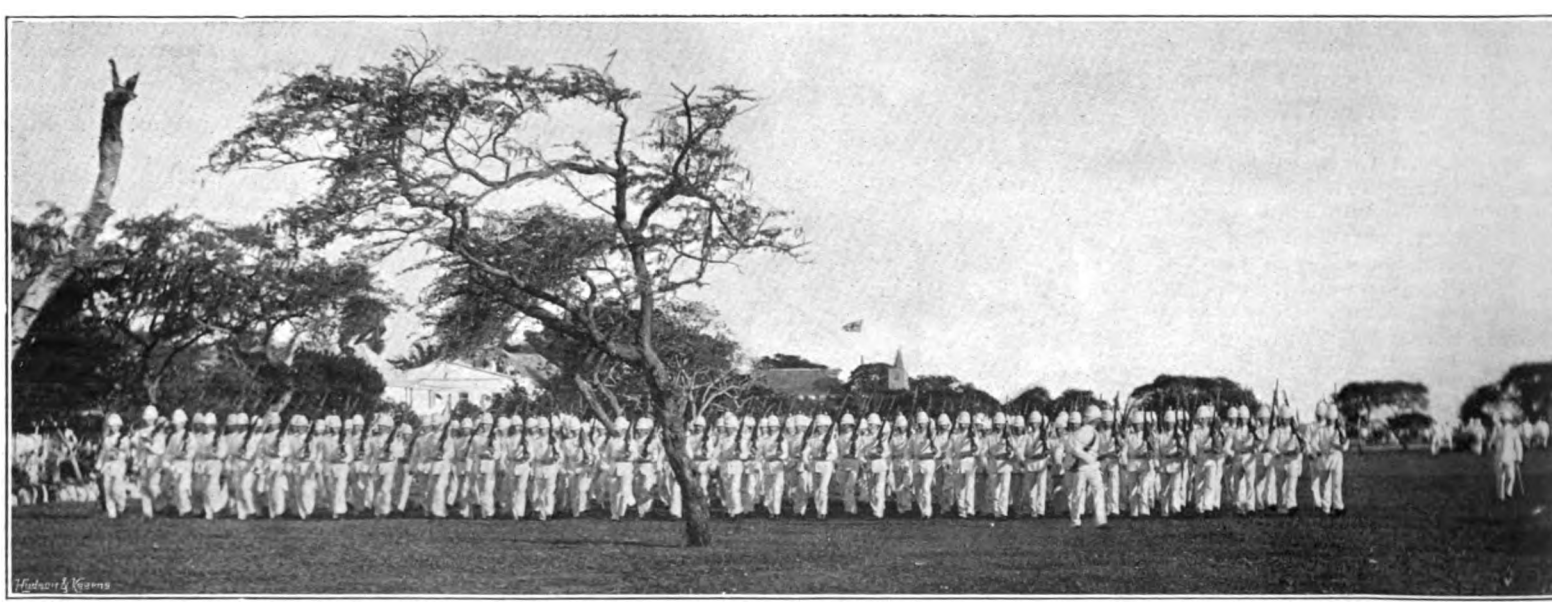

Photo. Copyright. *Green.*

THE MARINES MARCH PAST.

Our pic. ure was taken at Antigua, one of the Leeward Islands, when a Strong Battalion of Royal Marines from the Ships of the North America and West India Station was Landed to take part in a Ceremonial Review. Even the Guards do not March Past better than the Grand Old "Sea Regiment," which is composed of as Good Soldiers as any in Her Majesty's Service.

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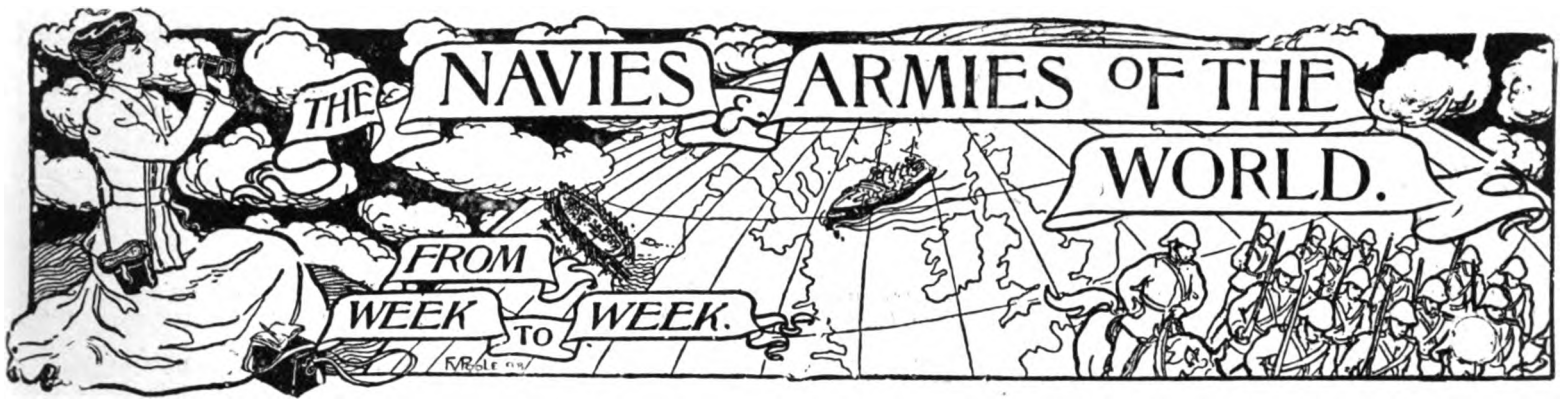

A CERTAIN disappointment has been pretty generally felt among those who take a peculiar interest in the Navy that the new Parliament contains no direct representative of the Service. This is a very natural view, and is peculiarly intelligible when we remember that the Army is copiously represented. To be absent on military duty seems to be a strong recommendation for a candidate. Yet, while recognising fully the reasons which make so many men wish to see Naval officers in the House, I doubt greatly whether the Navy has much to gain by contributing a large proportion, or even any proportion, of members to the House of Commons, and also whether Parliament would be appreciably the better for containing Naval members. The Army has always filled a number of seats. Has it been any the better for that? or has the Military policy of Parliament been sound, sagacious, and foreseeing? We know very well that the answer to both questions is in the negative. Why should we think that matters would be different for the Navy if it had the honour to include a number of officers on the active list who could write M.P. after their names, in addition to R.N. and K.C.B., or what not?

* * * *

In fact, there are good reasons why little is gained by the presence at Westminster of professional members of any kind. For one thing, there is what may be called the corporate feeling, or spirit, or tone of the House of Commons, which is a very strong solvent. Let a new member be what you please, sailor, soldier, lawyer, or labour representative, he very soon becomes affected by the element he works in, and turns into a member of Parliament like another. Mr. John Burns, who does not want for sagacity, once told an audience that the House of Commons has a spirit of its own, and will not be driven. He was quite right, and he knew what he was talking about. Now one of the best established facts concerning the House of Commonsness of the House of Commons is that it has a deeply-rooted dislike of the purely professional man who talks to it in a professional way. The lawyers are numerous, powerful, and talk much and well, yet it is notorious that nothing exasperates the House more rapidly and more effectually than to be talked to in a lawyer-like manner. It is every bit as impatient of the mere sailor, the mere soldier, the mere labour member. And be it remembered that each of these, though he may wish to fight his own professional battle, has the House of Commons feeling against another member who wishes to do the same thing. For that reason alone it is very doubtful whether the best and most discreet admiral or post-captain could do the Service more good at Westminster than he can do outside.

* * * *

Then, just because this House of Commons feeling is so overpowering, there is always a very serious risk that the Naval man who has once been in it will be more likely to take politics into the Fleet than to take a sound view of Naval affairs into Parliament. Experience has not gone to show that Naval members do much good to the Navy. Sea officers were numerous in the House at the end of the seventeenth century and throughout the whole of the eighteenth. Can it be said that they did much good for the Navy, or that Parliament was much enlightened by them as to Naval matters? I think not. The only occasion I can bring to mind on which the Naval officers acted as a body with effect, and for a good purpose, was when Howe succeeded in extorting some measure of justice for the half-pay captains from Lord North. As a rule they were insignificant. Vernon, indeed, was loud and persistent, but not for the much-needed reform of the Navy. It was only as the most headlong and noisy of the so-called patriotic opposition to Walpole that he made any mark. When the Naval Discipline Act was revised in 1749, Vernon's only contribution to that most necessary piece of work was his brutal declaration that the shooting of poor young Baker Phillips for the loss of the "Anglesea" was just. No doubt many of the officers who reformed the Navy from within in the interval between the War of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War were members of Parliament, some because they belonged to important families which owned pocket boroughs, others because they were put into Government seats. It is to be noted, however, that they were commonly silent members, and that the good they effected was performed outside the House.

* * * *

As a rule, when a Naval officer wished to get a seat in the House of Commons, it was for a reason given by Rodney with cynical candour in one of his letters. That great officer says that no one could hope to do well in the Service unless he became a member of Parliament, and made interest. Now what that meant was just this. An officer who had made a good haul of prize-money bought a rotten borough, and then proceeded to sell his vote. He looked upon it as a mere means of getting commands, and however stout he might be in the presence of the enemy, he was a shameless time-server in the House of Commons. Another way was to offer yourself to some important political leader for to come, for to go, for to fetch, for to carry as he ordered. Then he put you into a nomination borough, and you became his minion. Rodney did that with Newcastle, and was his abject slave. There is a whining letter of his to Newcastle's factotum, Jackson, written when he thought the patron was going to drop him, which is not pleasant reading. Of course all these Naval members were bitter party men, and they carried their political quarrels into the Fleet. The miserable Mathews and Lestock business, and the no less miserable Keppel and Palliser business, were largely the outcome of Parliamentary faction. Rodney, in a letter, deliberately accused the captains under his command in the battle with Guichen to the leeward of Martinique of manœuvring to spoil the victory, out of factious hostility to the Ministry. It is probable that this was only rage, combined with twinges of gout, and that he did not really believe what he was saying; but the mere fact that such a charge could be made, even by a very angry and disappointed admiral, is an ugly proof that very little good came to either the House of Commons or the Navy from the close connection between them in the eighteenth century.

* * * *

It is to be hoped that we are now somewhat less brutal and unscrupulous than we were apt to be in those times. There is, we trust, no serious danger that Mathews and Lestock will ever inflict themselves upon the Navy again, or that we shall ever see another Keppel and Palliser faction fight. But it will never be easy for the Naval officer to serve two masters—his own business and the House of Commons. Cochrane was a better man than most of those named above, and he assuredly lived in a better time. Yet he thought himself justified in "immobilising" the "Imperieuse" at Portsmouth while he was fighting on the opposition side for Naval reform in Parliament. When he was ordered to sea, he said it was a device of Ministers to shut his mouth. Perhaps it was; but was it not a scandal that one of the finest frigates in the Navy, and the most resourceful and daring of frigate captains, should be respectively "lying by the walls" at Portsmouth and holding forth in the House of Commons, instead of being engaged in punishing the enemy on the coasts of Spain and France? Yet Cochrane saw no harm in subordinating his work as a Naval officer to his career as Parliamentary reformer. The fact is that the two kinds of work are incompatible, and the Naval officer who goes into Parliament is dividing himself in a way which in the long run can do neither him nor the Service any good. If the country is tired of agitation, or in one of its fits of economy and disgust with "bloated armaments," no number of Naval members will make it spend a penny beyond what it is disposed to part with. When it thinks the Navy too weak, it will take the advice of Naval officers, and will be the more ready to listen to them the less they are noted as mere party men.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Our "Fiery Voluntaries."

THE sapient persons who have been telling us that the nation is tired of the war, that its attack of martial fever has passed, and that the troops must not expect on their return the same enthusiasm as attended their departure, may justly be asked what they have to say after the events of last Monday. To write that all London was in the streets to cheer the City Imperial Volunteers would understate the case. Trains from all parts had discharged into the capital their loads of eager sightseers. It was not merely London which turned out to welcome its citizen soldiers; it was London assisted by as many enthusiasts from other parts of the kingdom as could find an excuse for being in town and devoting an afternoon to the display of patriotic ardour. The "Powerful's" men were the first to return, and no one who saw their reception is likely to forget it. The C.I.V.'s were the next, and their welcome has been no less hearty. Nor does it seem likely that future receptions will show any falling off in warmth. The nation knows what our soldiers have had to go through, and how sturdily they have borne themselves; it is determined that they shall understand beyond the possibility of doubt what the gratitude of a nation means.

Naturally the City of London is particularly proud of its own regiment, and naturally, too, the popular imagination is affected by the sight of Volunteers going forth to fight for their country more forcibly than it is when the regular is ordered to the front. For one thing, it is the regular's business; and unfortunately we are inclined to think of Tommy Atkins as of a man who only takes to soldiering when other employments will have none of him. The ideas of self-sacrifice and noble disregard of discomfort and danger do not therefore associate themselves as a rule with our conception of Mr. Atkins. With the Volunteer the case is different. Here is a man (so the public thinks) who gives up home and regular employment, risks security of life and limb, takes the chances of pestilence that wasteth at noonday and destruction that walketh in the darkness—all at the call of patriotism, all because the country needs his services. This, no doubt, a little overstates the case. Most of the C.I.V.'s, most of the Imperial Yeomanry, most of the Colonial forces, went out because they had the tingle of adventurous blood in their veins. They did not solemnly sit down and count the cost and debate whether it was their duty to respond to their country's call. They saw their chance of escaping from desk or counter, and they leapt at it. A few may have said with Mr. Gilbert's hero, "It is my duty, and I will." But the vast majority said "Here's a lark," and regarded the whole thing, in good British fashion, as an opportunity for showing that Britons have not altered in character since the days when the flower of England's manhood followed the Plantagenets and Harry the Fifth to the wars in France. The Volunteers of those days established the great tradition which the C.I.V.'s have been carrying on.

"Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,"

(so we read of them in "King John")

"With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide."

At the battle of Agincourt, of which the anniversary, the feast of St. Crispin, fell only two days before the C.I.V.'s marched through London, the City of London was represented by a company of archers which specially distinguished itself, and was conspicuous in the irresistible charge of the bowmen after they had discharged their shafts.

"When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was taidy.

"Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy."

So the tale is told in Michael Drayton's stirring rhyme. Who shall recall the deeds of our modern wars in such heroic fashion?

The glories of the C.I.V.'s, who are the direct historical descendants of the City's archers at Agincourt, have been sung by many a would-be poet, but so far in halting rhymes and uninspired versicles. If our poets of the front rank are engaged on other themes, perhaps one of the minor poets will oblige.

All Britain's early wars were waged by Volunteers and mercenaries. We have long since discontinued the employment of mercenaries, but upon Volunteers we still lean for support. Of course, our standing Army consists of voluntary soldiers, not of pressed men, as Continental armies do, though whether in this case one Volunteer is worth ten pressed men is doubtful. But we are speaking now of Volunteers who, in the hour of need, will leave civil pursuits to take up arms. The fact that we can rely upon such is our only possibility of escape from conscription, and from the necessity of keeping up a very large permanent force of regular soldiers. With a host of trained Volunteers to draw from, we do not want a very large Army. This is certainly not the direction in which Army reform should be looked for. But we do want a system that shall bring Volunteers into line with regulars as soon as their services are required. A more systematic training and machinery for rapid mobilisation—these we need beyond all doubt for our citizen soldiers. We must not count upon muddling through a second time with the same luck that attended our fumbling efforts at the beginning of this year.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 28, 1776.—Battle of White Plains. Americans driven back by General Howe. 1811.—The French, under Girard, surprised and routed at Aroyo Molino by General Hill.

October 29, 1710.—Capitulation of St. Venant to the Prince of Orange after twenty-three days' investment. 1781.—Negapatam taken by storm by Sir Hector Munroe. 1897.—Capture of the Sempagha Pass, North-West Frontier.

October 30, 1812.—Soult repulsed by General Cole at the Puente Larga, Peninsula. 1899.—Battle at Farquhar's Farm, Natal; many British cut off and taken prisoners by the Boers at Nicholson's Nek.

October 31, 1752.—Capture of Covelong and Chirglepat by Clive. 1791.—Reduction of Pinagra. Our flags of truce having been fired on, an assault was made on the town and the walls were breached. 1897.—Capture of the Arhanga Pass, North-West Frontier.

November 1, 1803.—Battle of Laswaree. General Lake defeated the Mahrattas and broke Scindia's power in Northern India. 1856.—War declared against Persia for seizing Herat. 1893.—Defeat of the Matabele on the Imbembezi River; Lobengula's picked regiments repulsed.

November 2, 1840.—Dr. Percival Lord, Political Agent, killed in an attempt to capture Dost Mohammed at Purwan. 1893.—Battle on the Inguesi River. Colonel Goold Adams defeated the Matabele.

November 3, 1840.—Surrender of Dost Mohammed. 1894.—Battle at Wano. Colonel Turner's delimitation party (Afghan Frontier) repulsed an attack by 2,000 Mahsud Waziris.

OCTOBER 28, 1805.—Sir Richard Strachan's victory off Finisterre over Admiral Dumanoir's squadron of French ships, fugitive after Trafalgar. Murder in Paris of Captain J. W. Wright, R.N.

October 29, 1704.—Admiral Leake surprised a French squadron in Gibraltar Bay and captured five men-of-war.

October 30, 1757.—Admiral Edward Vernon died. 1794.—Capture of the French "Jacobin," 14, in the West Indies. 1809.—Capture of the French "Milan," off Ushant, by the "Surveillante," 38. 1860.—Death of Admiral Lord Dundonald. 1890.—The "Terpsichore" launched. 1899.—The "Powerful's" Naval Brigade at Ladysmith.

October 31, 1758.—Capture of the "Belliqueux," 50, by the "Antelope," 50, off Lundy Island. 1803.—Action off Boulogne between the "Leader," 36, and "Lark" and "Harpy," gun-brigs, and French invasion flotilla vessels. 1808.—Capture of the "Palinure," 16, by the "Circe," 32, off Martinique. 1809.—Gallant boat attack in the Bay of Rosas, destroying a French flotilla.

November 1, 1806.—Cutting out of a Spanish gun-brig at Porto Rico by the boats of the "Pique," 36. 1808.—Action between the "Cruiser" and a Dutch "Flotilla," off Gottenburg. Capture of the "Palinuro" in the Adriatic by the "Imperieuse," 36, and "Thames," 36. 1890.—Death of Captain Frederick Chamier, R.N., Naval historian and novelist.

November 2, 1757.—Capture of the French "Melampe," 36, in the Channel by the "Tartar," 28. Capture of the French "Hermione," 32, in the Channel by the "Unicorn," 28. 1798.—Capture of the French "Senegal," 18, in the River Gambia by the "Zephyr," 14.

November 3, 1580.—Return of Sir Francis Drake from his voyage round the world. 1757.—Capture of the French "Moras," 22, in the Channel by the "Antelope," 50. 1762.—Capture of the French "Marigny," 28, by the "Terpsichore," 26, in the Channel. 1778.—Capture of the French "Lion," 36, off the American coast by the "Maidstone," 28. 1840.—Bombardment of Acre by the British Mediterranean Fleet. 1892.—The "Revenge" launched. 1896.—The "Chamois," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

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The Home-coming of the C.I.V.'s.

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THE RECEPTION OF THE MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS AT CAPE TOWN.

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The "Aurania" Arrives at Southampton.

Photos. Copyright. *Cribb.*

THE LAST DAY ABOARD. *SERGEANTS OF THE CORPS.*

The City Imperial Volunteers snap-shotted at Southampton before leaving for London to be disbanded.

Photo. Copyright *Gregory.*

THE TRANSPORT ARRIVING IN THE SOLENT.

Preparing to give the Volunteers a Hearty Welcome at the Docks.

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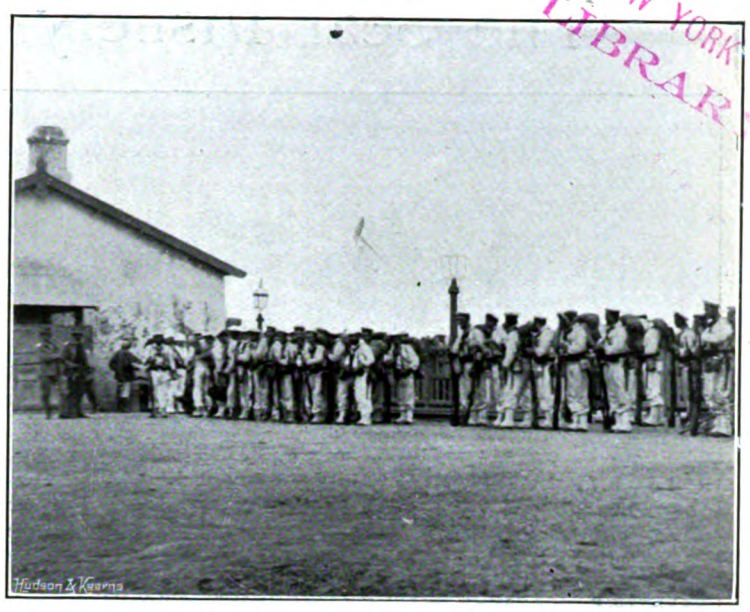
"PILE ARMS FOR A REST AND A SMOKE."
United States Artillery Proceeding to the Front.



AFTER THE ARRIVAL AT TIENTSIN.
Italian Marines Detrained for the Front.

En Route to the Chinese Capital.

BRITISH TARS AND THEIR MACHINE GUN.
A Group of Seamen Landed from the "Orlando."

From Tientsin to Peking.

Photos. Copyright.
INDIAN TROOPS MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME.
A Sikh Camp on the Way to Peking.

"Navy & Army."
MUSCOVITE STORES AND MUNITIONS OF WAR.
Russian Waggons on the Line of Route.

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The Seal Fishery of the Behring Sea.

DUTCH HARBOUR, IN THE BEHRING SEA.

The Headquarters of Sealing and of the Patrolling Fleet.

WE are glad to be able to present our readers with a series of pictures which represent alike some of the incidents connected with a most important industry, and certain details of life in what may be described as one of the byeways of Naval service. It would be incorrect to say that all the seal-skins which are used for the purposes of feminine attire come from the Behring Sea. A certain number are derived from Southern seas, where the seal, though recognised as distinct in kind, yet resembles its Northern cousin in many of its habits. The bulk of the seal-fishing of the world, however, is carried on in the Behring Sea. Of course, "seal-fishing" is an incorrect term. A seal is a mammal, and not a fish, but the expression is sanctioned by custom, and it will pass muster in default of a better. A large number of fur seals make their winter habitat to the south-east of Yezo, the most northern island of the Japanese archipelago, and although a number—the larger portion—of these seals make their way in summer to the Behring Sea, an uncertain proportion loiter about the Kuril Islands and Robben Island. It is very difficult to decide what is really the percentage of the herd which thus remains in what may be described as, comparatively speaking, home waters. The immense majority make for the North. They are joined by the vast numbers of seals which have wintered off British Columbia, and which creep northwards along the western shore of the American Continent, and the whole assemble for breeding purposes at a few spots in the Behring Sea, the two Pribyloff Islands being the most important, and practically the headquarters of the seal herd. This was recognised in the decision of the Court of Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States in 1893. The first article provided for a close zone of sixty geographical miles, with the Pribyloff Islands as a centre. The causes of the whole trouble which led to the arbitration, and which nearly produced a war between the two great English-speaking Powers, were, of course, the indiscriminate slaughter of seals which had been carried out on their breeding-places for a number of years, and the practice which had grown up of pelagic sealing—in other words, of shooting the seals at sea as they were on their way to the breeding grounds. Evidence differed as to the number that were lost, but there was no attempt to dispute the fact that a considerable proportion sank and were not recovered. Under the terms of the award, shooting is forbidden, only sailing schooners are allowed, and both Great Britain and the United States despatch men-of-war yearly to the Behring Sea to patrol the islands, to see that the schooners are not within the limit, to board all schooners met with, in order to overhaul the skins and see that there is no sign of shot in them, and generally to carry out the arrangements authorised by the Award Act. It is not altogether pleasant leaving the delightful summer weather and the pleasures of Esquimalt for the bleak shores of the Aleutian Islands, and the gales and fogs so prevalent in the Behring Sea, but it has compensations in the excellent fishing to be obtained in the streams which are so plentiful within easy reach of the headquarters at Dutch Harbour; 30-lb. weight of trout to one rod in a day, and containing individual fish of over 3-lb. weight, is hard to beat. A tramp around the hills with a good dog is also productive of very fair ptarmigan shooting, and duck and teal are found in the rivers. Amusement for the men can be obtained by employing the seine, salmon, flat-fish, cod, and herrings being very plentiful. Altogether there is plenty of sport, though the work itself is not only tedious and monotonous, but is sometimes unpleasant. It is not agreeable to have to board a schooner and to be treated as if one were a spy. The season, however, is not a long one. The seal-hunting begins on August 1, and is at an end on September 15. It is easy to believe that, in spite of the attractions of rod and gun, the patrolling ships are not altogether sorry to be relieved of their duties, and to be able to return to more congenial scenes.

BACHELOR SEALS ON THE PRIBYLOFF ISLANDS.
It is from these Seals that Skins are Taken.

UNDER WAY FOR A SEAL ROOKERY.
The Vessels Engaged in the Work are Sailing Schooners.
From Photos. by a Naval Officer.

There is a great contrast between the work in the Behring Sea and the gaieties of a place like Esquimalt, which, in point of fact, may almost be said to lay itself out to make life as pleasant as it can for the ships on the station. Let it be said that the latter take their share—and perhaps a little more than their share—in devising the entertainments of the place. We must not be supposed to exalt Esquimalt as an ideal port. It is not; but those who have experienced the hospitality of the place will know that there are many worse stations on which to serve than the Pacific. The overhauling of sealers is dreary work. It means much pegging away with practically few captures. The patrol is necessary, and it yields little for the simple reason that it is efficient. If it were not, seals would be exterminated in a decade.

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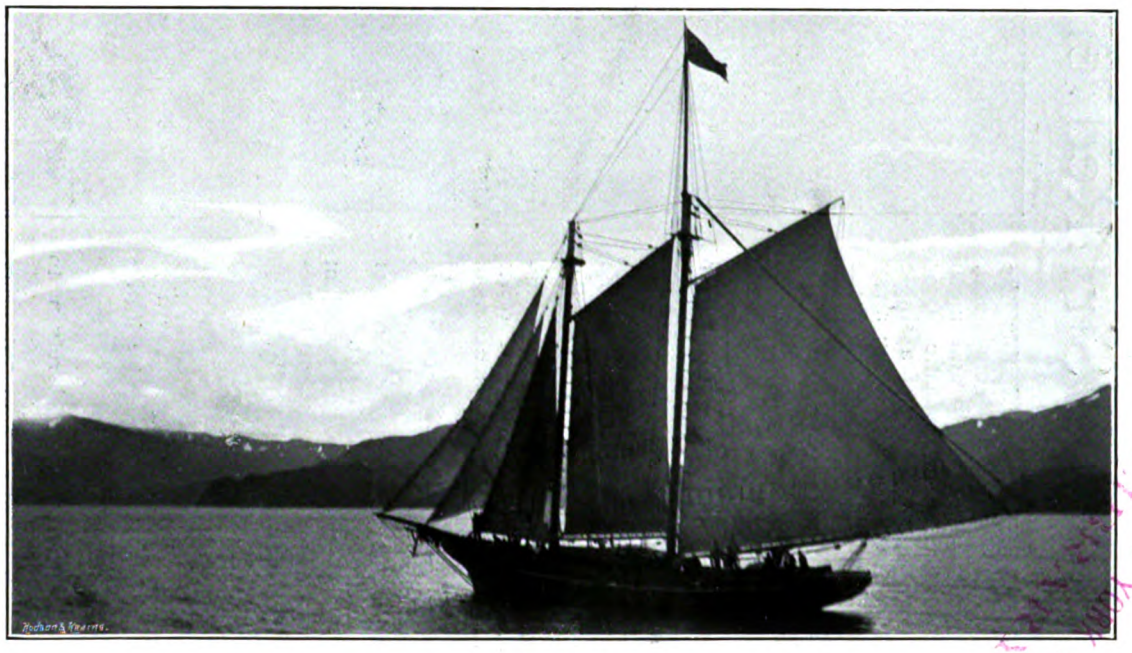
Round About the Pribyloff Islands.

ON THE WAY TO EXAMINE SKINS.
A Man-of-War Boat about to Board a Sealer.

A WEALTH OF LIGHT AND SHADOW.
Gorgeous Sunset Effect on the Behring Sea.

MR. AND MRS. SEAL AT HOME.
A Rookery on One of the Pribyloff Islands.



RETURNED FROM A SUCCESSFUL CRUISE.
A Schooner Belonging to the Sealing Fleet.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer.

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Sir Redvers Buller's Return.

IT is hard to say whether the public, broadly considered, grow more loudly and more genuinely enthusiastic over the home-coming of a single great general who has been away at the front, or over that of some considerable and representative body of the men who have fought under him. There is much to be said in explanation of the "tumult and the shouting" in either case. The general receives peculiar honour because, although but an individual, he has displayed qualities such as few men possess, and has incurred responsibilities the weight of which would crush an ordinary individual altogether. The representative body of fighting men, Bluejackets, Guardsmen, county regiments, and other such units, wins the acclamations of the public on rather different grounds, since in this case the feeling of kinship and sympathy and fellowship is perhaps even stronger than that of mere admiration.

Be this as it may, we find excellent examples of such different home-comings from the seat of war in the return of the C.I.V.'s, of "Handy Men" to their ships, and of Sir Redvers Buller to England, episodes which are likely to be repeated over and over again before the actuality of the second Boer War fades into a glorious, if also for many a saddened, memory.

Of the Bluejackets' return to their ships it is not necessary to speak in any but very general terms. It is sufficient to say that Jack Tar earned his welcome in characteristic fashion by displaying the same splendid spirit, coupled with superb efficiency, which has glorified a dozen great wars on land, not to speak of countless momentous fights at sea. Just the same spirit and efficiency were exemplified, though to a more restricted degree, in the Crimea, as witness John Leech's famous cartoon, "Jack's Holiday —A Scene off Balaclava," where two brawny sailors are approaching Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons with a petition: "Ask yer honour's pardon, but may me and Jim Grampus have a liberty day ashore, to go a-shootin' with them sojers?" South Africa, in cheering Jack Tar at Cape Town and Durban, did not forget how he had gone "a-shootin' with them sojers" at Ladysmith and elsewhere. As for Sir Redvers Buller's return to England, surely *his* greeting, too, requires no elaborate justification. If in his early struggles he was unfortunate, the endurance and the persistence he exhibited throughout were magnificent, and his eventual relief of Ladysmith was finely accentuated by the wonderful personal hold which, in spite of losses and sufferings, he had obtained over all ranks of his noble soldiery. In the later phases of the campaign, Buller, by the masterly manner in which he conducted the operations in the east of the Transvaal, brought about the capture of Lydenburg, and thus shattered the last hope of the Boers. He justly received the warm commendation of Lord Roberts in an Army Order published on the eve of Buller's departure from Pretoria.

When the general received the sword of honour at Pietermaritzburg, he delivered a very noteworthy speech, in the course of which he justified his strategy.

A SCENE AT LYDENBURG.
Sir Redvers Buller and his Staff in Front of the Court-house.

BULLER'S RIGHT-HAND MEN.
General Lyttelton (4th Division) and Colonel Miles, Chief Staff Officer.

GENERAL BULLER WATCHING HIS TRANSPORT.
Waggons Struggling Up the Hill from Amersfort.
From Photos. by J. Wallace Bradley, Durban.

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KAFFIRS BEATING OUT A GRASS FIRE.
The Boers had Set the Grass Alight to Cover their Retreat.

THE DREADED "POM-POM" IN ACTION.
Officers of the Natal Field Force with their Maxim.

THE GUN MOST NOTED IN THE WAR.
A 4·7-in. with Buller's Force being Dragged Out of a Drift.

CROSSING THE SUNDAYS RIVER, NATAL.
Buller's Field Hospital Waggons Approaching a Drift.

Some Scenes of the Fighting.

From Photos. by J. Wallace Bradley, Durban.

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The Dockyard Extension Works at Gibraltar.

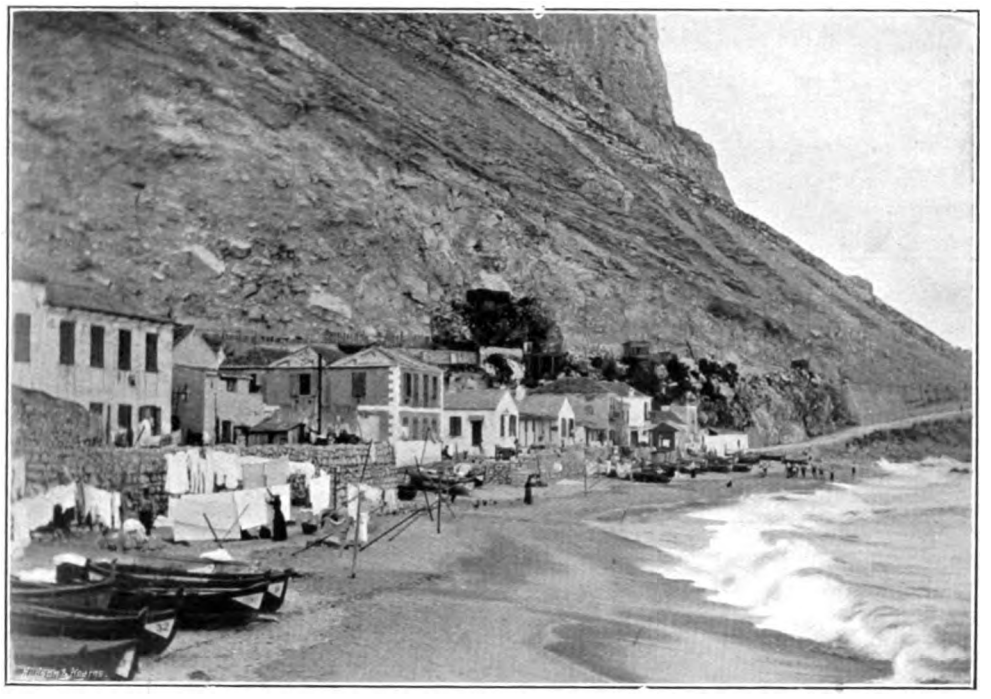
AS is well known, the nation has decided to spend several million pounds sterling on the improvement of the dockyard accommodation at Gibraltar, and the work has been going on for two or three years. This short account and the illustrations will give some notion of what has been done up to the present time.

For the due carrying on of the work the contractors, Messrs. Topham, Jones, and Railton, have not only had to lay down the usual network of narrow-gauge railways, but, in order to facilitate the carriage of stone from their quarries on the east side of the Rock, have driven a tunnel through it about three-quarters of a mile in length. Incidentally the making of this tunnel has demonstrated that, with the exception of some shale at the west end, the Rock is composed throughout of solid limestone with few faults.

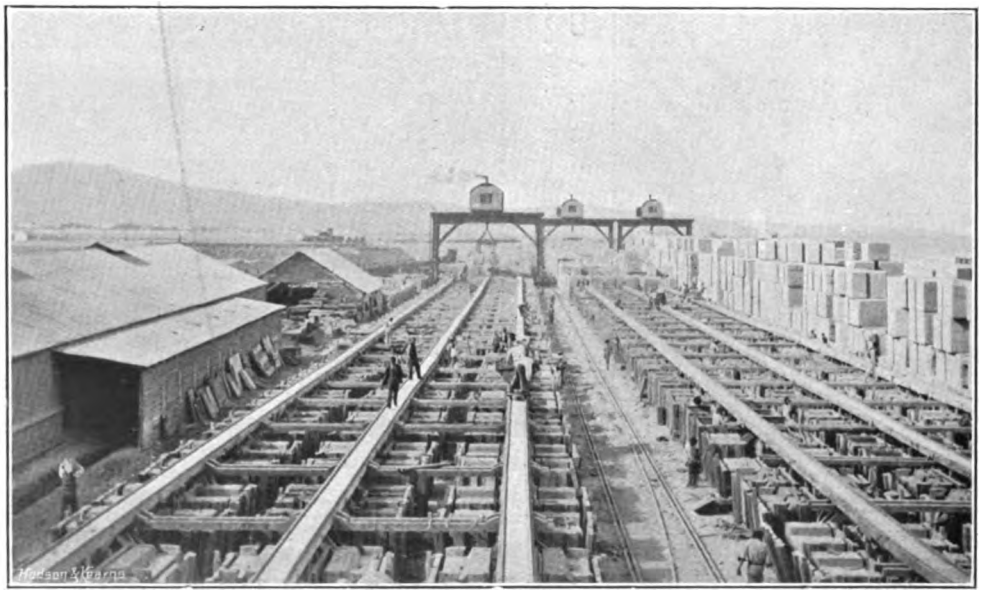
For inspection purposes the contractors have provided an observation car, which is attached to one of the small but powerful engines used on the works. The best point from which to start for an inspection of the works is the west end of the tunnel, as the various processes are then followed in their proper order, from the quarrying of the stone to its deposition in its final resting-place.

Close to the eastern exit of the tunnel is one of the quarries from which stone is being taken, partly to make into concrete and partly to be used for reclamation and filling up in various places. From this point the line runs along the base of the east side of the Rock towards the north front, and a fine view is obtained of the surf which nearly always breaks on this side. Just south of Catalan Bay are the crushers in which the stone required for concrete-making is broken up. These work as automatically as possible. The waggons run up an incline to the top of the machines, the stone is tipped into the crushers, which are driven by a small engine, and emerges again, crushed to the requisite degree of fineness, through a shoot into more waggons waiting for it below. When sufficient of these are filled, they are coupled up into a train and drawn away to the block-making works, situated on the level ground at the north front. On the way thither the line passes just above the quaint old fishing village of Catalan Bay, so well known to all visitors to Gibraltar.

A QUARRY NEAR THE END OF THE TUNNEL.
The Stone from this Place is Used to Make Concrete Blocks.



THE VILLAGE AT CATALAN BAY.
Which is Well Known to Visitors to the Rock.



THE WORKS FOR CONCRETE BLOCK-MAKING.
A Triumph of Skill and Organisation.
From Photos. by Captain Cromie.

The process of making the concrete blocks is most interesting. On a high platform are heaps, constantly being replenished, of all the necessary ingredients — Portland cement, sand, and the stone that has just been crushed. At regular intervals are conical-shaped holes, in which the workmen place the proper proportion of each of the above. When full, a signal is made to a workman below, who opens the bottom, and the mass falls by its own weight into a box which revolves eccentrically on two pivots. Water is added, and the box revolved for a certain time, to thoroughly mix the contents. The box is then opened over a tip waggon in waiting below, into which the muddy-looking mixture falls. The waggon is then run off along one of the lines of rails on each side of which are the wooden moulds for making the concrete blocks, which are very extensively used for the different moles and dams in course of construction. Arrived at the mould in course of being filled, the contents of the waggon are tipped into it, and

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then well rammed down by a couple of men.

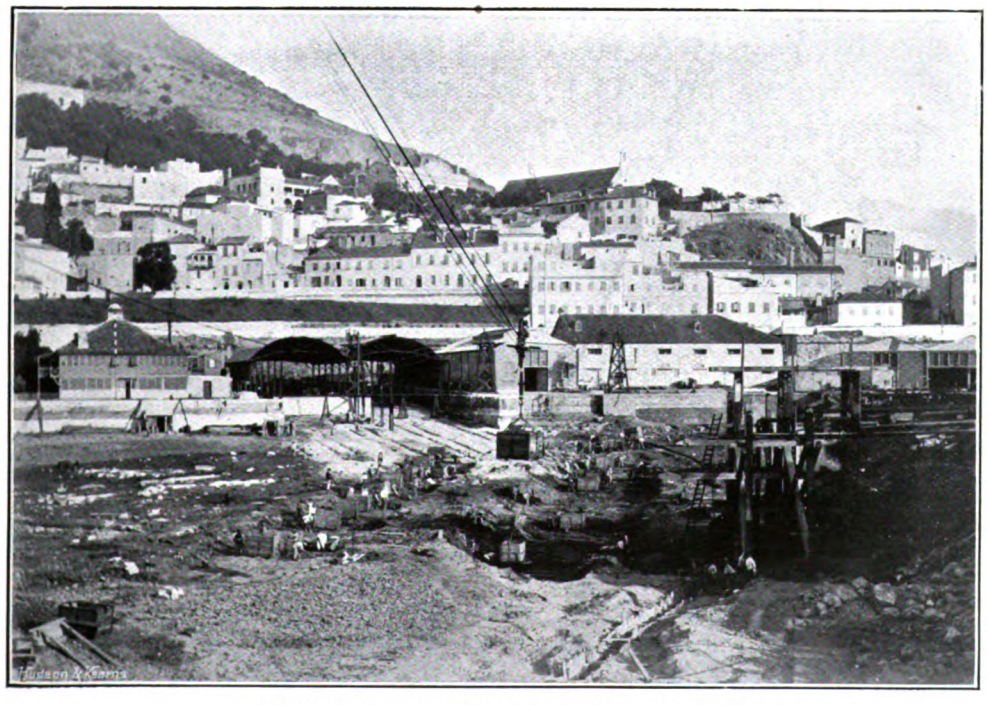
The mould having been filled, it is left for some time to allow the concrete to set thoroughly. The sides are then removed, the block is hoisted out by one of the huge travelling cranes which traverse the whole extent of the ground, and is stacked with others for three months to fully mature, before being taken to its final destination. When ready for use, the blocks are hoisted on to trucks and taken to a pier furnished with a Titan crane, which places them in the barges that convey them to the spot where they are required.

The whole arrangement is a triumph of organisation, and it is most instructive to watch the smooth and almost automatic way in which the work is done, and to consider what an amount of anxious thought must have been required for it to attain such perfection. As a great part of the work has to be carried on under water, a very large staff of divers is required. There are between fifty and sixty employed in the various underwater portions of the work, of which the great Detached Mole, which closes the space between the New and Commercial Moles, is one of the most important, as well as one of the most difficult, since it had to be built in an average depth of about 70-ft. of water, and in a very exposed position. This mole is now far advanced, and the two enormous Titan cranes, one at each end of it, having a lifting power of 40-tons at 30-ft. radius, have been a familiar feature of Gibraltar during the past two years.

The New Mole Extension is also progressing very rapidly, all the filling up having been completed to high-water level, and the construction of the superstructure is being rapidly proceeded with.

DIVERS AT THE END OF THE DETACHED MOLE.
Between Fifty and Sixty are Employed.

THE IMPORTANT NEW MACHINE SHOPS.
Built on Land Reclaimed from the Sea.



EXCAVATING A DOCK INSIDE THE DAM.
Spanish Workmen Under British Foremen.

From Photos. by Captain Cromie.

As regards the dockyard itself, much land has been, and still is being, reclaimed from the sea outside the old Line Wall. On this land are being built the new machine and other shops. Where formerly used to be the New Mole Parade, a large dry dock is being made. Two more docks are required, and to provide space for them a dam has to be constructed across the east end of the harbour, the sea pumped out, and the docks excavated on the ground so reclaimed. The first part of this dam has been successfully built, the water pumped out, and work is in progress on the excavation of one dock. The dam for the remaining dock is now being proceeded with. When the docks with their sea-wall are completed, these dams will be removed.

The above sketch gives but a faint idea of the magnitude of the task of constructing this Dockyard Extension, as it is officially called, and of the amount of organising talent and attention to details required for its successful completion. A special feature of this work is that it is being done entirely by Spanish labour, under the supervision of British engineers and some British foremen. More than 4,000 Spanish workmen are employed, and as these come from the adjacent Spanish towns of La Linea and Algeciras every day, the great bulk of their wages is spent in Spain. As can readily be understood, the existence of these dock works has been a great boon to the population of the country in the vicinity of Gibraltar.

The question as to where all these workmen will earn their living when the works are finished will have to be taken into consideration some day. There is certainly not enough work for them in either La Linea or Algeciras.

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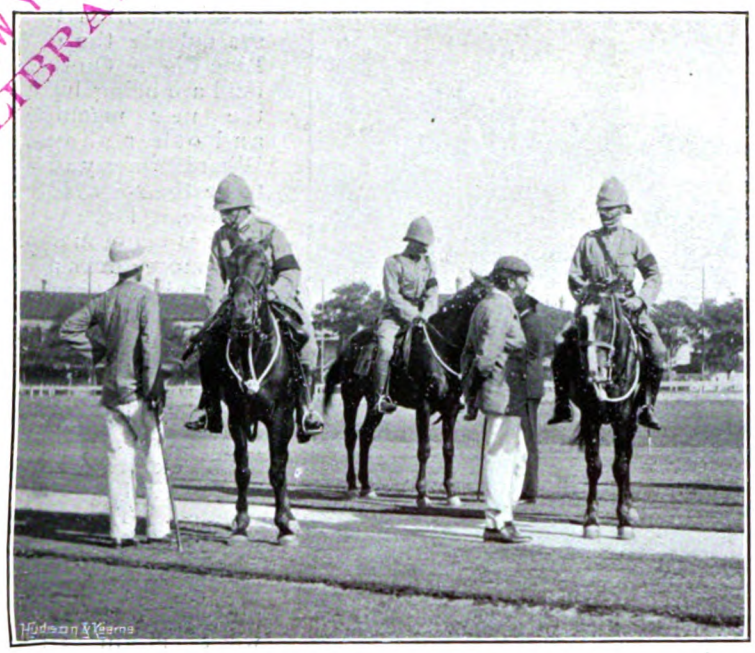
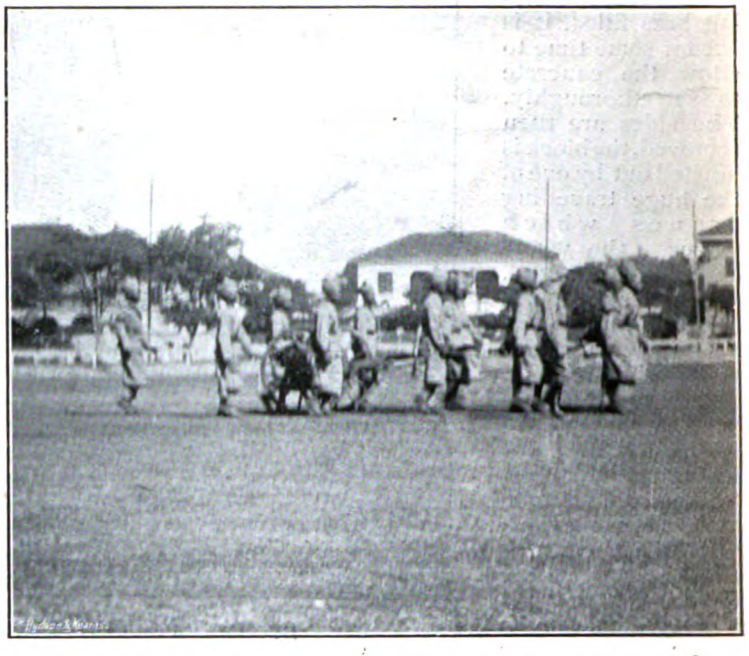
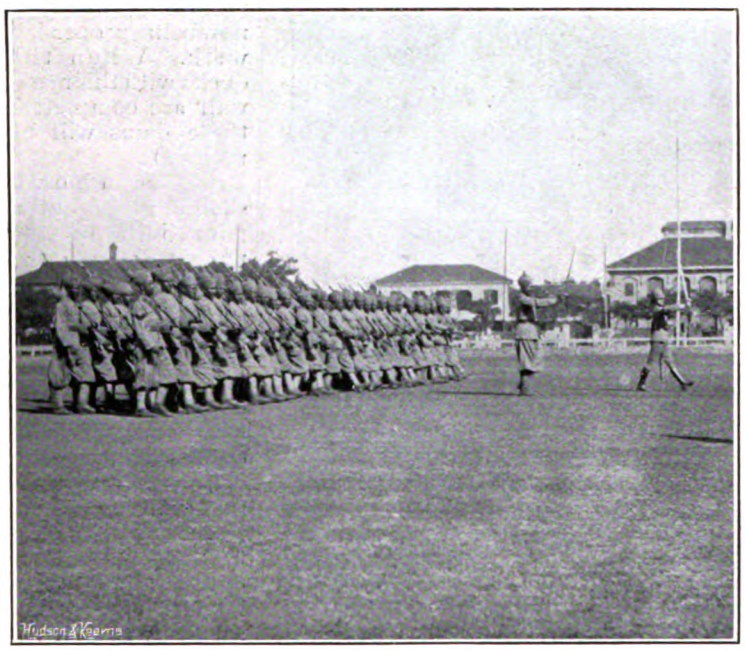
Indian Troops Reviewed at Shanghai.



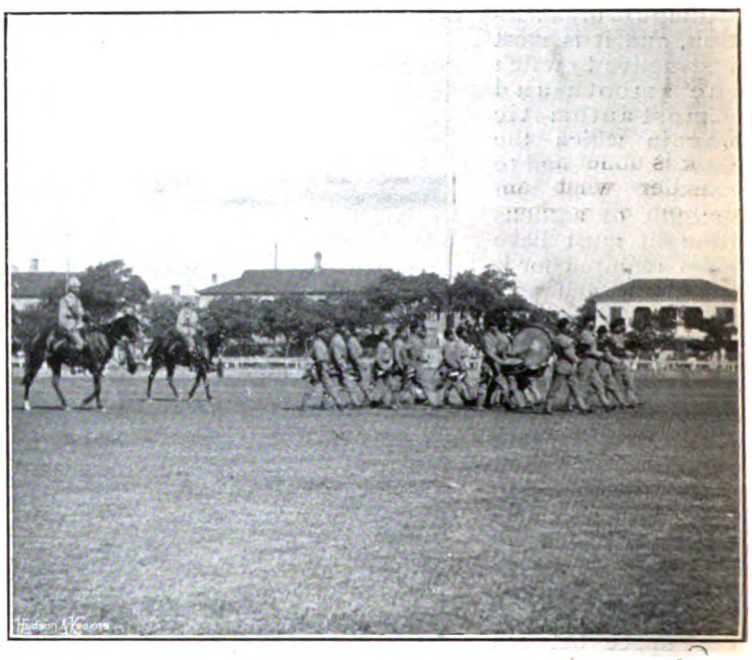
WAITING FOR COUNT VON WALDERSEE.
British Officers Beguiling the Time with a Chat.



ONE OF THE BEST FIGHTING RACES OF INDIA.
A Detachment of Sturdy Beluchis.



MEN AS STEADY AS THE PROVERBIAL ROCK.
The 1st Company of the Beluchis Marching Past.



AT THE HEAD OF A DISTINGUISHED CORPS.
The Ghoorkas' Band, Drums, and Bagpipes.

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

MUSTERING FOR THE REVIEW.

The 1st Brigade of Indian Troops on the Racecourse, Shanghai.

The dread that some harm might befall the ill-defended and important foreign settlement at Shanghai, led to the despatch thither of a Brigade of British Indian troops, and on the arrival of Count Waldersee the force was reviewed by him on the Racecourse. The Navy had nothing to do with the function, and thus in our first picture we see Vice-Admiral Seymour in a sun hat talking to General Creagh, and Captain Cradock, R.N., in mufti—he had ridden up on his bicycle—talking to Major Watson. The remainder of our pictures show some of the incidents in a scene which was unprecedented in the annals of Shanghai, and which naturally aroused a great deal of interest and enthusiasm. About 2,000 officers and men were on parade.

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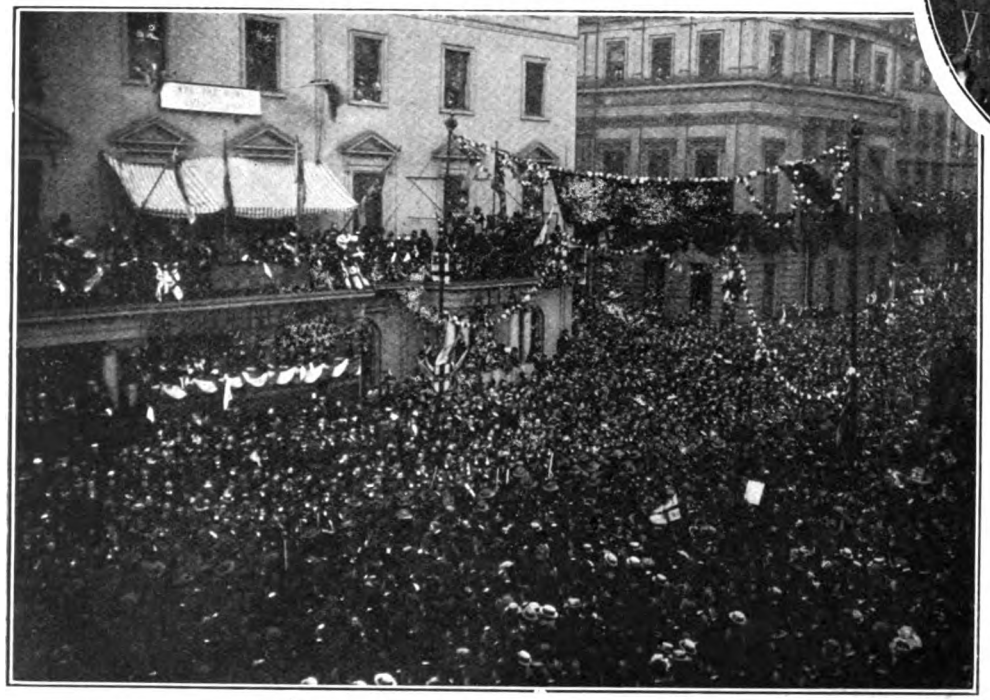
THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST END.

"BRAVO MAC."
The Crowd Goes Wild over the Gallant Colonel.

ROUGH MARCHING.
The Infantry Forces its Way through Pall Mall.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.
Will the C.I.V.'s Heroes be Commemorated?

AMIDST SCENES OF INDESCRIBABLE ENTHUSIASM.



DOWN ST. MARTIN'S LANE.
The Royal Parish's Enthusiastic Greeting.

AWKWARD FOR THE HORSES.
A Reception that is not all Honey.

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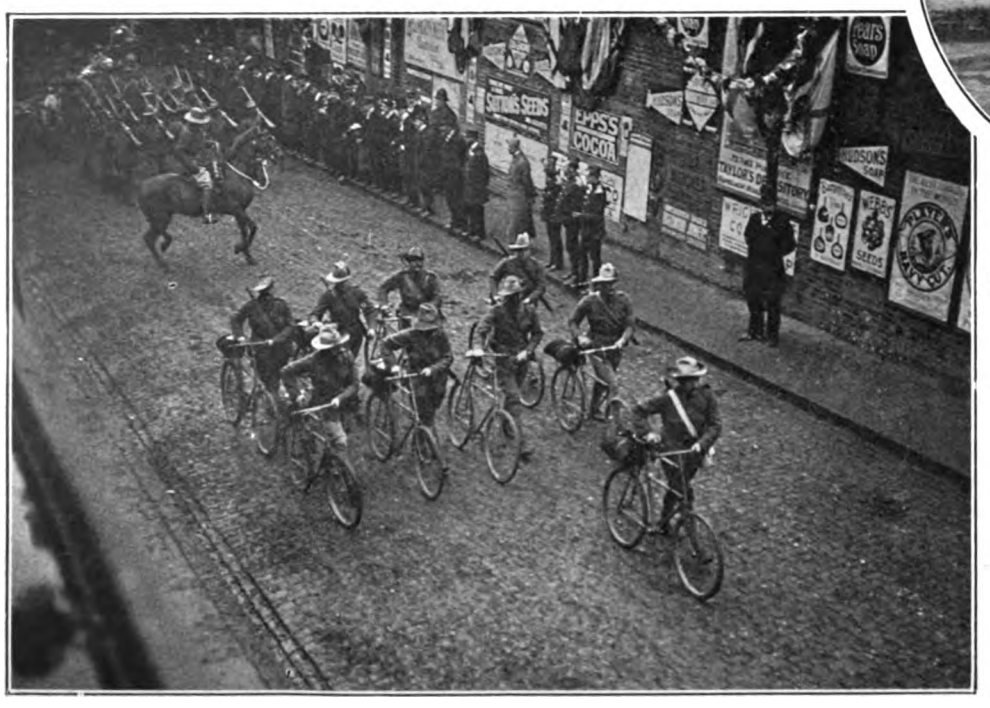
THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS IN LONDON.

IN PADDINGTON STATION.
The Mounted Infantry Drawn Up for Inspection.

A MUCH PRIZED TROPHY.
A Colour Captured from the Enemy.

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.
Cheltenham Lady has Collected £50 for War Funds.



MODERN ACCESSORIES.
A Valuable Factor in Present-day Warfare.

THE ARRIVAL AT PADDINGTON.

LEAVING THE STATION.
A View never Seen by the Boers.

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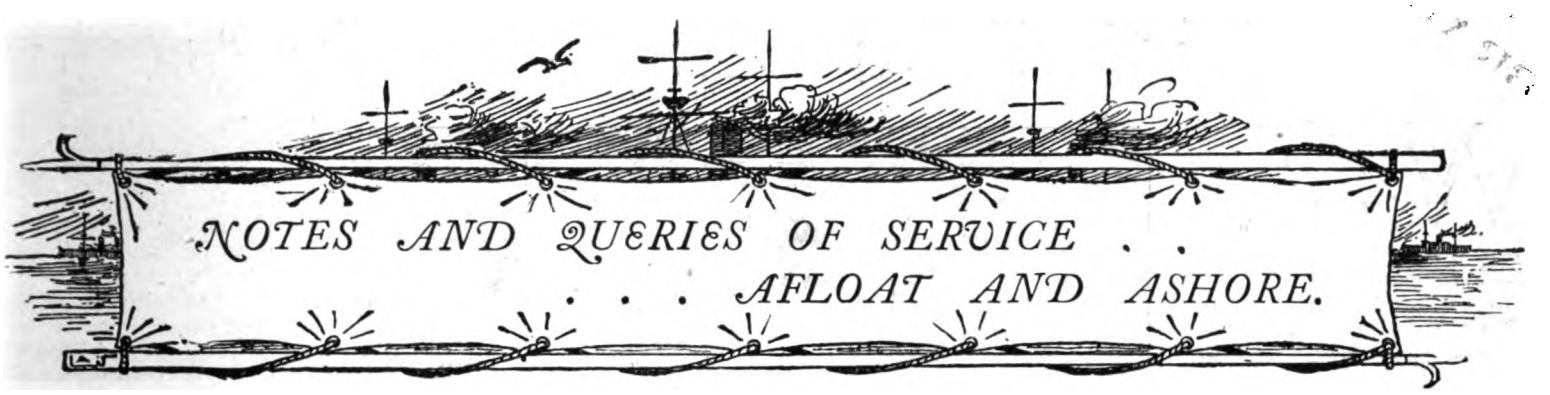

"ARMY COMMISSIONS FROM THE MILITIA."—A Militia candidate for a commission in the Army need not be twenty years of age, but must be under twenty-two, unless he has served three trainings, when he can compete up to twenty-three. For admission to the R.M.C. no distinction is made between candidates who are Militia officers and others, hence no extra marks will be given for service in South Africa. To get into the Indian cavalry you must secure a Staff Corps cadetship, about thirty-five of which are given at each examination into the R.M.C. The Queen's and India cadets have the first claim to these, and the remainder (about twenty-five) are offered to the other candidates in their order of merit in passing in. You might also get into the Staff Corps from a British regiment, after one year's service in India, if under twenty-five at the time, and provided you had passed in Urdu lower standard, and your commanding officer certified you were an efficient officer.

* * * *

"MAGAZINE."—The difficulty in arranging the position of magazines on board ship is not so much due to the fear of a spontaneous explosion from abnormal temperatures as is popularly supposed to be the case. It is because overheating drives off a certain amount of moisture from the powder, and this moisture is absolutely essential to it. It delays the development of the full pressure of the gases on explosion, so that the gases gradually expanding may push the projectile through the bore. If this moisture is driven off by overheating, sudden abnormal pressures might be developed in the gun on the ignition of the cartridge. For protection against overheating and fire, magazines are lined with teak and asbestos, an air space dividing the lining from the iron tank forming the magazine. The fittings in the magazine are made of brass or copper, to minimise danger of fire due to striking sparks which might happen with steel fittings. To arrange for flooding, small holes are cut in the lining, and the necessary flooding arrangements are fitted ready in case of fire. Ventilation is arranged for by motor fans, which also tend to keep the magazines cool, and wire-gauze fittings lie across the ventilating pipes, to prevent any combustible article getting down them. All pipes and voice-tubes for communicating with magazines have non-conducting materials introduced into their sections, to prevent lightning reaching the magazines. There are many other things to be considered, but the above will show that the problem is not a very simple one, and with the growth of quick-firing secondary armament the problem becomes more difficult, as more magazine space is required.

* * * *

"No. 99,889."—The following passages from Army Order 65 of 1898 will clear up your difficulty about the messing allowance. It is there stated that a soldier who enlisted before April 1, 1898, shall have the option of coming under the new regulations as to messing allowance, provided that he agrees to forego any claim to the deferred pay that would otherwise have been earned after such date. Until he decides to accept the new conditions he will remain under former regulations as to deferred pay, and have no claim to messing allowance. Again, a soldier enlisted before April 1, 1898, who elects to come under the new regulations, may be granted, in lieu of such deferred pay as he may have earned up to the last day of the month preceding that in which he makes his election, a gratuity up to a maximum of £12 (£1 for each full year and for any portion of a year's service with the colours). The whole point of the Order is, that a man does not lose the deferred pay already due to him by accepting the new regulations, but that having once accepted them he cannot expect deferred pay to increase further. You should study the Army Order referred to, which deals very fully with the question.

* * * *

"MERCHANT SERVICE."—Your query confuses two quite distinct bodies. Lloyd's, as underwriters, are altogether distinct from Lloyd's Register. The sole business of the former association is marine insurance, and for their mutual advantage the members make public as soon as possible all news concerning movements of vessels, and the association protects them and their customers in legitimate business. The sphere of Lloyd's Register was at the time of its foundation, in 1834, to classify merchant vessels of all nations in a way suited to the interests of merchant shipowners, and underwriters alike. It was formed by the fusion of existing registers which failed to command the confidence of all classes, and its committee consists of an equal number of representatives from all these classes. So well established did it become, that, like the Trinity Board in former times, it was entrusted with quasi-administrative functions, such as settling the maximum freeboard of vessels after 1890 under authoritative tables.

* * * *

"GUNNER."—The Horse and Field Artillery are divided into batteries, the Garrison Artillery into companies. The battery is divided into three sections—right, left, and centre—each under a subaltern. The sections are told off into subdivisions and numbered from one to six, under a "No. 1" (a non-commissioned officer). The other officers of a battery are one major commanding and one captain. In action the captain remains near the ammunition waggons, and is entrusted with the supply of ammunition. He is also responsible for the replacement of all casualties. A battery in action is not divided, and is commanded as a unit by its commander. Horse and Field Artillery manœuvre by brigade divisions, consisting in the first of two batteries, and in the second of three batteries. Each garrison company is divided into two sections, again subdivided into two or three subdivisions.

"P. J." (Hull).—"Dead pays" were men who usually existed in the flesh but never served at sea; their names appeared duly on ships' books, and pay tickets, etc., were made out for them, the produce, however, going as a rule into the captains' pockets. The practice appears to have originated in a misunderstanding as to the meaning of "retinue" as an allowance. Each captain was allowed four of the ship's complement as retinue, and by some this allowance was construed into meaning that so long as pay was drawn the men need not exist except in the mind's eye; others, with a hair-splitting conscientiousness, entered them just for the muster on commissioning, and discharged them immediately afterwards. The practice was not confined to the service afloat, as both at Woolwich and Deptford the clerks of the cheque were allowed as a perquisite the wages of a shipwright and a labourer. "Widows' men" were still more mythical personages; they did not even exist, but each ship was allowed to bear one or more fictitious names on her books to every hundred of the complement, the value of the pay and provisions going towards a fund for the benefit of the widows of officers and seamen.

* * * *

"DRIVER."—Each battalion has its regimental transport. It consists in peace-time of one forage cart, one general service waggon, one riding horse, two draught horses, two pack animals—either horses, cobs, or mules. In war-time the number of vehicles and horses is greatly increased, and the transport of a battalion then includes one machine gun, drawn by one horse and having one driver; one forage cart for tools, drawn by two horses and having one driver; four small-arm ammunition carts, each drawn by two horses, and each having one driver; one Maltese medical cart, drawn by one horse and led by the orderly of the medical officer. There are general service waggons, one for baggage, with four horses and two drivers, one for stores similarly horsed and driven, and two for supplies, each with four horses and two drivers. There are also two ammunition carts, with two drivers, four spare draught horses, and two spare drivers; in all eleven vehicles, eighteen drivers, thirty-two draught horses, and two pack animals.

* * * *

"FLAG-LIEUTENANT."—The practice of speaking of a command or fleet as consisting of so many pennants is a very old one, and the most convenient for giving the actual number of separate commands under the admiral. It is one which was probably derived from land warfare, where each company in the old times was distinguished by its pennon. Thus, in "The Maid of Orleans," we read:

> "A single knight alone, so heard I tell,
> Hath raised a small but faithful chivalry,
> And sped him to the king with sixteen pennons."

This refers to sixteen companies of the men of Lorraine, under Baudricour, a knight of Vaucouleurs, and it was to this band that the Maid of Orleans first appeared. When they were on the point of surrendering to an overwhelming force, the Maid seized the banner from the standard-bearer's hand, and led the Frenchmen in an impetuous attack, putting the adversary to a panic-stricken flight.

* * * *

"CYCLIST."—Soldiers authorised to use their own cycles on journeys for which conveyance at the public expense would otherwise be permissible, receive an allowance of 1d. per mile for distances actually and necessarily traversed. The charges when not made under route are vouched by a copy of the order for the journey, and, in the case of recruiters, by the recruiting officer's certificate that the visits were necessary, and by the approval of the officer commanding the recruiting area. In all cases a certificate has to be given that the amount claimed does not exceed what would have been necessarily spent on other means of locomotion. Orderlies using their own cycles on short journeys, as in their case the mileage system would be unsuitable, are granted an allowance of 9d. a day when travelling on duty.

* * * *

"VERITAS."—There is no real law on the question of the use of the cockade, but, according to long-established custom and usage, there are three kinds of English cockades in use nowadays—the Royal, the Military, and the Naval. The Royal cockade is quite circular, very like a double dahlia in shape. It is worn so that half of it is seen above the top of the hat. The other cockades are smaller, and do not project outwards so much. The Military cockade is the one most usually seen. It consists of a small circular projection, from the top of which issues a fan-shaped ornament, and it is worn so that the fan projects above the top of the hat. The Naval cockade is oval in shape and has no fan. It is worn at the side, and no part of it projects above the hat. Cockades originally were knots of ribbon used to tie up broad-brimmed hats. The black cockade now worn was introduced into England in the time of George I.

* * * *

"VICTORIA CROSS."—Whenever a man in possession of the V.C. forfeits his medals and decorations, either by sentence of court-martial or in consequence of his misconduct, a special report is made to the Queen, to ascertain her pleasure as to his retention or forfeiture of the V.C. Under the provisions of the Warrant establishing this decoration, Her Majesty has the power to restore it to anyone whose name has been taken off the register of recipients.

* * * *

INCLUDED in this issue is a supplement dealing with the C.I.V.'s which will interest our readers. THE EDITOR.

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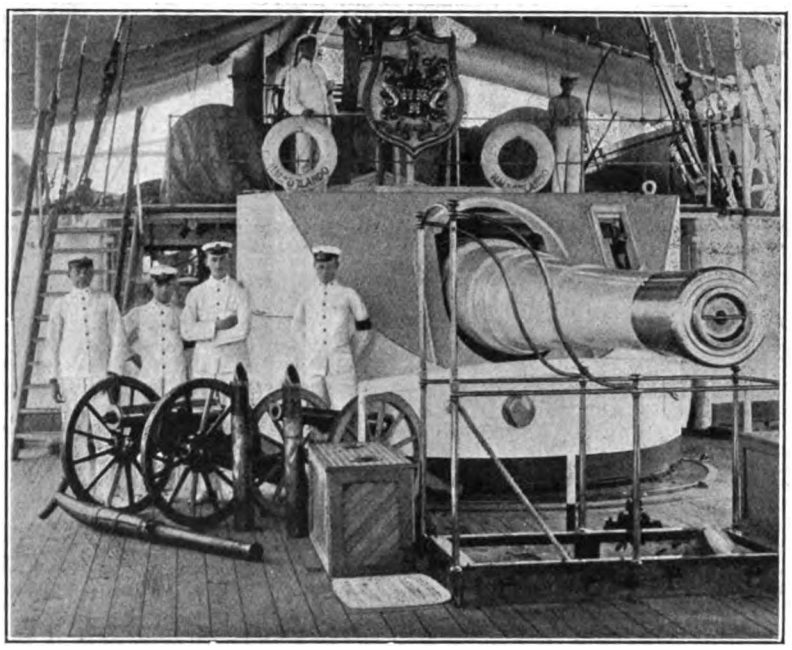
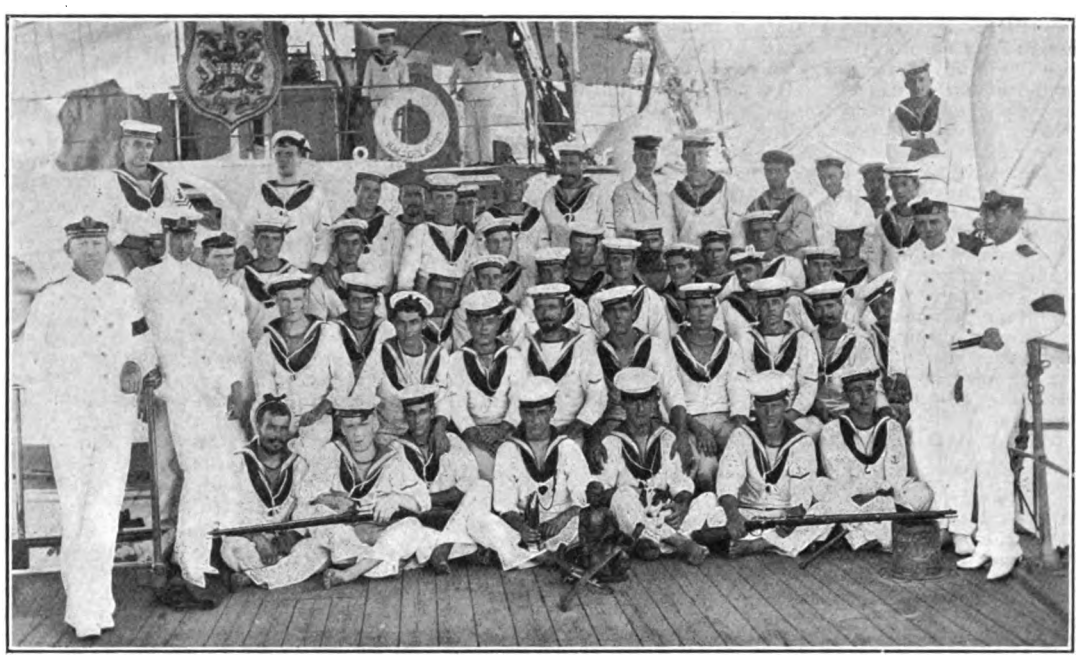
The "Orlandos" in China.

RECORD OPERATIONS BY A BRIT SH SHIP.

WE are fortunate in being able to illustrate, out of a fine series of pictures received from China, some points of interest in connection with the operations of the officers and men of the "Orlando." No other ship on the station has rendered better service, for the "Orlandos" were with the Legation Guard at Peking, and took a gallant part in the capture of the Taku Forts, in Sir Edward Seymour's gallant dash, in the capture of the native city of Tientsin, and finally in the relief of the beleaguered Legations, while the ship herself, large numbers of her officers and men being thus ashore, steamed over 900 miles, and brought the Chinese regiment from Wei-hai-Wei. Captain Burke may, therefore, congratulate himself upon a record achievement by his ship. The "Orlando's" Marines, sent up as a Legation Guard, were under command of Captain, now Major, Halliday, and who, with four men, was wounded, one also being killed, during the siege. The "Orlandos" of the Naval guard at Tientsin were the first European force to reach that place, where Captain Burke afterwards commanded the Naval Brigade.

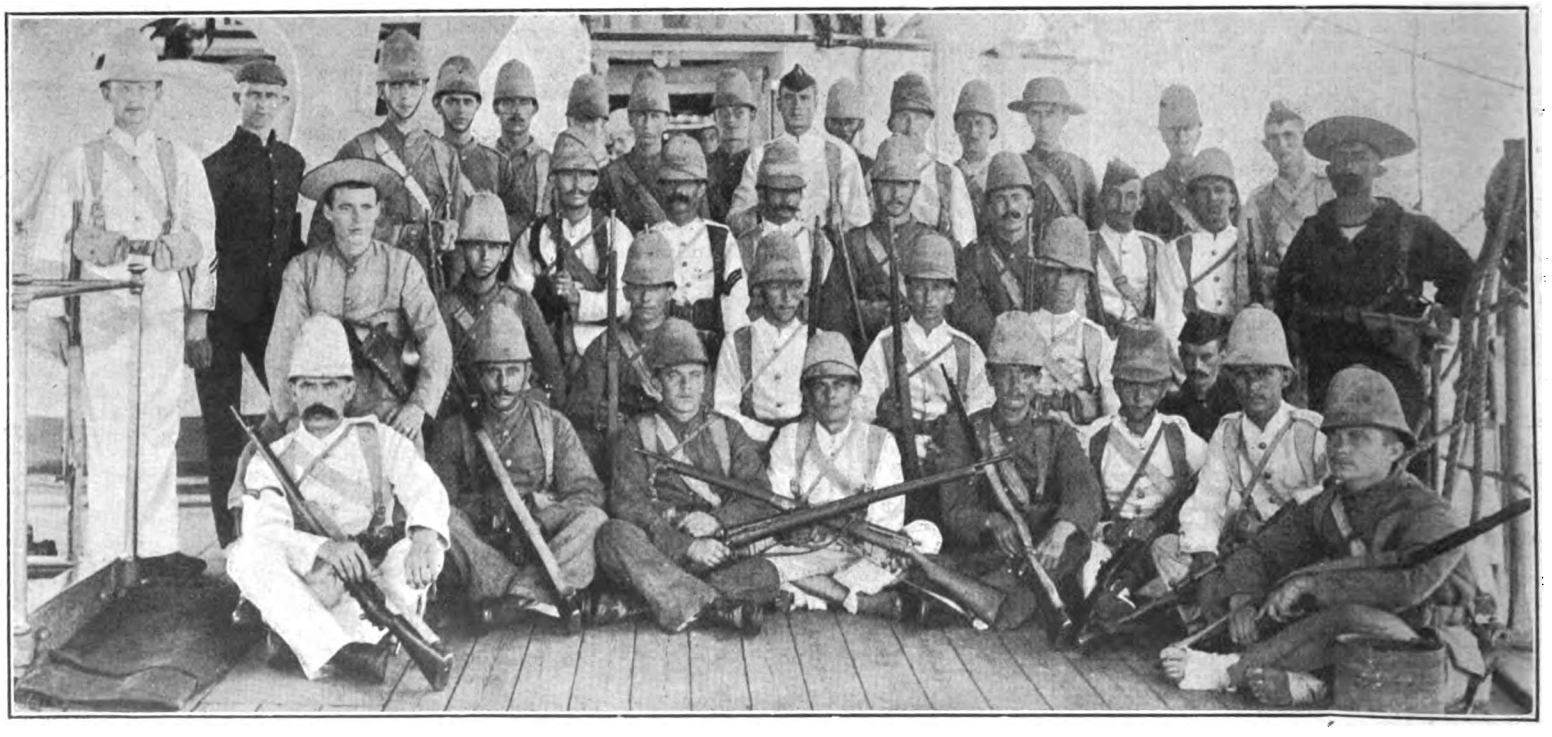


MIDSHIPMEN ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "ORLANDO."
With a 7-pounder and a Gingall Captured at Taku and a Krupp at Tientsin.



THE "ORLANDOS" WHO FOUGHT SO GALLANTLY AT TIENTSIN.
Being the First European Force to Arrive at that Place.

The heroic story of Sir Edward Seymour's attempted relief of Peking, in which 104 from the "Orlando" were engaged, cannot be repeated here. In the operations at Tientsin, the ship's company suffered rather heavily, having several men killed and a number wounded, and Lieutenant Wright rendered services of the most arduous nature, his cool courage winning the highest praise. During the siege of the Legations the Naval force had been invaluable. It was a leading signalman of the "Orlando" who erected a flag-staff at the British Legation when he observed the relief force approaching, and signalled to them to "Come over and enter by the water-gates." In this way the British forces were the first to reach the besieged. An armourer of the "Orlando" displayed great ingenuity in manufacturing ammunition for the International Guard, and a sick-berth attendant was the only qualified nurse present. Altogether the "Orlando" rendered very distinguished service during the various operations. Of the 486 who were on board at the commencement of operations, 346 were employed ashore, 10 were killed, 53 wounded, and 22 invalided.



THE BESIEGED AND THE RELIEVERS OF PEKING.
Gallant "Orlandos"—The Relievers Distinguished by their Khaki Uniforms

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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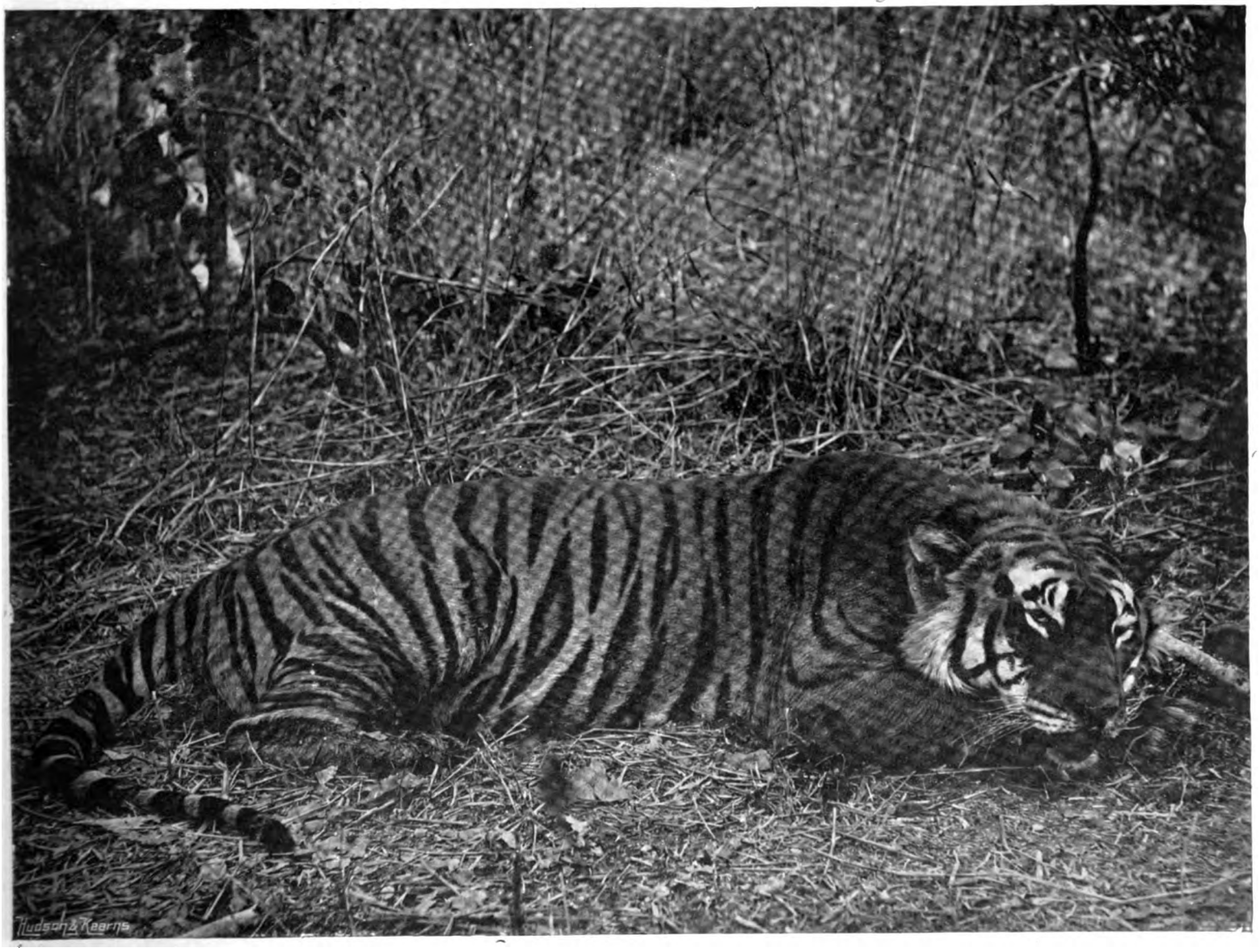
SPORT IN THE ARMY.

THE best way of all, I think, of getting sport out of tigers is when you can obtain the use of one or two elephants; and this is often possible to military officers. The usual method is to locate the tiger by a kill or otherwise and push straight in at him. In most cases this results in a charge; and, given a steady elephant, this is a most sporting and satisfactory way of shooting tigers, and though accidents do happen at times, it is not dangerous enough to be called foolhardy. Forsyth gives what I think is the most graphic account of a typical day of this kind, so I quote it verbatim:

"In April, 1865, having marched nearly a thousand miles exploring in the forests, almost without firing a shot, I halted to hunt a very large cattle-eating tiger, near Chandvel, in the Nimar district. This animal was believed by the cowherds to have killed more than a thousand head of cattle; and one of the best grazing grounds in all that country had been quite abandoned by them in consequence. His haunts lay in a network of ravines that lead down to the Narbada river—now included in the Ponasa Reserved Forest, which I was then exploring. The herds of cattle having been withdrawn from the grassy glades on the banks of the Narbada, where he usually preyed on them, he had lately been coming out into the open country, and had been heard for several nights roaming round about the village of Chandvel, on the edge of the forest. I found his tracks within 100-yds. of the buffalo pens of the village the morning I arrived; and a few nights before he had broken into a Banjara encampment a little way off, and killed and dragged away a heifer, which he ate within hearing distance of the encampment, charging through the darkness and driving back the Banjaras and their dogs when they tried to interrupt him. I picketed a juicy young buffalo for him the night I arrived, about half a mile from the village, where his tracks showed he regularly passed at night. Next morning it was found to have been killed and dragged away about 100-yds. to a small dry watercourse, and, after having been cleaned as scientifically as any butcher could have done it, eaten up, all but the head, skin, feet, and one fore-quarter. If his footprints had not already shown him to be an unusually large tiger, this feat of gormandising would have sufficiently done so. We started about ten o'clock on his trail. It was April 12, and a hotter day I never remember. Long before midday the little band of cowherds and shikaris who accompanied me had most of their wardrobes bound round their



A MONSTER OF 700-LB. WITH DOUBLE STRIPES AND W MARK.

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heads to keep off the sun; and I looked for a tussle with such a heavy old tiger, long accustomed to drive off the people he met, if we found him well gorged on such a grilling day as this. We took the track down fully five miles till it entered a long, narrow ravine, with pools of water at the bottom, and shaded over with a thick cover of trees and bushes. We could not go into so narrow a place to beat him out with an elephant, and after much deliberation we decided to leave a pad elephant at the head of the ravine, and post the people we had with us on the trees round about to mark, while I went down to the other end and quietly stalked along the top of the bank, on the chance of finding him asleep below. There never was such a beautiful retreat for a tiger, I think. In many cases I could not see through the dense shade at the bottom, and several times had to fling down stones to assure myself whether some indistinct flickering object were the tiger or not. I was proceeding quietly along, probing the ravine in this fashion, when the pad elephant we had left at the further end gave one of those tremendous screams that an untrained elephant sometimes emits when suddenly put in pain. She had stumbled over a stone when swinging about in his impatient fashion. There was little chance of finding the tiger undisturbed after this, and I had only to stand and watch for a chance of his coming down the ravine or being seen by the scouts in the trees. The first intimation I had of his presence was from a couple of peafowl that scuttled out of a little ravine on the opposite side, and then I saw the tiger picking his way stealthily up the face of a precipitous bank, where I could hardly think a goat would have found footing. He was about 150-yds. from my rifle, and the first bullet only knocked some earth from the bank below him. When I fired again he was just topping the bank, and clung for a second as if he would have come over backwards, but by an effort recovered himself and disappeared over the top. Running to a higher piece of ground, I saw him trotting sullenly across the burnt plain, and looming as large to the eye as a bull buffalo. He certainly looked a very mighty beast, but he was a craven at heart, or he would never have left such a stronghold to face the fearful, waterless, burnt-up country he did. I lost no time in getting round the head of the ravine and giving chase on the elephant. His tracks in the ashes of the burnt grass were clear enough, and we followed him for about two miles, sighting him on ahead every now and then, till he disappeared in a little ravine, and we lost the track in its bare rocky bottom. I was going along the bank with the other elephant in the bottom of the ravine, when I heard the bark of a sambur to my left on some high ground, and, urging Futteh Rani at her best pace in that direction, shortly came on the tiger slouching across the open plain, evidently suffering from a wound, with his tongue hanging out, and wearing altogether a most woebegone look. He made an effort when he saw me, and galloped 100-yds. or so into a patch of bamboo jungle. I knew from the local shikari that he was making for a water-hole about half a mile ahead, and cut across with the elephant to intercept him. I had the pace of him now, and got clean between him and his water. I never saw such an air of disgust worn by any animal as that tiger had when he came down the hill and saw the elephant standing right in front of him. He said as plainly as possible, 'Come what will, I don't mean to run another yard, and it won't be the better for anybody that tries to make me.' So he lay down behind a large anjan tree, showing nothing but one eye and an ear round the side of it. I marched up within 50-yds., and now saw the switching end of a tail added to the eye and ear. I could not fire at him thus, and therefore sidled round till I saw his shoulder. He saw the opening thus left, and eyed it wistfully, as if he would rather escape that way, if he could, than fight it out. But I planted a ball in his shoulder before he had time to make up his mind, on which he rose with a languid roar, and lumbered slowly down the hill at the elephant. So slowly! He actually hadn't steam left in him to get up a proper charge when he tried. A right and left stopped him at once, and another ball in the ear settled him; and then Futteh went up and kicked him, and it was all over. He was a very large tiger, measuring 10-ft. 1-in. in length as he lay, and was a perfect mountain of fat—the fat of a thousand kine, as the cowherds lugubriously remarked when they came up. He had a perfect skin, clear red and white, with the fine double stripes, and W mark on the head, and long whiskers, which add so greatly to the beauty of a tiger trophy. The whole of the pads of his feet were blistered off on the hot rocks he had been traversing, and his tongue was swollen and blue. We were nearly dead ourselves, and went down to the water he had been making for, while a messenger went to the village for more men, the dozen lusty cattle-herds and my own men together being totally unable to put him on the pad elephant to carry home. This beef-fed monster must have touched 700-lb. at least."

SNAFFLE.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *and October* 13.]

Crack Shots.

"WHEN partridges are bad cartridges do not sell," is an axiom of the gun trade, and, besides, when men are stalking big game in South Africa, they are not shooting little birds at home; and so it happens that not only is the cartridge trade bad, but the gun trade generally. At least, I hear so from Birmingham, where people ought to know. Still, the would-be hunter after grouse cocks on the Scotch moors did not find the prices any lower because everybody was supposed to be in South Africa. As a rule, soldiers are not the men who can afford to pay four figures for a season's sport, and perhaps that explains why the demand for grouse shooting was as brisk as ever; but there was another consideration too. It was generally supposed that we were to have a record season, and it is a very well-known fact that there are many sportsmen who think that they cannot afford a moor every year, and who wait for a good season. The reports were so favourable in July, that no doubt many of these shooters came up to the scratch this year; and they have certainly had their reward, as moors which are commonly supposed to be only good for 1,000 brace of grouse have yielded a good many more than double that number.

* * * *

The importation of Hungarian partridges has on some occasions apparently done good to local stocks, but about a year and a-half ago there was a case in which the local birds, as well as the imported ones, died from disease, which it was supposed had been imported with the foreigners. Later on a case got into the law courts. It appeared that a lot of birds died very soon after delivery, and before they had been released from the pens to which they were introduced upon arrival from the dealer. What these died of is not known, but, whatever its right name might be, it would not have taken very long to sweep all the partridges off a district if it had been let loose amongst them. Now within the last few weeks another disease, previously unobserved in this country, has been noticed; this is apparently a skin disease which attacks the heads of the birds. One bird, diseased in this way, was found in the spring dead, but still sitting upon her eggs, and others have been seen during this shooting season. One of the principal importers suggests that the appearance of disease of the head is caused by the birds having knocked their heads about during the time they were in the pens; but this is very unlikely, for partridges accommodate themselves very readily to a change of circumstances, and, like quails, the wildest of emigrants in their natural state, make themselves quite at home when caught and penned. The suggestion that partridges cannot be kept in condition in pens, and that loss of condition has been mistaken for disease, is not very sound either; for they certainly can be kept in pens for long periods, and the only effect this apparently has upon them is that they will not lay eggs in confinement, as the far more restless and nervous pheasant does.

* * * *

In Oxfordshire the Duke of Marlborough has been giving eight guns something like sport at the partridges, at least for the county and for the season, which latter must be reckoned very partial indeed; 470 brace in two days will be good anywhere this year, but it is more than good for the flat lands of Blenheim or for Oxfordshire at any time. This ought to be a very much better game county than it is; but it has a good many disadvantages, as well as the advantage of being light and dry partridge land. A good deal of it is stone-wall country, and partridges, which love a fence to breed in, have never yet discovered how to utilise a stone wall. The wild ducks in Kensington Gardens breed in trees. It would be interesting to know how many generations it has taken to make the sense of self-protection and the survival of the fittest go to these heights, but I never heard of even wild ducks finding security for their nests in Oxfordshire stone walls.

* * * *

If the gun trade is not good, some English gunmakers have been taking highest honours at the Paris Exhibition. Thus Messrs. Holland and Holland and Messrs. James Purdey and Son have been awarded the highest possible places, and have each had the Grand Prix. Mr. Charles Lancaster has had the Gold Medal for his own work and inventions, and the Ross straight-pull rifle, which is of his manufacture, and was in his care, has been especially selected for a silver medal.

* * * *

I do not know whether readers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED have any need for instruction in gunnery and shooting, but if any of them have, they cannot do better than invest a shilling in "Shooting," by "Bag 'em," a primer issued by Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison, with the object of compressing all that is to be said of the science and practice of game shooting into as small a compass as possible.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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Calcutta Under Water.

IT is only occasionally—at rare intervals—that the stay-at-home Englishman has a chance of learning what rain really means. Sometimes—even generally—the experience comes with a thunder-storm, and half-an-hour of it is sufficient to fill the gutters to the level of the pavement with a raging torrent, to test to their utmost all household pipes—and woebetide the householder who has allowed one to get choked—and to flood the houses in many of the low-lying suburbs of great towns, by reason of the fact that the sewers have a greater burden cast upon them than they can bear. But there are places where such rain as Englishmen thus see occasionally in their own land is, for a period, frequent, and, when it once begins, persistent. It knows how to rain at Malta, so it does in South Africa, so also at Penang. But Penang is just under the Equator, and when it rains in the tropics there is no mistake about the intention of the clerk of the weather. He uses his watering-can with the greatest possible vigour and despatch. One might think that the frequency of these tropical rains would have led to exceptional measures being adopted to carry off the resulting flow of water, but that the precautions taken are not invariably sufficient was abundantly evidenced in Calcutta in the closing days of September. An abnormal rainfall began on the 20th of the month and lasted for several days.

A telegram stated that on the 22nd nearly 29-in. of rain had already fallen, and 7-in. more fell during the next few days. This was doubtless the best information concerning the deluge obtainable at the time. It went very near the truth, but, like much news collected in a hurry, it was hardly consistent with strict accuracy, and did not adequately represent the facts. A correspondent anxious to get away information as speedily as possible in the midst of such a flood as was pouring through Calcutta—our pictures well illustrate the condition of some of the principal streets—may be excused for not realising the magnitude of the calamity of which he has visible evidence on every side. The official statement shows a sufficiently serious state of things, and, indeed, an amazing one. No less than 38½-in. of rain fell in Calcutta between September 20 and September 26. The Viceroy of India is our authority for this apparently astounding statement. No wonder that there were floods, that part of the city was from 4-ft. to 6-ft. under water, and that it was necessary to open penstocks and canal flushing sluice-gates to let off the water. Twelve persons were killed and about twice as many injured. Two hundred and thirty-three masonry houses fell, and about 620 huts. Of course, too, the roads were much damaged, and communication was rendered difficult.

Equally of course, in a British community, a committee was formed to relieve the distress. It is a sad story, thus baldly told, but one can only wonder that with such an awful rainfall there is not a much worse tale to tell.

UP TO THE WAIST IN THE DEEPEST INUNDATION..
The Waste of Waters in Amherst Street.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES IN EXCELSIS.
The Courtyard of a House Under Water.

Photos. Copyright. *Kapp.*

WADING IN SHALLOWER WATERS.
A Scene in Harrison Street During the Flood.

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The City of London Imperial Volunteers.

Some Officers And Organisers.

1.—COLONEL W. H. MACKINNON, *The Colonel-Commandant.*
2.—MAJOR G. McMICKING,
Commanding the Field Battery of the H.A.C.
5.—COL. H. C. CHOLMONDELEY,
Commanding Mounted Infantry.
3.—COL. THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE, *Commanding Infantry*
4.—FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., K.P.,
Honorary Colonel of the C.I.V.
6.—CAPTAIN C. E. D. BUDWORTH, *Field Battery,*
The Hero of Lindley.
7.—RIGHT HON. SIR A. J. NEWTON, *Bart., The Lord Mayor of London*

From Photos. by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Gregory, and Evelyn Boden.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 197.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1900.

THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

BRITAIN'S MOST EASTERN OUTLOOK.

The signal station on the Island of Leu-Kung, which, with a portion of the mainland, forms the settlement of Wei-hai-Wei, is the most easterly signal station in the British Empire. Wei-hai-Wei is now becoming a most important Naval station, and has played no small part as a base during recent hostilities in China. Before the relief of Peking it was from Wei-hai-Wei that we received all intelligence concerning the movements, and these are the signalmen who looked out for the long and anxiously expected news of the safety of Sir Edward Seymour's column.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE Lord Mayor quits his office after a memorable year in the City's history, and London is still echoing the exuberant and enthusiastic reception which was given last week to that regiment which, twelve months ago, was much spoken of as "The Lord Mayor's Own." Some foreigners have criticised harshly this outburst of popular rejoicing, and writers in Berlin appear to have regarded it as indicating a change for the worse in the national character, and some loss in the finer qualities of the race. Berlin, whence such criticisms come, is a place which has no history in any way comparable to that of the City of London, and therefore it is not surprising to find the ponderous Germans of the capital unable to understand the spirit of rejoicing in the deeds of the City Imperial Volunteers which has been manifested in London. Berlin is not like London, and it is quite certain that in the old towns of the Hanseatic League, in which local patriotism did and does still exist, there must have been a tone of better appreciation of London's zeal, marred as that zeal unfortunately was.

MISHAPS and accidents happening where great crowds gather are the general lot of nations, but we can all feel the loss of those poor fellows of the C.I.V.'s who died on the passage home. That is an emotion common to all. As Shakespeare says, "'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore." But National enthusiasm is like the speech and habits of peoples; it changes in its forms but not in its significance. The citizens who went out to Blackheath to meet the returning soldiers in 1415, were moved by the same impulses that crowded the streets of London a few days ago. The great giant who stood at London Bridge "to teach the Frenchmen courtesy," as Lydgate says, the antelope and the lion at the drawbridge, the flowers strewn in Cornhill, the twelve Apostles and the twelve Kings who were seen in Cheapside, and the maidens dancing outside St. Paul's, would seem strange in these days. But they were only a different vesture for the the same thing, *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, as our excellent French friends says.

THE approaching arrival of President Kruger in Europe, although it will lead to some anti-English feeling, seems likely to fall rather flat from the political point of view. Not all foreigners are so blind as to welcome the discredited obligarchy with open arms. Vladimir Solovieff, the talented Russian writer, has given in the *Nedielia*, a sketch of Russian society, wherein a diplomatist and a lady have an argument about the Boers. The diplomatist admits that they are Europeans, but bad Europeans, and says that their victory would have been a triumph of barbarism over civilisation. The lady does not agree. "Why should we not sympathise with the Boer people? We have sympathy with William Tell?" "Ah!" replies the diplomatist sarcastically, "if the Boers had been capable of creating a poetic legend that could have inspired poets like Schiller and Rossini, or had given to the world a Jean Jacque Rousseau, or some great writer or scientist we might have thought better of them." But the lady objects that wise men come later, and that the Swiss were shepherds to begin with, and adds rather curiously, "Who knows if these Afrikanders might not become new Americans?" "No doubt everything is possible," answers the diplomatist, "and even Gavroche may become a wise man, but for his own good it is right to correct him meanwhile!" An excellent view for foreigners to hold.

Photo. "*Navy & Army.*"

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. P. RIDLEY,

Now Commanding Mounted Infantry, is the Hero who Held Helpmakaar against Great Odds until Relieved by Major-General Bruce Hamilton's Brigade. All his Service has been with the Manchester Regiment, with which he Went through the Egyptian War of 1882.

TO have served in a modern campaign has, of course, been a great experience, not dearly bought by those who have returned, at the price in hardship and loss which they have paid. It has been an experience denied to very many. But in these days distant scenes and actions are brought before the public with a realism and actuality which were impossible a few years ago, and South African warfare, with all its attendant circumstances, may even be brought into our houses. The stereoscope, by borrowing the character of human vision, has a wonderful power of lending aerial perspective, and the effect of roundness and distance to flat pictures. The readers of this paper are not unaware that Messrs. Underwood and Underwood have produced photographs illustrating the campaign, which are of the very highest interest and of the best artistic character. We have reproduced a number of them. It is very gratifying to know that the whole series is now published in stereographic form, so that the pictures may be seen at home, with pleasure and instruction for all classes and ages. They should certainly make a very excellent present, for they include portraits of many prominent personalities, give scenes connected with the preparations for the

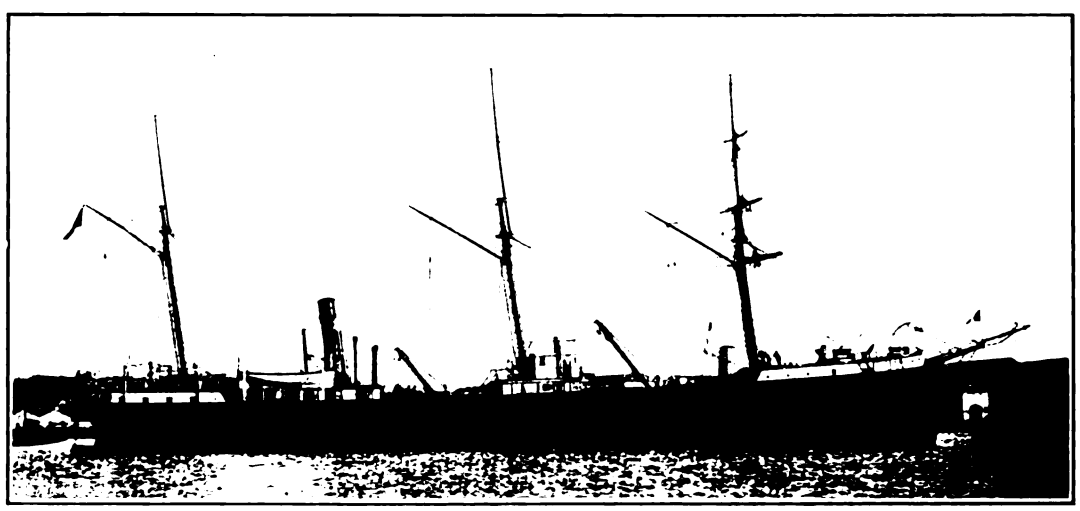

Photo. Copyright. *M. Bar.*

A LOST FRENCH TRANSPORT.

Luckily there was no Loss of Life in the Casualty that Resulted in the Sinking of the French Transport "Caravane." Nor does the French Navy Lose much, for she was an Old Single-screw Iron Steamer, Built just a Quarter of a Century Ago.

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campaign, the departure of the troops, the transports, life on board, the arrival at the Cape and in Natal of Imperial and colonial forces, the departure for the front, scenes of the march, pictures of camp and battle, and a whole host of other things that are extremely interesting. In fact the long series of seventy-six pictures presents the campaign in admirable fashion from beginning to end. No war has ever been so rich as this in pictures.

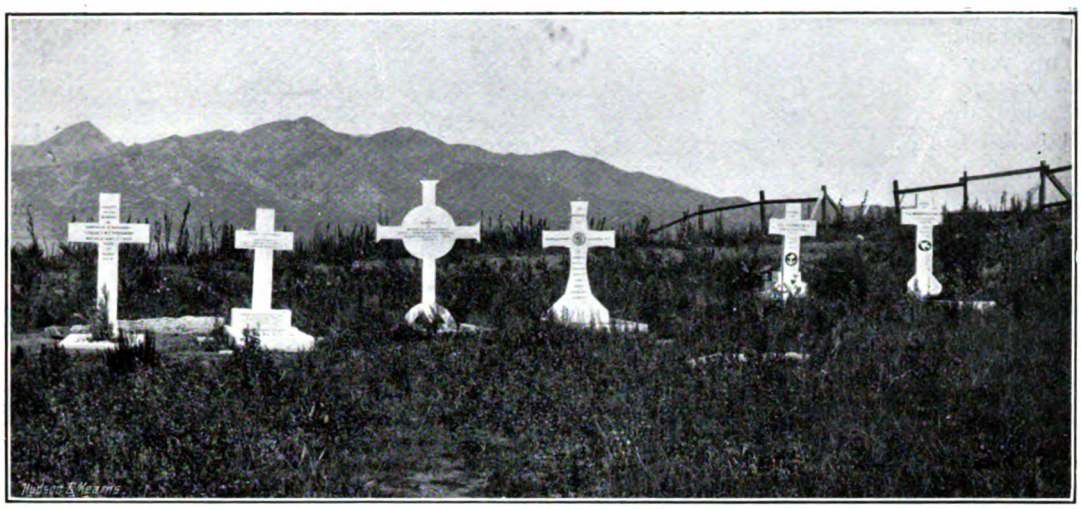

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE NAVAL CEMETERY AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

The Island of Leu-Kung is Better Known to the Man in the Street as Wei-hai-Wei. On the Island is Located the Naval Cemetery, now, alas! much Fuller than Heretofore, for since the Hostilities in China the Island has been a Hospital Base, where some Gallant Representatives of the Navy, who have Suffered from Wounds and Disease, have Found their Last Home.

WHEN the final history of the war comes to be written it may be hoped that the Militia will receive their due, for certainly they are, at present, getting none of the honour and glory. They have done their quiet, unostentatious and yet absolutely indispensable work in holding the lines of communications, and in garrison duty at home and in the Mediterranean, with the greatest possible efficiency, but very often, with the utmost inconvenience in their own private affairs. The old constitutional force, often neglected and misunderstood, has done credit to itself. The men responded cheerfully to the call, and on the whole their conduct has been extremely good. They all wanted to go out to South Africa, but many settled down to more humdrum work extremely well. The force has been embodied seven times for permanent duty within the last 150 years. It was called out during the Seven Years' War, again during the war of American Independence, and once more in the long hostilities with France, for twenty-four years, from 1792-1816. Then came a long period in which its valuable service was not required. But during the Russian War, 1854-56, the Indian Mutiny and China Campaigns, 1857-61, and again in the time of the Soudan operations of 1885, the Militia did their duty well and proved themselves a valuable force. Thus, their recent admirable service is only what might have been expected, and the battalions are disembodied with the greatest smoothness, but without anybody paying much attention to the event.

FLEET WASHERWOMEN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

In China and India, in fact in the East generally, the Fleet has to trust its Linen to the Washerman, who generally Returns it in a Condition Provocative of Strong Language. Not so, however, in Italy, where the Deft Hands of Women Replace those of the "Dhobie" of the East.

THERE can be no doubt that something will have to be done to reduce the expenses of military life, especially in the Cavalry. Mess charges and inevitable demands have grown largely within recent years, and some commanding officers do not seem disposed to take any steps to keep them down. In the time of the Russian War a subaltern could live with a certain amount of comfort if he possessed £80 a year beyond his pay. Some of them even did with less, having a frugal breakfast and a simple lunch, and only dining at the mess. But now times have changed, and the institution of catering messes deprives the thrifty officer of the chance of making these personal economies. Twenty years ago £100 in addition to the pay might have sufficed, but now at least £20 more are necessary, and £120 would by no means be enough if the regiment were not well managed. Of course, in the Cavalry, expenditure is far higher, and the possession of private means to the extent of £300 a year will barely suffice, while double that sum is probably desirable. Various sumptuary regulations have from time to time been introduced, and Sir Colin Campbell even attempted in his command to reduce the price of a dinner to eighteenpence. But such rules are more honoured in the breach than in the observance, with the result that the sons of poor men are debarred, and that candidates for the cavalry are not sufficiently numerous. These are facts that, no doubt, the War Office will be mindful of.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A SAILORS' PICNIC AT LAS PALMAS.

Jack generally Manages to have a Good Time when Ashore, and a Mounted Picnic is One of the most Popular Forms of Amusement. At Las Palmas, however, Ponies Ran Out, and Donkeys had to be Pressed into Service. Highly-bred Animals they must have been, if we may Judge by the Names they bear.

IT were a thing to be wished that "Betsey," the international gun at Peking, were a type of the amity of the powers engaged in the Chinese settlement, whose relations seem to be disturbed by a good deal of the spirit of dignity and impudence. The French soldier will most ostentatiously salute the officers of every nationaltiy, including the Germans,

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while he carefully ignores our own. Some stories that come from Tientsin are very irritating to our *amour propre*, and it may be hoped that we shall soon assume our legitimate position. The gun "Betsey," during the siege of the Legations, appears to have been made out of an old pump of British origin, with some parts taken from a venerable Chinese gun, discovered by accident, while the mounting was Italian, and Russian shells were fired. The idea was that of an American gunner named Mitchell, who also fired the portentous weapon, but was seriously wounded. Apparently "Betsey" played the part of stage thunder, for she caused a prodigious detonation, which spread alarm among the Chinese. It is said that when the French Legation was seriously menaced she was carried over there, with the result that the Chinese fled in all directions. Her final achievement was on the night before the relief, when she played a sounding part in the angry bark of the Nordenfelt and Colt quick-firers and the Austrian machine gun. There seems to be a dispute between the British and Americans as to who shall possess the weapon, but it is likely to find a place in the British Legation, where it will form a curious reminder of the practical outcome of unaccustomed diplomatic amity.

QUICK TURNING.

The Little Picket-boats Carried by All Battle-ships and Large Cruisers are Wonderfully Handy Little Craft, very Speedy for their Size, and very Quick in Turning. In our picture One can note this well, as the Water Shows Clearly the Rapidity with which the Turn has been Made.

THE Navy League asserts, and it ought to know, that the German Parliament will shortly be called upon to vote a new Naval programme, replacing the final one of last year. In that case the Centre party will again be called on to lend its help to the Government. The story goes that during the last debate the Ministers were seriously disquieted as to their chances of success. Dr. Lieber, the Leader of the Centre, had been taken ill, the doctors had given him up, and several papers had published obituary notices, but he recovered just in time to carry the Government measure through by putting his useful weight into the scale. The health of the long-bearded statesman must, therefore, be a serious consideration with those who contemplate introducing the programme in question. Perhaps, after all, it only exists in the imagination of the Navy League.

Photos. Copyright. *Cribb.*

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

Not infrequently at Malta is seen the Solemn Procession of Boats Conveying the Body of a Seaman or Marine for Burial Ashore. The Body is in the Steam Pinnace, which is Towing the Boats Containing the Officers and Men who Form the Funeral and Firing Party.

GIBRALTAR, since the Government work was undertaken there, has become the scene of immense activity and a fine field for engineering skill. It had been anticipated that some difficulty may occur in finding employment for the workmen when the work is over. But Spanish engineers are busily discussing an ingenious plan which has been submitted to their Government and to the Government of Morocco, for an immense engineering work which seems to present no stupendous difficulties and to have a large economic future. The idea is to construct a tunnel from a point on the Spanish coast near Gibraltar to Tangier on the other side of the Strait, thus making it possible to run trains ultimately to Tetuan, Melilla, and Tlemcen, thence along the Algerian Railway. The project is vast, and could not be completed within less than ten years, if work were conducted from both sides. The total cost is estimated at something like £7,000,000, but £2,000,000 would have to be added for completing the railway communications. This would give a double line, and should ultimately be of considerable commercial value. A very long time, however, might elapse before there would be any possibility of the line paying, and, therefore, it may be no easy matter to find the capital. The matter is now receiving the attention of the Governments of Spain and Morocco.

LORD WOLSELEY'S recent vindication of the British officer was sound and timely. He did not enter upon the question of the officer's training, which is the point at issue in most people's minds, though they are not always conscious of it when they criticise. The British officer, as Lord Wolseley said with truth, is probably the finest specimen of humanity, the finest fighting man, in the world, and, take him for all in all, a leader not to be beaten. Certain it is that the British soldier will follow his officer anywhere, and here is a first-rate military quality—the moral ascendency of the officer over those whom he leads.

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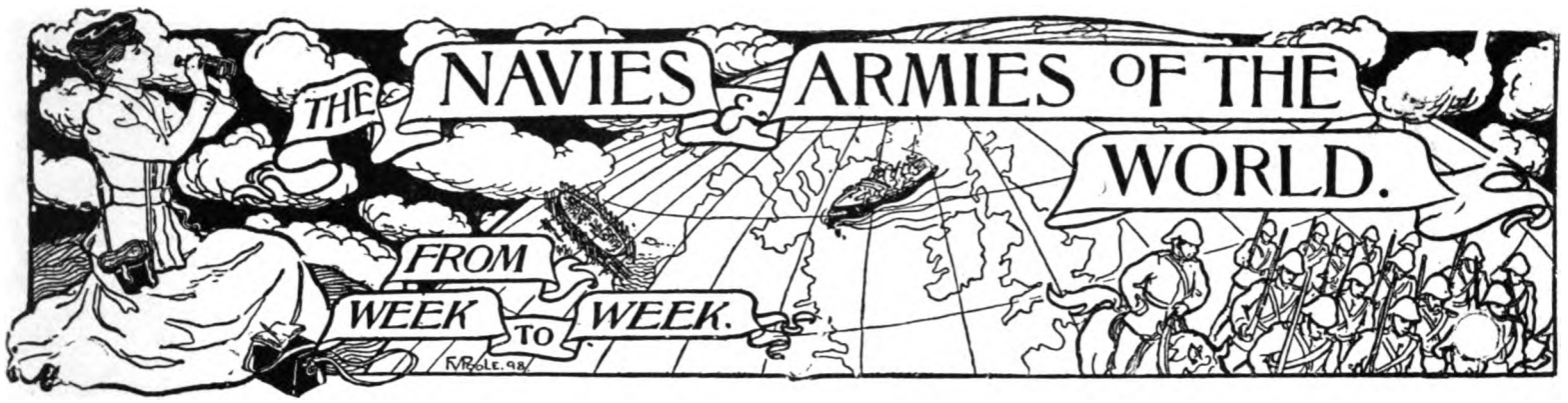

THE questions of the liability of this country to invasion, and of the conditions under which it is possible, are so infinitely important, that no excuse is needed for coming back on them whenever a plausible opportunity presents itself. Such opportunity, or invitation, is, I think, afforded by an article in the current number of the *National Review*. It is signed by Captain W. E. Cairnes, and expresses a kind of view which seems very prevalent among soldiers, and is received with acquiescence in other quarters. To me it appears fatally unsound, and sure to lead this country to sheer disaster if acted upon. No doubt there is a good deal in Captain Cairnes's article to which nobody need object. In the early part he expresses the opinion that the Navy is not strong enough for possible contingencies, and draws the sound deduction that this weakness lays us more open to invasion. Well, if the Royal Navy is not strong enough to keep the seas, we can be invaded. That is a self-evident proposition, which the greatest extremist in the extreme Naval School, so-called, will be the last to dispute. Much of the captain's paper is devoted to considering what ought to be done when the enemy has landed. To that I have nothing to say, all the more because, if ever an invading army does land here, and even if it is beaten in twenty-four hours, our unique position among the nations of Europe will have disappeared, and much else at the same time.

* * * *

There are two passages in Captain Cairnes's article which call for quotation and comment. Here they are printed consecutively, and, as I hope, without unfair suppression. "But we must remember that the Channel Squadron has other more pressing duties than the patrolling of our coasts in times of crisis or of danger. Though styled the 'Channel' Squadron, its first duty on the approach of strained relations with France, or with France and Russia—the two are practically equivalent—will be to effect a junction with the Mediterranean Fleet, which is unequal alone to the task of destroying the powerful squadrons which are maintained by our rival in the Mediterranean" (p. 344). In the second passage the writer, after considering the probability that our Reserve Squadron might be defeated by the French North Sea Squadron, goes on to say that "there would be nothing to prevent the French from sending an army of invasion across at their leisure—an army with whose sea-borne communications we could not interfere till the operations in the Mediterranean had resulted in our favour—a contingency about which we cannot feel assured—which would set free a number of our least crippled ships to hasten to the protection of our shores" (p. 345).

* * * *

Now let us look at these passages and see what they tell us. In the first, Captain Cairnes predicates a state of things in which we are in peril of a blow at the heart, and in which we yet send the defence of our shores far away, and keep it at a distance. What would Captain Cairnes think of the application of such methods to the management of an army in the field? It would be interesting to have his opinion of a general who should send the bulk of his army a long way off to some subsidiary field of operations, leaving himself in danger of defeat on his lines of communication, and at his base, where a beating would give lockjaw to the whole position, as Napoleon put it in his comment on Bessières's timely victory at Rioseco. Most assuredly Captain Cairnes would consider such a general grossly incapable. But, apparently because, like nearly all the soldiers who write, he does not understand that the great principles of war are identical by land and sea, he proposes to use the fleet in a fashion which he would instantly denounce as idiotic in the case of an army. Of course, supposing things to be in such a posture that there was visible peril of invasion, the Channel Squadron would not be sent South, but kept at home. If the danger were very great, the Mediterranean Squadron would be brought home. The distant sea would be evacuated, as not essential for the time being, and would be reoccupied when all was safe at home and at the base of the Empire. That is what would be done in the parallel case in land war, as Captain Cairnes must know. If he does not, the mental training and intellectual habits of our Army officers must indeed be in crying need of reform.

* * * *

But my second quotation from the captain's article is an even more astounding example of the ingrained incapacity of the soldier to see anything, or reason upon anything, which is not within his professional blinkers. Here is a military gentleman who appears to have made an effort to think, and who imagines the following topsy-turvydom. We have lost a Naval battle in the Channel so completely that the enemy has it in his power to transport an army of invasion, presumably on a large scale. At the same time we have a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean doing something subsidiary—as anything it does must be while we are in danger of a blow at the heart—and this fleet is to be kept doing subsidiary work where victory would be barren if we are beaten at home for an indefinite period. Observe, too, that Captain Cairnes shows no sign of realising that, if an enemy had beaten our home Naval force in the Channel fairly off the sea, there is something else he could do short of invasion, which would yet shake the Empire to its very foundations. He has only to send one handful of ships to cruise between Finisterre and the Old Head of Kinsale, and another to do the same to the north of Ireland, and he would ruin our trade utterly—which, of course, includes the ruin of our food supply. Does Captain Cairnes think that an army, be it ever so numerous or well appointed, could prevent hostile cruisers from taking prizes at the mouth of the Channel and in the North Atlantic? Does he seriously think that the country could stand having its trade treated in this style? If he does not, then how can he conceive of such an absurdity as the employment of the Royal Navy thousands of miles off while the Four Seas of Britain were stripped of Naval defence? If he does think so, why then—but it is perhaps better not to pursue that line of investigation.

* * * *

The fact is that nothing can be more uncritical, more unthinking, more silly, to use the exact word, than to consider the defence of this country as a thing conceivable apart from the command of the Four Seas of Britain. This is not a luxury for us, nor an advantage which can be dispensed with for a time and replaced by armies on shore. It is the very foundation of the whole Empire. While it is in our hands, all loss in distant seas may be made good. If it is lost, the whole edifice comes down in ruin. We live by sending out coal and manufactured goods, and by bringing in raw material and food. To be able to do this we must keep the Four Seas clear, and if we cannot, then our position is ruined. Captain Cairnes argues that even if our home fleet is not beaten, the difficulty of keeping the sea and of blockade will render it uncertain whether we can mew the French up in port so as to prevent them from invading. Well, if he is right, we cannot stop them from issuing forth to break up our commerce—a process by which they could distress us into seeking peace at far less risk to themselves than by invasion. Observe, as an example of military reasoning, that the captain who believes this, and who presumably knows that soldiers on shore could do nothing against a French cruiser twenty miles off, still contemplates the possibility of sending our fleet to the Mediterranean, or God knows where, and leaving the water round our coast for the enemy to destroy our trade in. He does not see that if he is right the Empire is ruined in any case, even if we get a million soldiers to guard our shores. I do not think he is right, but am of opinion that we can "guard our native shores" in the old way, as effectually as of old, by employing enough ships in an intelligent fashion. But it is depressing to think of what might happen if the defence of this country is to be organised under the inspiration of military gentlemen who seem to go on the tacit assumption that what happens ten miles off the beach is of no consequence, so long as there are enough of them judiciously posted along high-water mark. They seem not unlikely to come to the conclusion, that since difficulties of blockade, etc., make it impossible to prevent invasion, we ought to show our sense in spending less money on useless ships, and in passing on what is deducted from the Admiralty to the War office.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Private Hooligan.

THE blame for the ruining of the C.I.V. procession from the spectacular point of view seems to be divided equally between the military authorities and the Hooligans. Both parties suffer from the vices to which Mr. Kipling attributes the discomfiture of the Heathen. Their shortcomings are

"All along o' dirtiness,
All along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things
Rather more or less."

But just as War Office habits of mess and muddle are the result of an intolerable system too long tolerated, so, it is to be feared, is the existence of the Hooligan due to our national failing of "doing things rather more or less." Chief among the causes which have produced the Hooligan, though we are slow to admit it, is our system of education. Up to the middle of the century, and for some time beyond it, the population was divided into two classes—the educated and the uneducated. The former were respected by the latter, and, on the whole, they merited respect. The uneducated accepted their inferiority. They behaved themselves, both because they liked to stand well with their superiors, and also because they knew they would get into trouble if they behaved badly. The American emendation of Solomon's proverb tells us that the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but make better time when the police are after them. In the same way we may be sure that well-disposed persons conduct themselves in orderly fashion, but that they are more orderly than usual when they know that disorder will be smartly punished. The educated behaved well because their education taught them that bad behaviour is imprudent, and leads sooner or later to disaster and misery. They did not delight in street rows, because their taste had been purified and their manners softened, and they had better things to delight in. There was a criminal class, but the line between it and the respectable uneducated was sharply defined. Rowdy conduct soon caused a man to be regarded as a detrimental, and detrimentals generally had a bad time of it.

We have changed all this now. We have taught everyone to read and write, and to think that he is as good as anyone else, and a little better. In some ways the classes who once had the monopoly of education have ceased to deserve respect, and this change unfortunately coincided with the extension to the previously uneducated masses of the rudiments of knowledge. At the same time, our methods of dealing with disorder have become flabby and sentimental. In short, we have taken away the props which supported the standard of public order set by "the classes," and we have not yet educated "the masses" up to the point at which the need for such a standard becomes obvious. We have bestowed just enough education to make them discontented and disinclined to obey others; we have entirely failed to fit them for the command and restraint of themselves.

So much for the cause. Remedy is a more difficult matter. It is very simple to suggest the "cat." Flogging is undoubtedly desirable in certain cases, and in Australia, where they call their Hooligans "larrikins," and have suffered under them for many a year, the lash has had a decidedly deterrent effect upon ruffianism. But to administer indiscriminate floggings to young roughs who take to horseplay and street rioting, because they are in the heyday of their blood and have no other outlet for their physical energies, would be as foolish as it would be ineffectual. There are many better ways of going to work than this. Conscription, for instance, might have a good effect. If you could drill and develop boys of school age, and offer them incentives to self-development and proficiency in exercises, if you could then give them two years of wholesome military discipline, as far away as possible from great towns, wonders might be worked with the coming generations. But conscription is repugnant to the average Briton. He calls it "un-English," and that settles the matter. Surely it would be less "un-English" to rid ourselves of prejudice than to be beaten out of every market in trade and industry and robbed of our foremost place in the council of nations, as we assuredly shall be unless we pull ourselves together. The physical training would be the first step towards turning Hooligans into sturdy, self-reliant, self-respecting Englishmen. The value of physical training is what our Volunteer authorities have yet to learn. The weedy, under-sized appearance of a large proportion of the citizen soldiers who lined the streets for the C.I.V. procession was painfully striking. A six months' course of Sandow training, which could be carried out with a pair of dumb-bells and a simple pulley, would make different men of them.

After the physical training would come the military discipline. First, we should make our Hooligan feel his muscles, stand straight-backed for the joy of straightness, and understand what it means to be thoroughly "fit." No one who has trained himself into perfect condition ever forgets his sensations of clean-limbed, clear-headed energy, or thinks of them without regret. Then we should set to work to form character. A reasonable discipline, which aimed at development not at repression, an open-air life, and officers of good feeling and tact enough to lead their men, instead of driving them—these would act like a charm. We should have, too, to take a leaf out of the Naval Book of Wisdom and keep the men occupied, always at work or at play, never with unlimited time for loafing. What a race of Britons we could raise to hand on the great traditions of the Empire to future ages! What a nation we might be if we only followed our common-sense, instead of being tied up by tradition and pinned down by prejudice!

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

NOVEMBER 4, 1702.—Admiral Benbow died. 1843.—Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square, completed and statue placed in position.

November 5, 1688.—William III. landed at Torbay. Capture of the French "Albion," 8, by the cutter of the "Blanche," 36, under the guns of Monte Christi, San Domingo. 1813.—Action off Toulon between part of Sir Edward Pellew's Fleet and the French Mediterranean Fleet. 1820.—Capture of the "Esmeralda" by Lord Cochrane. 1843.—Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson born. 1854.—Naval Brigade at the Battle of Inkerman. 1884.—The "Pylades" launched. 1892.—The "Royal Oak" launched.

November 6, 1794.—Capture of the "Alexander," 74, by a French squadron from Brest. 1807.—Cutting out of two Spanish and French six-gun ships off Carthagena by the boats of the "Renommée," 36, and "Grasshopper," 18. 1886.—Issue of the Statutes of the "Distinguished Service Order."

November 7, 1594.—Death of Sir Martin Frobisher. 1665.—First issue of the *London Gazette*. 1809.—Capture of the Spanish "San Miguel," 9, off the Tagus by the "Netley," 14. 1803.—Capture of a French transport, off San Domingo, by a midshipman with seven seamen and marines in the cutter of the "Blanche," 36.

November 8, 1709.—Action off Malaga between the "Defiance," 50, and the "Centurion," 50, and two French fifty-gun ships. 1810.—Cutting out of the "Jeune Louise," 14, in the Texel, by the boats of the "Quebec," 32. 1813.—Cutting out of a French ten-gun privateer by the boats of the "Revenge," 74, in Palamos Bay.

November 9, 1761.—Copper sheathing for ships introduced. 1813.—Boats of the "Undaunted," 38, and "Guadaloupe," 18, captured and destroyed seven French vessels and stormed the batteries at Port Nouvelle.

November 10, 1556.—Richard Chancellor, the Arctic Explorer, drowned. 1808.—Capture of the French "Thétis," 40, by the "Amethyst," 36, in the Bay of Biscay. 1811.—Defeat of a French flotilla of twelve-gun vessels, off Calais, by the gun brigs "Skylark," 16, and "Locust," 12. 1841.—Reduction of the Chinese Fortress of Chinghae. 1894.—The "Surly," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

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NOVEMBER 4, 1794.—Successful sortie from Nimeguen made by Count Wulmoden (British under Major-General De Burgh). 1893.—Buluwayo occupied by Major Forbes and Dr. Jameson, Lobengula having deserted the town. 1899.—Colenso evacuated by the British, and Ladysmith completely isolated by the Boers.

November 5, 1817.—Battle of Kirkee, the Mahrattas decisively beaten by Lieutenant-Colonel Burr. 1854.—Battle of Inkerman, 60,000 Russians defeated after desperate hand to hand fighting by 8,000 British and 6,000 French.

November 6, 1763.—Capture of Mongheer after being besieged from October 2.

November 7, 1899.—Boers attack on Mafeking repulsed. Next day the attack was renewed and again the Boers were driven back.

November 8, 1710.—Reduction of Aire by the Allies under the Prince of Anhalt. 1791.—Fort Kistnagerry taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell.

November 9, 1412.—The English, under the Earls Arundel and Angus as Allies of the Duke of Burgundy, took St. Cloud. 1841.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales born. 1897.—Affair at Saran Sar, North-West Frontier. After the Afridis had been repulsed and our men were retiring, five companies of the Northamptonshire regiment were surrounded and suffered severely before they were extricated.

November 10, 1781.—Chittoor capitulated to Sir Eyre Coote. 1813.—Battle of the Nivelle. Wellington defeated Soult, who lost 4,300 men with fifty-one guns.

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THE British public was deeply moved on the 29th ult. by the publication of a telegram from Lord Roberts to the Secretary of State for War, saying simply, "Prince Christian has just passed quietly away." It was known that on the 10th of last month the Prince had been attacked by enteric fever, but he made what appeared to be a good recovery, and about a week before his death took part in a game of cricket. Unhappily on returning from this he caught a chill, and the subsequent complications proved fatal. The sad incident is doubly andtreblyacause of genuine and widespread regret, outside the circle of the gallant young Prince's royal relatives. Sympathy with his bereaved parents is sharply accentuated by the fact that Prince Christian was the Queen's beloved grandson, and the expression of Her Majesty's grief, as conveyed through the *Court Circular*, in the simple and touching language which our Sovereign habitually employs in such sad messages to her people, will have been received everywhere with very sincere and respectful condolence.

But there is yet another public reason why England should deeply mourn this prematuredeath of a brave and noble specimen of our race. Prince Christian Victor was not only a member of a well-loved Royal family, but himself a very genuine, thoroughly good-hearted manly man. Frank and unassuming in his manner, he was "an all-round good fellow," a capitalcricketer, and a first-rate soldier, who never spared himself, and who certainly never took advantage of his high position to shirk any hardship or avoid any peril to which the profession of his choice might happen to expose him. While it is inexpressibly sad that he should have succumbed, after passing unscathed through a great and deadly conflict, at the moment when his family, and, indeed, the whole nation, were looking forward to his happy return, it is some consolation to think that he died a soldier's death as truly as if he had perished on the battle-field itself. Those who watched his career, and noted the earnestness and zeal he displayed in the performance of his duties, could have wished him no better fate than to spend his last hours almost within hearing of the din of actual war, and surrounded by comrades who had fought with him through one of the hardest and most memorable campaigns of modern times.

Photo. Copyright. *Lafayette, Dublin.*

THE LATE PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

Turning to the late Prince's career, His Highness Prince Christian Victor Albert Ludwig Ernest Anton of Schleswig-Holstein was the eldest child of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and was born at Windsor Castle on April 14, 1867. He was educated at Wellington College, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, subsequently entering the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, as a cadet. In 1888 he received a commission as second lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, in which he was a captain and brevet-major at the time of his death.

Prince Christian Victor was a real fighting soldier, and had seen service in five campaigns before going to South Africa. In the Hazara Expedition of 1891 he was orderly officer to General Elles, commandingthe force, and in the same year he served with his battalion of the K.R.R.C. in the Miranzai Expedition. In 1892 he was engaged in campaigning against the Isazais, and in 1895 he volunteered for the march to Kumassi under Sir Francis Scott. For his services in this expedition, which, it will be remembered, claimed Prince Henry of Battenberg as a victim, Prince Christian, who served as Sir Francis Scott's A.D.C., received a brevet majority. In 1898 he accompanied the Soudan Expedition as staff officer to the troops on board the gun-boat flotilla, and was present at the great battle. In October, 1899, he was appointed a special service officer in South Africa, and later joined Lord Roberts's staff. In him the Army has lost an excellent officer, and the nation an altogether admirable Prince.

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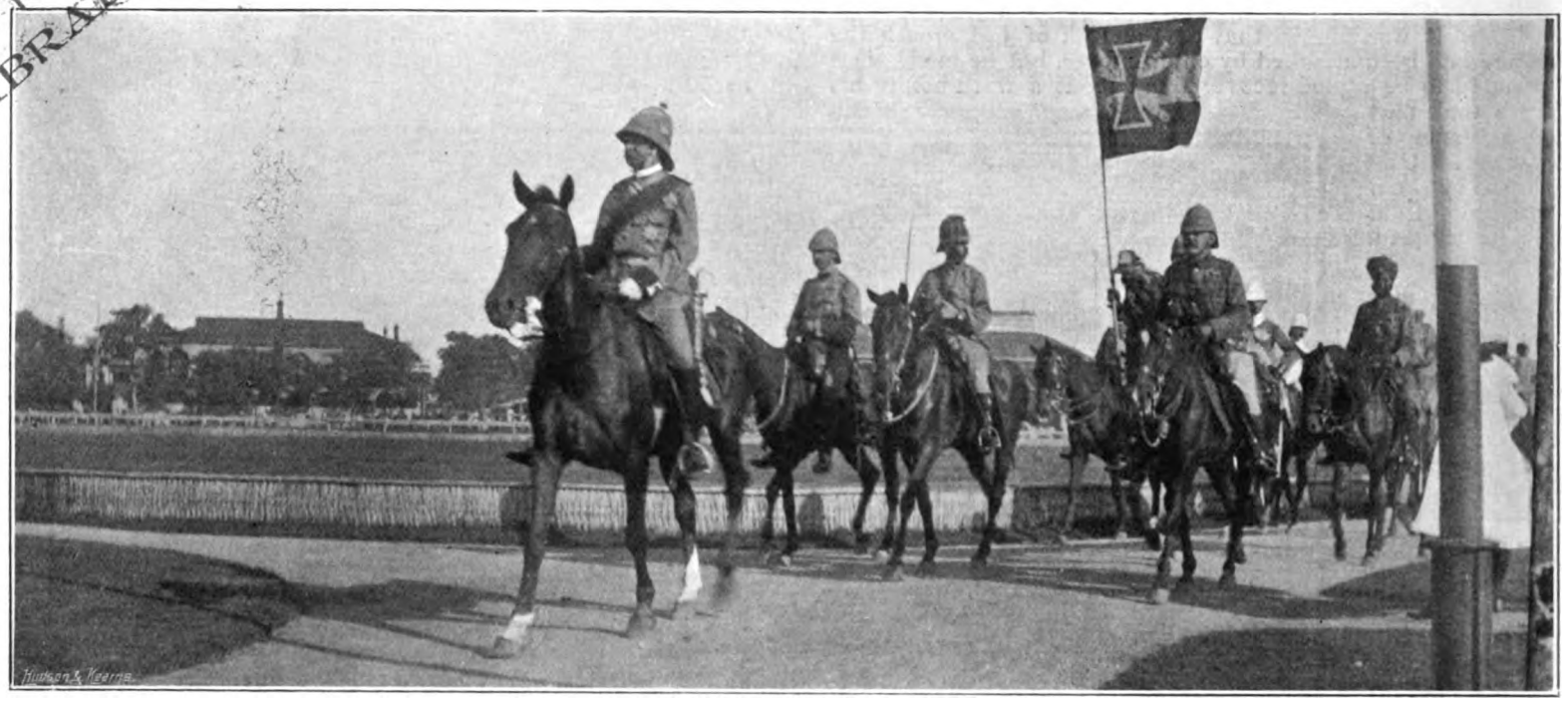
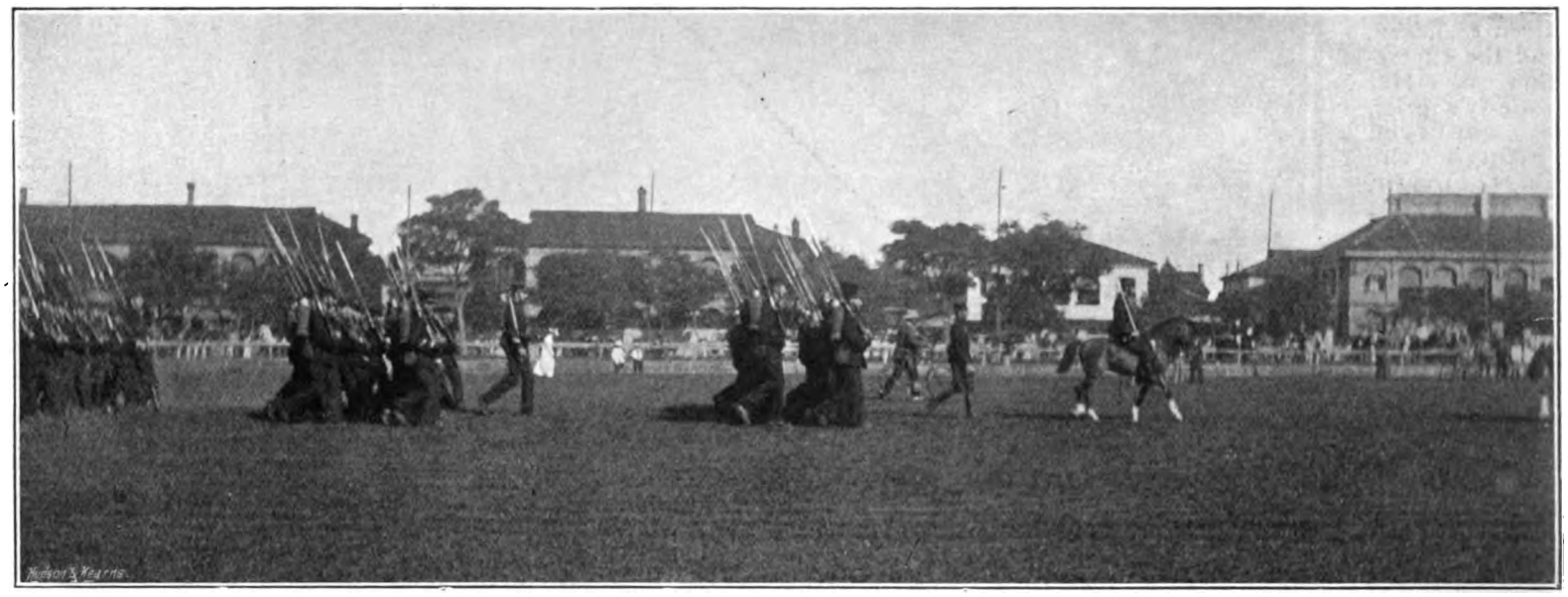
THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY.

Count von Waldersee in China.



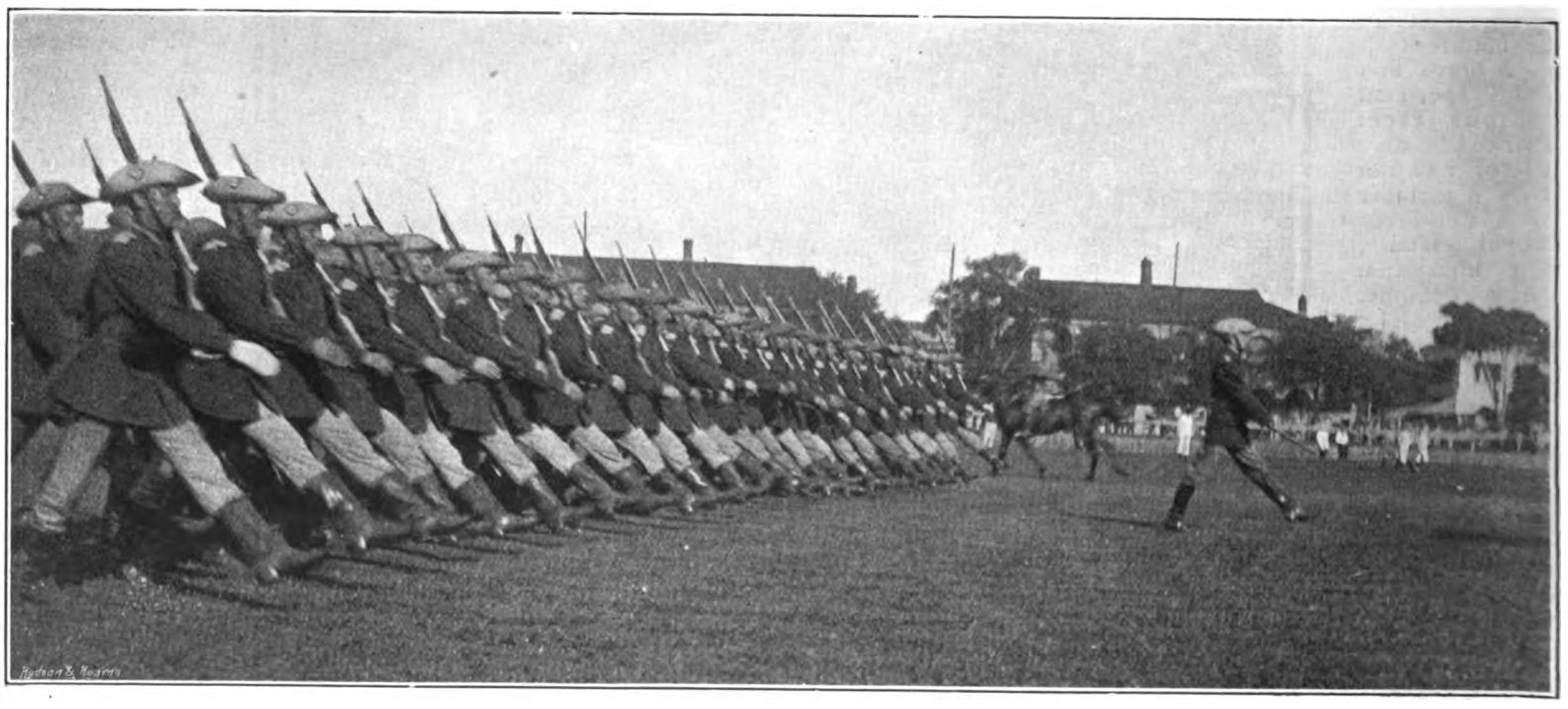
THE FIELD-MARSHAL AND HIS STAFF.

The Count, who has been Mounted by the Bombay Cavalry, is on his Way to the Racecourse, to Review the Troops at Shanghai.



THE FRENCH TROOPS FROM TONKIN.

"The Peculiarities of their Marching were most Noticeable, and Showed a Striking Contrast to Other Nationalities."



THE GERMAN TROOPS FROM EUROPE.

"They Marched in Faultless Style, and were Heartily Applauded by the Spectators"—North China Daily News.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE NEW YORK WORLD

SENTRY-GO AT CHELSEA.
A Smart Guardsman.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
A Royal Guard.

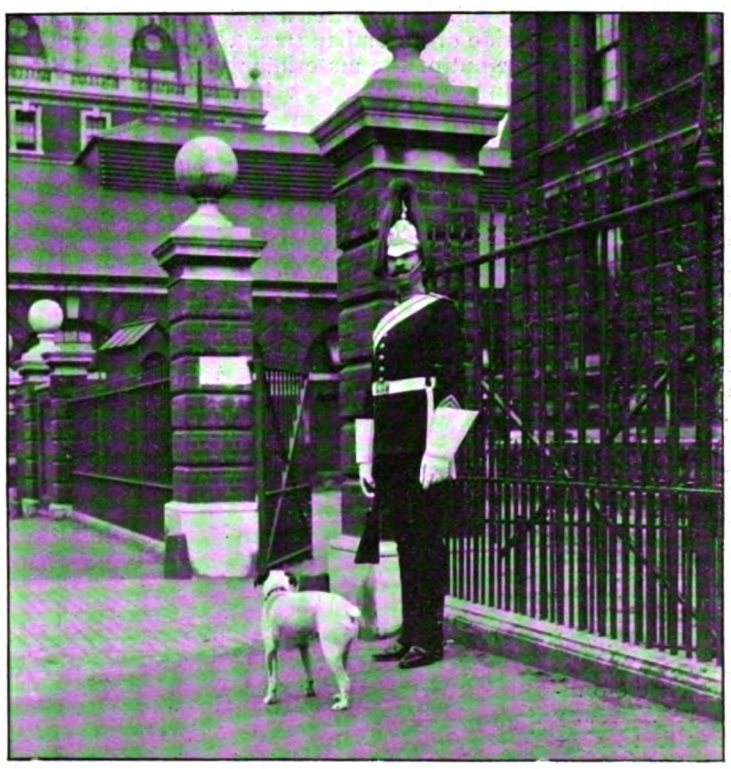
WELLINGTON BARRACKS.
An Egyptian Medallist.

LONDON AS A MILITARY CENTRE.

SENTRIES AT THE BARRACK GATES.

ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF LONDON
A Life Guardsman at Whitehall.

AT THE TOWER.
An Historic Duty.



AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.
A Horse Guards Blue.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

London is not a Military City in the sense in which the term can be applied to Berlin and Paris. Wisely or unwisely, we have hitherto kept our militarism for our military centres, and even there it is not ostentatiously displayed, as it is in almost every town abroad. The capital of the kingdom has hardly a garrison, and all that can be seen of the Army is a casual sentry here and there. Foreigners may fairly say that we are not a military nation, though they might perhaps be inclined to doubt it if they saw the crowd that assembles to see even a couple of Horse Guardsmen relieved at Whitehall.

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The Dying Embers in South Africa.

So far as big fights are concerned, the war is over in South Africa. The process of pacification, however, is not only tedious, but troublesome. It must always be so. There is no exception in history to the difficulty of clearing marauding bands out of a country admirably adapted to their mode of warfare, and the process is invariably costly in life to the conquerors. In South Africa both the character of many portions of the country and the vastness of the territory itself, lend themselves to the purposes of our mobile foes. Then we have to deal with a double trouble—the extent of a huge area of mountains and a sparsely populated veldt, and the fact that the majority of those still in arms against us are men who have nothing to gain by submission. Either they are Cape rebels who fear the consequences of their treason, or they are the off-scourings of Europe, who took arms for the defunct Republics in the hope of profit, and who now find that what has practically degenerated into organised brigandage is more welcome, and perhaps less perilous, than a return to countries where they might be called upon to answer for their past. The situation is decidedly unpleasant, but it has to be faced with firmness, and the glow which still lingers in the dying embers of unrest leads to many incidents which are interesting to the historian of current events. Our hold on our newly-acquired provinces has to be not only maintained, but strengthened. Garrisons must be maintained at various spots; columns must be sent out in different directions; and thus, though there are no more British prisoners at Nooitgedacht, hemmed in with barbed wire and guarded by armed Boers, as we see them in one of our pictures, it is still necessary to patrol the railways and to utilise detached parties to prevent interference with the lines of communication. In connection with this work, one of our pictures shows a singular structure, a hut built for Captain Vigors against the side of an embankment. One fancies that such an abode, made out of the materials which came nearest to hand, cannot be very comfortable; but comfort is hardly one of the conditions of active campaigning, and when a rain-storm sweeps the veldt, such a hut, if it is then possible to take refuge in it, is far better than the open.

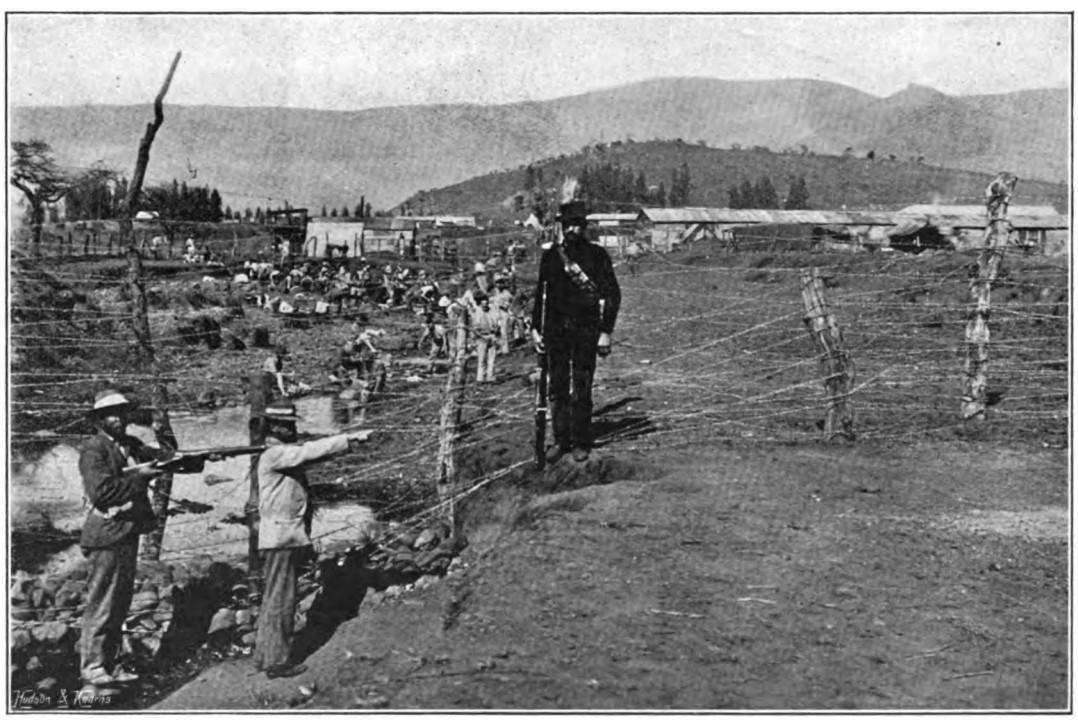
COMPARATIVE COMFORT AT WATERVAL BRIDGE.

Captain Vigors's Hut Alongside the Embankment.

There is no doubt that, when the time comes to apportion the due meed of praise to the various regiments and corps that have taken part in the South African Campaign, some of the judgments of the moment will have to be reconsidered. Many of them have been founded on the statements of correspondents, who have sometimes been careless, and at other times have found it difficult to obtain accurate information, and thus stand in need of the correction which they will doubtless receive from private sources. Even official telegrams err. In regard to General Hildyard's march on Amersfoort, for example, and the capture of that place, the credit was given to the Gordon Highlanders, the 1st King's Royal Rifles, the 13th and 69th Batteries, and Gough's and Steward's Mounted Infantry. As a matter of fact, it was the 1st Liverpool Regiment which took the place, and the Gordons—whose brilliant record renders it unnecessary for them to appropriate honours which belong to others—came in the next day with the baggage, and never saw a shot fired there. The Liverpools, indeed, have been rather unlucky in the way of getting justice done to them for the hard work they have undergone and the hard fighting in which they have taken part, and we are glad to be able to correct an error and to reproduce in our pictures a series of photographs taken on the spot from time to time, and bearing eloquent testimony to the work that they have done. Two companies were terribly cut up on one occasion, when Captain Plomer was shot through the head, and died shortly afterwards. One company lost forty-five men killed and wounded out of about ninety, and in the other company the casualties amounted to thirty-two. The Boers were firing on them at last, at a range of about 40-yds. "I emptied my pistol twice," writes one of the officers in a private letter, so that the range certainly can not have been excessive; but in spite of these heavy losses, the survivors behaved extremely well, and that the companies never lost their existence as units, is evidenced by the fact that they took part in the advance to Machadodorp and in the occupation of that place. One of our pictures shows a group of officers belonging to these two companies, taken at Machadodorp by one of the inhabitants. The officer in the centre wearing a helmet is Captain Hutson, who had a singularly narrow escape. Although it is difficult to see the mark, there is a bullet hole in his helmet, just above the puggaree. Luckily the shot struck a little too high, and did not even graze his head. Behind him stands Lieutenant Disney Y. Watt, and the officer on his right was wounded in the left hand. The Liverpools established a mess at Machadodorp, and some of our pictures relate to this period of their service in South Africa. Although no doubt eager to be once more at the front, they had won their right, by hard fighting, to a period of comparative repose. It is only by degrees that the details of the war become public property, but now there will be innumerable stirring episodes to narrate.

TAKING THE CHANCE OF A BOER SHOT.

Out for a Ride Beyond the Outposts.



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BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE AT NOOITGEDACHT.

The British Prisoners and their Boer Guard.

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With the Liverpools AT Machadodorp.

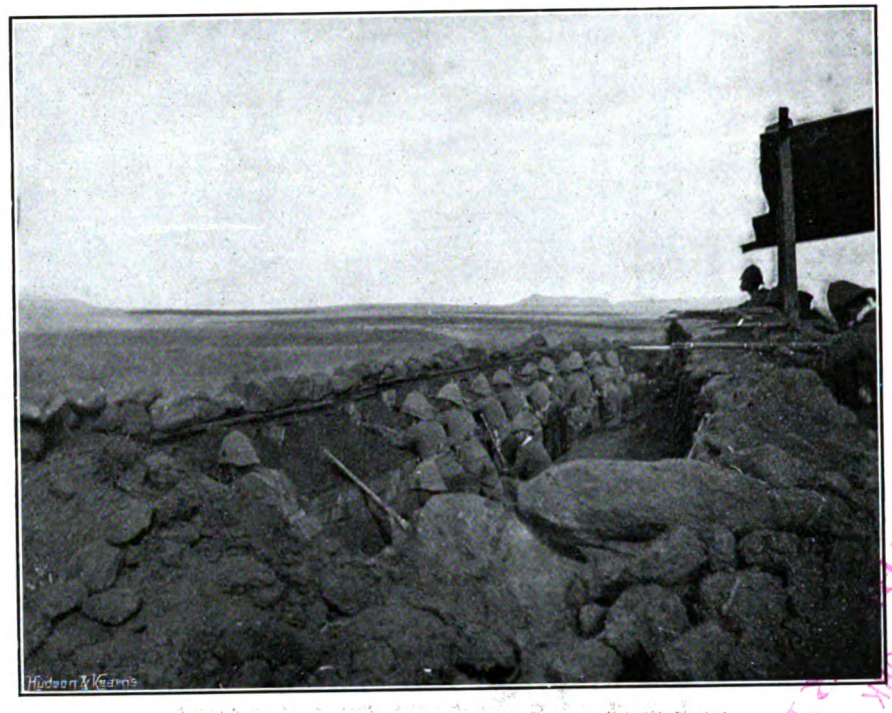
GETTING THINGS READY FOR ARTILLERY.
A Working Party Building an Emplacement for the 4·7-in. Gun.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE "KING'S."
Captain H. W. Hutson and a Few of his Colleagues.

TAKEN UNDER LONG-RANGE RIFLE-FIRE.
The Liverpools Awaiting the Order to Advance.

A VIEW TAKEN INSIDE THE REDOUBT.
Having an Easy Time while Awaiting the Attack.

The Hard Work OF A Gallant Regiment.



AN IMPORTANT DUTY OF THE DEFENCE.
In the Front Trench of the Works near Ingogo Station.

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Photo. Copyright. **A SCENE ON THE STAGE IN CHINA.** *Westmall.*

This scene is interesting in view of present events in the Far East. It represents mimic generals preparing a plan of campaign to wipe out the "foreign devils." The individual on the left, who, save for his big feet, would look like a masculine woman, is supposed to be an important general, while the man sitting in the centre, with his long beard and two-winged hat, is a high Minister. As set forth in the play, the object of the meeting is to arrange the details of hostilities; and that plays in which such scenes occur should be produced is full of significance at the present moment.

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Side-scenes of Military Life in India.

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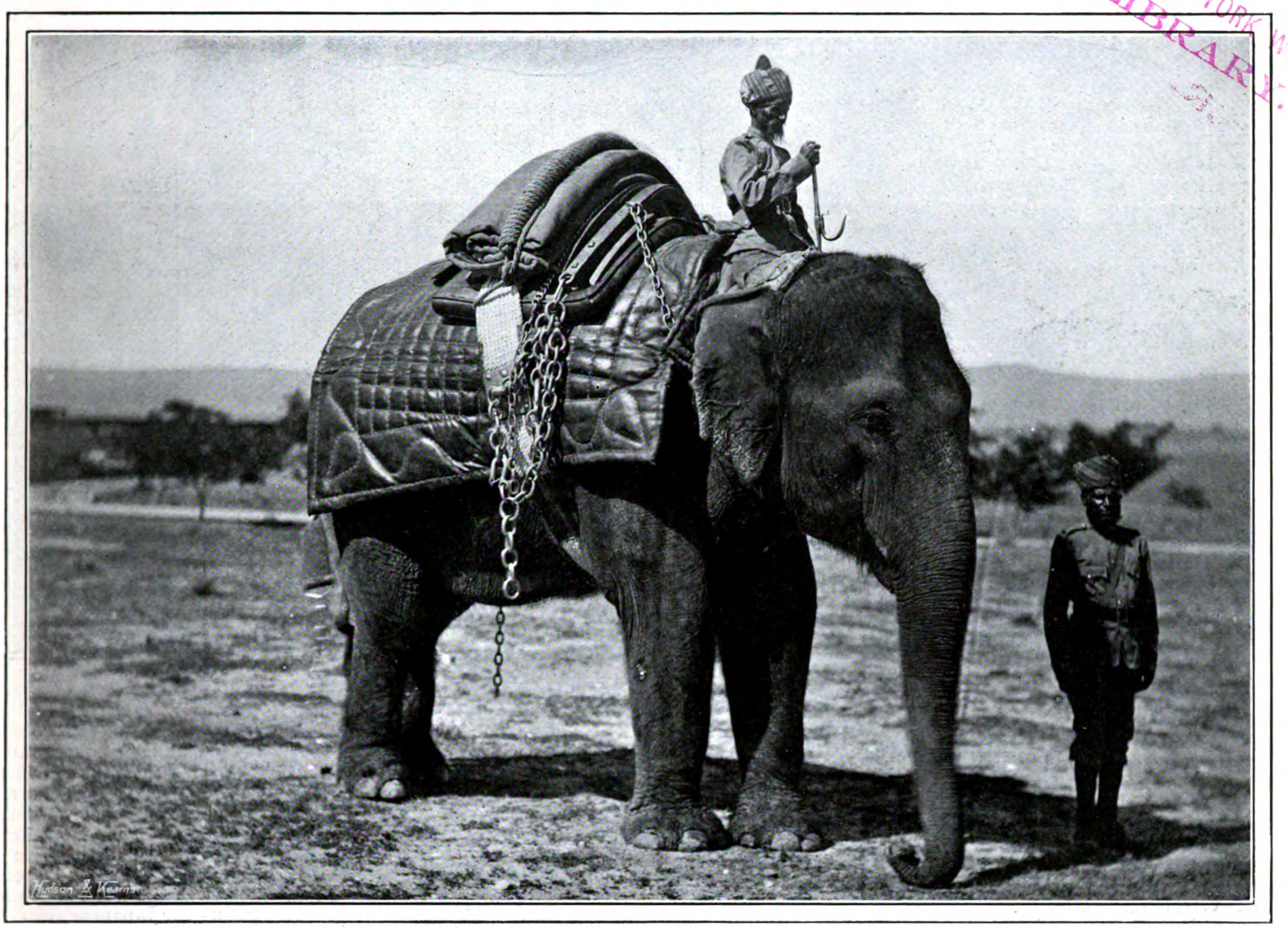
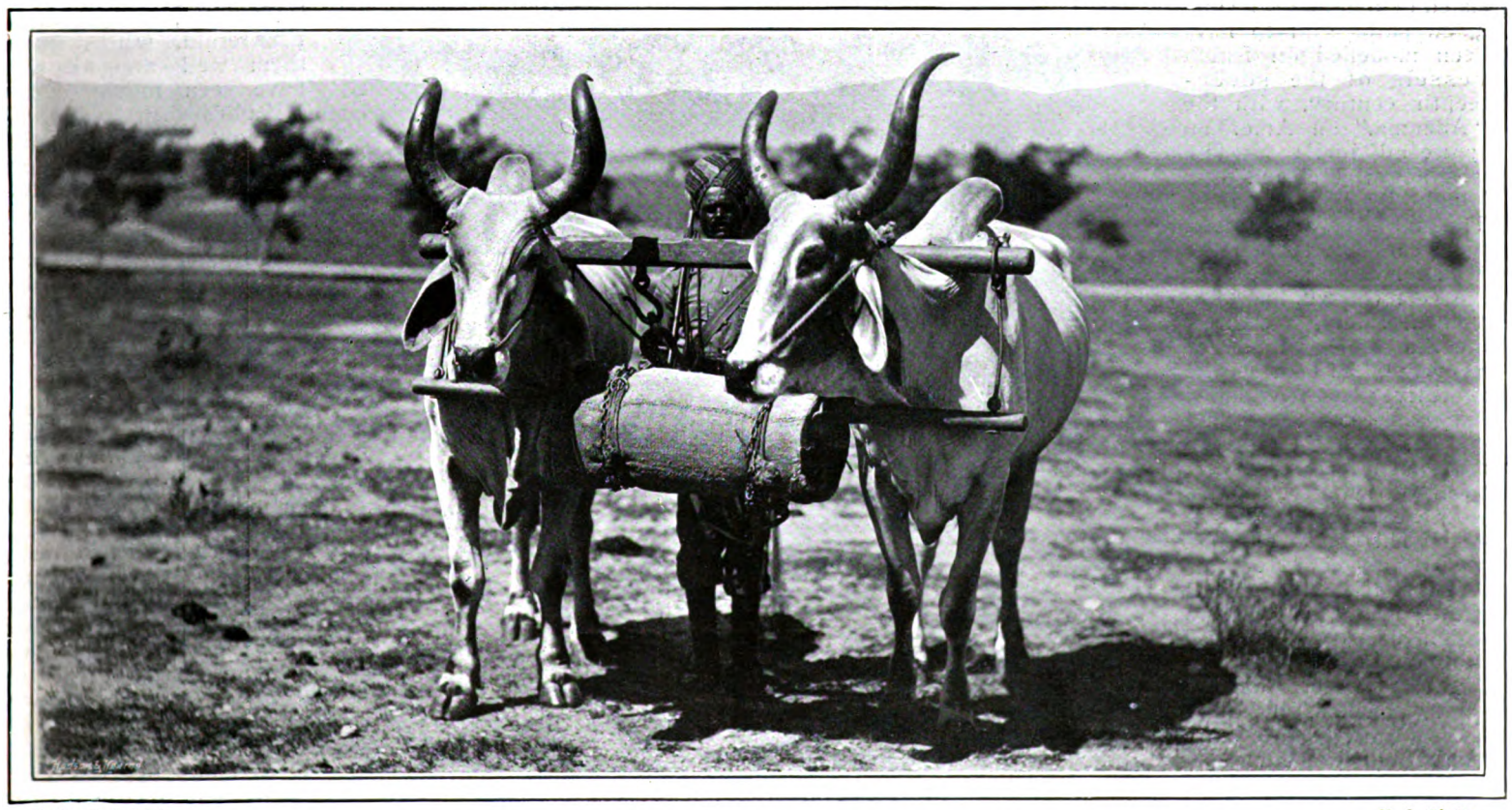


THE UNWIELDY GIANT USED MUCH FOR HAULAGE.

A Single Elephant in Marching Order.



Photos. Copyright. *H. J. Chuter.*

OTHER BEASTS OF BURDEN WHO DO GOOD WORK.

A Pair of Artillery Bullocks with their Driver.

In this country we are accustomed to horses as beasts of burden. In India, elephants and bullocks are both used for the purpose, and elephant batteries and bullock batteries are not unknown. Our pictures show an elephant with his harness ready for work, and a pair of bullocks yoked for service. The log suspended between them, to prevent them approaching too closely to one another, is plainly shown. The difficulty of all such teams is that they are necessarily lacking in pace. An elephant crashing through the jungle is one thing, but an elephant team is another where speed is concerned. A bullock team is necessarily slow.

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Life in the Japanese Navy.

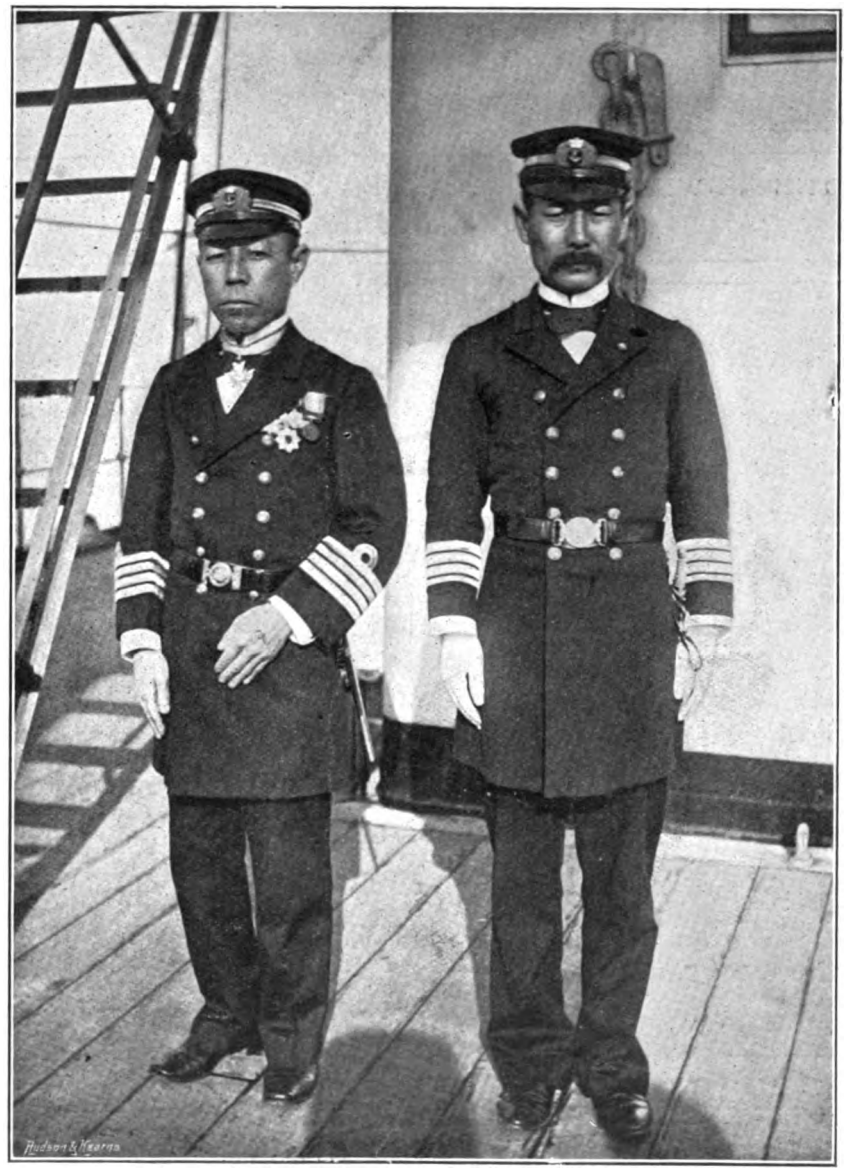
THE COMPANY OF A JAPANESE CRUISER.

Excellent Seamen and Capital Fellows are the Mikado's Bluejackets.

THE Fleet of the Mikado is one of the largest facts in modern foreign politics. That marvellous power of assimilating ideas entirely foreign to their national traditions and immemorial practices which is possessed by His Imperial Majesty's subjects, is now an oft-told tale. It is not anywhere so well seen as in the Japanese Fleet. Thirty years ago the Navy consisted of quaint junks and a few ships said to have been modelled on Dutch vessels of the seventeenth century, with the "Adzuma," an American ironclad built as the "Stonewall Jackson," and bought by Japan in 1866. The impulse was given two years later, when the Mikado, whose house since the year 660 B.C. had been rightful rulers, overthrew the Shogunate which, for 600 years, had usurped the executive power. With the Shoguns went the feudal system, and then Japan blossomed forth like her own chrysanthemum. Now we see what a Navy and what resources she possesses—battle-ships perhaps the finest in the world, armoured cruisers which are equal to the best, destroyers that are like our own, and dockyards, arsenals, and harbours of great extent and admirably equipped.

Of this development of our friendly Far Eastern neighbour we may justly feel a little proud, for we have had a part in it. Not only have the finest Japanese vessels been built in English yards, but the system has been modelled on our own, and close relations between the two Navies have always been maintained. Many Japanese officers have served in our ships, and Admirals Sir Richard Tracey, Wilson, Douglas, and Ingles have lent their hands in the work of organising the Japanese system and the training of Japanese officers and men. It has been said sometimes that the Japanese are only imitators, but Admiral FitzGerald, who knows them well—and all who have seen much of the Mikado's ships will bear him out in this—denies that they are imitators only. Their zeal, earnestness, keenness, close attention to small but essential details, and their power to grasp broad principles, must be seen to be appreciated. If Japan, in its geographical situation, is the Great Britain of the Pacific fringe, the Japanese have the sturdy qualities of Britons also, but there is a dash of the sprightliness of the Frenchman in them, and they have an *insouciance* and courteous gaiety quite their own. Beneath their kindly urbanity there are excellent solid qualities, and, as Admiral FitzGerald says, in any future disturbance of the peace in the Far East they will certainly have something to say, and are likely to make their voice heard and respected.

A visit to a Japanese ship, especially if it be one of the modern ones, is a revelation. The stranger might fancy himself at first in one of our own vessels,



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THE CAPTAIN AND COMMANDER OF THE "KASAGI."

The Second-class Cruiser Built at Philadelphia.

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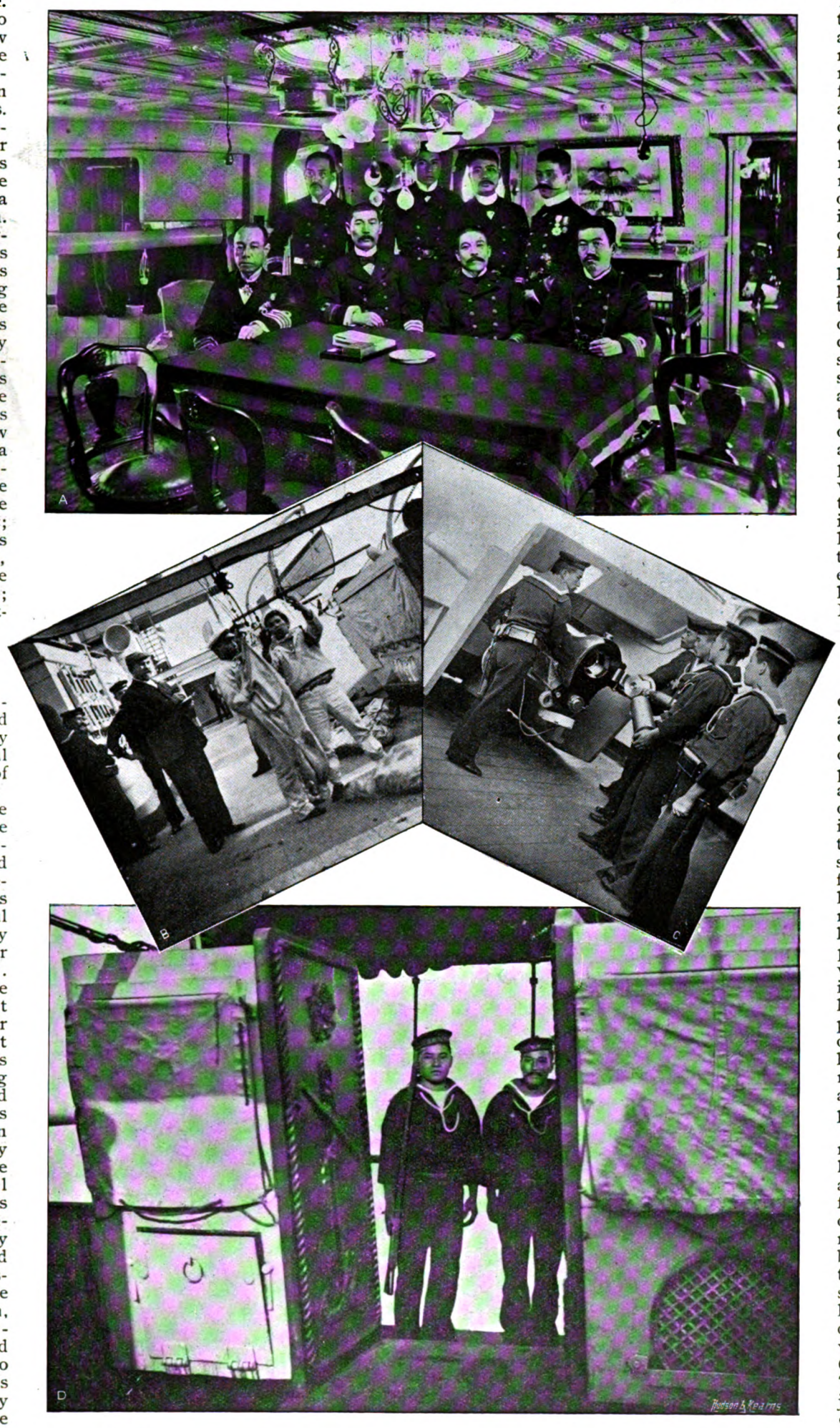
and a very smart one, too There are differences in the cruisers, it is true, all the guns in the "Kasagi" and "Chitose," for example, being mounted on the upper deck, poop, and forecastle. But we are not concerned with such matters here. We wish to point out how the Japanese character manifests itself in Japanese ships. Now the "Japper"—as our Bluejackets without offence call him—is a born craftsman. He can do anything with his hands, and it is astonishing what outlets he finds for his pleasant fancy in the adornment of his ships. The officers' quarters in the new vessels are a marvel in themselves. The ceilings are elaborate; the gun-ports are, perhaps, arranged like oriel windows; and the fittings are rich and beautiful. The excellent bath-rooms and marble lavatory basins may well be the envy of British officers.

Japanese officers are courtesy personified, and with graceful manners and delightful affability they welcome their many guests. It is impossible not to be at home in their company. Most cordial relations exist among themselves, and their relations with the men are of a friendly character. The Bluejacket will speak to his officer in a free-and-easy way that would never be assumed by the British seaman, and yet discipline and obedience to orders are as good as in any Navy. The truth is that the doctrine of equality has never been preached in Japan, and the man is perfectly happy to recognise his officer as belonging to a class apart, the result being that the ship's company is generally like a happy family.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A—The Ward-room and Officers of the "Kasagi." B—Victualling the Ship—Weighing Provisions. C—A Japanese Gun's Crew. D—A Sentry at the Gangway.

Some of the national customs are well known. Singularly picturesque is that of liberating pigeons from the ship when she is launched, and to go on board a Japanese ship at a reception or "At Home" is to plunge into a bit of old Japan. The fancy and taste of officers and men are manifested in many ways, and flowers and adornments are quite characteristic of Japanese Art. The men are extraordinarily clever in the making of artificial flowers from paper, an occupation in which they take great delight. Their cherry-blossoms and chrysanthemums are a marvel, and these products of artistic skill are greatly prized by lady visitors. When the Bluejacket is off duty he employs his time in the exercise of his handicraft. Poor is the ship's company that does not include one or two experts at sleight-of-hand, and conjuring performances are a frequent diversion. Then in the evening the old tribal songs of the feudal wars are heard, which nourish the warlike spirit and patriotism of a very fine fighting race. Wrestling and sword play with the old double-handed Japanese sword are also very popular.

The Japanese Admiralty looks very well after the comforts of its officers and men. All the beautiful fittings of the ships which have been alluded to are provided by the Government. The Bluejacket's pay is equivalent to about a shilling a day, but it is largely increased when he is in foreign ports, where life ashore is on a more expensive scale. There are no Marines in the Fleet, and the seaman joins for seven years, but the service of deserving men may be extended.

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Two Interesting Vessels and their Officers.

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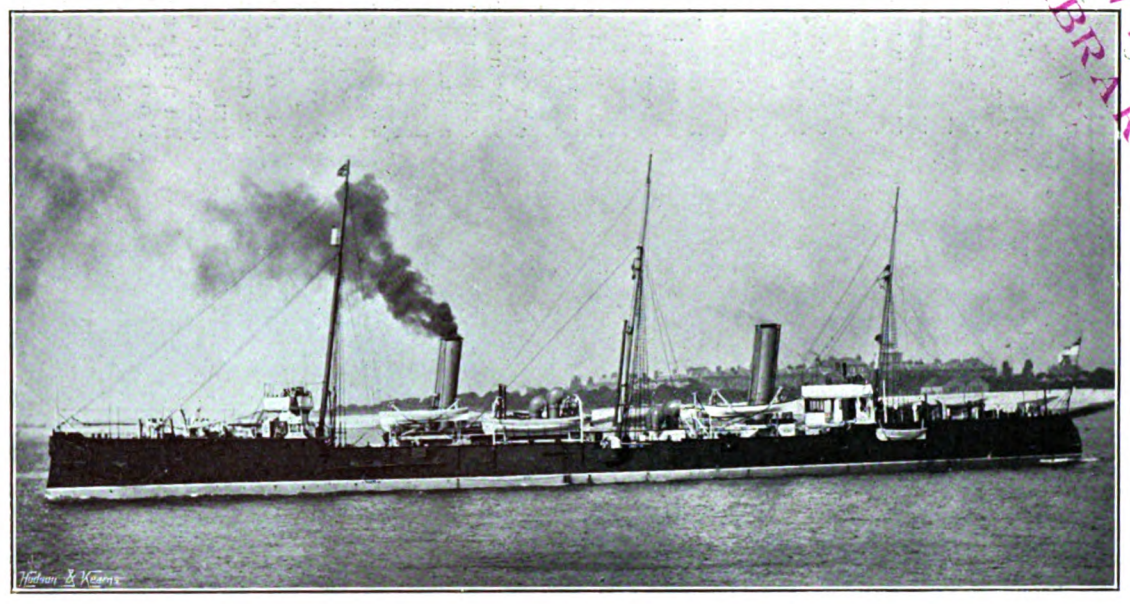
THE OFFICERS OF A FINE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER.

Captain Frederick O. Pike and the Officers of the "Gladiator."



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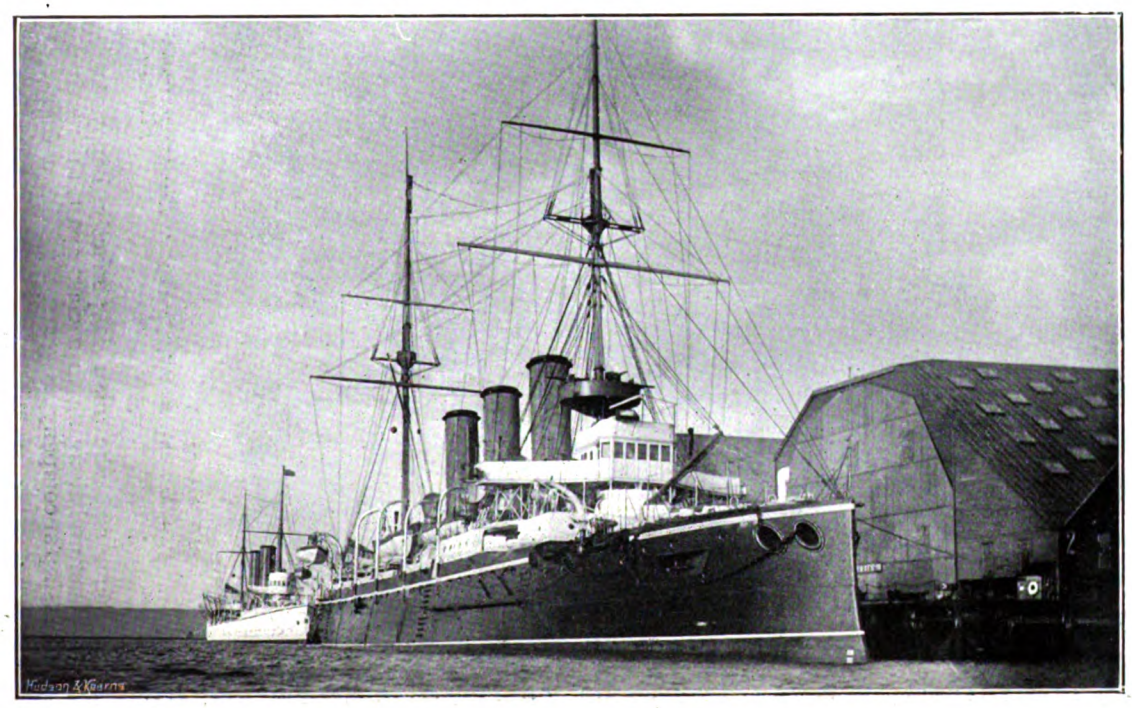
FOR THE WORK OF FISHERY PROTECTION.

The Cruiser "Bellona" on Duty in the North Sea.



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AN ADDITION TO THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.

The "Gladiator," Commissioned to Relieve the "Isis."

Photo. Copyright. *Russell & Sons.*

A TYPICAL GROUP OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

Captain Charles H. Dare and his Officers in the "Bellona."

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The Naval Brigades in South Africa.

CAPTAIN BEARCROFT AND HIS MEN RETURN TO THEIR SHIP.

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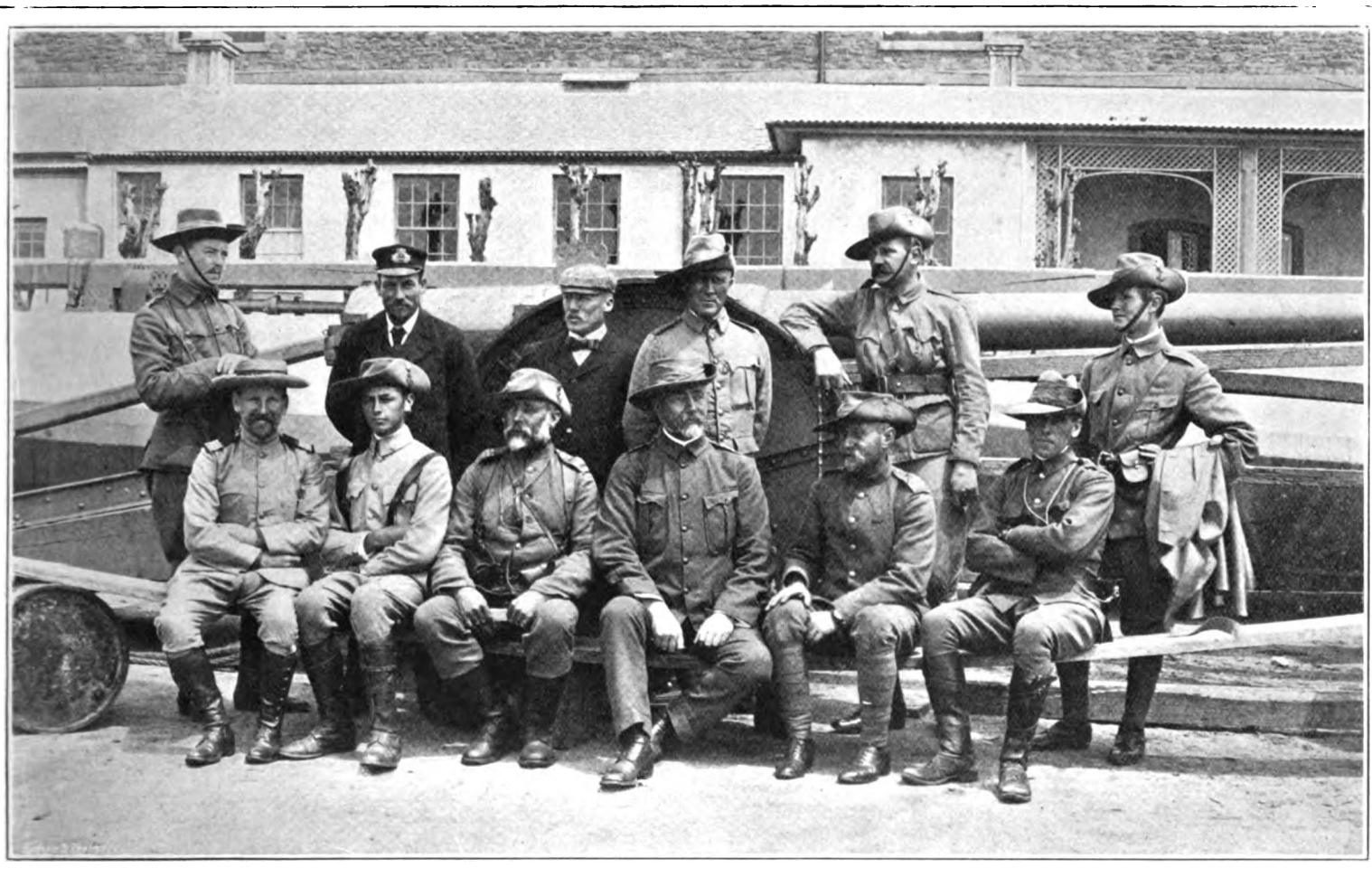
THE ARRIVAL AT SIMON'S TOWN.

Captain Bearcroft, Officers, and 180 Men Back from the Front.



Photos. Copyright. *L. Jenks.*

CAPTAIN BEARCROFT AND HIS OFFICERS.

Lord Roberts personally wished the Naval Brigade Good-bye, and said they Carried with them the Thanks and Good Wishes of the Army in South Africa, for the Able Assistance they had Afforded throughout the War.

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The "Zoo" of an Army.

By Louis A. Johns.

AMONG the badges which adorns the uniforms of the British Army, we find representations of quite a number of animals, ranging from the cat to the elephant; and of what might also be included, though it is only half an animal, the sphinx. To run through a list of them, we have the lion and tiger, the running horse and prancing horse, the hart, stag and antelope, the dragon and unicorn, the lamb and the head of a boar, and, of the bird kind, the eagle—a collection of which any army might be proud, for much is meant by them. In many cases they are a souvenir, handed down by those who have toiled and fought, and fought and bled for the honour of the regiment in days gone by, and many a gallant story of discipline and devotion could be woven round them. Then, again, they have associations surrounding them, of counties, cities, and families, which are held dear, and, if the regiments were deprived of these heirlooms, they would feel it most acutely.

Many regiments possess the same badge; having fought shoulder to shoulder on the same field, they, of course, share the same honour; take one, for instance, the sphinx (6). This war honour was granted to those regiments which took part in the expedition to Egypt in 1801, under Sir Ralph Abercromby. The sphinx is a fabled monster, half a woman and half a lion. There is a legend told respecting her, which may be of interest. Having appeared in the neighbourhood of Thebes, she put a riddle to every Theban that passed by the rock on which she was seated, and killed those who were unable to solve it. The riddle was this: "A being with four feet has two feet and three feet, and only one voice; but its feet vary, and when it has most it is weakest." Oedipus solved it by saying that it was man, who in infancy crawls upon all fours, in manhood stands erect upon two feet, and in old age supports his tottering legs with a staff. The sphinx, thereupon, threw herself down from the rock and perished.

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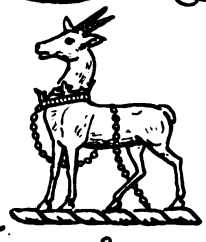
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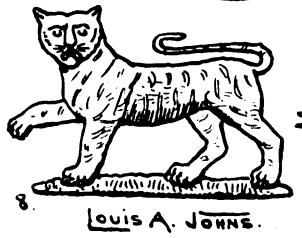

8.

Louis A. Johns.

Of the dragon, we have three kinds, the "golden" (7), bestowed for service in China, the "green," which is British, and worn by the East Kent Regiment, and the "red," the badge of Wales, and adopted by the Welsh regiments. It was also used by Henry VII. as a device for his standard at Bosworth Field, and it was the ensign of Cadwallader, the last of the British kings, from whom the Tudors descended.

The lion, belonging as it does to the Royal Crest (1), appears several times, likewise the unicorn, this being one of the supporters to the Royal Arms. The tiger (8) and the elephant (9) commemorate long and arduous service in India.

The white horses are derived from two sources. The one worn by the Kent regiments is the county badge, and was originally that of the Saxon invader Hengist, who defeated the Britons in Kent in 457. The other is the Horse of Hanover (3). After the accession of the House of Brunswick to the British Throne this was introduced in the standards and colours of many regiments of horse and foot in the English Army. The hart crossing a ford (2) and the two stags worn are county badges. The former is worn by the Bedfordshire Regiment, and is derived from the county of Hertford; one of the latter by the Royal Berkshire Regiment, derived from that county, while the other (11) is worn by the Derbyshire Regiment, and comes from the arms of Nottingham. The 1st battalion of this regiment, the old 45th Foot, was closely associated with this county. A stag's head is worn by the Gordon and the Seaforth Highlanders.

The antelope (4), the badge of the Warwick Regiment, is supposed to have been taken from a standard captured at Saragossa in 1710. And this regiment not only wears the antelope as a badge, but has a living specimen which always precedes the regiment. Another device taken from a flag is the Paschal Lamb (5), worn by the Royal West Surrey Regiment. This regiment was raised to wage war against an infidel race, and it is suggested that the emblem was adopted as appropriate to a regiment destined for service of that kind.

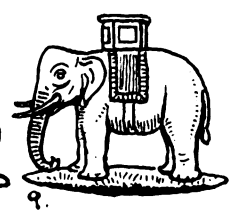
The cat and the boar's head (10) almost suggest the source from whence they are derived. They are family badges. The former is the Sutherland crest and the latter that of the Campbells, and are worn by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Of the eagles we have two kinds, the French and the Prussian. This latter is worn by the 14th Hussars in honour of her Royal Highness Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherine, Princess Royal of Prussia, who was married to the Duke of York in 1791. The other, the French eagle (12), is a war honour, and is adopted by several regiments. One, by its gallantry, at Barossa, earned the nickname of "Eagle-takers." The 87th Foot was engaged with the 8th Regiment of French infantry, and, after hard fighting, drove it back at the point of the bayonet. During the engagement, a young ensign of the 87th perceiving the Imperial eagle, cried aloud to a sergeant, "Do you see that, Masterman?" He then rushed forward to seize it, but was shot in the attempt. The sergeant instantly revenged his death, ran his antagonist through the body, cut down the standard-bearer, and took the eagle, which was subsequently brought to England previous to 1897. The Warwicks, already mentioned, used to wear on cap and collar the bear and ragged staff, the badge of Warwick, the "king-maker." The bear was the cognisance of the first earl, the ragged staff was added by the second, named Morvid, to commemorate a victory over a mighty giant, who came against him armed with a club, this being nothing less than a tree, shorn of its branches, and pulled up by the roots.

Incidentally it may be remarked that several of these badges were responsible for the time-honoured nicknames by which the regiments have been known; notably in No. 5, in conjunction with their colonel's name; they were familiarly known as "Kirke's Lambs," and "Lions" was the sobriquet of the Royal Lancaster Regiment, derived from its ancient badge.

The Liverpool Regiment (No. 3) were popular as "The King's Hanoverian White Horse." The Leicester, and what is now the 2nd Hampshire, late 67th Foot, were "The Tigers" and "Royal Tigers" respectively.

Among the privileges which the Brigade of Guards have had conferred upon them are those distinctions borne as company badges, and which are chosen in rotation to occupy, with the crown above, the centre of the regimental colour of each battalion. The badges are numerous (the Grenadiers alone possess thirty) and varied; in the present case, however, we refer only to those which may be said to come under the title of this article, and whose names have not been already included. The white greyhound (one of the supporters of the Tudor Royal Arms), white falcon (adopted, with variations, by Edward IV., Richard II., etc.), white swan (adopted by Henry IV.), a centaur (the Royal Arms of King Stephen), white boar (a badge of Richard III.), dun cow (a badge of Henry VII.), a blue griffin (the griffin was a badge of Edward III.), a phœnix in flames, a salamander (a badge of Douglas), and a spaniel dog (a badge of Charles II., whose Queen—Catherine of Portugal—introduced this breed of dog into England). It is said to be a native of Hispaniola (Hayti), and is the type of sagacity and obedience.


9.

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It will thus be seen, from the few illustrations given, how the British Army of the present day is kept "in touch," by means of these badges, with all that was great and noble in the glorious past.

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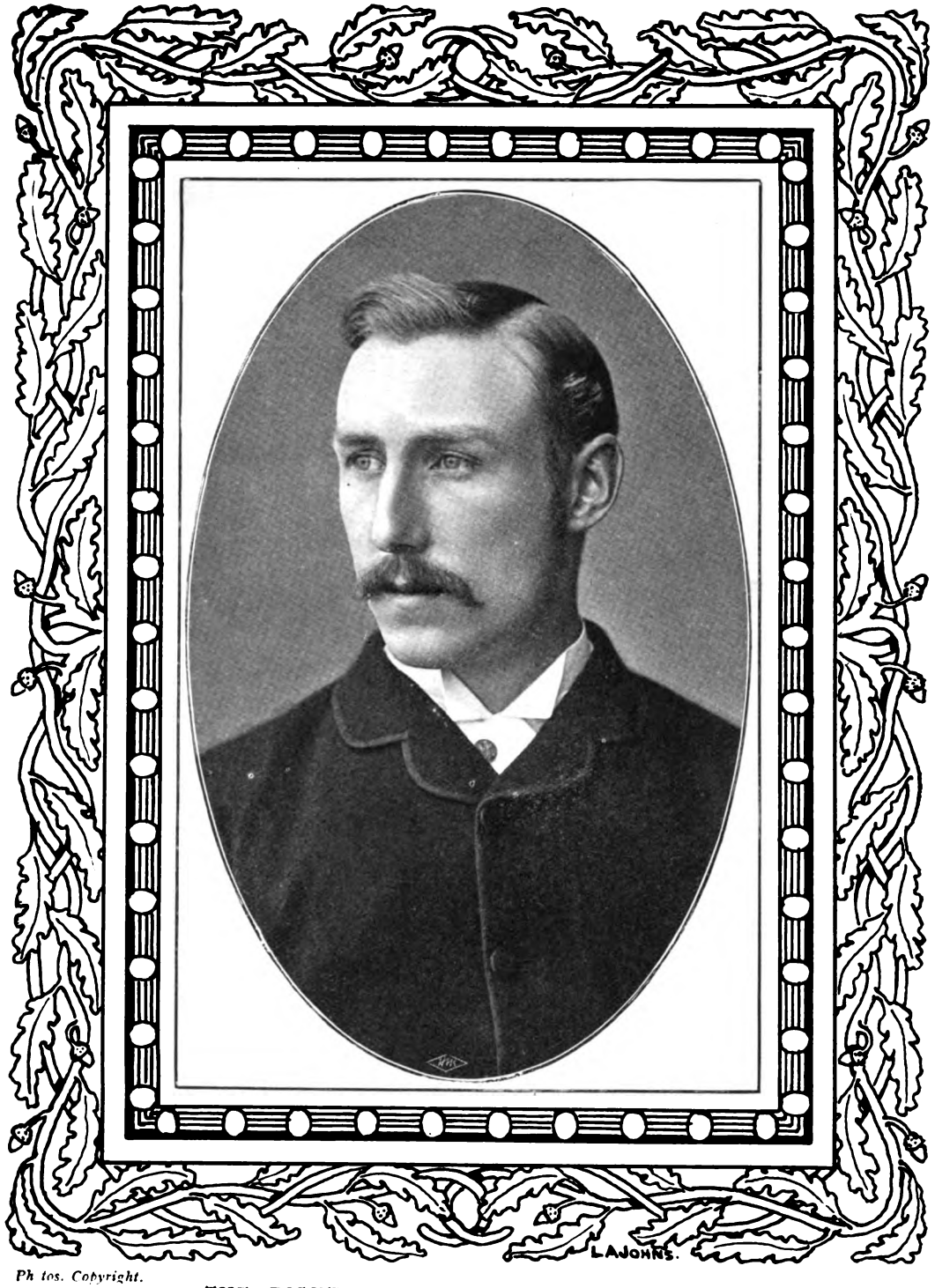

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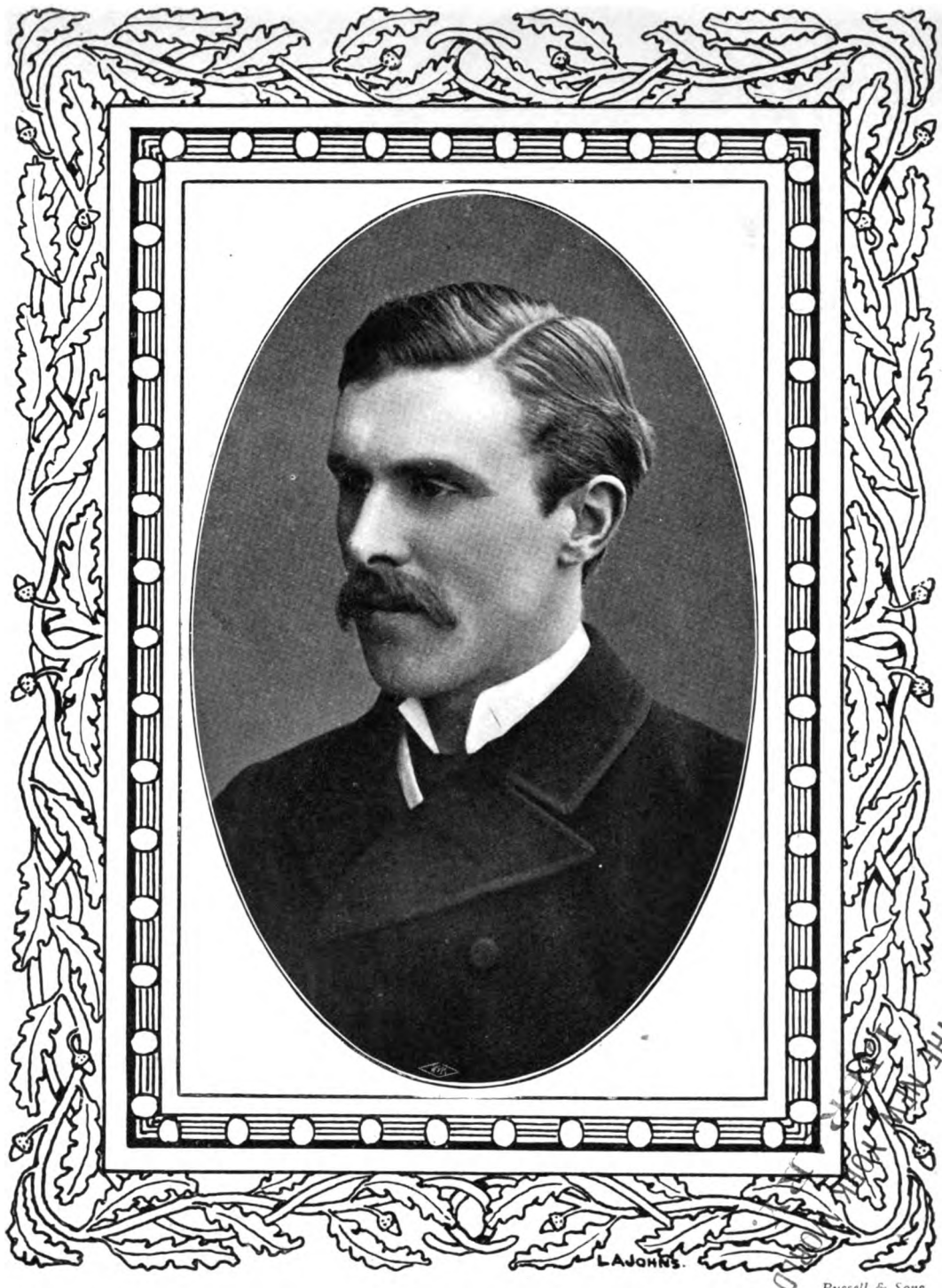
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SELBORNE.

Appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in Succession to Mr. Goschen, Comes to His Duties from the Colonial Office, where he has Shown High Ability and Exhibited much Promise.



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THE RIGHT HON. W. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, M.P.

The New Secretary of State for War, has already had Great Experience of the War Office, and is a Politician with a Future Resolute in the cause of Army Reform.

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A Drama of Spurs and Steel.

"WHEN the gorse is out of bloom," says the proverb, "kissing will be out of favour." So we may say with equal truth, "When blood turns to water, fighting will be out of fashion." Worthy people who have a watery kind of fluid in their veins try hard to persuade us that this has already come to pass. But, in spite of Peace Conferences and International Arbitration societies and universal brotherhood manifestoes, Nature still turns out humanity on the old pattern. The natural man is quite willing to accept all other men as his brothers, but he likes to retain the brotherly privilege of punching the head of (or going to law with) anyone who persistently annoys him. "Turning the other cheek" is as much a counsel of perfection to-day as it ever has been, and, though the sword is now only drawn between nations, not in individual quarrels, yet we delight as much as ever in novels and plays which bring before us the times when men carried the guardians of their honour by their side and carved their way to fortune.

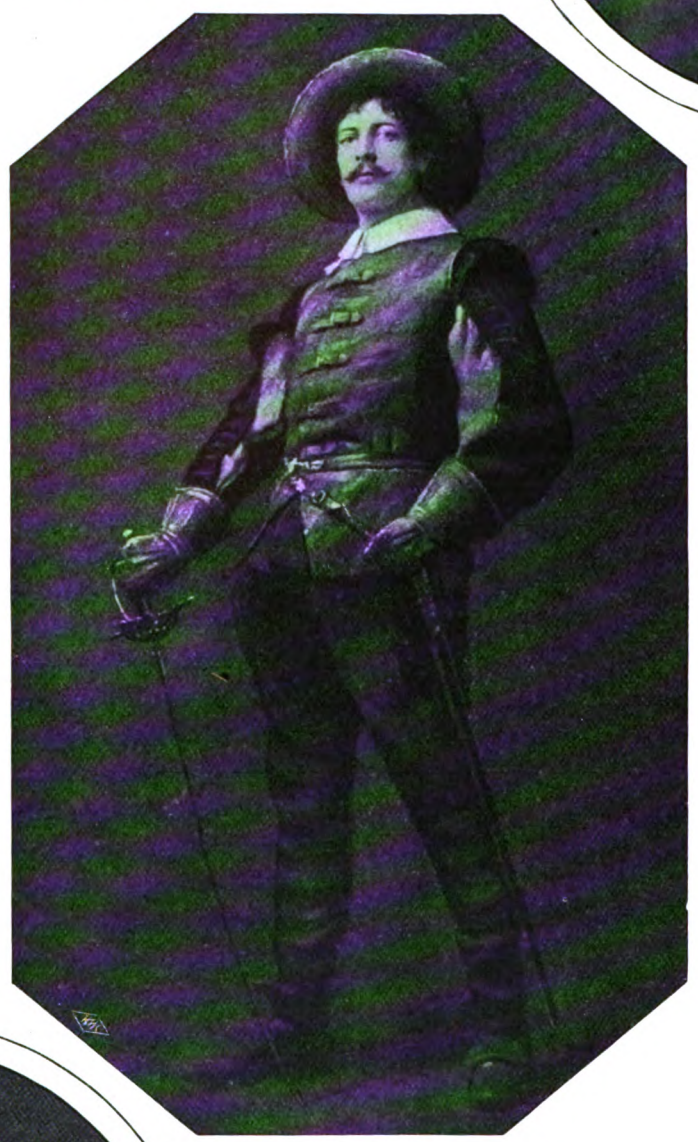
Of all the authors who give us peeps through

"Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,"

none is dearer to the heart of the true lover of romance than the elder Dumas. What a world he created for us in his numberless volumes! Almost all the French history I know I learnt from Dumas. I dare say a great deal of it is quite unhistorical. I should get a much truer idea of Cardinal Richelieu, for instance, if I read M. Hanotaux instead of "The Three Musketeers." But then, you see, I read "The Three Musketeers" before I had ever even heard of M. Hanotaux, and the Richelieu whose image I have cherished ever since, I decline altogether to give up. You might quote authorities to me all day to show that the Man in the Iron Mask could not by any possibility have been a brother of the Grand Monarque. All I know is that he *was* Lewis the Fourteenth's brother. If you could make me doubt my Dumas, the Man in the Iron Mask would for me simply cease to exist.

As for the famous three, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis—the types of man as God made him, man as he makes himself, and man as he is made by Jesuitry and priestcraft—there are no more illustrious figures in the whole range of romance. And when D'Artagnan is added to this fellowship, they stand forth as the quartette who have brought the whole world of readers to their feet, and won their way to immortality as the finest heroes of cloak and sword fiction that ever have been or are ever likely to be created. Through all the eleven volumes that relate their adventures—for "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne" carry on the record begun in "The Three Musketeers"—we follow them with ready footsteps, we share their hopes and fears, take part in their many conflicts, follow their *affaires de cœur* with sympathetic interest, feel a kindness for those whom they take to their hearts, and a distrust of anyone they regard with disfavour, sigh over the effects of creeping age, and thinking sadly of all the pleasant hours we have passed in their company.

MR. LEWIS WALLER.
Who has Just Opened at the Lyceum in "The Three Musketeers."
Photo. Langfier, Limited.



MR. LEWIS WALLER.
As D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers."
Photo. Stereoscopic Co.

Photo. Copyright. Langfier, Limited.
MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON.
Whose Season at the Lyceum began on Saturday Last.

No stage version of their story can present them quite as the reader of the novels loves to think of them. But of all the versions we have had, "The Three Musketeers" which has just been revived at the Lyceum Theatre is the best. Our present martial humour ought to ensure public favour for the revival, and it is acted with a spirit which shows that although 'tis not in mortals to command success, the actors are determined to do all they can to deserve it. Mr. Lewis Waller, who was prevented by legal injunction from playing D'Artagnan when the piece was originally produced two years ago, returns pluckily to his old part, and is exceedingly good in it. It is interesting to remember, by the way, that Mr. Robert Loraine, who played it for a time, enlisted in the Imperial Yeomanry nearly a year ago and went to South Africa. Mr. William Mollison makes Richelieu impressive, though the adaptor insists upon his being singularly inept in his diplomacy. Miss Lily Hanbury is fascinating as the wicked Miladi, and Miss Eva Moore charming as the good Gabrielle. Mr. Hamilton Knight is a fine swashbuckling captain of Musketeers. As for the immortal three, they are but shadows of themselves; but what stage play could possibly present them as all who know the novels love to think of them? The military manners of a past age can be studied in the *Salle des Gardes* and the Musketeers' quarters, and the fights are of thrilling desperation. We hardly get the idea perhaps of D'Artagnan's "wrist of steel," but he cuts and thrusts with the best. Altogether "a mighty pretty play," as Mr. Pepys used to write, "and methinks like to be acted many times."

H. H. F.

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POWDERS IN RIFLES.

By G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

DOES it take a ton of lead to kill a man in war, and if so, why? The answer to the first part of the question is that the amounts vary with the circumstances. In the Franco-German War the expenditure of lead was said to approach a ton; but when the soldiers of Napoleon I. were caught by the Swiss marksmen in the defiles of the Alps, it was supposed that there were more dead men than there were shots fired. "Why?" is not so easy to answer, for again the answer is variable and, this time, complicated. At the time of the Crimea our soldiers were armed with the Brown Bess, a weapon which, it was generally believed, never shot to the place it was aimed. It was a dangerous thing to stand a few yards to the right or left of anybody who happened to be made a target of; but the target himself was safe enough—always provided he stood still and the aim was good! That was because we had a bad barrel for our military weapon, and yet this, be it remembered, was half a century after the American War of Independence, where our soldiers had learnt to their cost that there were such things as arms of precision. It is true the soldiers learnt it, and it is equally true that the British Government must have heard about it, but in the Crimea that did not prevent the bootless British soldiers depending on a weapon that was just good enough to hit a regiment in close order. We have changed all that; now we have a weapon that has as good a rifle barrel as can be made, but still it takes upon occasion a ton of lead, or thereabouts, for Tommy Atkins to kill his man; and the reason of this is not very far to seek. Of course, that much-maligned individual, the man in the street, and his female relations as well, understand the first principles of rifle shooting. They understand that the back sight and the fore sight and the target must all be in a line before a hit can be expected; but the man in the street has never been through a musketry course, or he would know better, for the very first lesson he has to learn is that his rifle has ways of its own, and that, although it carries very good sights indeed, they have no sort of relationship to the individual rifle on which they are placed. Tommy, who cannot hit a haystack when he starts, has got to find out the individuality of his rifle before he knows his own. If he were a crack shot he could do this in half-a-dozen rounds, but as he is not, but only a beginner, he has the bewildering problem put before him, thus—here is a rifle which will not shoot to its sights; there are you who cannot hold its sights on to the mark during let-off; find out how much the rifle differs from its sights and in which direction. But Tommy Atkins, being an "absent-minded beggar," sees the difficulty of the situation, and resolves that if he cannot shoot straighter than the enemy, he will, at any rate, shoot oftener. The reason why the weapon does not shoot to its sights is because the latter have been put on only by gauge—no doubt quite accurately to gauge; and no doubt some day, when steel can all be tempered exactly alike from end to end, and when some substitute for warping wood is found, the gauge may be enough to find the right place for the sights; but as that time has not arrived, and as experiment has proved all rifles made in the same machines to vary in their shooting, it follows that the sighting of each should be done and regulated at the target. Then the true position of the sights would be found to suit the flip, or jump, of the particular rifle, under the strain of the ammunition for which it is made. Sir Henry Halford found the difference in shooting between exactly similar rifles to be from 9-ft. to 22-ft. at 1,000-yds. range. So that, with a correct aim, according to the present sights, the soldier might never get nearer his man than 9-ft., and may shoot anywhere on either side of him. With match rifle sights the shooter, having found the variation of his rifle, can alter his zero to the vertical and horizontal angle necessary; but not so the man whose life depends upon killing the enemy before the enemy kills him. A system of sighting that was good enough for the Brown Bess, and for a barrel that would never shoot straight, is still preserved by the War Office as the only permissible one for military purposes. May it be that this is done because a country that can afford to make good rifles with good barrels cannot afford to pay for the labour of correctly sighting them; or may it be in deference to antiquated notions?

But if it be assumed that the "absent-minded beggar" has discovered the amount of allowance to make for the tricks his rifle plays him, he has not, even then, settled his difficulties by any means. His next trouble arises in consequence of the spin of the bullet, caused by the rifling. When he is expert enough to know the tricks of his rifle, he has yet to learn that the bullet describes a double curve in the air; one of these caused by the action of gravity on the bullet. The designers of the rifle have, with just forethought, calculated this fall for all distances, and have set a sliding scale on the sights, so that the soldier can, upon knowing or guessing the distance, render the fall of no account, by moving up or down his sight. But the other curve has no such calculated neutralisation applied to the sight, except only for one distance, at which the sight line and the drift curve cut each other, that is, at 500-yds. This drift curve is caused by the roll of the bullet against the air, for it does not fly through the air point foremost exactly, but retains in some degree the angle at which it left the barrel, and for this reason the air under and in front of it resists its twist more than the air above it—it rolls, as it were, on a cushion of compressed air. This has very little curving result on the line of flight at first, when the bullet is not falling much, but as the forward speed lessens, the twist of the bullet is not decreased in proportion, and a very much increased curve is the result at long ranges. In all probability bullets strike point foremost, but in order to do that, the air on the under side of them must have altered the angle at which they left the rifle. There are two sets of sights on the Government rifle, one for long and one for shorter range. This drift curve is, in the latter, to some extent neutralised as stated; but it is not in the former—where it is most wanted—and the result to the shooter is that "drift" means calculation; for the bullet goes to the right of the sight-line at shorter distances than 500-yds., and to the left at all longer distances up to 2,800-yds. It could just as well be neutralised by a curve in the upright back sight for every distance. Of course the soldier who is asked to remember the tricks of his rifle, and to add to or reduce allowance for them by the value of drift, has a very small chance of doing his sum correctly in the face of a shooting enemy.

But this is by no means all the calculation necessary. The readings of the barometer and thermometer all add to the calculations to be made; for instance, if it be hot, the air is light from expansion, and offers less resistance to the bullet; consequently elevation must not be so high; but this variation is constant for the temperature, and that does not matter so much as another effect of heat. Great heat affects the Government gunpowder to such an extent, that it has lately been found to give an excess of velocity to the bullet upon occasions, and only upon occasions, to such an extent, as to render that gravity-neutralising scale on the sight inaccurate—wrong to as much as 14-ft. at 1,000-yds., so that the effect of gravity becomes an unknown, instead of a known, quantity, even at known distances. There is at least one other powder (and perhaps there are many more) not so affected, and this is one of the principal reasons for the necessity of Mr. Goschen's Committee, which has lately been giving orders for experimental batches of powder of other makes.

Unlike the target shot, the soldier has to shoot at unknown

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distances, and without wind gauges. As his sighting and allowance, right or left, are, of necessity, wrong unless he judges distance and wind correctly, and as these two difficulties are not altogether removable, it is of the greatest importance that the soldier's head should not be entirely addled by three more calculations, that ought to have been avoided for him in the Goverment Small Arms' Factory.

The Bisley Meetings for years past have proved that neither the cordite powder nor the Lee-Metford rifle is the choice of the best match rifle shots, and no private trials could possibly influence opinion when we have the records of Elcho and other long range events to fall back upon; but nevertheless I hope the NAVY AND ARMY rifle trials may throw some light on powders too. The difference between loading long range rifle cartridges and miniature range cartridges is very great; and hitherto it has been so great that, whereas all long range shooting has been done with nitro-powders, nearly all short range shooting has been done with black powder. The reason of this is very simple; the charge of the cap is so much greater in relation to a small charge of powder than it is to that of a large one. For instance, if thirty grains of cordite are affected by an over or under charge of fulminate of mercury in the cap, then ten grains will be affected, not merely three times as much, but probably very much more. The reason of this is that the ignition of nitro powders is slow and progressive; that is to say, the flash of the cap does not act throughout the charge, but having ignited some of the grains of powder, the flash from them does the rest. It is possible, therefore, to believe that a slight increase over the normal charge of fulminate would ignite the whole charge in the small case, but would only ignite an increased proportion of the big charge of powder. Black powder, on the contrary, is exceedingly sensitive to the cap flash, and, in moderation, it does not matter whether the charge is big or small; all the grains will be ignited simultaneously by the flash of the cap itself. For this reason, the only difference a larger, or smaller, charge of fulminate in the cap makes to the strength of a charge of black powder, is that it adds its own excess of gas to that of the black powder; whereas, in the nitro-powder there is this addition, as well as the extra quickness (and therefore additional strength) of the powder itself.

It is clear, therefore, although Bisley has settled which are the best powders and best rifles for long range work, that it has not so much as touched the fringe of the right nitro-powder for miniature rifles, any more than it has settled the question of which is the best rifle for learners at miniature ranges.

I have already dealt with the difficulties of the problems presented by the War Office to the soldier of the line, in order to show that the man who begins to attempt great things before he has mastered small ones is likely to get into such a fog as never to get out of it. The apt pupil with the rifle is the man who knows exactly what he has done every time he "lets off." When he has arrived at that stage he is an expert, for he can distinguish between his own faults and those of the rifle; and to arrive at this stage he must have had constant practice with a rifle that is accurate and with the best ammunition that can be made for it. In the forthcoming NAVY AND ARMY trials of miniature rifles it will not, I imagine, be difficult to find out which are the best rifles in the market; but before it can be hoped to say which is the best powder for each individual class of rifle under trial, it will be necessary to secure the assistance of the ammunition makers; inasmuch as the best they do at present for miniature rifles with nitro-powders, is not by common consent the best possible. In talking to a London gunmaker not long ago, he informed me that, in his opinion, the outside fringe of the miniature rifle business had not yet been touched. It was popular, he said, with all who had come in contact with it, but that the great majority were ignorant of what rifles there were to be had, and what could be fairly expected from them. He pointed to the saloon rifle shooting at fairs and such-like places, and he told me of the millions of cartridges per annum sold for those affairs. But he supported my opinion, that the degree of accuracy there obtained by the ammunition and rifles used was not good enough to make people take the miniature rifle up as a home amusement. He said, moreover, that although he sold thousands of miniature rifles, it was like a drop in the ocean; and as he went about he often wondered where those rifles were that he and others had sold so many of. Compared to the population of our big suburbs, the number sold was, comparatively, like a needle in a stack of hay.

For this reason, if the forthcoming trials have to be settled with existing trade cartridges, only half the work proposed for them will be done. It is not the business of amateurs to experiment in loading other people's powders into different people's cartridge-cases, and it is to be hoped that ammunition makers will see the advantage to themselves as well as to prospective shooters, in undertaking the very necessary work of experimenting, to find how the best results can be obtained from their own nitro powders.

Only a few weeks ago a letter was written to one of the newspapers, complaining of a certain brand of powder; then, when the cartridges were submitted to somebody else for trial, it was said that the caps also were in fault. But it transpired that the complaining amateur had done his own loading, and the first question therefore that presented itself to an impartial mind was why such a letter of complaint should be published. When an amateur fails to get good results out of the loading of nitro-powders, it is only what is to be expected. The makers of caps have great difficulty in keeping those caps regular; the makers of powders have equal difficulty in turning out two batches of powder of exactly the same sensitiveness; and it goes without saying that a man without the means and time to test the suitability of one batch of caps to another batch of powder may expect all sorts of erratic results,

I have no intention of emulating this amateur cartridge-loader, but as I know that powder and ammunition makers are constantly experimenting, and that before next Bisley some of them will have turned their attention to miniature cartridges in earnest, I trust they will give me the benefit of their experiments, in order that, after settling which are the most accurate miniature rifles, I may go a step further, and show which are the most suitable nitro-cartridges for them. What has to be done is to point to the rifles and ammunition which will help a man to become an expert, by enabling him to know that the faults he makes at the target are his own, and belong neither to the rifle nor the ammunition.

Crack Shots.

I UNDERSTAND that the gun and ammunition makers have at last agreed to standardise the size of chambers of gun barrels and of cartridges. It seems extraordinary that this has never been done before, all the more when it is remembered that burst cartridges are caused by chambers being too large and sticking cartridges by chambers being too small for them. But it rarely happens that cases do burst in barrels, and when this does occur it will generally be found that, in addition to having a particularly small cartridge-case in a particularly large chamber, the action has shaken loose. When this happens, it is not the fault of the rim of the cartridge-case if it bursts and gives that unpleasant ring in the ears of the shooters, of which one experience is enough.

* * * *

Whatever may be the sizes finally settled upon for cartridges, it is to be hoped that due regard will be paid to the chambers now mostly in use. If it should happen that a gun-maker is unable to supply cartridges suitable for some of his own old guns now in the hands of shooters, I do not think that the excuse that cartridges have been changed in size since the making of those guns would avail the gunmaker; his customer would probably go elsewhere, and so he should. Nine-tenths of shooters rely upon their gunmakers not for powder-cases, caps, and wadding, but for ready-loaded cartridges. If they are in fault, it does not matter which of the requisites for cartridge loading was in fault; the shooter looks, or should learn to look, at the complete article, and should hold the gunmaker responsible for sending out cartridges that will not suit his own make of guns.

* * * *

It may be that, when we have new guns built, we shall observe the advantage of the present standardising of sizes by the better ejection of the empty cases, but nobody who has satisfactory guns now—and most of us have—will be content to put them aside for any ideal arrangement between ammunition makers and gunmakers. After all, the loading alters the size of cartridges very materially. I do not suppose it can be made to alter the size of the brass rims, but the variation in the size of wads used is very much greater than the present variation of cases, and when large wads are used and rammed down hard they bulge the paper of the cases very materially. Only quite lately a lot of newly-delivered loaded cartridges were pointed out to me; they would not so much as go into the guns of the maker to whom they were supplied, and of course he threw them on the hands of the well-known firm of ammunition makers from whom they came. The view I took was that it was entirely a trade matter, one of no interest whatever to shooters; but if that gunmaker had issued the cartridges in question, then the matter would have been worthy of public comment in connection with his name, not with that of the ammunition makers.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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With the Foreign Troops at Shanghai.

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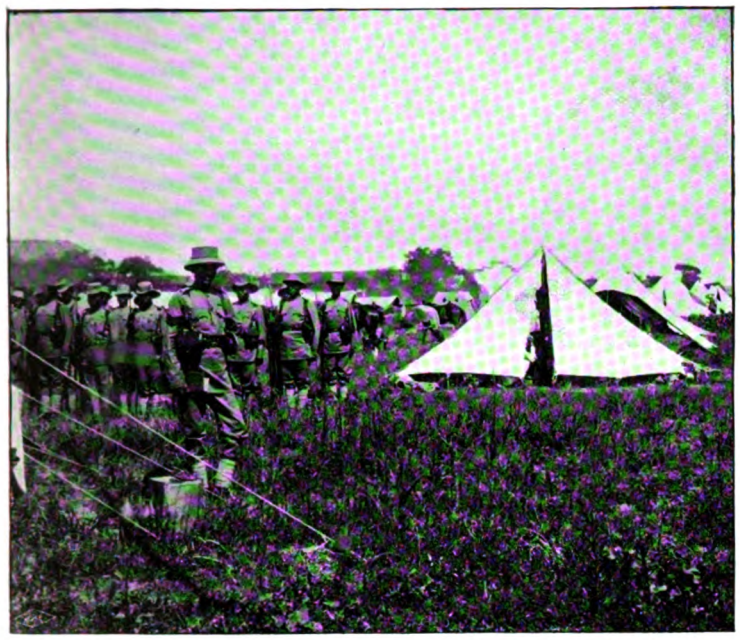
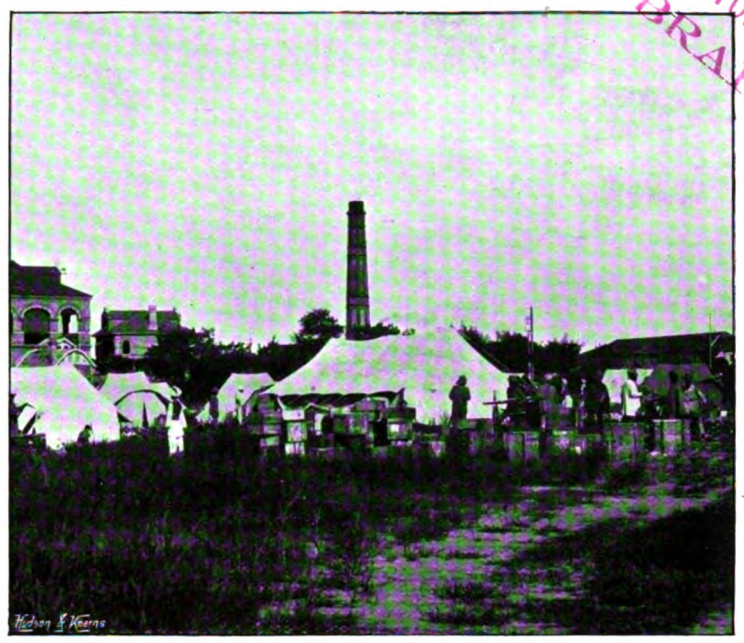


THE RAJPUTS' CAMP AT HONKEW.
At Home in the Flowery Land.



THE CAMP OF THE BALUCHIS.
A Strange Sight to the Yellow Man.

AN ENCAMPMENT OF THE SIKHS.
The Battalion is Finding Guards for the Consulate.

JAPANESE BATTALION ON THE MARCH.
These Smart Seamen have just Landed from their Ships.

THE COOKS PREPARING A MEAL.
The Holes in the Ground are the Ovens.

THE BOMBAY CAVALRY LANDING.
In the Foreground are the Men's Kits.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE BRIGADE RETURNS FROM PRETORIA.
Welcoming their Shipmates from the Veldt.

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SINGLE WICKET ON BOARD THE "DORIS."
Making the Time Fly while at Delagoa Bay.

THE "HANDY MAN'S" RETURN TO HIS SHIP.

THE LAST OF THE SEAMEN FROM THE FRONT.

"SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO."
Commander W. L. Grant and Officers of the Brigade.

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THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF THE "DORIS."
This Detachment Returned to their Ship on October 7, after Twelve Months' Service in the Field.

L. Jenks.

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THE
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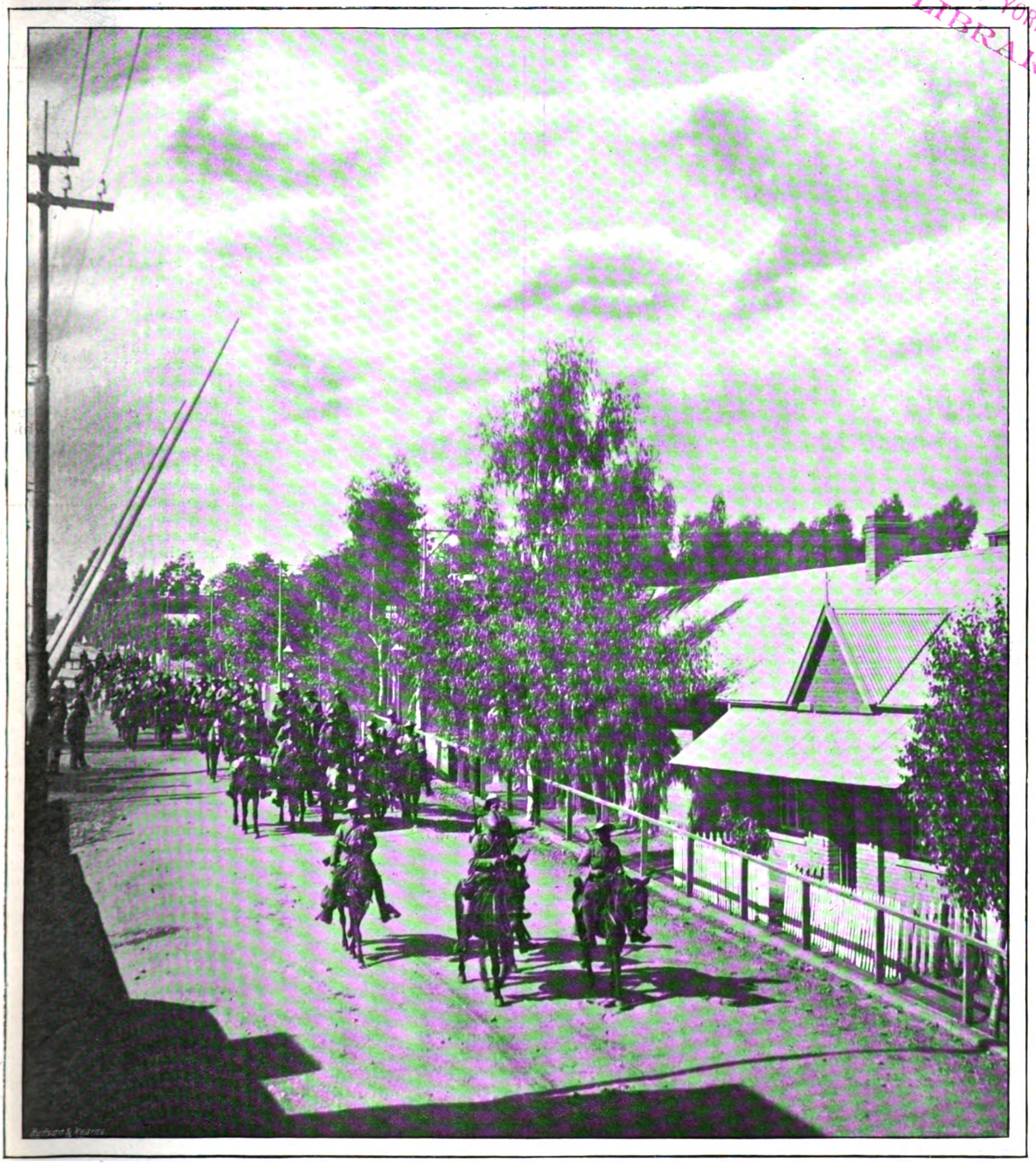

THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ENTERING JOHANNESBURG.

The City of London has a way of annexing foreign capitals in a financial sense. Here her sons are seen taking possession of the great mining centre in quite a different manner, but none the less for all time. As will be seen, the City Imperials found the entry into Johannesburg infinitely easier and more pleasant than recently they found the entry into their own good City of London.

From a Photo. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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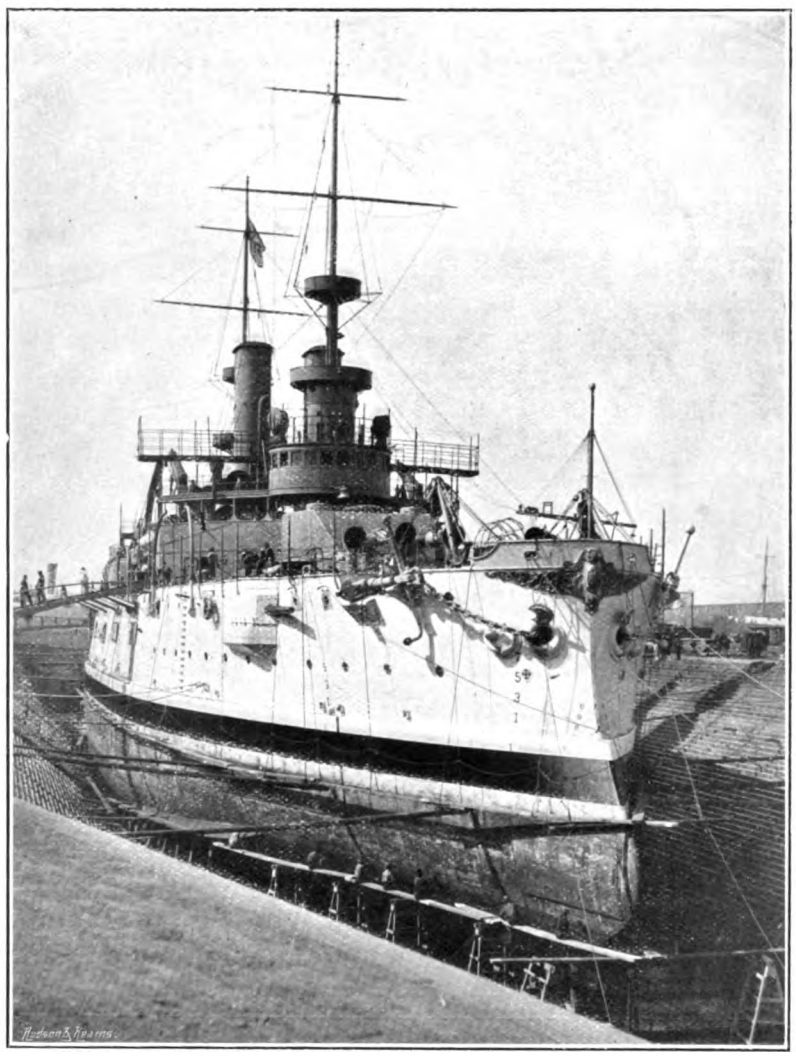
ROUND THE WORLD

IT was not at all surprising that the new Lord Mayor should have wished to make the Lord Mayor's Show a purely Military parade. This would have seemed right at such a time, though many would have been found to regret the absence of the theatrical elements which have been the amusement and the delight of countless events of the kind. The commanding officers of the Metropolitan Volunteer regiments had promised to support the wishes of the Lord Mayor, if the Military authorities would consent that the show should be confined to a Naval and Military escort. The student of manners and national habits was not, however, surprised by Lord Wolseley's inability to respond. He discovered in Military circles a strong feeling against the making of the Lord Mayor's Show into a Military parade. The truth is, that in the minds of the citizens of London the Lord Mayor's Show is not at all a serious event. It is a very interesting relic of the old City pageants, which are described by Stow and others, and it has gathered something more of extravagance perhaps with the progress of the century. It is one of the few picturesque touches of civic life which are known to the people at large, and to do away with its quaint and attractive character would be to lose a good deal. Hence the decision of the Military authorities is not altogether to be regretted.

RECENT incidents have made it plain that Lord Roberts's appeal to the country was not without justification. He most naturally urges the people not to "treat" the returned soldiers to stimulants in public houses or in the streets, tending to degrade those whom the nation delights to honour. Lord Roberts knows that such things happen through kindness of heart, but he begs the public to refrain from tempting his gallant comrades, to whose excellent conduct in South Africa he bears high testimony. He has trusted to their own soldierly feelings and good sense, and has not trusted in vain. "They bore themselves like heroes on the battlefield and like gentlemen on all other occasions." This should be sufficient refutation of the vile slanders that have been circulated. It is pitable to find Englishmen ready to fix upon any unfortunate episode in which soldiers may have fallen away from the high soldierly standard, instead of rejoicing in the general testimony to their good character which has been given by many officers, and, lastly, by Lord Roberts himself.



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THE LATEST THING IN BATTLE-SHIPS.

The U.S.S. "Alabama," here seen in Dry Dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is the Latest and Largest Addition to the American Navy. Like all Battle-ships, with only one exception, she is Named after a State, but also, curiously enough, her Name Commemorates the Commerce Raider that did so much Damage to the North, and for which we had to Pay so Heavily. The United States are now building more Battle-ships than a few years ago Americans would have Dreamed of. Their Shipyards are Busy, and will soon be still more so with other Fine Vessels of the Class.

THERE has always been an idea that soldiers should be jovial and make merry.

"Life's but a span, a soldier's a man,
Why then let a soldier drink."

Such was the note of the boon companions who revel in scenes of "Othello." The difficulty of restraining the rejoicing of the returned soldier is not found in our country alone. A member of the United States corps of Marines has even written a bacchanalian ballad, from which it appears that long-haired men and short-haired women "busted up" the

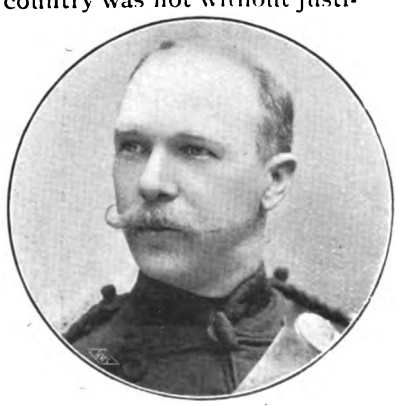

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

CAPTAIN G. MORPHEW, 2nd V.B. Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment),

Is the Officer who has Commanded the Volunteer Company of the West Kent which Went Out to Join its Line Comrades in rendering Grand Service throughout the Campaign.

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

ALI SAMI BEY,

Who is Officially the Chief Photographer to the Ottoman Ministry of Marine, and Instructor of Photography to the Imperial Ottoman Naval College, and who has Kindly Sent us Pictures on Several Occasions.

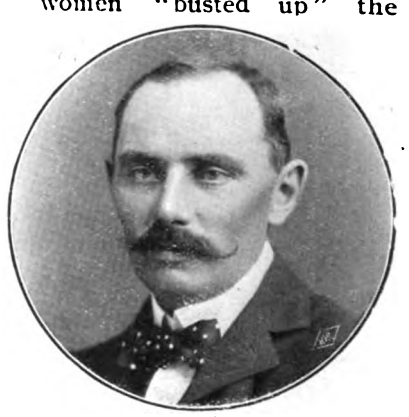

Photo. *Elliott and Fry.*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL B. T. MAHON, D.S.O.,

The Reliever of Mafeking, who has recently been Appointed to the Command of the 12th Lancers, Won his Spurs in Egypt, and at the Outset of the War was only the Junior Major of the 8th Hussars, though a Brevet-Colonel in the Army.

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canteen, and stopped the flow of beer, to the great dissatisfaction of the Marine. He had crushed the pride and power of the haughty Spaniard, and was anxious to meet where many tales of flood and field should flow like the liquor that gave them the fillip.

"With here and there a snatch of song,
Ending in this refrain,
'Hey, Billie, man the pumps, my lad!
And fill 'em up again!'"

Such is the effusion of Mr. Will. Stokes, enshrined by some American journals in their pages.

THE MAIN GUARD AT GIBRALTAR.

The Commercial ***Importance*** *of Gibraltar is deve'oping with the increase of Docking and Coaling Facilities. This picture is of Commercial* ***Square,*** *where is located the Head Centre of the Guards who look after the Great Fortress. When the Gates are Closed, it is here that the Keys are Under Ward till Morning.*

AMONG the many things that have been said to minimise the value of our soldiers, was the statement that the C.I.V.'s were coddled and shrouded from some of the risks and hardships of war. Nothing could be more untrue, as statistics amply prove. Their total strength was 60 officers and 1,740 non-commissioned officers and men, and they lost 1 officer killed (Captain Alt, who fell at Diamond Hill), and 13 non-commissioned officers and men, while 47 died from disease. The ratio per thousand was for the officers 26·67 killed, and for the non-commissioned officers and men 11·95 killed, and 43·22 died from disease. It is, of course, impossible to establish any just calculation in dealing with a handful of officers, and even the number of rank and file was not sufficient to permit a perfectly accurate estimate to be made. But there is quite enough to show, as a correspondent of the *Times* has stated, that the C.I.V.'s ran all the hazards of the regular and irregular forces, and paid practically the same toll in blood and disease. The loss in action was a little less, but that from disease was greater, and the total loss from all causes was: C.I.V., 55·17 per thousand per annum; the whole of the South African army, 54·26 per thousand per annum. This is honourable pre-eminence, and is an additional title of the City soldiers to the gratitude and remembrance of their countrymen.

THE latest available official table of casualties in the South African Field Force is that for October. It shows that up to the end of last month 302 officers and 2,202 others had been killed, and that 89 of the former and 893 of the latter had died from wounds. The total number of the wounded was 1,120 officers and 13,546 non-commissioned officers and men. The total of killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners was 1,714 officers and 23,920 rank and file; while that of all ranks killed, died from wounds, or in captivity, and from disease, including accidental deaths, as well as the missing and prisoners (save those who have been recovered), and taking account also of those sent home as invalids, is 46,026. This figure, of course, includes a large number of wounded who were invalided home, who have recovered and rejoined for duty. Indeed, the total reduction of the military forces through the war in South Africa up to October 31 was 12,769. It is a serious loss, no doubt, but has no disquieting feature save the large number of deaths due to disease.

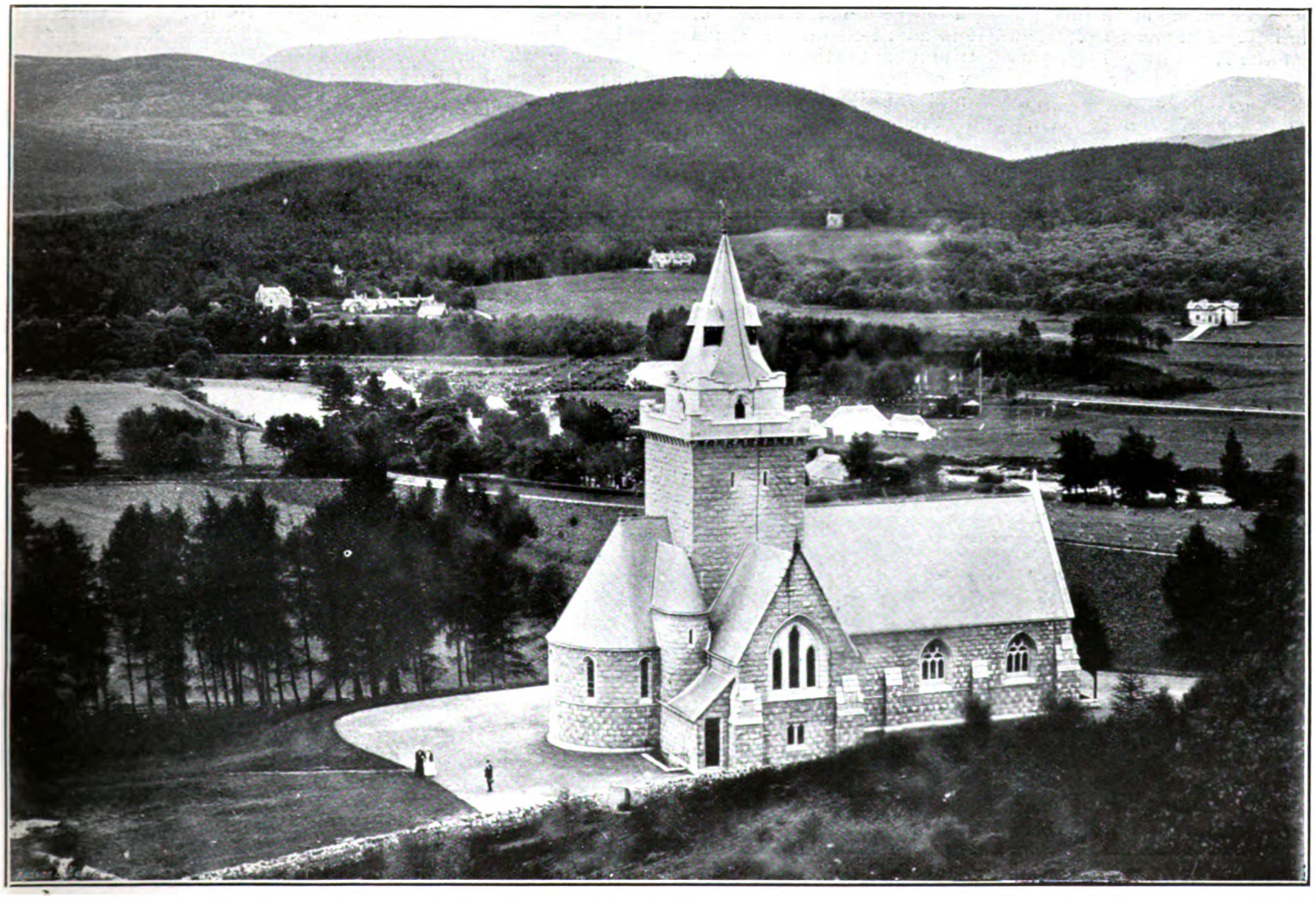

Photo. Copyright. *Johnston.*

CRATHIE PARISH CHURCH, NOVEMBER 1, 1900.

Where the Queen attended the Memorial Service to the Late Prince Christian Victor on the day that his Remains were Laid to Rest at Pretoria. *The Church is Just Opposite Balmoral, and the Service was attended by all the Tenantry and Employees on the Queen's Estate, the Former being in Full Highland Costume.*

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THE invitation card to the banquet given by the Corporation to the City of London Imperial Volunteers was a work of art that deserves a mention here. It embodied a series of pictorial representations of the principal events in the history of the regiment. At the head was a trophy of flags and guns, and the monogram "C.I.V." encircled with a crown of laurel, and flanking the trophy were portraits of Lord Roberts and Sir Alfred Newton, while underneath was one of Colonel Mackinnon, commanding the regiment. On the right of the card a female figure, emblematical of the City of London, grasped the hand of a C.I.V., typifying the City's welcome to its soldiers, and at her feet were the City arms. On the left of the card were illustrations of the hoisting of the flag at Pretoria and Bloemfontein, the march past, St. Paul's and the Mansion House, while inscribed upon a ribbon were the names of the engagements in which the corps has taken part. The artist's idea was a very happy one well carried out.

THE LISBON C.C. *v.* THE "PACTOLUS."

A Football Challenge Resulted in a Decisive Win for the Lisbon Club by Six Goals to Nil. None the less does the Plucky little Cruiser, the Smallest Ship belonging to the Channel Squadron, well Hold her Own in Athletic Contests when she Makes one of her not infrequent Visits to Lisbon.

THE Paris Exhibition closed on Monday, one week later than was intended. It would be idle to deny that it has been a striking note of the genius of a great people, and though many things tended to mar it, it was in the end a great success. It was too vast, perhaps, and too confused to leave a clear impression upon the minds of those who visited it. They did not bring away with them a full conception of the artistic and industrial development of the world. But they had gained an intimate association with much that is of the best in modern things, and it is admitted on all hands that the Exhibition itself was a triumphant artistic success. Its permanent legacy to the City of Paris is the Avenue Nicolas II., the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais, the bridge of Alexander III., and the great vista which terminates in the gilt dome of Mansart. This is a great and complete artistic conception, which adds much even to the dignity of a place so admirably designed and composed as the City of Paris. The *ville lumière* now returns to the consideration of politics.

FRESH trouble seems to be brewing in South America, and although the ultimatum delivered by Chili to Bolivia may not have the dire consequences that seem to be anticipated in Buenos Ayres, there is still a good deal of alarm among the Argentines at the aggressive attitude of the Chilian Government The demand made is that Bolivia shall present no further claim to the right of a port on the Pacific seaboard, and that Chili shall retain sovereign rights over the territory occupied during the war or after it, and in return for these concessions the Chilians are prepared to make some favourable economic arrangements. The Chilian Minister was very emphatic in his declaration that a seaport would be of no value to Bolivia, because, in case of war between the two countries, Chili would immediately occupy it. The possible danger of the situation lies in the fact that in 1891 an offensive and defensive alliance was concluded under a secret treaty between Argentina and Bolivia, of which the details have never been made public. There is a further complication in a protocol signed between Chili and Bolivia in 1895, but never ratified by the Chilian Congress, wherein a port on the Pacific border was ceded to the latter Republic.

THE question of actual right does not rest with Chili. It may be urged that circumstances have changed since the conclusion of the Treaty of Ancon, which terminated in 1884 the victorious operations of that Republic against Peru and Bolivia. It was agreed that the victor should occupy the Peruvian provinces of Tacna and Arica for ten years, after which a plébiscite was to declare whether these should be incorporated with Chili or should return to Peru. As a matter of fact, the date appointed for the plébiscite passed and no action was taken, and Peru now makes an appeal to arbitration, in order to settle peacefully the question of the final ownership of the provinces. A three-sided war appears to have been threatened by this question, and the situation is watched very curiously in New York. Chili and Peru are reported to be buying guns in Germany, and the Argentine National Guard has been drilled.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE C.I.V. MOUNTED INFANTRY AND MACHINE-GUN SECTION, PRETORIA.

Our Picture shows the 1st Company of the C.I.V. Mounted Infantry, which was Commanded by Captain F. W. Reid, 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, and the Machine-gun Section, under Lieutenant Wellby, who holds the Rank of Captain in the 1st Tower Hamlets Volunteers. The Picture will be of much Interest at the Present Time.

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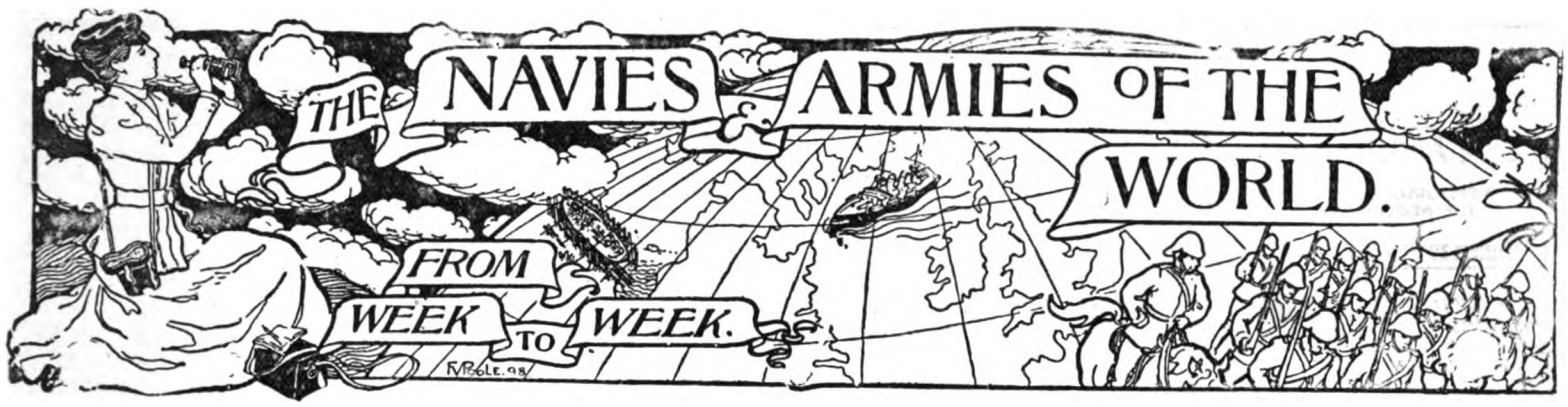

WAS it not Artemus Ward who spent an evening at the tavern with his friends, some time during the American Civil War, discussing the great question of the needful reorganisation of the Federal Army? They settled everything, and also consumed fermented drinks. Artemus went home so full of the subject that he came to the determination to reorganise Mrs. Ward. The end of the story is not to the purpose, but, as a matter of fact, it was not Artemus who exercised authority on that occasion. The fable, such as it is, was told for the purpose of making crude fun of people in the States who had got hold of an imposing word, and used it in season and out of season, with very little, or no, real understanding of what it meant. Just at present there is an opening for another (and if possible a better) Artemus Ward among ourselves. The word "reorganisation" is being worn to shreds, and very soon it will have no definite meaning left. Every critic, one observes, begins by taking for granted what he ought to prove, namely, that what is wanted is an entire recasting of the British Army, and not a more thorough and business-like working of the system we have already. The complaint is constantly made by very competent critics that our training at Aldershot and in autumn manœuvres partakes largely of the nature of farce. Perhaps so, but the remedy for this is not to reorganise at all, but to enforce a more thorough honesty of work in teaching officers and men.

* * * *

The *Times* of Friday, November 9, contains a capital example of the loose use of the word. It is in the first sentence of a letter by Lieutenant-Colonel Bartholomew on "Army Reform." He begins by saying, "We have reorganised our Navy more or less." When did this take place? We have largely added to the strength of the Navy, but it has not been reorganised, either less or more. There have been modifications, as when the navigating line was absorbed into the general corps of officers, and there has been a great as well as most necessary development of the engineer branch; but this is not "reorganisation." The Army may be said to have been reorganised by Lord Cardwell, and not, if we take all we hear seriously, with very satisfactory results. The Navy was organised under Charles II. and James I. Since then it has never been reorganised at all, though it has been reformed. It was subjected to that process in a very drastic fashion at the end of the War of the Austrian Succession. Means were taken to secure the promotion of younger and more vigorous men. It was settled that, in future, when a post-captain far down on the list was selected for active service in flag rank, he should be promoted rear-admiral of the Blue Squadron, while the officers above him were (with exceptions which applied only to that generation) promoted rear-admirals in general terms, or, in other words, retired with the rank of rear-admiral. At the same time, Parliament passed the drastic Navy Discipline Act of 1749, and it was grimly applied in the famous case of Byng. By these means, and by the willing co-operation of the nobler stamp of Naval officers, who, with the support of Anson and the inspiration of Admiral Hawke, carried out many improvements within their ships, the Navy was saved from the slough of despond into which it threatened to sink with Mathews and Lestock, Griffin, Peyton, Cornelius Mitchell, Watson of the "Northumberland," and Elton of the "Anglesea." If anybody wants to know how narrow the escape was, let him read the minutes of the courts-martial of those evil years. But this was reform, not reorganisation.

* * * *

In fact, if one wanted to point out why the Navy has been on the whole a more efficient force than the Army, as it unquestionably has, it would not be fantastic to include this among others—that it has never been subjected to the enervating process of dissolution and rearrangement. To the Navy its countrymen have said, "See that you keep the law," and when it appeared that there were some who would not, a Draconian penalty was established and enforced. With the Army quite another course has been followed. The blame has, so to speak, been thrown on the law. If the mass of our officers were not men of honour, with a Briton's innate respect for honest work honestly done, our Army would have been an armed mob long ago. As it is, its discipline has always had a tendency to be a matter of the letter, of mere form and pipeclay, and not of the spirit, as in the Navy. Look at the things which were said by Sir Charles Napier and Sir Colin Campbell concerning the way in which military work was done under their eyes in India, and the stories told in the life of Sir Hope Grant. Such things would have been impossible in the Navy, or, if noted, they would have been punished, and not treated merely as subjects for expostulation, or scandals to be hushed up and huddled over for the credit of the Service. When a war suddenly shows that everything is not right with our Army—that is to say, whenever we go into a serious war at all—there is an outcry against "the system." We shift the items about, and we vote more money, and everything goes on as before till we have to fight a serious enemy again, and then we find that *plus ça change, et plus c'est la même chose.*

* * * *

Whenever our chronic discontent with our Army rises into an acute stage—that is to say, about once in three years—we hear that the remedy for its deficiencies, or at any rate one of the remedies, is increase of pay. It is said that we must go into the market and compete with the employers of labour. Of course, we must do that in a way, and yet this also is a loose way of talking. For what labour does the State compete with employers? For the labour of the man who knows nothing. Now what are the wages of the absolutely untrained man? A soldier may fairly be called a skilled workman when he is thoroughly trained, but it takes about three years to bring him to that pitch. The same period, or rather more, must be employed, I imagine, in making a glass-blower, engineer, compositor, or watch-maker. But during that interval he is a learner and apprentice, and does not get a man's wages. In some branches of industry he has to pay for being taught. The soldier gets pay, or the equivalent of pay, from the very beginning, and is taught his trade without any expense to himself. In reality he is not so badly off, but, on the contrary, is favourably paid when compared to a lad who wishes to follow another line of life, and who has to support, lodge, and clothe himself, or to be kept by his family. When he is a thoroughly taught man he may be worth better pay than we give him, but when we have got him to that stage we seem to have nothing more pressing to do than to get rid of him. And if short service is to be the rule, what other course can be followed? Supposing, too, that the Army becomes a lucrative trade for a workman, will the trained man be grateful for being turned back to the labour market, where his peculiar skill is not a marketable commodity?

* * * *

I have to apologise to the Navy League for some too sweeping words of mine the other day. They accused the League of doing nothing—or, at least, they implied that it did nothing—to extend a knowledge of Naval history in schools. Since then a bundle of test books for prize essays on Naval history and specimens of the essays written on them at Bristol, have been sent to me. So I was mistaken, and have to withdraw the remarks, made under a misapprehension. If I may venture to criticise the pamphlets sent me I would say that the subjects chosen for the essays are rather too wide. A boy in Standard V., for instance, can hardly be expected to handle "The History of the English Navy during the Elizabethan Period" in a thorough way. He has not the space for one thing, and even if he has, he will be sure to fall into generalities which are not knowledge. It would—or so it seems to me—be better to keep him to the life of one admiral, or to one campaign, if not even to one battle, at a time. Still, the essays seem to be creditably written, and they represent a beginning; and it would be most unfair not to recognise that the teacher who wishes to set the subject for an essay on Naval history for school boys, would be sadly put to it to tell his pupils where to get books which were likely to be within their reach.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
10, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Harvest of Reward.

PROMOTION in the Navy and in the Army is largely a matter of good fortune, just as it is in every other trade, profession, and occupation. As Mr. W. S. Gilbert says in one of the Savoy operettas, "A is happy, B is not," merely because A has had luck on his side and B has had it against him. Many men might become famous if they had the chance. Had Napoleon lived thirty years earlier than he did, or even thirty years later, he would have died unknown to the great world. Often the man is ready—some "village Hampden"—

"Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,"

but the moment delays and the chance is gone. Greatness is as much the product of its age as of individual genius, more so indeed, for it is always the moment which calls forth the man. If there were only enough opportunities for heroism, we might all be heroes perhaps; truly a very comfortable thought. The same reflection lies at the back of Gray's Elegy. Over numberless graves we could sigh with the poet:

"But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

Sailors and soldiers depend even more on good luck for rewards and distinctions than most men. Their chance only comes when foemen bare their steel. The piping times of peace clog the wheels of promotion, and make the stream of honours flow with sluggish movement. But when the blast of war blows in our ears, all is changed. The private soldier carries once more in his knapsack the plumed hat of the field-marshal, and the officer who gets up in the morning a lieutenant or a captain may go to bed a brevet-major or lieutenant-colonel. Every officer who sees fighting, and deserves well of his country, expects at the end of the campaign to be on the promotion list at the very least, even if he have no particular claim to immediate distinction. Naturally, therefore, the rumour that the War Office does not intend to gazette all who have fought well in South Africa is causing widespread disappointment and dissatisfaction. "It is the common belief," writes a correspondent of the *Times* from the Transvaal, "that men who from the work they have done in South Africa would have been sure of a brevet in any of our recent wars will be passed over, simply because there is such a number of them." This would be extremely unfair, and so impolitic as well as unfair, that we do not believe the nation will allow it, even if Pall Mall officials have decided upon such a course.

That they are thinking of it need not be doubted, for it is quite in agreement with the haphazard manner in which promotion is dealt out both in the Navy and in the Army. Take the case of the sixty-two midshipmen who were landed in China, for example. Only eight are mentioned in the honours list. The Admiralty have omitted to note all their names for early promotion, again "simply because there is such a lot of them." A worse reason could scarcely be imagined. Where three or four midshipmen are landed somewhere in Africa to help to subdue a tiresome native chief, their early advancement is assured. They probably have an easy time and are in very little danger, but they are given precedence in chance of promotion over the fifty-four who saw hard fighting and had altogether a very rough experience in China. If the rulers of the Services were to say: "Everyone shall have an equal chance who does well; it is not fair that those whom fortune puts in the way of fighting should be given an advantage over others who would gladly be there, and who are doing good work in peaceful surroundings; if a man does especially well either in peace or in war he will be rewarded, but otherwise all shall be on the same footing"—if they said that, they would at any rate be consistent, though it would establish an entirely new precedent. But to reward service in small wars on one scale and service in big wars on another is altogether illogical, unwise, and unjust.

It seems clear, however, and perhaps it is of good omen, that, whatever the Admiralty are going to do in this matter, one flagrant piece of injustice under which midshipmen and warrant officers in the Navy have hitherto suffered is about to be repaired. The Distinguished Service Order, founded by the War Office, was originally intended for commissioned officers below the rank (major) which qualifies for the C.B. The Admiralty agreed to distribute it on the same plan as the War Office, but soon found that they could not award it either to midshipmen or warrant officers (boatswains and gunners). There was no rank in the Army corresponding to that of midshipman; and the War Office declined to extend the Order to warrant officers, who are of considerably less authority in the Army than they are in the Navy. Midshipmen, boatswains, and gunners were therefore in hard case. They were above the rank of petty officers, and therefore could not receive the Distinguished Service Medal, but, on the other hand, they could not obtain the D.S.O. Now that the Queen is being petitioned to remedy their grievance, they are likely to obtain the relief they deserve. Boatswains, by the way, must not be thought of nowadays as belonging to the same class as the boatswains of Captain Marryat and his imitators. They are educated men of fair social standing. Mr. Chuck's D.S.O. would have been an anomaly. There need be no fear of the present-day boatswain doing anything but honour to the roll of the Order.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

NOVEMBER 12, 1715.—Battle near Dunblane between the Royal forces under the Duke of Argyll and the rebel army under the Earl of Mar. Both sides lost about 500 men, but the issue was indecisive, although the rebels retreated. 1813.—Pas-age of the Nivelle by the Allies after Wellington's victory on the 10th.

November 13, 1804.—Battle of Deig. The Mahrattas defeated by General Fraser, who was mortally wounded. Eighty guns were taken. 1839.—Bokhara stormed and taken by General Wiltshire.

November 14, 1751.—Siege of Arcot raised. Rajah Sahib made a final effort to take the town, but was repulsed, and abandoned the siege after it had lasted fifty days. Next day Clive defeated the retreating enemy. 1798.—Reduction of Minorca. The town and fortress of Ciudadella surrendered to Lieutenant-General the Hon. Charles Stuart.

November 15, 1793.—Siege of Toulon. Attack by the Republican troops on Fort Mulgrave repulsed by General O'Hara.

November 16, 1776.—Capture of Fort Washington by Sir William Howe. 1897.—Second action at Saran Sar, North-West Frontier. The tribesmen were driven back from their position, which, however, our men held with great difficulty.

November 17, 1810.—Combat on the Huebra. Wellington arrived in time to save the Allies from disaster.

November 18, 1759.—Action at Mursurpet. Captain Richard Smith drove a French detachment out of the town, and, following them up, compelled them to surrender. 1897.—Occupation of Bagh (Tirah Campaign).

November 19, 1777.—Capture of entrenchments at Red Bank (American War) by Lord Cornwallis and Sir Thomas Wilson.

NOVEMBER 11, 1780.—Capture of the Spanish "Santa Margaretta," 34, by the "Tartar," 28, off Cape Finisterre. 1841.—Vice-Admiral A. H. Markham born. 1890.—Loss of the "Serpent."

November 12, 1595.—Sir John Hawkins died. 1684.—Admiral Vernon born. 1806.—Capture of the French "Réunion," 10, off Guadaloupe, by the boats of the "Galatea," 36. 1854.—Destruction of a Russian martello tower, north-west of Anapa, by the "Tribune," "Highflyer," and "Lynx."

November 13, 1800.—Action between the "Milbrook," 16, and the French "Boulogne," 30, off Oporto. 1809.—Destruction of pirate fortress and fleet at Ras-al-Khyma, in the Persian Gulf, by a squadron of British frigates. 1891.—The "Æolus" launched. 1895.—Foundering of the launch of the "Edgar," off Chemulpo, China.

November 14, 1755.—Capture of the French "Espérance," 74, in the Channel, by a squadron under Admiral Byng. 1798.—Recapture of Minorca by a squadron of the British Mediterranean Fleet. 1800.—Capture of the French "Harmonie," corvette, and destruction of a French fort at Marine Harbour, Martinique, by the boats of the "Blenheim," 74, "Drake," 14, and "Swift," cutter. 1808.—Capture of the French "Colibri," 4, by the boats of the "Polyphemus," 64, off San Domingo. 1837.—Vice-Admiral C. G. Fane born.

November 15, 1808.—Gallant defence of Fort Trinidad, Rosa, on the coast of Spain, by twenty-five marines of the "Excellent," with a small party of Spaniards, against 2,200 French troops.

November 16, 1703.—Capture of the French "Hazard," 52, by the "Orford," 70, "Lichfield," 50, and "Warspite," 50. 1810.—Capture of the French "Barbier de Séville," 16, off Calais, by the "Phipps," 14. 1857.—"Shannon's" Brigade before Lucknow.

November 17, 1800.—Destruction of the French "Réolaise," 28, in Port Navalo, on the coast of Brittany, under strong shore defences, by the boats of the "Captain," 74, "Magicienne," 36, and "Nile," 8. 1869.—Opening of the Suez Canal.

November 18, 1693.—Bombardment of St. Malo by Benbow. 1751.—Sailing of John Harrison to test his chronometer for the Admiralty £20,000 prize. 1793.—Action between the "Latona," 38, and the French "Jean Bart," 24, and "Tigre," 24.

November 19, 1779.—Capture of the Spanish "Bueno Consejo," 26, by the "Hussar," 28. 1891.—The "Iphigenia" launched. 1895.—The "Virago," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

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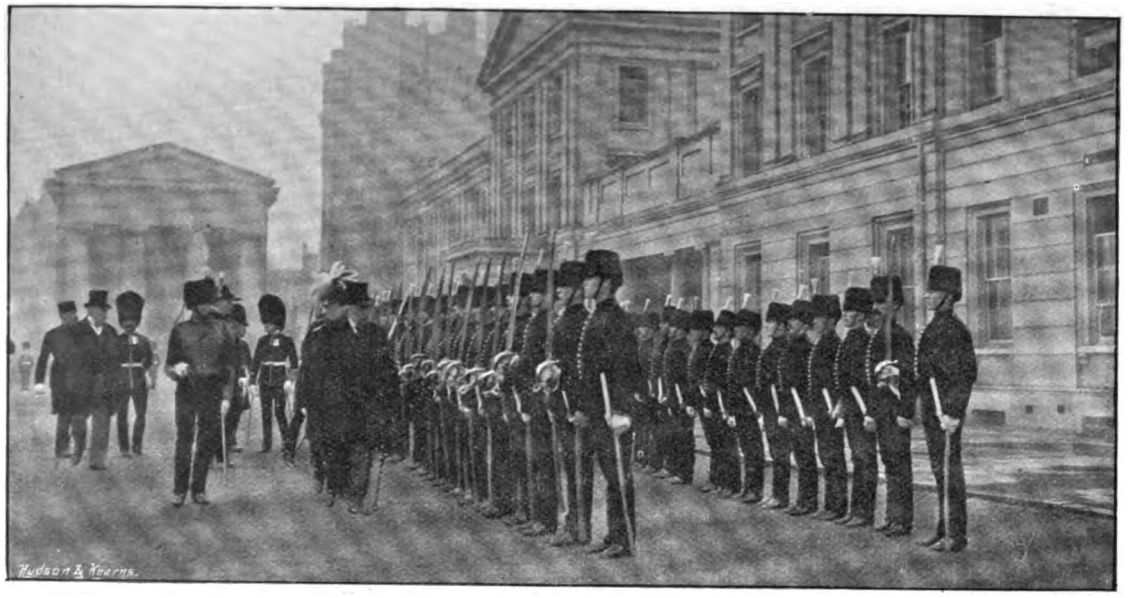
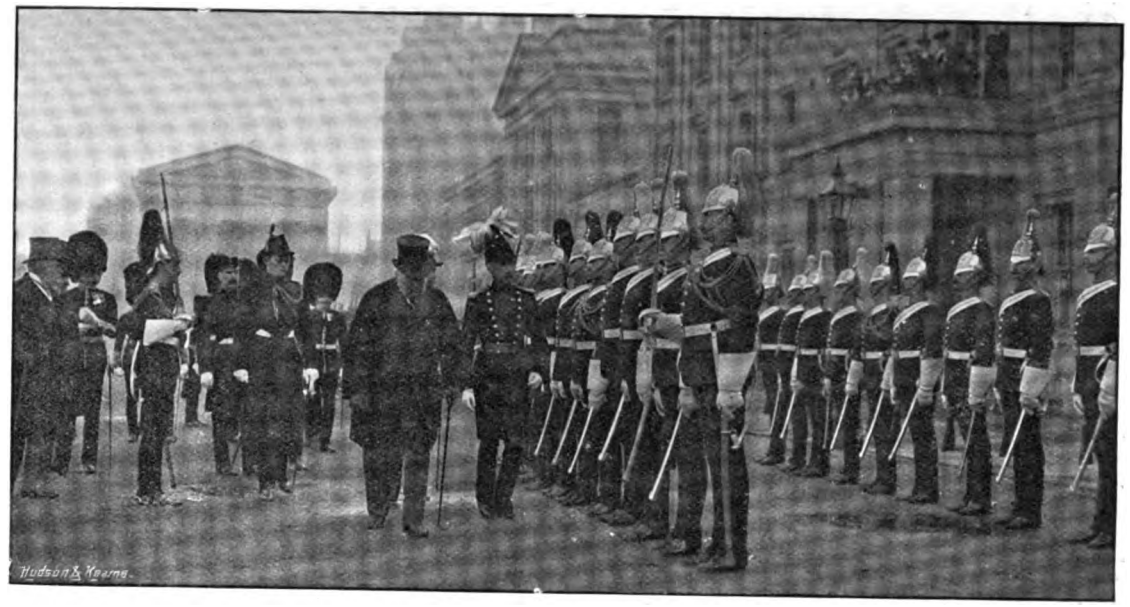
The Duke of York's Guard of Honour.

INSPECTION BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.



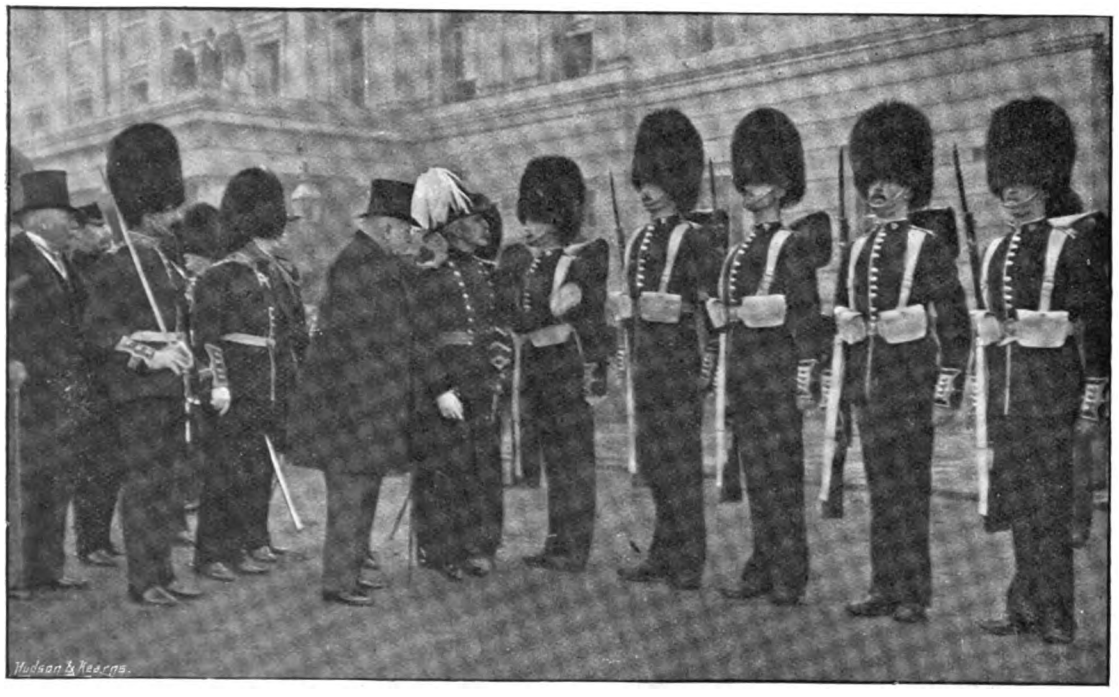
THE ARTILLERY DETACHMENT.

Composed of Fifty-five Men from V Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery.



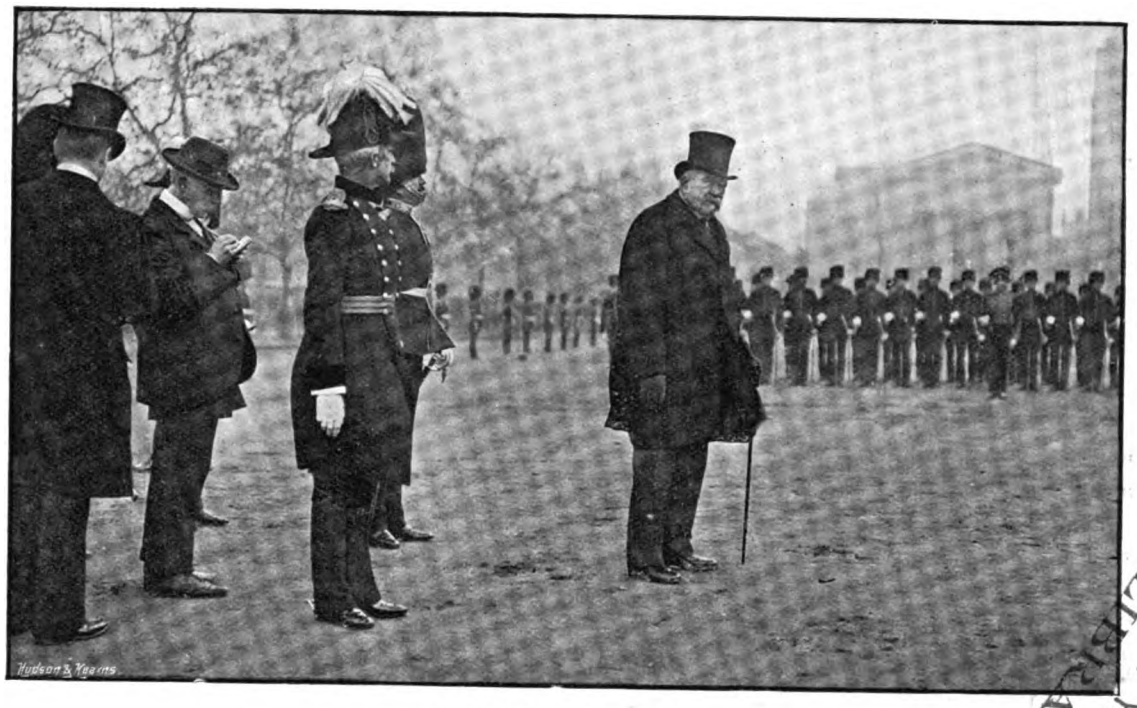
THE CAVALRY SQUAD.

Picturesque Representatives of the Mounted Arm.



THE IRISH GUARDS.

The General in Command of the Home District Introduces the New Regiment to the Duke.



A ROYAL ADDRESS.

The Duke of Cambridge Wishes the Guard a Good Journey, a Pleasant Trip, and a Safe Return.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY.

The Home-coming of Sir Redvers Buller.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

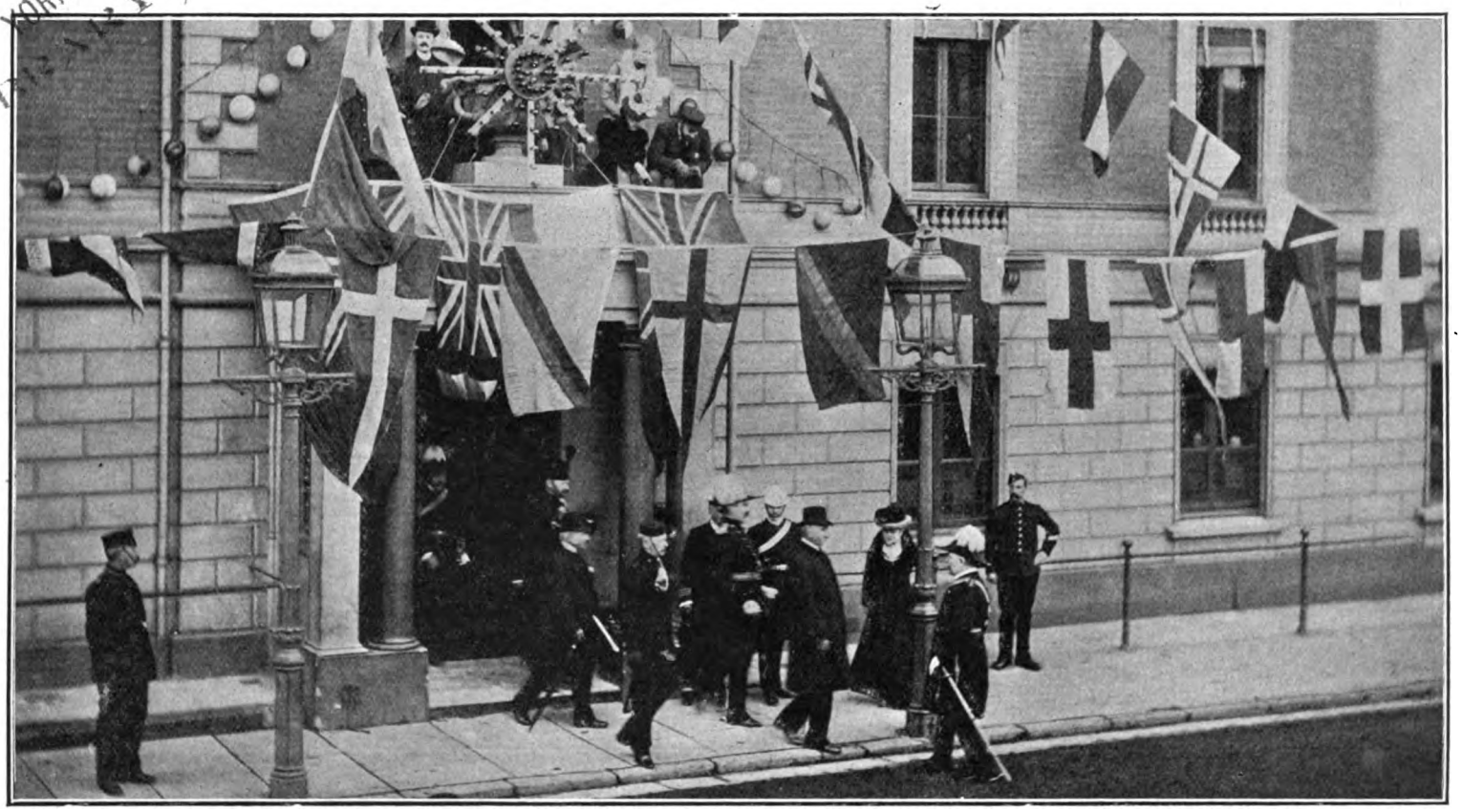

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

AT RADLY'S HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON.

The General is Made a Freeman of the Borough.

Photo. Copyright. *Knight.*

IN THE AVENUE, ALDERSHOT.

A Hearty Welcome from his Old Comrades and Friends.

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The Militia at the Front.

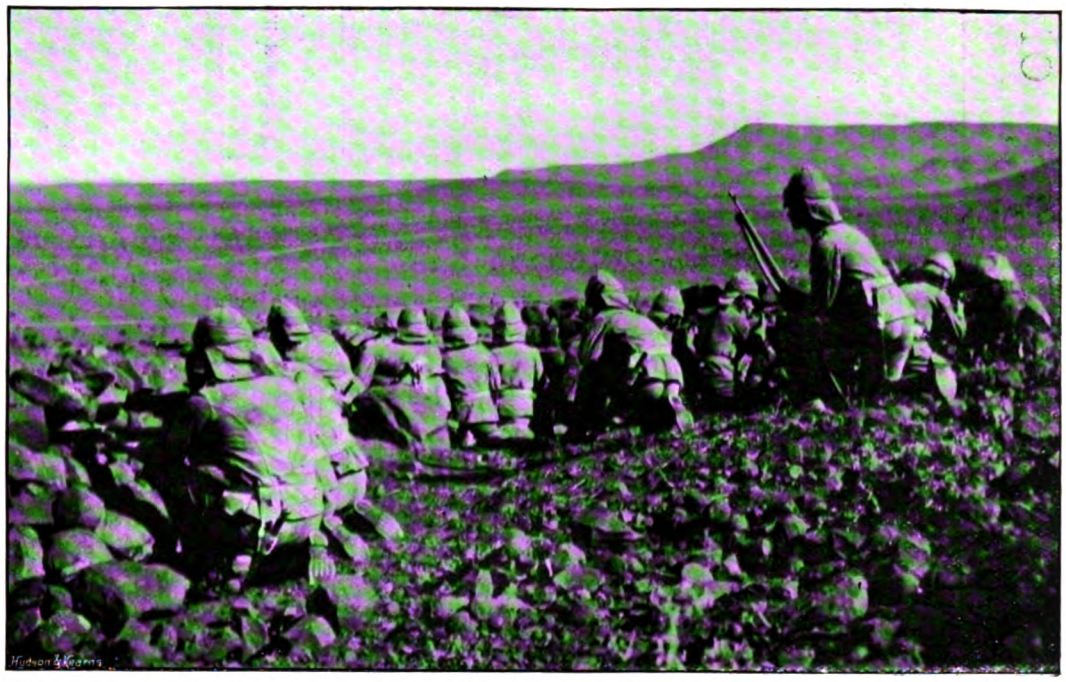
IT is earnestly to be hoped that in the chorus of acclamation which has already begun to greet, and will for months continue to greet, the Regulars and the Volunteers from South Africa, the Militia will be included in a manner, and to an extent, commensurate with their really great services. There is, perhaps, some little danger that the uninstructed public may insufficiently realise what the Militia has done towards bringing the war to a satisfactory if not glorious conclusion, and it is very certain that no vindication of its own claims to consideration will come from the Militia itself. The Old Constitutional Force has always erred on the side of excessive modesty, and it is, perhaps, partly due to this fact that in the war it has not habitually been given the prominence which it had a right to expect.

For unquestionably the Militia battalions have had rather a poor "show" as compared with, say, the City Imperial Volunteers who were so fervently welcomed. It is an exceedingly trying thing for regiments simply pining for distinction, and longing to get at the enemy, to have to remain month after month on the line of communications at points where, if any fighting has to be done, it is necessarily of a peculiarly harassing and generally unsatisfactory nature. Doubtless in such matters the authorities on the spot have been guided by urgent considerations which it was impossible to overlook; but the fact remains that as a body the Militia is not particularly contented with the *rôle* which many good regiments had to play under circumstances of considerable hardship, and not always for clearly apparent reasons.

Putting aside such healthy grumbles—for there is not much wrong with a force which complains of not having enough to do—the Militia has certainly come out of the war with greatly-enhanced credit. From the first it took its responsibilities very seriously, and at the same time in an excellent spirit of readiness and goodwill. Although the Militiaman of the Crimean days, who offered to mow down the Russians at so much an acre, may have disappeared, he has been succeeded by others quite as patriotic if less confident, and the manner in which the Militia battalions responded a year ago to the order for embodiment will remain to the imperishable credit of the force in our Military annals. Nor ought we to forget in this connection the fact that many battalions were left at home, or sent to other parts of the world, who would willingly have gone to South Africa. By this means numerous Regular battalions were released and a war made comparatively easy which would otherwise have strained our resources almost to the breaking point.

It behoves us, then, to prepare a very warm welcome for the members of the Old Constitutional Force who have been at the front, doing their duty, mostly in not very interesting or thrilling circumstances, with zeal and thoroughness, and so tightening the link which binds them to their comrades of the Line.

A MILITIA MACHINE GUNNER.
Holding a Kopje with a 6-pounder Hotchkiss.



AT BEAUFORT WEST.
A Militia "Sangar" on the Line of Communications.

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WITH THE 3RD "QUEEN'S."
A Section with a Maxim Gun in Action.

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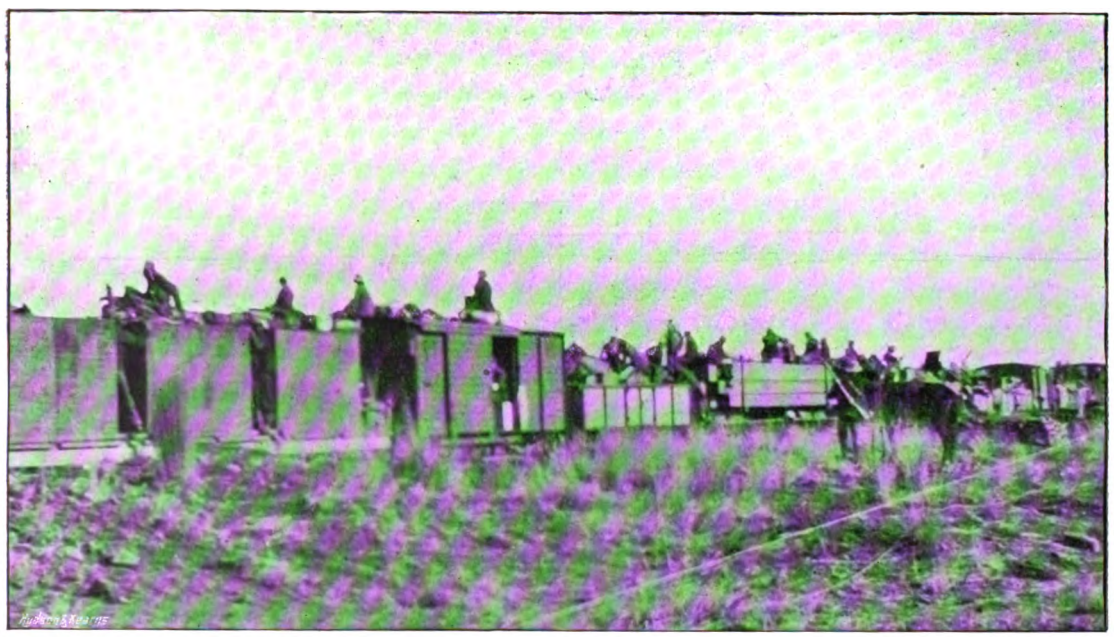
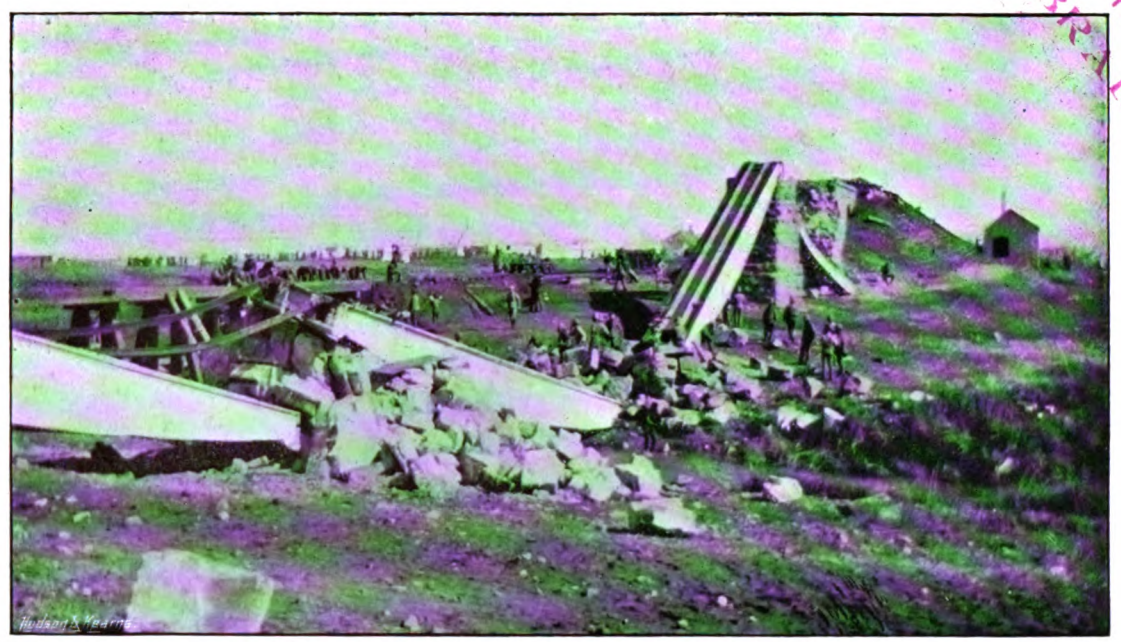
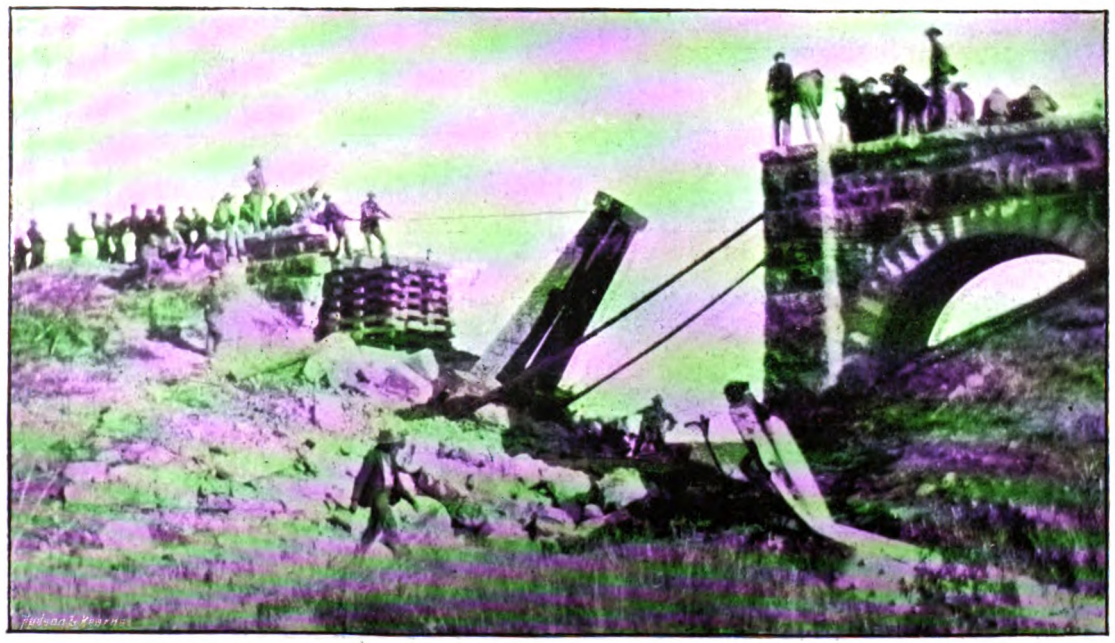
The Breaking and Mending of a Bridge.



THE TRAIL OF THE BOER.
A Royal Engineer Construction Train Arrives at Bronkhurst Spruit.



THE BROKEN BRIDGE DISCOVERED.
A Wooden Structure being Constructed Alongside the Damaged One.



ESTIMATING THE DESTRUCTION DONE.
The Extent of the Mischief being Ascertained, Repairs Commence.

READY FOR FRESH TRAFFIC.
The Deviation Bridge Finished. The Damaged Iron One at the Side.

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Training Seamen Ashore.

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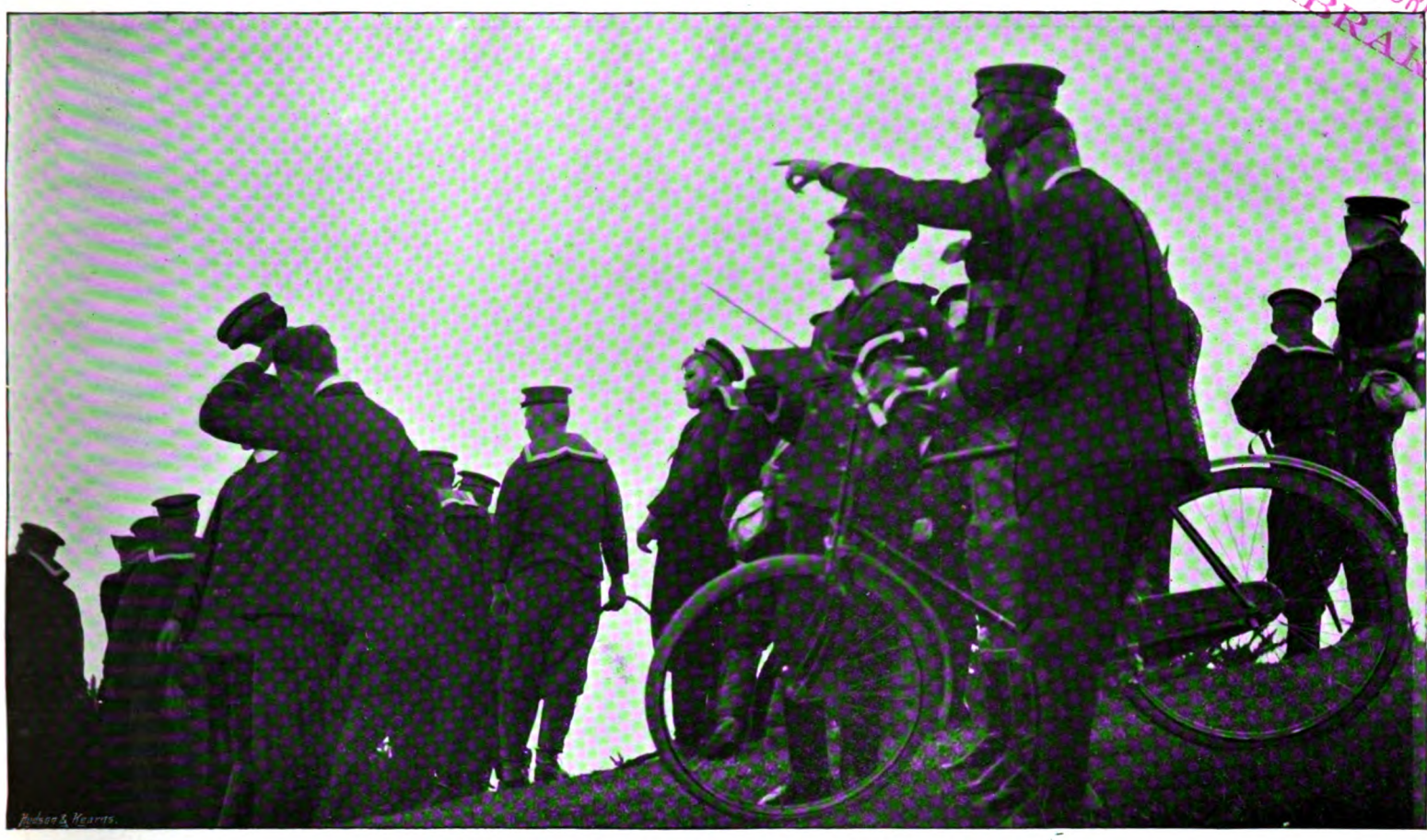
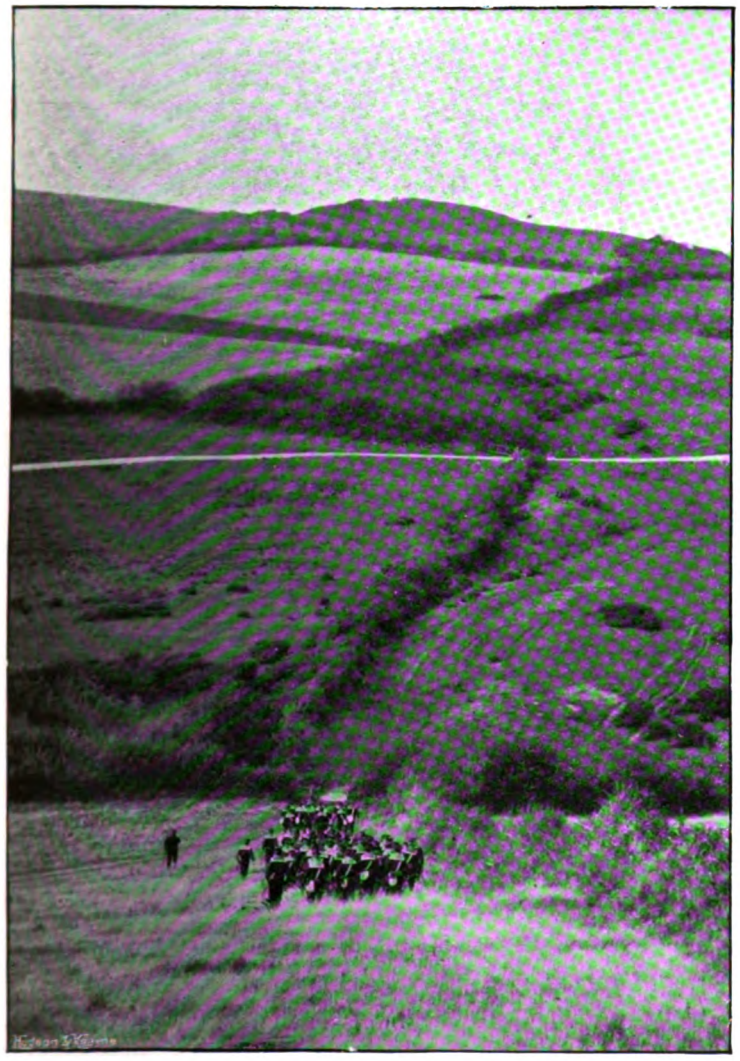


HALTING ON A HILL-TOP.

A Distant Cloud of Dust Betokens the Neighbourhood of the Enemy.



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IN OPEN COUNTRY.

Bluejackets Landed for the Defence of Weymouth against the Marines.

A. Debenham, Ryde.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The Naval Brigade Marching through Osmington on the Return.

A Correspondent writes: "You may like to have pictures of a field day we recently had here, when 1,300 men landed from the ships at Portland The plan of campaign was simple but interesting. Two hundred and fifty Marines under Major Bishop were landed at Lulworth Cove, to represen. an invading force marching upon Weymouth, while 300 Bluejackets from the "Alexandra" and 600 boys from the training-ships landed at Weymouth to repel the attack, Commander Miller being in command. Major Bishop, however, made a successful feint with a small party towards Osmington, and marched his main body round the defender's left flank. The Marines marched nearly twenty miles in less than six hours without a single man giving out."

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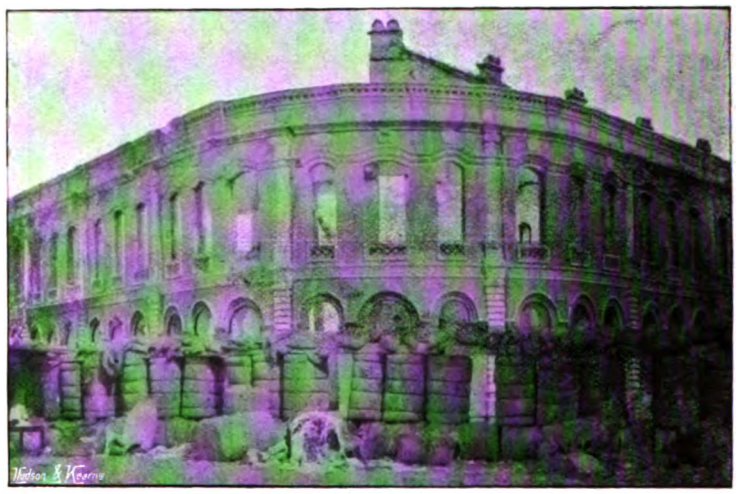
Allied Internationals in China.

ONE OF THE KAISER'S MARINE BATTALIONS.
Germans Landed in China Piling Arms after Disembarkation.

RUSSIAN GUNNERS.
A Russian Battery Drilling at Tong ku.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.
German Staff Officers in Consultation.

GOOD FRENCH ALLIES.
A Sentry and Outpost at Tientsin.



TEMPORARILY CLOSED FOR BUSINESS PURPOSES
Public Buildings and Shops Barricaded at Tientsin.

Photos. Copyright.

A CLOSED COURT.
Indian Troops on the Lawn Tennis Ground, British Legation.

Mee Cheung.

BIDDING FAREWELL.
British Marines Leaving Tientsin to Rejoin the Fleet at Taku.

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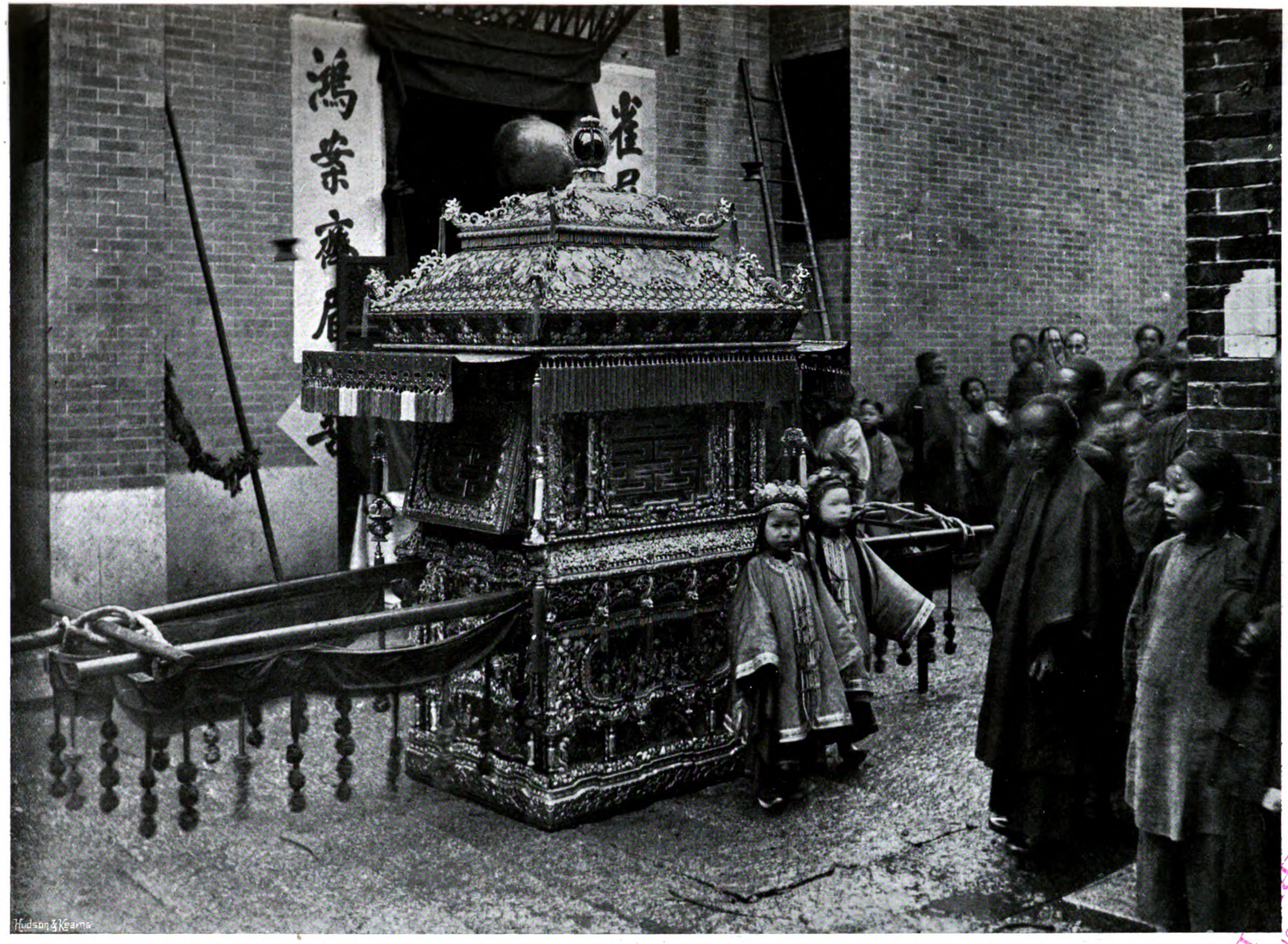

Photo. Copyright. A GORGEOUS WEDDING IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM. *Wetenhall.*

Our illustration shows the superbly-decorated wedding chair in which a Cantonese high-class bride is carried to the ceremony that is to unite her for weal or woe to the bridegroom, who has probably beforehand never knowingly cast eyes on her. The little maidens standing beside the chair are the pair who will in due course fulfil the *role* of bridesmaids. A Chinese wedding is a ceremony of importance second only to the ancestor worship which is the keystone of the whole Chinese social organisation. The picture is one typically illustrative of Chinese social life. It is the social life of the Chinese, with its intense conservatism, which has had much to do with engendering the distrust and hatred of the "foreign devil" and led to the present complications.

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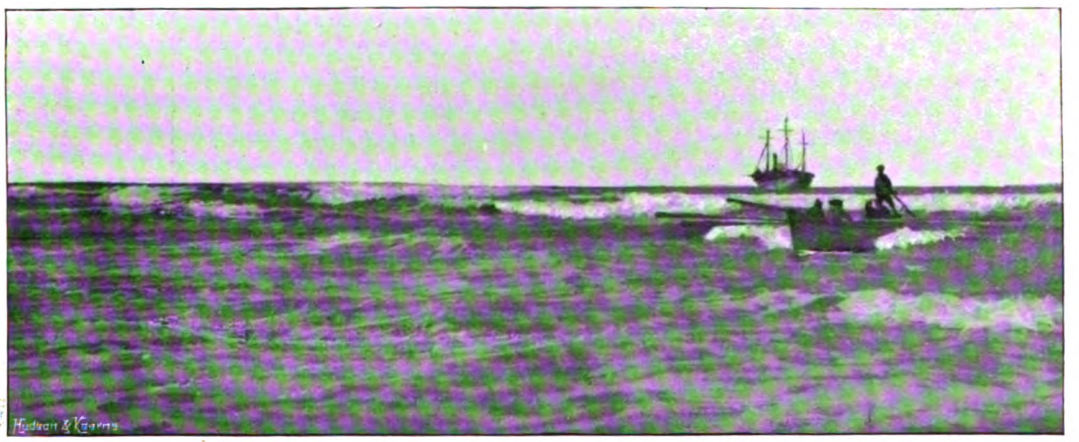
A Landing in Amatongaland.

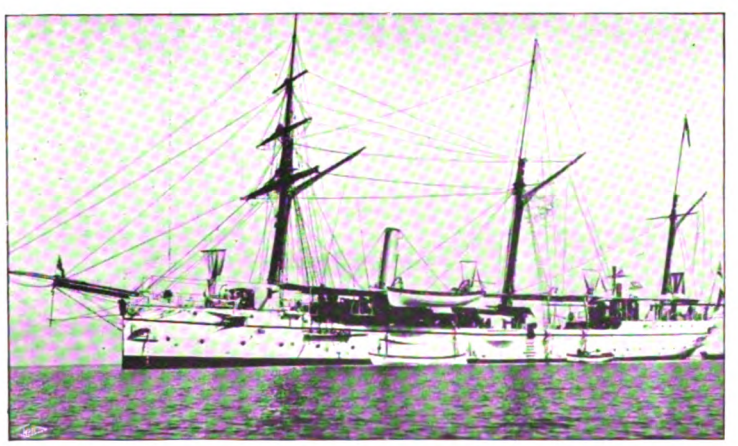
SOME thirty miles south of Delagoa Bay, where the tongue of Zululand runs up to join Portuguese East Africa, lies Amatongaland. Here it was determined to land stores and ammunition for a small force, which should operate north and west from Zululand, and take the Boers in the rear in the region of the De Kaap Goldfields, of which Barberton, the great mining centre of the Eastern Transvaal, is the principal town. Transport duty was entrusted to that smart little gun-boat the "Widgeon," which is pictured in our last illustration. Leaving Delagoa Bay, her station, with sealed orders, she ran down to Durban to coal, and thence had to go on to Port Elizabeth to get on board the surf-boats and crews that were necessary to successfully carry out the operations that were entrusted to her. Two surf-boats, with their crews, thirteen men all told, were engaged and stowed on board the "Widgeon," the gun-boat then returning to Durban to take in the military stores and supplies that were necessary for the small force employed. This consisted of Steinaecker's Horse, one of those local levies not to be found in the Army List, and whose names are not even known to the British public, but which none the less have done excellent work for the Empire. The point selected for the landing is a river inlet known as Kosi Bay, some twenty miles south of the Portuguese frontier line, where the "Widgeon" arrived, and within two days of her leaving Durban had successfully accomplished the landing of considerably more than half the stores with which she was laden. A hitch, however, then occurred, for one of the surf-boats was capsized, and for the moment communication with the shore was interrupted. Indeed, on the first day of landing the surf was exceptionally heavy. The "Widgeon" had taken up with her Captain Steinaecker and eight of his troopers, and two of the latter were in the capsized boat. One of these was unable to swim, but was gallantly rescued by Sub-Lieutenant H. S. Lecky of the "Widgeon," a young officer who, if our memory is not at fault, is a son of the celebrated historian and member of Parliament for the University of Dublin. This little *contretemps*, however, only temporarily delayed operations, for the following morning the successful landing of the stores was completed.

TROOPS LANDED IN AMATONGALAND.
Some of the Officers of Steinaecker's Horse.

CROSSING THE BAR AT KOSI BAY.
The Surf-boat which Capsized in Landing.



RUNNING A SURF-BOAT ASHORE.
Landing Men and Stores for the Expedition.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
THE GUN-BOAT THAT CARRIED THE TROOPS.
The "Widgeon" at Anchor off Kosi Bay, Amatongaland.

These latter comprised 50,000 rounds of ammunition, a Maxim gun, besides arms, accoutrements, saddles, blankets, clothing, etc., for a troop of fifty men. When landed, there was awaiting them on the beach the only method of transport—heavy waggons, four of which were used, each drawn by nine spans of trek cattle, that is to say, eighteen oxen to each waggon. Getting the surf-boats outboard from the deck of the "Widgeon" must have been no small task, for the davits of a little gun-boat—her displacement is only 805 tons—like the "Widgeon" were hardly meant for work of this character. But the Navy always rises to the occasion, and the "handy man" never fails to successfully carry out any job he undertakes. Our second picture shows the smaller of the two surf-boats going in to the landing-place from the ship. She is shown in the smooth water just before reaching the surf which breaks on the sandy beach that fringes the coast-line, the ground inland running back in a series of small hillocks very thickly clad with shrubs and small forest growth. In the next picture the larger of the two surf-boats is shown. The picture was taken just inside the bar, and the heavy surf waves are well in evidence. The little "Widgeon" is seen in the background. Her topmast and yards are struck, and her appearance offers a striking contrast to that of the smart craft depicted in another illustration. The first picture shows a group on shore, seated on one of the transport waggons before alluded to. The line seated from left to right are troopers of Steinaecker's Horse, with their leader, Captain Steinaecker, standing in front. The third from the left is the young sub-lieutenant of the "Widgeon," Mr. Halton S. Lecky, who played such a prominent part in the work of landing the stores.

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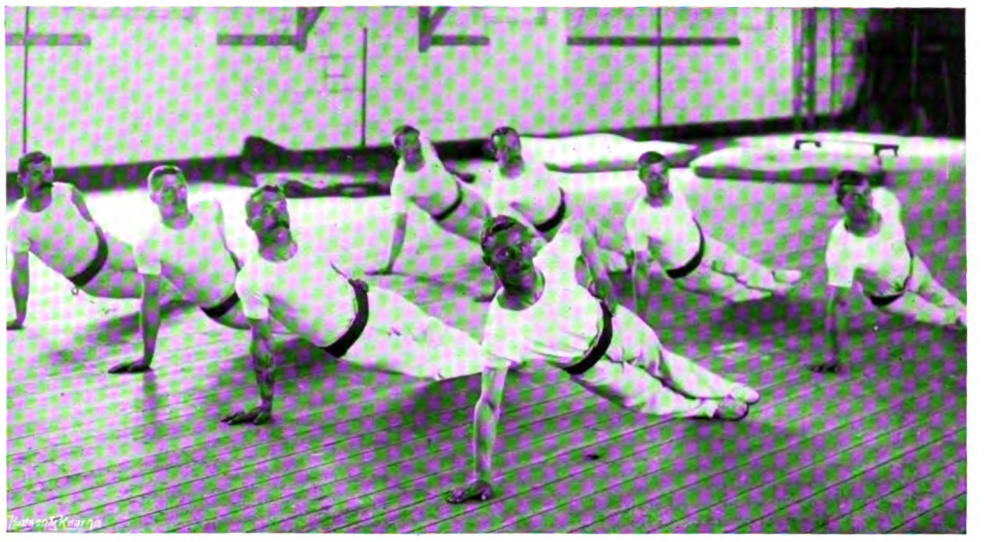
Gymnastics in the Army.

A DISTRICT STAFF.

CONSIDERING the importance that is now attached to the physical training of our young soldiers, it seems strange that establishments for that purpose were regarded with some disfavour at the outset.

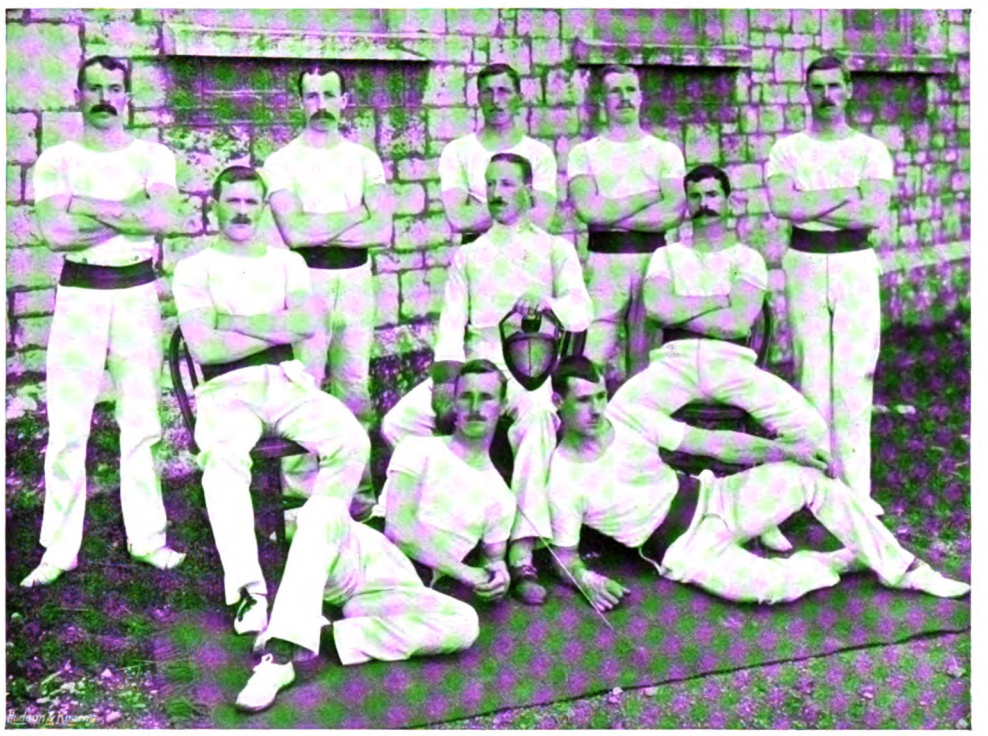
Soon after the Russian War, General Hammersley, an enthusiast on the subject, obtained permission to start a school of gymnastics at Aldershot, and so astonished the authorities by results obtained in the way of physical development after a course of six or seven months, that they had a small gymnasium built among the wooden huts in South Camp, and a desultory sort of training went on there from that time. General Hammersley may therefore claim to be the father of Army gymnasia; but though he has lived to see his projects more than fulfilled, there must have been a time when he almost despaired of overcoming official lethargy, to say nothing of opposition due to prejudice.



PHYSICAL DRILL—"UP."

In old times, perhaps, when our soldiers were drawn from a class physically fit for hard work, there was plenty of time to train them for exceptional endurance during the years of their long service.

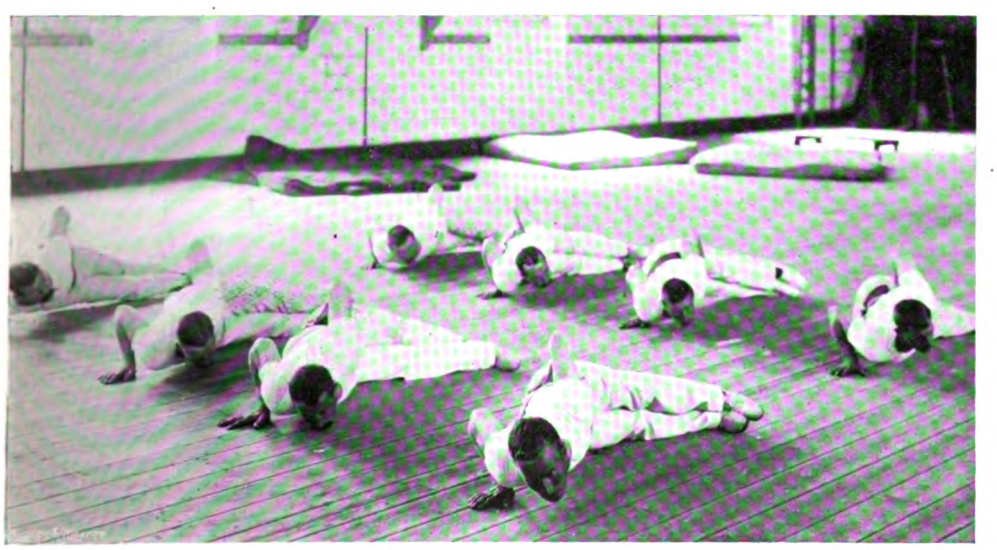
Nowadays, however, we have to be content with a large proportion of immature lads, who must be hardened quickly and brought to a state of muscular fitness by a ready process, if we are to get the most out of them while they remain in the ranks. Schools of physical training, therefore, became a necessity of Mr. Cardwell's short-service system. Few people, however, recognised that truth at the time, and nothing in the form of regimental schools of gymnastics had been attempted.



CAPTAIN J. SWEETMAN AND GYMNASIUM STAFF.

Colonel Onslow, who was mainly instrumental in promoting the establishment of district and regimental gymnasia on their present basis, fortunately saw that gymnastics, as practised in foreign schools and at Aldershot up to that time, were of little use for the general training of the rank and file. Skill in the performance of difficult feats may be a very valuable accomplishment, but it needs special aptitude combined with diligent application, and its acquirement may involve the sacrifice of qualities more essential to the soldier.

What we want in him is sound development of every physical power as far as possible. That is the object aimed at, and the way to its achievement is by gentle gradations, so that every fibre of the frame may in turn be toughened and none overtaxed. One most important exercise in the series is known technically as "bend and stretch." Schoolboys, with a happy faculty for coining expressive phrases, call it "froggy," and the accompanying illustrations, reproduced from instantaneous photographs, will show the appropriateness of that word.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. *PHYSICAL DRILL—"DOWN."* Copyright.

The exercise here hit off is the bend and stretch on one arm and one leg, the body being kept as straight as possible, and all the motions done by alternate flexion and extension of the arms. Thus the triceps, the muscles of shoulder, back, and legs are brought into play, and a change from right to left gives each side of the body its full share in the exercise. Vaulting-horses and parallel-bars are used in later stages of development, on which the young soldiers acquire further gymnastic skill.

Every regiment in the Service has now its gymnastic instructor, trained either at Aldershot or some other garrison gymnasium. Devonport, as the headquarters of an important military district, has a gymnasium where any necessary number of these instructors may graduate. Its superintendent, Captain Sweetman, of the Worcestershire Regiment, is of the school founded by Colonels Onslow and Fox, and he has a very competent staff to assist him.

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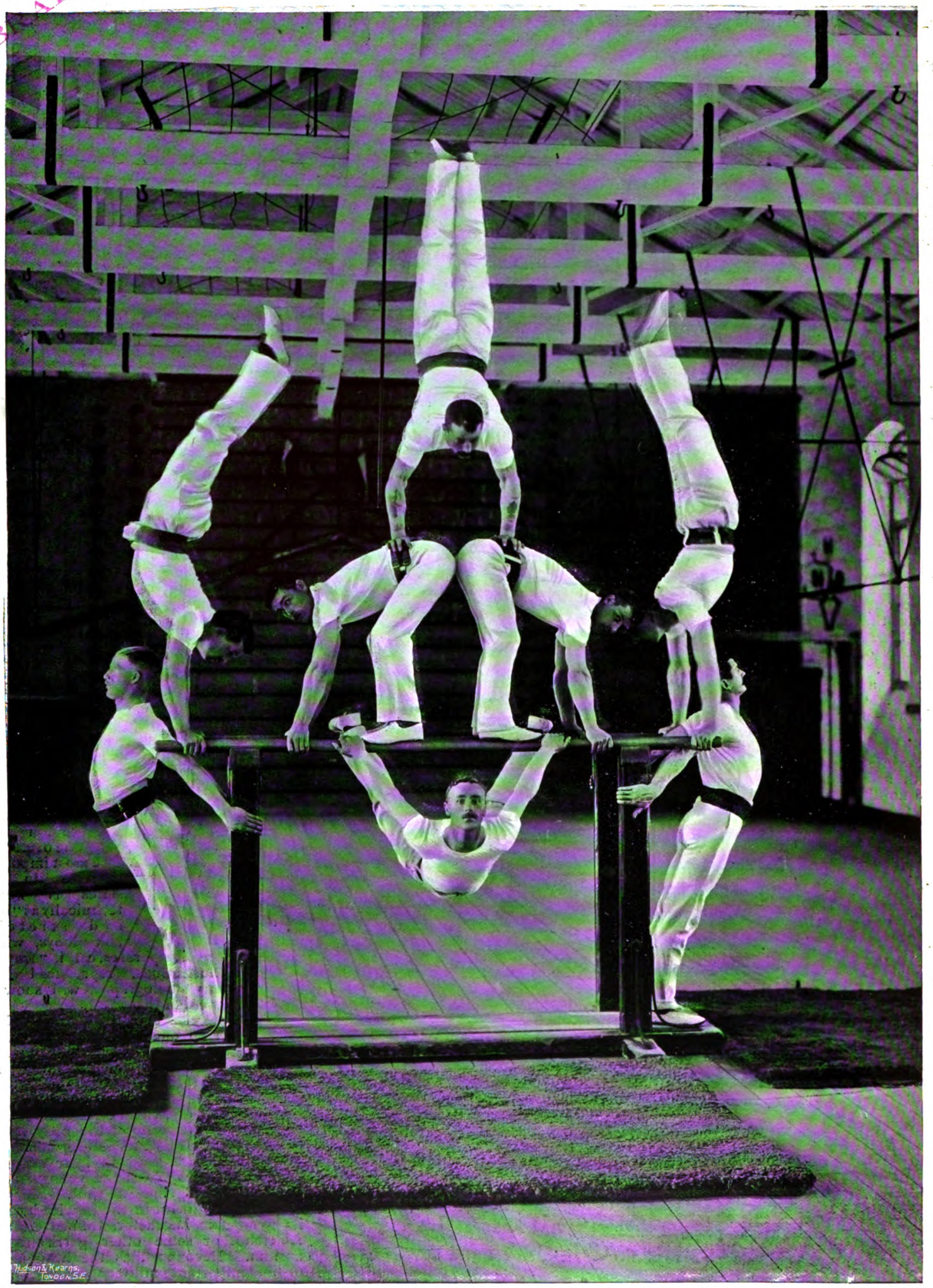

Photo. Copyright. *W. M. Crockett.*

A FEW POSTURES IN THE MILITARY GYMNASIUM.

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The Colonial Secretary at Malta.

Photo. Copyright *Ellis.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS W. GRENFELL RECEIVING MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE STEPS, MALTA, ON HIS ARRIVAL IN THE "CÆSAR."

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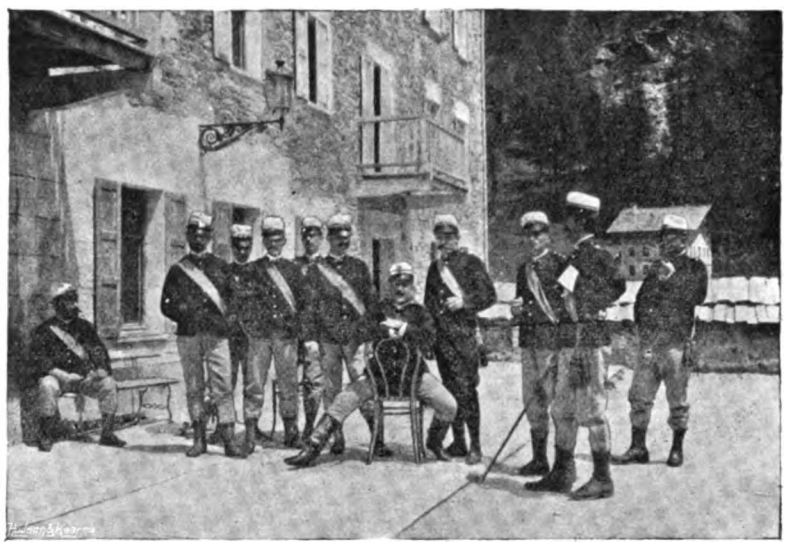
THE accompanying illustrations give an excellent idea of one of the best-known regiments in the Italian Army. It is the Alpine Regiment of Aosta, and at the time the pictures were taken the corps was billeted in a number of villages near Gressoney La Trinité, the officers themselves being quartered at an hotel. For the most part the rank and file were accommodated in hay-lofts, the non-commissioned officers having rather superior lodging-places. Just at that time the regiment was engaged in the task of beating up the conscripts, some of whom, as is common in countries where military service is compulsory, are by no means too anxious to shoulder the rifle on behalf of the Fatherland. But these Italian Alpini are generally hardy and excellent fellows, sons of the mountain soil, and ready for the snowy climb. Their winter quarters in the Val d'Aosta are comfortable enough for such contented men, but when the summer comes, and the snow-line goes higher, then they, too, ascend to their stations in the lofty passes of the Alps. Good watch-dogs they are upon the grand border country between Piedmont and Savoy, and their country is proud of them, as it should be of men of strength, patriotism, and hardihood, who give their best service in a region where it is often arduous indeed. The illustrations show what an Italian regiment of infantry is like when it is in readiness to take the field. The corps in question was fully equipped in every way, and was in reality ready to march to the front if necessary. Both officers and men were smart and active, and if not up to the standard of a British Line battalion, they were at any rate good, serviceable troops. The first illustration shows the officers of the regiment off duty, and taking their ease at the close of a pretty hard day's work.

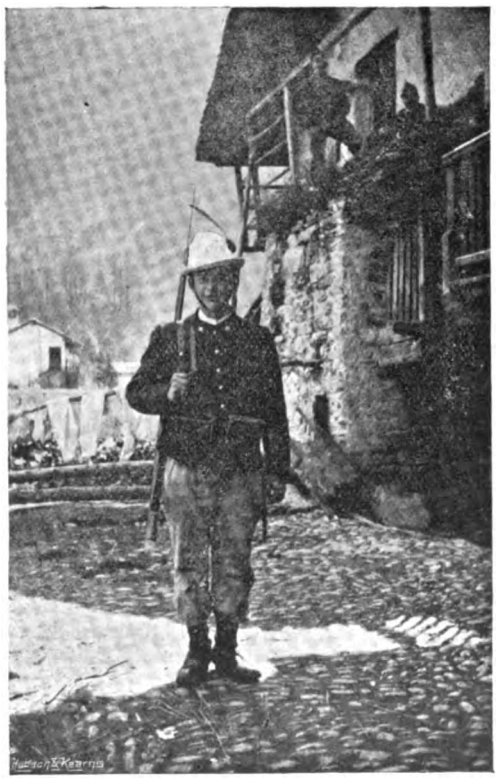


THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.

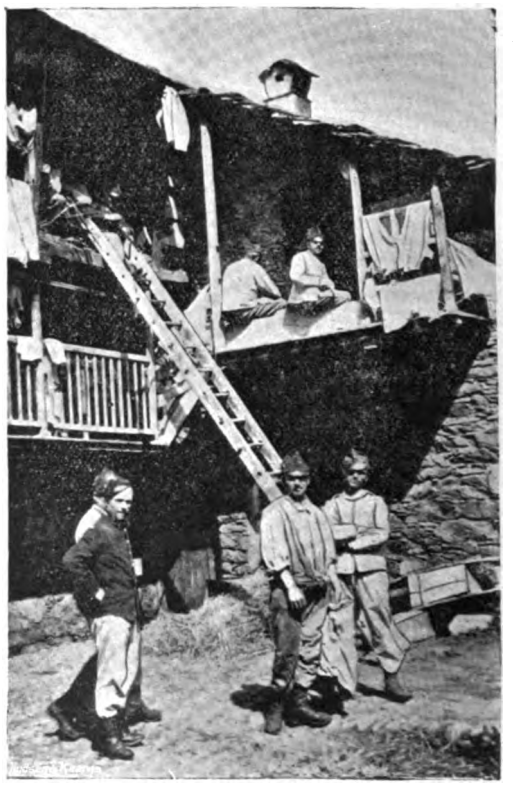
The officer in the chair is Major Ernesto Cattaneo, the one standing next to him, wearing the dark trousers, being the regimental doctor. The next illustration shows one of the sentries, a clean, cheerful, well-set-up young fellow, who very obligingly put himself at the disposal of the camera operator, indeed, there was a gratifying ease about obtaining the entire series of sittings or postures. The Italian is an agreeable and obliging acquaintance, and even those who are connected with the profession of arms are not at all unwilling to do a good turn to the British tourist, with or without camera, from whom the kingdom of Italy derives a not inconsiderable portion of its revenue.

The next illustration represents one of the hay-lofts alluded to. The quarters are not bad, although our own Tommy Atkins would have a good deal to say about them which was not to their advantage. But when the Italian soldier is marched through the country he has to take what he can get, and not just what he likes. On the whole, however, he makes the best of it—perhaps to some extent because he has not been educated up to the high standard of taste acquired by his musical compatriots in England.

Armourers at such a time as this do most of their work in the open air, as one of the illustrations shows, with a blanket under them to prevent the loss of any of the "giblets" of the rifles; while another picture shows an incident which is familiar enough to our own Thomas both on home and foreign service, namely, bringing in a defaulter. But the Alpine soldier, it will be seen, carries an alpenstock as part of his marching equipment. The ammunition mules are strongly reminiscent of our own little Frontier expeditions in India, and indeed the picture of these hardy beasts with their burdens might very well pass for a snap-shot



Photos. Copyright. *A SENTRY.*



Cutliffe Hyne. *A BILLET.*

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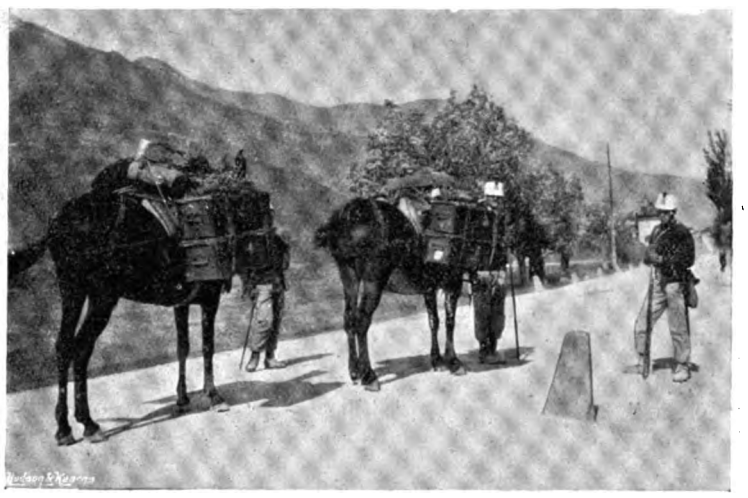
BRINGING IN A DEFAULTER.

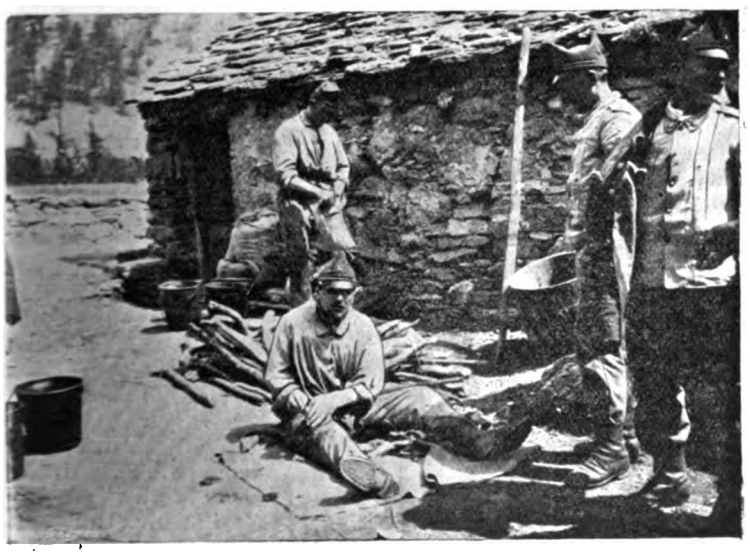


THE AMMUNITION MULES

taken in India, if instead of the Italian soldiers we had those of our own country. The regimental cobbler, pictured in a further illustration, is an interesting subject. He was, it will be noticed, pursuing his calling in the shade, but he obligingly posed for a second or two, so that his image could be recorded upon the film. The last illustration shows the primitive method of washing which an Italian regiment adopts when on the march. The custom is the time-honoured one of taking the articles down to a convenient stream, and with the help of soap and muscle removing as much of the dirt as possible. Vigorous beating and swinging of the garments in and out of the water is very good for them, even if it does happen to make the subsequent mending and darning rather heavier than it ought to be.

THE REGIMENTAL COBBLER.

Generally speaking, there is but little difference between the method of procedure on the march of an Italian regiment and one of our own, except that in many minor instances the Italian will put up with makeshifts which would cause something like astonishment to an officer commanding in Great Britain; but on the whole the Italian military man is as efficient as can be expected. It must not be forgotten that, although military service is compulsory upon all citizens in Italy from the ages of twenty to thirty-nine years, only a small proportion are annually drafted into the Army. Italy's peace strength is about 250,000 men and 50,000 horses—rather larger than our own, with under 250,000 officers and men, and less than 30,000 horses. It is because of Italy's wish to rank as a first-class Military and Naval Power that so many of her people find the burden of taxation almost too great to bear. In 1869-70 her military expenditure was £7,070,000, while in 1897-98 it was £13,510,000, an increase of £6,440,000. In 1869 Italy's peace footing was 120,000 men, compared with 276,000 in 1892. In the former year she had actually available for mobilisation 570,000 men, against 1,514,300 in 1892; but in the latter year, when the recruiting laws had produced their full effect, the number of troops which Italy had actually available for mobilisation was 2,236,700. Although there is universal conscription, substitution is allowed in the case of brothers, and one-year volunteers are accepted. Chance has a good deal to do with the sort of work the Italian soldier has to discharge. The conscripts are divided by lots into two classes, one of which enjoys unlimited furlough, while the other serves eight years in the Army, four in the active Militia, and the rest of the time is spent in the local Militia. In infantry regiments three years only are spent with the colours, but the cavalry serve four years in that manner, the rest of the time being usually spent on furlough. In the main, Italy adopted the German Army system in 1871; but there is one direction in which the country's method is in direct opposition to that of Germany, and this is in the drawing of recruits from all "zones" for one regiment. The kingdom of Italy is divided into five of these recruiting zones. At a crisis something like 3,000,000 men could be put into the field, but of these it would be safe to say that only about one-third had received a regular military training. But remembering the powerful fleet which Italy possesses, it is reasonable to assume that she has enough soldiers and sailors to protect her interests adequately. In 1900 the results have been excellent. Her consorts of the Triple Alliance have not, it is true, always thought so, and it is worth while to remember that Italy does suffer heavily in rendering her share towards maintaining the balance of power.



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CLEANING RIFLES.

Cutliffe Hyne.

AN INTERRUPTED WASH.

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New Names of Old Renown.

THE Admiralty Order of October 29, appointing the names for the battle-ships, cruisers, and sloops of this year's ship-building programme, restores to the Navy List several famous old man-of-war names.

The "Queen," the new big battle-ship to be built at Devonport, takes us back in her name to the old Navy of the Plantagenets and to the year 1226, when the King's great ship, the "Queen" of Henry III.'s fleet, made her first appearance on the sea. We do not, however, meet the name again until nearly five centuries later—January, 1694—when William III. changed the name of the old "Royal Charles" to "Queen," in honour of his consort. This "Queen" was the favourite ship of Sir Cloudesley Shovell. She was rebuilding at Woolwich in 1715 when George I. came to England. His wife being under lock and key in Germany, King George struck the name out of the list, renaming the "Queen" the "Royal George." Not until 1769 was the name restored to the Navy, when the 98-gun ship "Queen" of George III.'s reign was launched. Her war story may be thus summarised: In Keppel's action off Brest of July 27, 1778; at Darby's relief of Gibraltar in 1781; with Kempenfelt in his battle of December 12, 1781; at Lord Howe's relief of Gibraltar, 1782; with Lord Howe on the "Glorious First of June," 1794; in Lord Bridport's action off L'Orient on June 23, 1795. The "Queen" was at Gibraltar when Trafalgar was fought, and for five months after the battle she was Collingwood's flag-ship. In 1839 was launched the immediate predecessor of our new "Queen," a 110-gun ship, still remembered for the credit she won at the bombardment of Sebastopol in November, 1854, when her gallantry as one of the "inshore squadron" was acknowledged by Sir Edmund Lyons by the signal "Well done, 'Queen.'" In the trenches, too, at Sebastopol, the "Queen's" men did notable work, the present Adjutant-General, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., a midshipman of the "Queen," then having his baptism of fire.

The first "Prince of Wales," a 74, was launched in 1765. She served, however, only one commission, in the course of which she fought in two actions—Barrington's affair with D'Estaing at St. Lucia in 1778, and Byron's battle in 1779. After that, in 1780, the ship was broken up. The second "Prince of Wales," a 98-gun ship, launched in 1794, was present in Bridport's battle off Belleisle in 1795, and was Admiral Calder's flag-ship in his battle off Cape Finisterre in 1805. Calder was second in command off Cadiz when Nelson joined before Trafalgar, and Nelson, who came with orders from the Admiralty to send Calder home for trial by court-martial, sent him home in the ship rather than hurt Calder's feelings by sending him in a smaller ship, as the Admiralty had directed. "I trust that I shall be considered to have done right as a man, and to a brother officer in affliction," he wrote; "my heart could not stand it, and so the thing must rest, and I shall submit to the wisdom of the Board." The next "Prince of Wales," launched in 1860, was in 1869 renamed the "Britannia," and is the cadet ship at Dartmouth.

The name "Cornwall" was first given to an 80-gun ship launched on April 23, 1692. She was at Barfleur, and after the battle was one of the squadron that burned Tourville's flag ship, the "Royal Sun," in Cherbourg Bay. Our second "Cornwall," also of 80 guns, was Admiral Knowles's flag-ship at the capture of Port Louis, Hispaniola, in 1749. Our third "Cornwall," of 74 guns, built in 1761, fought with Lord Howe at New York in 1778, and was in Byron's battle with D'Estaing in 1779, after which she fought in Rodney's three battles with De Guichen in 1780. In the last of these the "Cornwall" was so badly mauled as to be unfit to keep the sea, in consequence of which she was scuttled at St. Lucia. Old "Hammer and Nails," Captain Timothy Edwards, who always nailed his colours to the mast before going into action, commanded the "Cornwall" in all her battles. The fourth "Cornwall" was built in 1812, and broken up in 1874, when the name was transferred to the "Wellesley," on that ship taking the "Cornwall's" place as reformatory ship at Purfleet.

Our first "Suffolk," a 70-gun ship, one of Charles II.'s "thirty new ships," was built in 1680. The battle honours of our "Suffolks" are a goodly show. First "Suffolk": 1690, Beachy Head; 1692, Barfleur and La Hogue; 1696, Benbow's flag off Dunkirk; 1704, capture of Gibraltar and battle of Malaga. Second "Suffolk": 1741, attack on Carthagena; 1743, attack on La Guayra. Smollett, the novelist, by the way, was a "loblolly boy" in the "Suffolk" during this commission. Third "Suffolk": 1779, Byron's action with D'Estaing; 1780, Rodney's three actions with De Guichen; 1782, Lord Howe's relief of Gibraltar. In the war with the French Revolution the "Suffolk" was flag-ship in the East Indies. Since 1802 the name has been out of the Navy List.

Our first "Berwick" was launched on May 9, 1689. Like the "Suffolk," she was one of Charles II.'s "thirty new ships," and her honours list also comprises the same battles as that of the "Suffolk," except that, for Beachy Head in 1690, the "Berwick" substitutes Rooke's attack with the galleons in Vigo Bay, 1702. The second "Berwick," of 70 guns, was the ship in which Hawke made his name by his conduct in Mathew's battle off Toulon in 1744. The third "Berwick," of 74 guns, was in Keppel's battle in 1778, with Parker at the Dogger Bank in 1781, and with Howe at the relief of Gibraltar in 1782. She was captured by a French fleet in 1795, after being dismasted in a storm, but was recaptured ten years after at Trafalgar, ultimately, however, being wrecked after the battle. The last "Berwick," a 74, built in 1809, had no war service.

The first "Cumberland" was an 80-gun ship, built in 1695, and eventually captured in action by Duguay-Trouin off the Lizard in October, 1707. The second "Cumberland," also of 80 guns, saw service with Vernon in the West Indies in 1741, and, cut down to a 66-gun ship, took part in Pocock's battles with the French in the East Indies in the Seven Years' War, finally, after her last fight, sinking at sea from her injuries. The third "Cumberland," a 74, launched in 1774, was in Keppel's action in 1778, with Rodney off St. Vincent in 1780, in Darby's relief of Gibraltar in 1781, in the East Indies with Admiral Hughes in 1782, and in Hotham's action off Hyères in 1795. The fourth "Cumberland," a 74, launched in 1807, was one of the squadron under Admiral George Martin, which destroyed three French ships of the line and two frigates in the Gulf of Lyons in October, 1809. The fifth "Cumberland," of 70 guns, built in 1842, saw service in the Russian War in the Baltic Fleet of 1855, and was in existence until eight or ten years ago as a training-ship on the Clyde.

The first "Lancaster," an 80-gun ship, was launched in 1693, and saw service under Sir Cloudesley Shovell in Queen Anne's War. The second "Lancaster" was built in George II.'s reign, and was one of Byng's fleet off Minorca in 1756, with Boscawen at the capture of Louisbourg in 1758, and with Hawke in the Channel in 1762. The third "Lancaster," built in 1797, in the same year fought at Camperdown. The fourth "Lancaster" was a 50-gun ship built in 1848.

The new "Donegal" will be the second ship of the name. The first was the French "Hoche" of 84 guns, flag-ship of the French expedition to Ireland in 1798, captured by us in action in Donegal Bay, which battle the name commemorates. The first "Donegal" served with Nelson off Toulon, and down to a few days before Trafalgar. She rejoined just after Trafalgar, and assisted to defeat the enemy's attempt to recover the British prizes after the storm. The "Donegal" was in Duckworth's action off San Domingo in 1806, and at Aix Roads in 1809. She served continuously to the end of the Great War in 1815, and was after that in commission for many years.

Of the two new second-class cruisers, the "Challenger" bears a name memorable in connection with the Deep Sea exploration cruise of 1872-76, made by the corvette "Challenger," second ship of the name. The first was a gun-brig launched in 1806, and wrecked in 1811. There are no battle honours to the "Challenger's" name. The "Encounter" will be the fourth of her name. The first was a small gun-brig built in 1805 and wrecked 1811, which saw service at Aix Roads in 1809; the second, a corvette built in 1846, which served in the China War of 1856-57; the third, a corvette built in 1873.

Of the two sloops, the "Odin," steam frigate of 1846, which served in the Baltic in the Russian War, and was at the bombardment of Bomarsund, was the only ship of the name previously on the effective of the Navy. At the beginning of the century, an "Odin," 74, a Danish prize taken at Copenhagen in 1807, was employed for some years on harbour duty, but she was never apparently commissioned. The "Merlin" bears a name dating from 1579, when a small ship of the name, which took part in the fighting with the Spanish Armada, was launched. Another "Merlin" fought under Blake, and several vessels have been so-called since, down to the "Merlin" steam sloop, in which the Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic Fleet in 1855 reconnoitred Cronstadt.

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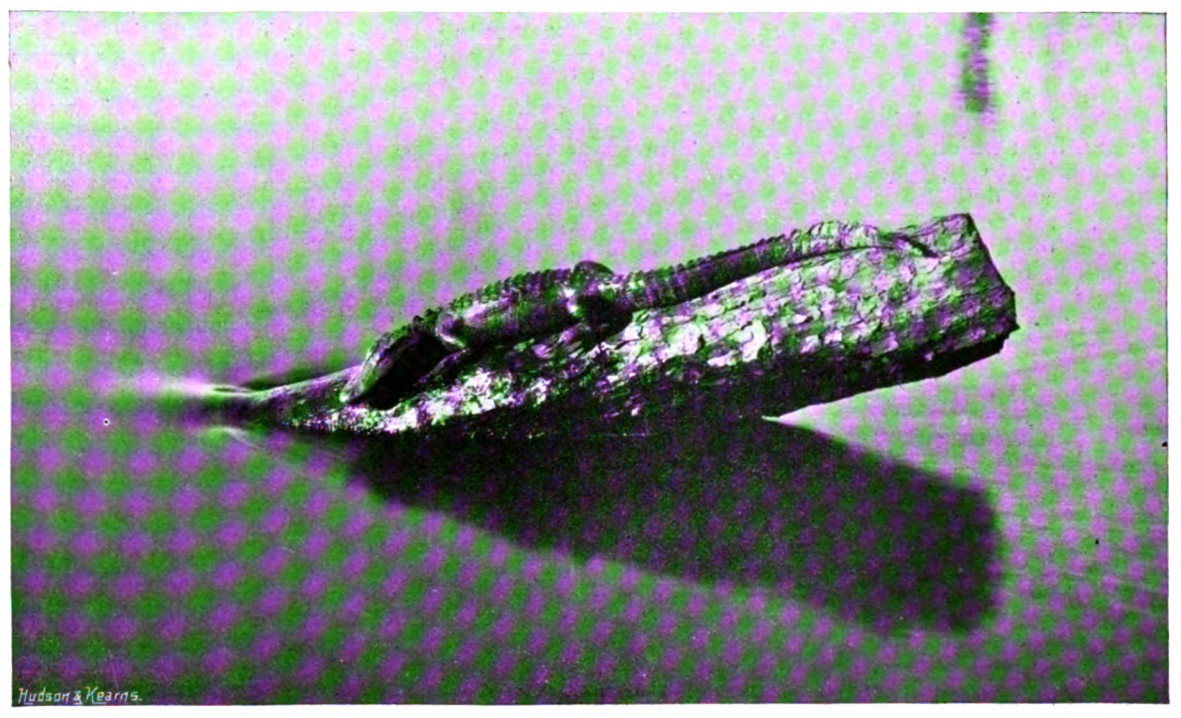
SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

THE PACIFIC STATION.

THIS station has the reputation of not being of much account for sport—in fact, I was told before I went there in 1871 that it was no good. Such was not my experience in the "Reindeer" during the years I commanded her on that station, from 1871-74. Compared with the South-east Coast of South America it is certainly inferior, but on all parts of the station from Valparaiso to Vancouver good shooting may be had by anyone who chooses to work for it, the sport improving as one goes northwards along the coast. Thus in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso some fair partridge (tinamon) shooting may be had by going up the line of the Santiago Railway. At Coquimbo, partridge, duck, and golden plover will be included in the bag. Sometimes the shooting is from horseback, and I heard of one gallant sportsman who, unaccustomed to that style of shooting, blew off both his horse's ears when following his bird.

On the island of Juan Fernandez some capital wild-goat shooting is to be had, descendants of those which were on the island when Alexander Selkirk was marooned. Excellent sea-fishing is also to be obtained at this place. There is not much to be done at Callao beyond fishing for pec-a-rey in the Rimac River, but at Huacho, a little port to the northward, are some marshes where good duck shooting is to be found. I had a capital day at a place called San Lorenzo, about fifteen miles from Huacho, where there is a large marsh, in which we enjoyed some capital sport, floating about in a lagoon on "balsas," made from reeds, which carried us well. At Supe also we did well, bagging thirty-six ducks and teal, besides several kinds of waders and some snipe.



THE ALLIGATOR ON HIS LOG.

Leaving Peru, a ship, if bound to the Coast of Mexico, will pass near to the Galapagos Islands, which are well worth a visit. Situated directly upon the Equator, one would expect to find them excessively hot, but the heat is tempered by the fresh trade wind, which blows from the south-east all the year round. These islands used formerly to be celebrated for the giant land tortoises which inhabited them; but, alas! these relics of a bygone age have nearly been exterminated by whalers, and probably but few remain. We never came across any on Charles Island, but it is said some few exist on Albemarle and Indefatigable Islands.

On Charles Island there is an anchorage at Post Office Bay, on the lee side of the island, the lower slopes of which are barren and destitute of verdure, a mass of cinders and lava, all the group being volcanic. But by landing at Blackbeach Bay, a path will lead up to the interior, until, at an altitude of 1,000-ft., one emerges into a beautiful parklike country, well wooded and stocked with fruit trees and wild flowers; the climate is also bracing and salubrious. In this favoured region herds of wild cattle roam unmolested; also wild goats, donkeys, and domestic fowls run wild. We enjoyed a few days in hunting the wild cattle, and succeeded in shooting four fine bulls, one of which I killed in the act of charging. Charles Island is the only one of the group which is inhabited, and is used by the Government of Ecuador (to whom the islands belong) as a penal settlement. The inhabitants are consequently a lawless lot, and a colonel who was in charge of the place in 1872 was in constant danger of being murdered.

On James Island we found a lagoon on which many teal disported themselves, also flamingoes, spoonbills, and other waders. The seas surrounding abounded with fish of every variety and size, numerous seals basked on the shores and dived into the water at our approach, whilst on the black lava rocks repulsive-looking iguanas blinked at us, and then plunged, apparently as much at home in the water as on land.

At Panama one can get a little sport if not deterred by the heat, including capital duck and alligator shooting up the Pacora River, but the alligators are so numerous that it is doubtful, when a duck falls in the water, who gets it first, and I had a duck taken almost out of my hand by one of these reptiles. There are small deer in the forests, also curassows and chachalaca, a kind of pheasant, but it is a question whether the game is worth the candle; what with the climate and frequent revolution, Panama is not the most agreeable place for a residence. The Coast of Mexico is about the best part of the station for wildfowl. At Acapulco, Manzanillo, and San Blas good duck shooting is to be had in the numerous lagoons, the climate is healthy, and the heat during the winter months not excessive. The Gulf of California is one of the hottest places I know, resembling in that respect the Persian Gulf, but at Guaymas and La Paz very fair deer shooting is to be obtained, also on the islands in the Gulf, but the rattlesnakes

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which infest this region are a caution. For all-round sport with rod and gun, combined with a fine climate, pleasant society, and beautiful scenery, Vancouver Island takes the palm. Here at last one can sleep under a blanket, and shoot or fish all day as in Scotland, and I know no more delightful occupation than wandering through the woods with gun or rifle, trolling for salmon in Esquimalt Harbour, or fly-fishing in the numerous lakes and rivers of these enchanting islands. In the immediate neighbourhood of Esquimalt black-tail deer used to be fairly plentiful in the seventies. They could be stalked in the early morning or evening with the rifle, or "jumped" in the heat of the day and killed with buck shot. Blue and willow grouse were abundant, and wild duck frequented the marshes. Wapiti and bears exist in the interior, but one would have to go further inland and camp out to get them, an operation entailing time, trouble, and expense, not always possible to a Naval officer; but should he be content with smaller game, he can get plenty within reach of his ship. In Esquimalt Harbour salmon take a spoon bait in the salt water, but are said not to rise to a fly when once they ascend the rivers. I had some capital sport at Horseshoe Bay, and also on Admiral and Thetis Islands, with deer and grouse. Pheasants have, I am told, been introduced near Esquimalt, and have done well on Mr. Stuart's property at Hatley Park; but this is since my time.

One old sportsman used to hunt deer with dogs, and kill them in the water; but this is not my idea of sport. I preferred sleeping at a farmhouse, and stalking them in the early morning before they betook themselves to the dense forest during the heat of the day. The settlers are, as a rule, most kind and hospitable to sportsmen, though I have occasion to remember one or two exceptions. It was a sorrowful day for me when, in compliance with orders from the admiral, we bade adieu to Vancouver and returned to the Coast of Mexico. How seldom is it that sailors have the opportunity of seeing the interior of the countries they may visit in the course of service; hence the expression that sailors go round the world without seeing it. Nevertheless they can, as a rule, give points to any other profession in geography. It was my good fortune to have one good opportunity, for thanks to a revolution in the city of Tepic, I was requested to go to the assistance of some of my countrymen who were in a tight place there. During my stay in the city, a matter of six weeks or so, I was able to enjoy some capital duck and snipe shooting in the lagoons round about.

Tepic is situated in a valley 3,000-ft. above the level of the sea, from which it is distant sixty miles. The climate is far superior to that of the coast, and the mornings and evenings are delightful. A pretty river winds through the valley, in which we had excellent sport, bagging many varieties of duck, including mallard, widgeon, teal, pintail, shovellers, etc., also snipe, ibis, and many kinds of waders. There is a duck called pichichi, which perches on trees, probably to avoid the alligators. Besides these there are deer, wild boars, and jaguars in the forests, also turkeys, pheasants, and other game, but the disturbed state of the country prevented us from going after them. Not far from Tepic is a large plain, whereon many hundreds of cattle and horses were pastured. These animals, being allowed to roam about undisturbed, had become wild, and it was a fine sight to see them hunted down and lassoed. An exhibition performance was organised for our especial benefit. We saw several savage bulls lassoed and thrown, but the cleverest thing was to see a ranchero gallop alongside a bull, seize the beast by the tail whilst going at the top of his speed, and by a sharp twist throw the animal to the ground. Another remarkable display of horsemanship we witnessed. An Indian volunteered to lasso a semi-wild horse that had never known bit or saddle, and to ride it. The animal was quickly lassoed and thrown after some desperate struggles, and the bridle put on; it was then allowed to rise, when another display of kicking and biting took place. At length the heavy Mexican saddle was firmly secured, and the Indian who was to ride, having strapped on a pair of spurs as big as a saucer and lighted a cigarette, sprang lightly into the saddle. Immediately a lively scene ensued, the beast rearing, kicking, bucking, and endeavouring to jam the rider's leg against a wall; but finding that all these methods failed, it threw a somersault in the air, landing on its back. The Indian was prepared for this manœuvre, and threw himself clear, ready to mount again as soon as the horse was on its legs. This performance was repeated several times, till the man, digging in his spurs, disappeared in a cloud of dust, but presently returned; the poor horse, sweating, bleeding, and trembling, was completely conquered, and had scarcely enough energy left to rejoin its comrades on the plain. I think I have said enough to show that there is some sport to be had on the Pacific Coast, although I have not mentioned many places where a good sportsman may find it worth while to take his gun ashore on the chance of a small bag.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, *and* 27.]

Crack Shots.

NOVEMBER is the month of the woodcock — that mysterious bird which upon the ground appears to be a fool, which generally flies as if to-morrow would do as well, but, nevertheless, is possessed of enormous powers of flight. Except for the few bred here, it comes to us from the North somewhere, and comes in a night, which alone would prove its powers of flight; but these powers have sometimes been seen in the daytime, as when Major Fisher flew a woodcock with his falcon, and describes the flight as something entirely out of the common for pace. Probably this flight was the most extraordinary, all things considered, that ever was witnessed. It was in Argyllshire, in October; the bird may, or may not, have been a home-bred one, but whatever it was it took the falcon clean out of sight across a big sea loch, and at an enormous altitude, before she could get above the game. But the extraordinary part was that after this long chase the woodcock, seeing that she could not gain her point, turned back; and back came the falcon high above her, but she would not swoop so long as they were over the water, probably fearing the loss of her prey in the sea. There are reasons for everything, but it is almost wonderful that the woodcock should have been knocked dead into the very patch of bracken from which she had been sprung so long before, when one would have thought any other spot in the whole county of Argyllshire would have done as well.

* * * *

There are always conflicting opinions about the scarcity or otherwise of woodcock. In a mild season it is the men at the coast that complain of the scarcity of the birds; in hard winters the great Midland woodlands know them not, and then it is that the Midland shooters declare there never was so bad a season. But it is the very time when the Western Coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales glory in woodcock shooting, such as can never be known inland. The birds are driven by the frost to the western coasts where the mild sea air enables them to get a living with their soft beaks long after they are frozen out inland.

* * * *

It is curious that a bird which is always shot when it is half awake, and flies very much indeed like a sleepy owl, should be thought so much of by sportsmen who all now profess to love shooting in degree as its difficulty increases. The woodcock is no fool, although, like the owl, it appears so in the daytime, and for the same cause, because it is a nocturnal bird, and is only really alive at night, or when, as Major Fisher's falcon found, it could be really awakened in the daytime by undue excitement and danger. We get some little notion of how a woodcock can fly if we happen to flush the same bird several times, especially in frosty weather; but this is nothing to what the falcon can get out of it.

* * * *

The greatest number of woodcock ever killed in one day in the British Isles, as far as is known, were killed by Lord Ardilaun's party at Ashford, 205 birds being the number to six guns. This has been constantly misrepresented, and only last year it went round the Press of this country magnified to 256 couples.

* * * *

More big bags of partridges have been recorded in East Anglia, where those birds are decidedly scarce in comparison of other years; but, all the same, it is seldom any district gets much ahead of the Eastern counties in the scores of partridges. It is like Yorkshire for grouse; when it is at its worst it is even then pretty good.

* * * *

But none of these later bags come near Mr. Arthur Blyth's 930½ brace. Mr. Warren de la Rue, at Chippenham and Tuddenham, scored 506½ brace in a week's work to seven guns, and at Croxton Park, St. Neots, Mr. Douglas Newton got a bag of 116 brace in the day. At Dalham, on Lord North's estate, about 450 brace have been killed in three days, and by Mr. King at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, in Essex, 83½ brace were bagged in the day; besides this, in Cambridgeshire, Lord Ellesmere in three days scored 424 brace with seven guns.

* * * *

Pheasants we shall hear much more about later on, but at present about 1,200 got in three days' shooting by Lord Dynevor's party near Llandilo in South Wales is the best I have heard of; although in the game county, at Plas Llanddyfnan, Captain Lawrence Williams, with five guns in all, is said to have accounted for about 900 head in the day, including all sorts.

* * * *

Mr. J. N. Gurney's score for the season at Fealar Deer Forest in Atholl was forty-five stags, and Sir Charles Ross and another rifle in Alladale and Deanich grassed seventy-nine stags.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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A Typical Gurkha Battalion.

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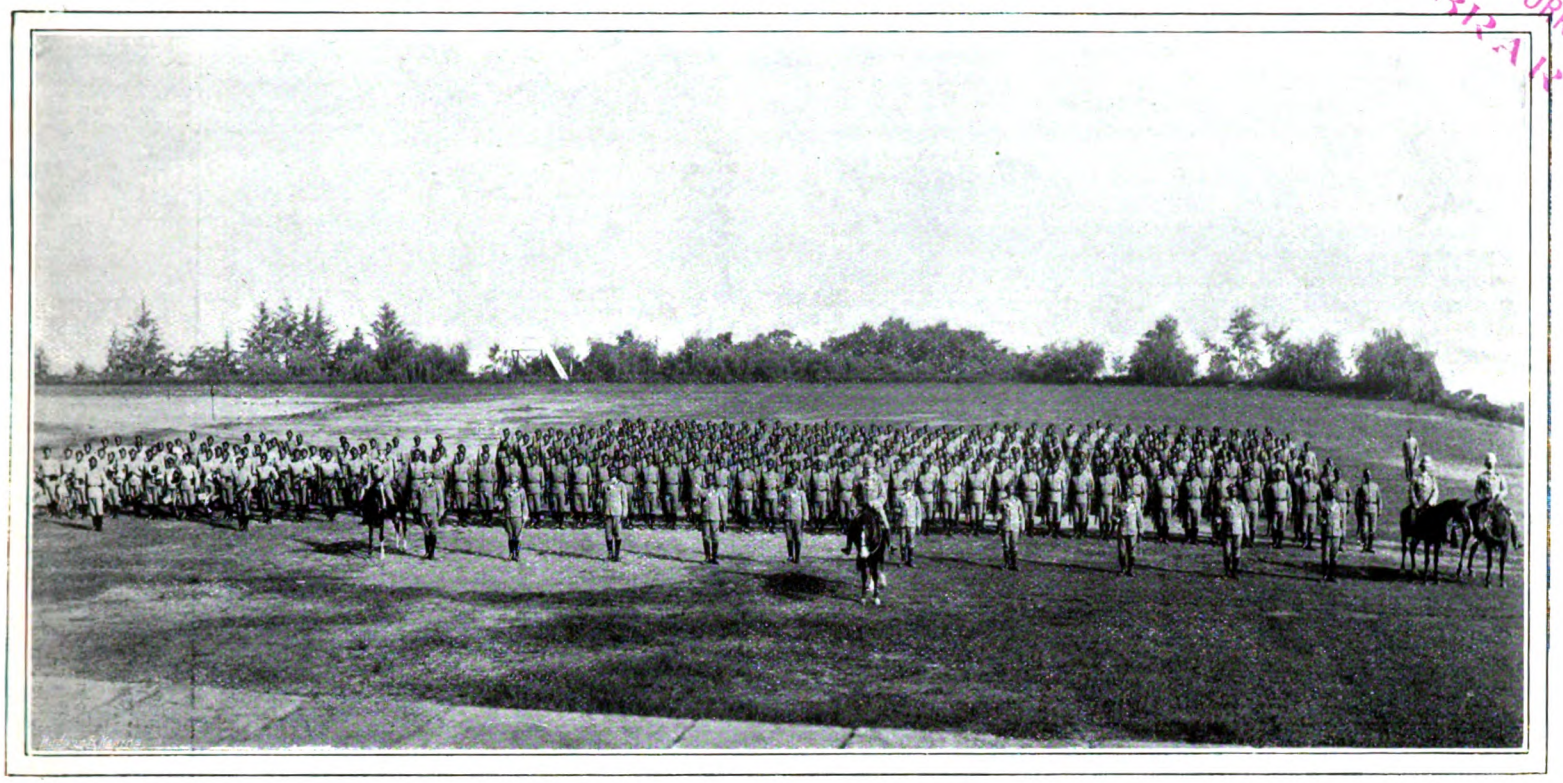

THE 1ST BATTALION 3RD GURKHA RIFLES ON PARADE.

This Splendid Old Battalion was Raised in 1815. It was unfortunately out of the Sutlej Campaign, but in 1857 was with Nicholson's Force in the Punjab, and Shared in the Siege of Delhi. Since the Mutiny it has Served in the Afghan Campaign, 1878-80, in Burma, 1885-87, in the Chitral Campaign, and in Westmacott's "Fighting Brigade" in the Tirah War. Almorah is the Station of the Battalion in Peace-time.

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OFFICERS, BRITISH AND NATIVE, OF THE 1ST BATTALION 3RD GURKHAS.

Latterly, owing to Many Men being Absent on Furlough, and Detachments at Naini Tal and Raniket, the Battalion has been Reduced in Strength, but it is one of the Finest Gurkha Battalions in the Service.

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THE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE NATAL VOLUNTEERS AT DURBAN.

In the war just closed Natal did loyal work for the Empire and South Africa, and it is but little wonder that her Volunteers received a royal welcome on their return to Durban. Those shown in our picture comprise Natal Mounted Rifles, Natal Field Artillery, and Durban Light Infantry. They left the railway on their return from the front at a station some miles out of Durban, into which they marched, to be met by the Mayor and Commandant, who paid the men a well-worded tribute for their work prior to their being dismissed.

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THE
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THE DAUGHTERS OF EMPIRE.

A group of fair girls is this, typifying the Empire over which our beloved Sovereign rules. The rare charms of England, the grace of bonnie Scotland, the wistful attraction of the Green Island, and the beauty of sturdy Wales, are here united with the loveliness and elegance of the Colonies and Canada, and the darker splendours of India and Africa. The beauty of the Empire's daughters, the mothers of her sons that are to be, represen s well the strength and virtue of the Empire to which they belong.

Designed and Grouped by O. Huab-Davies for the "Tudor and Jenks" Car in the Willesden Carnival.

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ROUND THE WORLD

WE have now reached a period of the year when we may look forward to the coming Christmas, and with it to the coming century. The moment is not inopportune to contrast the bright conditions and outlook of these times with those of a hundred years ago. The Nineteenth Century broke in the troubles of the Great War. There was faction at home, rebellion in Ireland, and a coalition against us abroad. The memory of Vinegar Hill was fresh, and General Humbert had lately landed in Mayo with his force of 900 Frenchmen, had snatched victory at Castle bar, and had ended his expedition ignominiously. Pitt's proposals for "Catholic Emancipation" had aroused furious opposition, and the King had declared that he who presented such a measure as Pitt's should be counted "the King's personal enemy." The scarcity of bread amounted to a famine, and every hour brought darker news, for the Peace of Lunéville secured Napoleon from temporary hostility in Europe, and he was developing his gigantic "Continental System" to crush our foreign trade. We know how his combinations were shattered, and how the victories of Nelson at Copenhagen and the Nile defeated his dearest object. But none the less, just one hundred years ago, it was a time of stress and trial in England, offering a marked contrast to that which we now enjoy.

Photo. *Morris.*

MAJOR F. W. FRANCIS.

In all, New Zealand sent no less than Five Contingents to South Africa, and of these all are Mounted, Two, the Third and Fourth, being Specially Designated "Rough Riders." All have Done Splendid Work, and it is the Fourth Contingent ("Rough Riders") that is Commanded by Major F. W. Francis.

IT may seem paradoxical to say that centuries seem shorter than they used to do. Do we regard the Twentieth Century, full of sounding events as it must be, as so momentous as the Nineteenth Century appeared to our grandfathers in the year 1800? We look further back into time than we used to do. The Homeric age, which was a shadowy realm of heroes, is now shown to have been but the decadence of a greater glory. How far back have the last five years enabled us to look into the life of old Egypt? The royal tombs of Abydos have given us the record of almost a whole dynasty. We can see palæolithic man, about 7,000 years B.C., and can trace him upward in the Valley of the Nile, and through the developments of Roman and Greek civilisation. The past decade has enabled us to do this, and perhaps, in a certain sense, a century may not be quite the huge thing it would otherwise have appeared to be. Professor Flinders Petrie's lecture, lately delivered before the Egypt Exploration Fund, sketched this long history from the monuments, and deserves to be noted here.

ONE important fact to be observed, as marking the present year, is the sharp fashion in which it has confronted the Occident and the Orient. Some acute thinkers are wondering what will be the outcome of the new condition, and it is not to be denied that vast possibilities depend

Photo. Copyright. *Guy.*

NEW ZEALAND ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS CLASS FIRING.

Independent Class Firing Once a Year forms One of the Exercises the Various Corps have to put in during the Year in order to Obtain the Capitation Grant. The Group here shown are B Battery of the New Zealand Artillery Volunteers, a particularly Good Shooting Corps.

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upon immediate political action. Will the static qualities of the Orient, with its assumed completed knowledge, exercise any influence upon the dynamic energy and upward striving of the optimistic West? It may be said that in India the East and the West have long been confronted; but it must be remembered that Europeans do not settle permanently, nor for such long periods as they used to do, in the Indian Peninsula, while China, lying largely in temperate climes, is well suited for European settlement. The Chinese are tenacious of their social and religious ideas; but, if the Empire should remain intact and friendly relations should grow, the influence of Western civilisation will undoubtedly by slow degrees enter into Chinese life. This is the consummation to which enlightened statesmen are feeling their way. But, should it happen, on the other hand, that injudicious measures throw the Chinese into antagonism by a policy of partition, conflicts of far-reaching effect, and probably of terrible violence, would ensue. As Dr. Reinsch says, if Chinese partition should be made the stepping-stone to world control, Western nations would be forced to fight for their civilisation, and a century of terrible conflicts would be imminent. The Chinese have long cultivated the arts of peace, but there are signs that they are now beginning, under the stress of circumstances, to turn serious attention to the arts of war. This is a fact that has lately come rather prominently forward.

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THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND ARMY HEADQUARTERS STAFF IN INDIA.

The Officer in the Centre, with Cane in Hand, is General Sir A. P. Palmer, K.C.B., whilst those around are the Staff of what is the most Important Military Command in the Empire, after that of Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Sir Power Palmer, it will be Remembered, recently Succeeded Sir William Lockhart, who Died, as have several of his Predecessors, at the Post of Duty.

THE Shah of Persia did not favour us by visiting England this year, but he has promised to come in 1901, and meanwhile he has presented to Sir Alfred Newton, the late Lord Mayor, the highest Order of the Lion and the Sun in diamonds. This Order was instituted by Fateh Ali Shah in honour of Sir John Malcolm on his second mission to the Court of Persia, in 1810, accompanied by Pottinger, Christie, and other British officers, who organised Persian troops, and the Order has been regarded as a sign of friendship between the two nations. Nevertheless, since the treaty of Turkmantchai in 1828, when Persian Armenia was ceded to Russia, that Power has exercised growing influence in Persia, and has not yet abated her desire to reach the Persian Gulf. Latterly this influence has become preponderant, and she has advanced to the Shah the sum of 22,500,000 roubles on a mortgage of the customs revenues of Northern Persia. Persia can now contract no foreign loans without the consent of Russia, and that Power has obtained railway concessions in the country, including the right to extend the Trans-Caspian Railway to Bandar Abbas, on the Persian Gulf, thus invading a region which we have regarded as of peculiar interest to ourselves. We may suspect, therefore, that the Shah is not quite the independent Sovereign that he was before the recent strengthening of Russian authority at his Court.

IT is not possible to withhold admiration from the zeal with which Russia prosecutes her railway policy. The steel band which she has thrown across Asia has been regarded as a menace to us, and that it has high strategic value is not to be denied, while we may suspect that the Russians did not altogether foresee the commercial importance it would assume. The immigration into Siberia, however, has advanced by leaps and bounds, and large areas of the country have been made accessible for the settlement of the new comers.

There is something fascinating in the idea of a railway which shall make it possible to travel from London to the Pacific borders of China or to Japan within about three weeks or a little more. There was shown at the Paris Exhibition a section of the magnificent train which in the future is to run through from Paris to Vladivostok, and let us cheerfully recognise that there is genius in the idea of thus bringing together the East and the West. Already commerce has vastly increased in Siberia, and travellers have described a glut of merchandise as waiting on the Russo-Siberian frontier to be transported into Central Asia. The line is badly built, but it will suffice to make possible a great pouring of immigrants both into Siberia and Manchuria, and it is already under contemplation to improve the permanent way, and to supply better rolling-stock. As is well known, the Russian broad-gauge forbids Russian railway carriages to pass from the Russian to the Chinese systems, and it has been used as affording a strong motive for the extension of the Russian line into the interior of China.

THE victory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government in the Canadian election was expected, and is peculiarly gratifying. The eminent statesman embodies in himself a noble compromise between the intellectual characters and social organisations of the two races in the Dominion, and has done more, perhaps, than any other man to make them understand one another. There can be no doubt as to the future of the Canadians, for their fibre is that of the two great civilising races of the world, and, as the years go by, the union between them will become more and more complete. Mr. Gilbert Parker, in his new book of Canadian stories, speaks of French Canada as a land without poverty, and yet without riches, too well educated to have a peasantry, and too poor to have an aristocracy, its people living a life of frugality and industry, with such domestic virtue, and such education and intelligence, as he has never seen elsewhere. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has, therefore, done a great work in welding these people more firmly into the Canadian whole. He is the leader of a Liberal party, but one that is carrying out all that the Conservatives have valued, and that has become Imperial in a large and inspiring sense. Since the last election the resources of the country have developed very greatly, and trading has increased to an extent unparalleled. It is Sir Wilfrid Laurier's idea to divert the carrying trade of the West from American waterways to Canadian railways and ports, and immense sums have already been spent, and must yet be spent, to promote direct and unbroken shipments both between Canada and England and between American ports and England by way of Canada. Evidently, owing to the peculiar

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conditions which have arisen — largely through the South African War — Canadian political parties have changed places, and the Liberals are where we should expect the Conservatives to be.

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WHILE we talk about the development of communications, it is not pleasant to think that England has lost her primacy in the Atlantic passage. The honours now rest with Germany, and the "Deutschland," a German ship, built in Germany, flying the German flag, owned by Germans, and with a German captain and crew, now holds the Atlantic record, and steams from an English port to New York, and from New York to another English port, with a speed of nearly two knots more than any English liner. It has lately been pointed out that the best passages of the Cunarders were in their early careers, and that they no longer keep their old averages, while the Germans are going ahead. The "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" began in 1897 with an average of 21·39 knots, but her average last August was 22·89 knots, and the average of the "Deutschland" on a recent passage was 23·36 knots. It does not appear that there is at present any intention in England to attempt to rival these records, and since the death of Mr. Ismay there seems to have been a reaction. This might be considered a matter for the steamship lines and the public on the ground of convenience; but when we remember that our liners and the German ones are designed to act as auxiliary cruisers for the respective Governments, and that the swiftest Cunarder can neither catch the German nor run away from her, the condition seems anomalous, and, remembering what the "Alabama" accomplished with her superior speed a little disquieting also. Energy might well be devoted to this important matter, for it is not gratifying to English pride in her merchant marine, nor in all ways can it be regarded as tending to the public safety, that the big German liners should now have the heels of our own.

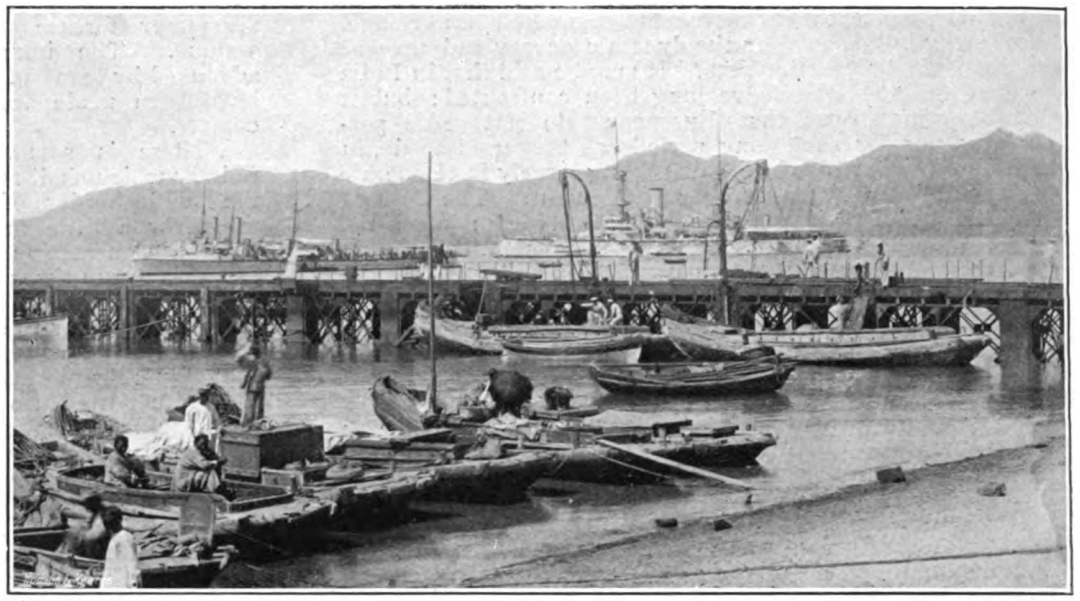

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A SCENE AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

Our Picture shows a Group of Sampans Around and Inside the Pier of the Island of Liu-Kung, which Forms Part of the Concession Leased from China, and which we know as Wei-hai-Wei. This latter designation includes of course the whole Concession, Embracing also a Strip of the Mainland round the Harbour Ten Miles in Width.

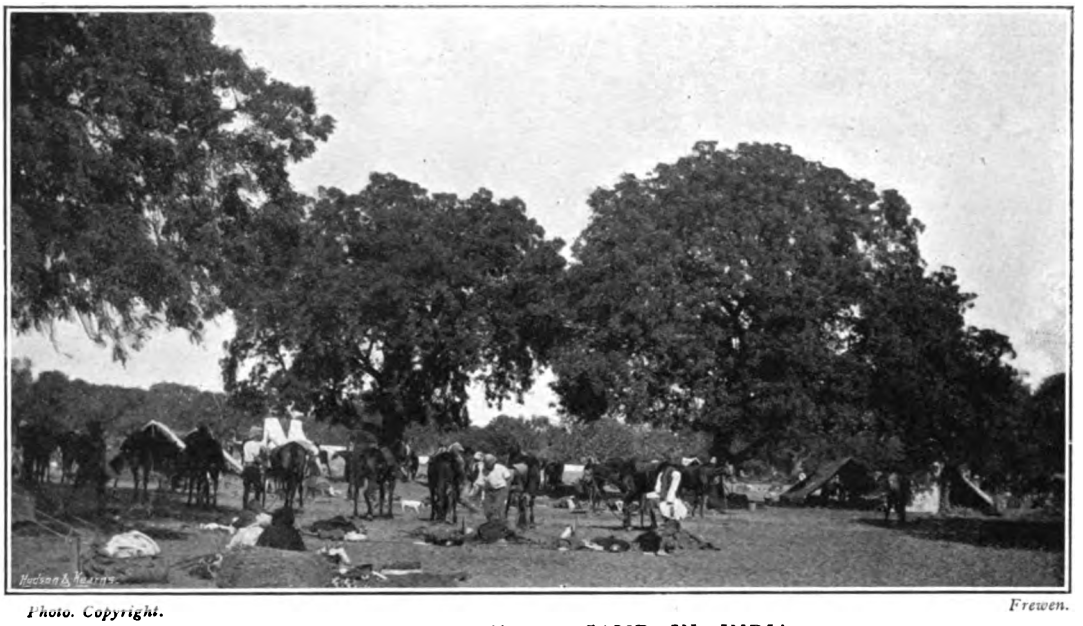

Photo. Copyright. Frewen.

A COLD WEATHER CAMP IN INDIA.

By now all Official India, both Civil and Military, has Migrated to Camp. District and Judicial Officers are Touring through their Districts. Military Commanders of Districts and Divisions are making Tours through their Commands, very often by Rail, but always with a Good Deal of Camping to be done. And it is by no means the Least Pleasant Part of their Life and Work.

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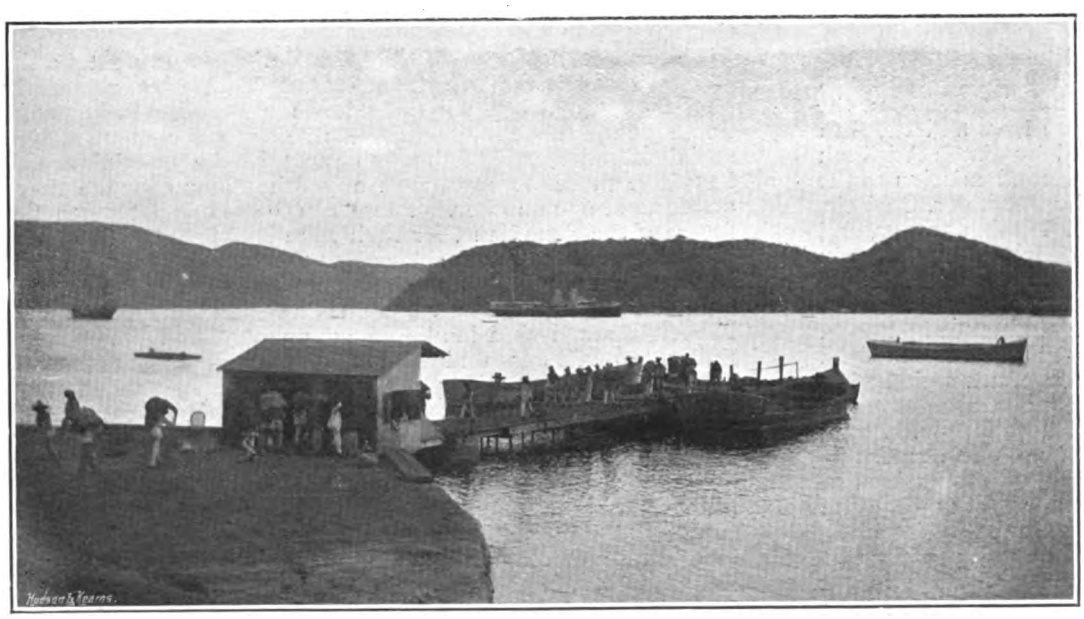
LORD CURZON has lately been saying some plain things to Indian Princes, and he spoke very well to the chiefs of Kathiawar at the grand Durbar a fortnight ago. He told them he was a firm believer in the policy which had guaranteed the integrity, ensured the succession, and built up the fortunes of the Native States, and held the advantage to be mutual. The part which falls to the Native rulers is to fortify the sympathies of the Government by deserving them, to keep pace with the age, and to become true links in the chain of Imperial administration. It would never do for the British links to be strong and the Native links weak. The Princes must not be content to keep things going on merely as they are; they must actively co-operate in progress, and they have no right to claim immunity when things go wrong. The present year has, however, been a notable one in the history of the Native States, and they have amply vindicated their loyalty.



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IN ACAPULCO BAY, MEXICO.

When Ships of the Pacific Squadron Go Southward from Esquimalt, to look after British Interests in Central and Southern America, Acapulco, a Small Trading Port in Southern Mexico, is not an infrequent Port of Call. It is a Picturesque Spot, and has many Historic Traditions attaching to its Beautiful Land-locked Harbour, Dating back to the Days of Drake and Anson.

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MANY things will stir the imaginations of Englishmen and fill them with national content in the coming Christmas-time. They have added much to the Empire during this last year of the nineteenth century, and though many homes have been stricken, very many more will welcome those who have been fighting in the country's cause. They will be looking forward also to the New Year bells which are to greet not only a new century, but the birth of a new British nation under the Southern Cross. Christmas will, then, be a time of true rejoicing, and it may be commended as a subject of interest to employers of labour and others to take such steps as shall give to workers in all classes of society the means of making the most of the good time coming. The establishment of the Commonwealth of Australia is one of the most satisfactory achievements yet reached in Imperial Consolidation. Australia has always contemplated federation as a consummation devoutly to be wished, and just half a century ago Earl Grey carried a resolution in its favour. Since that time many obstacles have been overcome, and the spirit of brotherhood that sprang up through the war has had much to do with the final expression of the federal spirit.

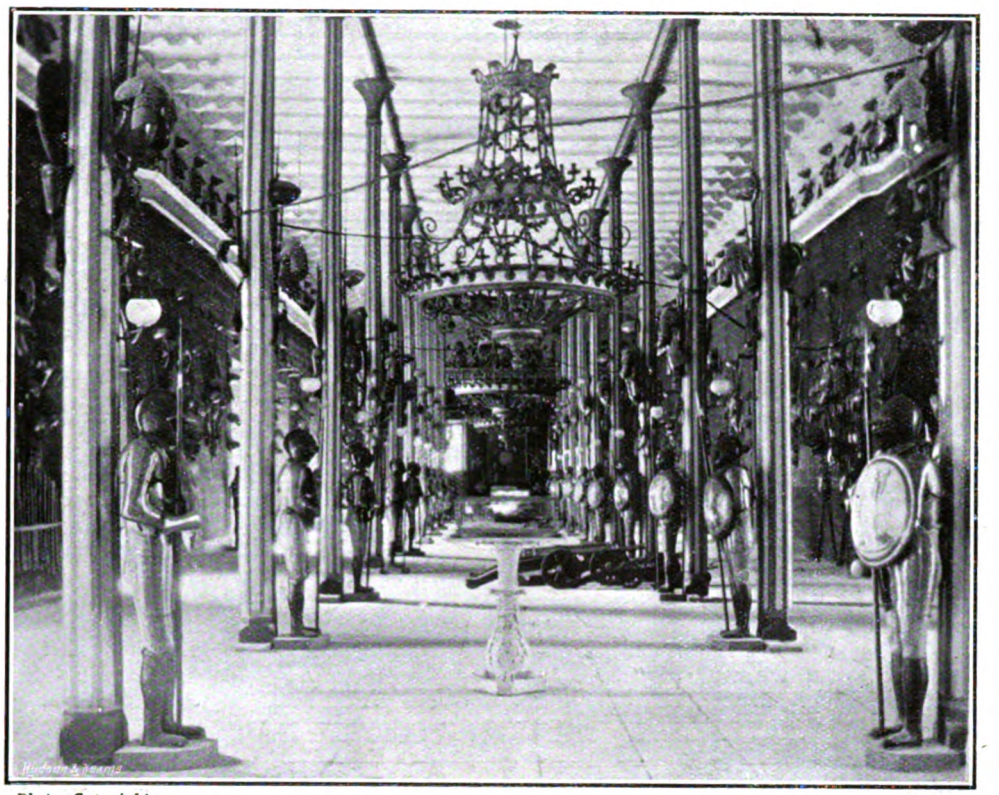

Photo. Copyright. *Bedford.*

MEMORIALS OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

The Armoury in the Governor's Palace at Malta Vividly Recalls to Memory the Knights of St. John, the Military Religious Order who held the Island as a Stronghold of Christianity against the Turks from 1530, when they Took it Over from the Counts of Sicily, until, in 1798, they were Expelled from the Island by Napoleon.

IT was hoped in the Colonies that a prince of the blood might be appointed Governor, but this was soon seen to be impossible, and the Earl of Hopetoun is welcomed as the right man for the important post. Melbourne is looking forward to the great ceremony which is to mark the new state of things. It was an excellent thought of the Australian Governments to invite the Premiers of Cape Colony and Natal, and certainly whatever is good in the organisation of the Empire will be present, or be adequately represented. The Home military force for Inauguration Day is admirably composed, including representative detachments from every branch of the Service and from every nationality within the British Isles, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh; and the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers will all be represented, the Yeomanry by a detachment of the Prince of Wales's Own Wiltshire, and the Volunteers by contingents of the Victoria and St. George's Rifles and the 1st V.B. Devonshire Regiment, these being the oldest Volunteer corps in the Service. The Aldershot contingent embarked a fortnight ago, and all preparations are proceeding apace. The Navy will be well represented, and nothing will be wanting to give *éclat* to the great ceremony.

Photo. Copyright. *Montegriffo.*

TOMMY ATKINS'S CLUB.

At None of Our Big Military Stations is the Soldier's Welfare Better Looked After than at Gibraltar. The Garrison Recreation-rooms of the Fortress, here shown, were Specially Built for the Purpose they Serve, namely, to Supply the Military with every Healthy Recreation and Social Requirements for their Spare Hours.

THE Czar did a good service to the French Government when he recently enabled M. Loubet, when the statue of M. Carnot was unveiled at Lyons, to assure his countrymen of the sincere and unchanging friendship of Russia. It is now nearly ten years since the Franco-Russian Alliance was initiated by the visit of the French squadron to Cronstadt in 1891, and the memory of Toulon is still vivid in the minds of the French. Since the year 1893, when Admiral Avellan visited the French port, amid the enthusiasm of the nation, nothing serious has arisen to strain the alliance. When Admiral Rieunier, then Minister of Marine, welcomed the Russian Admiral, he said that thenceforth Cronstadt and Toulon would be testimony of the sympathies of the two nations, and Admiral Avellan declared that when he steamed into the harbour he understood what was the maritime strength of France, and did not doubt that her Army was as powerful. Well remembered are the enthusiastic fêtes that marked the sealing of the compact. Thus cried Jean Aicard, the poet, in burning tones:

> "O Russes! la voilà l'alliance profonde!
> Celle des interets? non celle des esprits.
> Nos penseurs, vos penseurs, egalement chéris,
> Vont partout répandant l'humanite féconde;
> L'ombre de nos drapeaux c'est la paix sur le monde!
> Vive Toulon, Cronstadt, Pétersbourg et Paris!"

Such is the alliance which the Czar has recently announced afresh, confirming the faith of some Frenchmen who had begun to doubt a little.

THE fresh effort which is being made to strengthen the French position in the Mediterranean lends some interest to the situation of Toulon. The old defences which became famous during the siege, when Bonaparte revealed himself, still remain, but the enceinte has been pushed back towards them to make room for the new town. The forts are on an apparently inaccessible rocky range, and some of them have been modernised. Mont Faron rises on the north, with pine woods on its slopes, and is the centre of the Toulon position. The summit is connected with the town by two zigzag roads, with many batteries and magazines, making the mount a veritable citadel, with a very powerful modern fort on the top, connected by a battery with the old fort.

But Faron itself is dominated on the north-east and north-west by still higher mountains, there being a great fort on Le Coudon,

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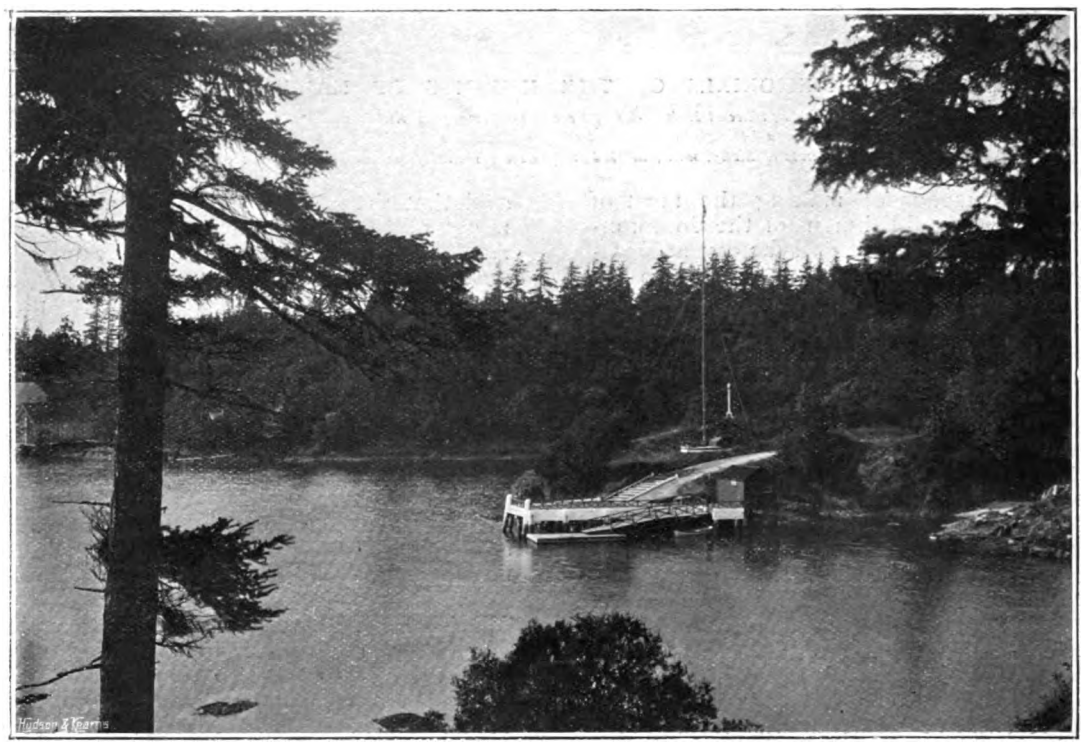
which commands the railway from Nice and Hyères, and dominates the great Harbour. The other mountain is the Baou de Quatre Heures, which is one vast fortress commanding the whole defensive system of Toulon. Between these hills and Faron is the Dardenne Valley, with a military railway for carrying ammunition from the magazines. These defences are on the north. On the south-east the entrance of the harbour is protected by forts and batteries on the Peninsula of Carqueyranne, and thence to Toulon the coast is thick with defensive works, crossing their fire with the forts and batteries on the Sépet and Tamaris Peninsulas. The great fort of Six Fours on a hill to the south-east protects the harbour and the bays of Saint Nazaire and Bandol. This is the defensive system which, coupled with works at Giens and the Iles d'Hyères, is thought to make Toulon impregnable.

THE Presidential election in America could only concern us in its international aspect. Mr. McKinley stood for the so-called Imperial policy inaugurated with the Spanish War, while Mr. Bryan was the advocate, not only of free silver, but of what we may call a Little American policy. Mr. McKinley has for many years shown himself very well disposed towards England, and there were few Englishmen who did not look forward to his success. The census returns show that the country is in an expanding and prosperousstate, and it is expected that the wealth of the United States will be returned at 90 billions, an addition in ten years of 25 billions. This is a thing to be proud of, and Americans have no cause to doubt the future of their country. It is believed that legislation, in the light of the census, will be directed towards the disfranchisement of the Southern negroes, by a redistribution in the Congressional apportionment to the prejudice of the South.

THE Berliners have this year been disappointed through the failure to maintain one of their old traditions—that of the meet of the Royal Hunt of St. Hubert, which has usually taken place in November in the Grunewald, near Berlin, but has this year been removed to the military parade ground at Döberitz. The greenwood has not re-echoed the hunter's horn. It has long been a favourite resort of the princes of Hohenzollern, and Joachim II. of Brandenburg erected the hunting castle there in 1542. But it was Prince Charles of Prussia who inaugurated the pastime of boar-hunting in 1828. It is stated that no less than eighty-seven princely personages have given the boar his quietus in the Grunewald. The people of Berlin hope that the old custom will be revived in the old place, bringing about the restoration of a popular festival.

A YOUNG "SOLDIER OF THE QUEEN."

One of the Youngest Cadet Corps in the Army is that Formed from the Pupils of Bath College and Affiliated to the 1st V.B. Somersetshire Light Infantry, and One of its Youngest Members is Bugler P. S. Banning, ætat. Twelve. Though so Young, he is the Keenest of Soldiers, and a First-class "Man" at Sounding the Calls.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A PICTURESQUE SANATORIUM.

Our View shows the Lanaing-stage for the Royal Naval Hospital Established in Esquimalt Harbour, where all the Sick and Casualties of the Fleet on the Pacific Station are Landed for Treatment. In such a Glorious Climate and with such Delightful Surroundings the Period of Convalescence must pass most pleasantly in the Hospital, which is Hidden Away in the Trees in the Background.

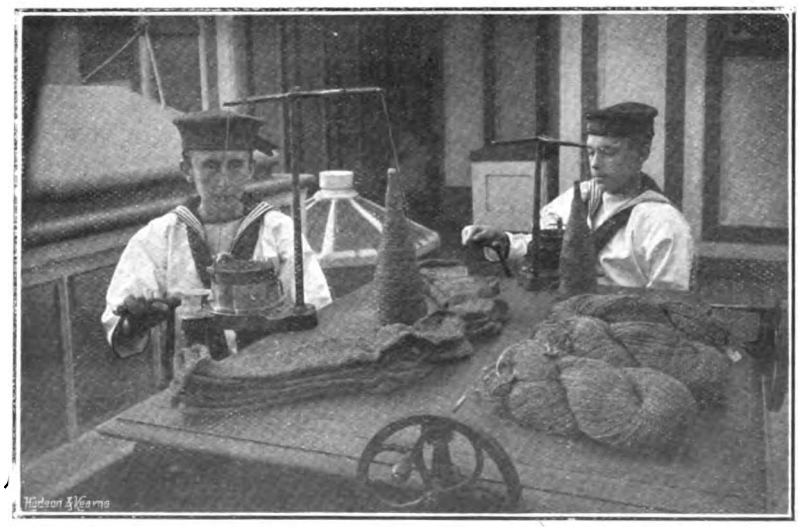


Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A TIME-SAVING MACHINE.

Jack's Great Pride is that he is always Smartly Dressed, and, moreover, he Makes all his Own Clothes. The Number of Sewing Machines to be found in a Large Ship would Stock a Big Emporium. Now he is taking to Using that most Useful Article a Knitting Machine, and the Training-ship Boys seen in our picture are Learning its Intricacie..

IT is possible to admire very much the literary character of Dr. Conan Doyle's attractive book on the Boer War, and to recognise its high value as a critical narrative, without giving adhesion to all the views it expresses. The author wishes to raise the number of riflemen in this country to a million, these men to gain their efficiency by spending "a couple of hours in shooting on a Saturday afternoon." In short, Dr. Conan Doyle is an exponent of what has been called the "rifle-club, hedge-row" defence of the country, and even in a worse form than was given to it by the Prime Minister. He thinks that the great lesson of the war as regards ourselves is to reduce the "bugbear of an invasion to an absurdity." If invasion is a bugbear, few people, it is to be hoped, will see the necessity of providing measures against it in exactly the way that Dr. Conan Doyle suggests. Let us have riflemen by all means in ample numbers, but the truth is, that the only real defence of these islands lies now, as always, upon the sea. This at least must be the defensive ideal, and we cannot provide by rifle clubs to repel anything but incidental raids.

THE German Emperor is always generous in his praise of those who do well. When the Taku Forts had been stormed, he hastened with his rewards to those who had distinguished themselves, and afterwards took a step which has no parallel in the history of his Navy. He awarded the military honour decoration of the second class to all seamen who took part in any of the operations. Thus, those who were at the capture of the Taku Forts, who took part in Admiral Seymour's gallant dash for the relief of Peking, or in the defence or the relief of Tientsin, have shared the reward. The total number thus honoured is 248, including the whole company of the "Iltis," 46 of the "Hertha," 42 of the "Hansa," 22 of the "Kaiserin Augusta," 23 of the "Gefion," and 3 of the "Irene." This spontaneous and generous acknowledgment of good service done has given very great satisfaction.

MANY new forms of glasses have been tested for the first

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THE TIMARU PORT GUARDS.

Formed in 1885 as Naval Artillery, the Timaru Port Guards are One of the Best Shooting Corps in New Zealand. Captain Thomas, in the Centre, Vacated the Command to Accompany the New Zealand 5th Contingent to South Africa.

Photo. Copyright. Johnson & Hoffmann.

FOR SERVICE IN CHINA.

Shown here are a Group of Military Telegraphists who Accompanied the Expeditionary Force. Drawn from Fifteen British Regiments, they are fully representative of the Army at Large.

Photo. Copyright. Notman.

CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK.

The Old Heroes here shown are Members of the British N. and M. Veterans' Association of Boston, Mass., U.S.A. The Group were Photographed Around the Crimea Memorial on their Visiting Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Photo. Copyright. Cassart & French.

A MALTA CRICKET TROPHY AND ITS WINNERS.

Presented by the Relatives of the late Lieutenant B. W. Holman, R.A., an Officer who did much to Encourage Sport in the Regiment and the Island. This Year it was Won by No. 4 Company, Southern Division, R.G.A., in Inter-Company Competition.

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time in the South African War. The essentials of a good glass for military uses are portability, sound mechanical construction, rigidity, high power, and fine definition. Binocular telescopes, owing to the length of their eyepieces and body tubes, were far from answering the conditions, but the difficulties have been overcome by the introduction of prismatic binocular glasses. Porro, early in the century, devised a means of erecting the telescopic image and reducing the length of the telescope by the interposition of total reflecting prisms. But the invention appears to have been practically forgotten until the firm of Carl Zeiss introduced it anew with a further improvementoftheir own in their prism binoculars. We hear that the prismatic binocular glasses of Messrs. Ross, the well-known opticians, have given excellent results in South Africa. Porro's arrangement has been adopted, and the glass is made of about one-third the length of an ordinary binocular telescope. The form is compact and rigid, and there is a special arrangement for adjusting the interval to suit the eyes of different users of the glass. With such glasses the field of vision is large, and the definition is extremely good. The troops in South Africa have found them of the utmost use, combining as they do the qualities of a fine telescope with the portability of an ordinary field-glass.

IT has, perhaps, been rather hastily assumed that the time has gone by in which royal marriages could embroil nations or give rise to internal strife. There were some misgivings when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne, contracted his morganatic marriage with Countess Chotek. The aged Emperor Francis Joseph has won such world-wide regard, that it would be sad if political strife should arise out of a union to which he gave his consent for the happiness of his nephew. There are those in Hungary only too ready to take advantage of anything that tends towards partition, and among them appears to be Francis Kossuth, son of the famous Hungarian patriot. He is heading a party which, notwithstanding the young Archduke's renunciation, affects to regard his wife, under Hungarian law, as the legal Queen of Hungary. The succession, they say, is regulated by a treaty between the Hungarian nation and the House of Hapsburg incorporated in the Hungarian Statute in 1723, which contains no provision to meet the present case, and they assert that the idea of morganatic marriage is being smuggled into Hungarian law at the risk of a disputed succession. The national law knows no distinction between marriages of persons of unequal rank and ordinary marriages, and it is contended that no pre-nuptial oath or statute can deprive Countess Chotek or her children of the right to the Hungarian throne. The Austrian Government appears to have a conclusive reply to the arguments of these Separatists, but it is only too evident that advantage is being taken of this family contract to establish, ifpossible, astronger line of cleavage between the parts of the Dual Monarchy, and to strain still further a relationship already sufficiently strained by the difficulty that has arisen out of the Ausgleich. The Dual Monarchy holds so great a place in the balance of power that its fortunes must be watched with great interest.

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WITH ROD AND LINE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Fishery Season off Newfoundland Lasts from May to October, during which Months a Second-class Cruiser and a Yacht of the North American Squadron are Detached for Duty on the Coast. The Officers belonging to them get Superb Sport on Shore with both Rod and Gun, and the Coast has been the Nursery of the Finest Sportsmen in the Service.

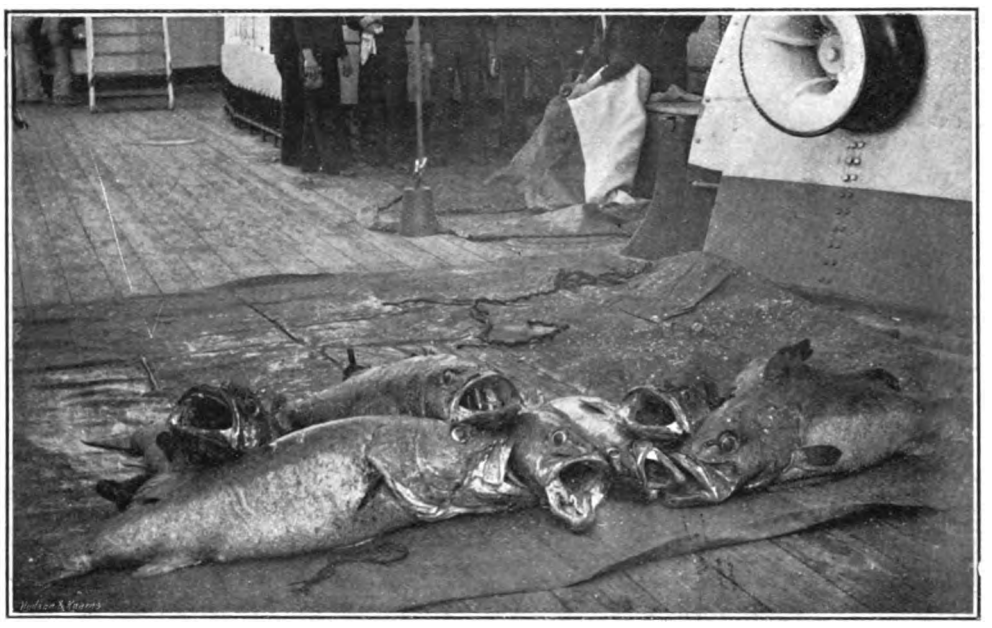

Photo. Copyright. *Watts.*

A BIG HAUL IN NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand is another of the Sporting Paradises that come in the Sailor's Way in the Royal Navy. The Catch here Depicted Represented Two Hours' Fishing. The Seven Victims are "Hapuka," a Species of Cod. The Weight of the Whole Catch totalled up to 328 lb., the Biggest Fish Weighing 68 lb. Not a Bad Morning's Sport.

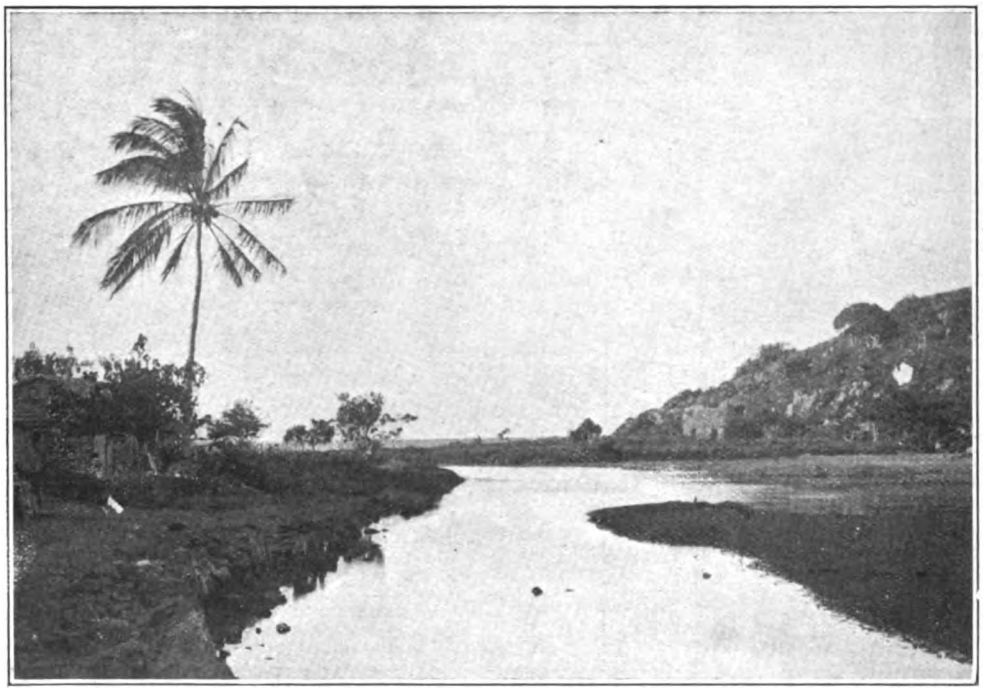

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

IN THE HEART OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A Lovely Spot to Lead a Lotus Life, but one unfortunately much Troubled by Hurricanes, is Rodriguez, an Island situated some 350 miles due East of Mauritius. It is a Dependency of the Larger Island, which usually, however, has to Supplement its Revenue by a Grant.

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British Commanders-in-Chief, 1674—1900.

THE mixed feelings which a gallery of portraits must in any circumstances arouse would, of themselves, form a subject capable of almost infinite expansion. In the case of the series of portraits here presented, of men who, during the past two centuries, have held the chief command of the land forces of the Crown, it is particularly difficult to narrow discussion or reflection into purely biographical grooves. Although, as we study history nowadays, the lives even of kings and queens may have very slight connection with the real history of a nation, its constitutional progress, or its Imperial development, it is impossible not to find in such a roll of military commanders as this a very intimate relationship with the growth, during the period covered, of England's greatness at home and abroad. Names such as those of Marlborough and Wellington are more closely interwoven with our gradual development of the Imperial idea than those of most of our monarchs, while others, to whom, in intervals of peace and war, the charge of our Army has been committed, have seldom failed to leave their mark, at any rate upon contemporary annals. On the close of the seventeenth century the career of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth had a serious influence indeed, while in the last years of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, the personality of Frederick Duke of York attained a considerable, if not altogether admirable, prominence. For good or evil, most of these Commanders-in-Chief were men of real distinction outside their profession, whose existence counted for much in the political counsels and social life not only of England, but of Continental Europe, where several of them "made history" in a very brisk and far-reaching fashion.

Before turning to the consideration of these military worthies as individuals, it is desirable to point out that the term "Commander-in-Chief," as applied to most of them, has been somewhat loosely used. As a matter of fact, the position of Commander-in-Chief has only been clearly defined within the past thirty years. Prior to 1870, when, under an Order in Council, the Commander-in-Chief was rendered definitely responsible for the discipline and *personnel* of the Army, the office had existed continuously from the second appointment of Jeffrey, Lord Amherst, in 1793, and, previously to that, on and off since the days of General Monk. But the exact

JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BORN in 1650. After much service on the Continent, was in 1690 appointed by William III. to the chief command of the home forces. Degraded in 1692, he was reinstated in 1697, and, as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces from 1702-9, won the great victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. Again disgraced in 1711, and again reinstated in 1714, he died in 1722.

JAMES DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

THE natural son of Charles II., born in 1649, and made Master of the Horse at the age of sixteen. He served with distinction in the Low Countries in 1673 as commander of the English contingent, and subsequently directed the affairs of the whole Army. Banished for plotting against the King, he returned, lay claim to the throne, was defeated at Sedgmoor in 1685, and beheaded.

functions, and even the title, of the Commander-in-Chief, were subject to no hard-and-fast rules. Sometimes he was Captain-General, sometimes Generalissimo, sometimes Officer Commanding-in-Chief. At some periods he was a veritable head and front of all things military, a fountain of honour, and a noble exemplar, at others he subordinated his position to political or private, and, occasionally, scandalous considerations. But, with the unfortunate exception of Frederick Duke of York, the Commanders-in-Chief of the British Army have had one common merit, that, namely, of being, according to the military standard of their day, very gallant and distinguished fighting soldiers.

The British Army of the present day has its origin in the two regiments of horse and six of foot which came into existence in the reign of Charles II., and numbered some 5,000 or 6,000 all told. It was from this force that the contingent was drawn which Charles II., in 1672, furnished Louis XIV., to assist in the invasion of Holland. The contingent was commanded by the King's illegitimate son, James Duke of Monmouth, a lieutenant-general at the age of twenty-three, in whose train was handsome Jack Churchill, a captain of the Life Guards, and afterwards Duke of Marlborough. The two fought side by side in the campaign of 1673, winning special distinction for the personal gallantry they displayed in the attack upon Maestricht. In the subsequent campaign of 1678 we find them again associated, as evidenced by a commission discovered among the Blenheim papers, in which Monmouth, as Commander-in-Chief, appoints Colonel Churchill "eldist Brigadier of Foot" in the Army in Flanders.

Into the sad story of the downfall of Monmouth, his banishment, his return and assumption of royal dignity, his defeat at Sedgmoor, and his death on the scaffold in 1685, this is not the place to enter. But it is interesting to recall the fact that Monmouth evidently expected his former comrade-in-arms to make common cause with him in his bold venture, and that it was largely due to Brigadier-General Lord Churchill's military ability that the venture in question proved such a disastrous failure.

It goes without saying that any but a bare allusion to the career of the great Duke of Marlborough is out of the question in such a sketch as this. But the chronological fact is

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JAMES, DUKE OF ORMOND.

BORN in 1665. He joined the Prince of Orange after the Revolution, and served with him in Ireland and Flanders. Was a favourite with Queen Anne, and on Marlborough's second disgrace in 1711, replaced him as Commander-in-Chief. Attainted under George I., Ormond fled with Bolingbroke to the Continent, and died in 1745.

FIELD-MARSHAL GEORGE WADE.

BORN in 1673. After much service in Flanders, Portugal, and Spain, was in 1724 appointed to superintend the construction of the military roads in Scotland, and entrusted with the disarming of the Highland Clans. In 1743 he received his Field-Marshal's baton, and in 1745 became Commander-in-Chief, but retired into private life the following year, and died in 1748. He represented Bath in Parliament from 1722 until his death.

FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.

BORN about 1619. Was a soldier of European reputation before he accompanied William III. to England, when he was made Duke of Leinster, and subsequently Commander-in-Chief. He was killed at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. Macaulay speaks most highly of him, but Lord Wolseley describes him in 1688 as "old, gouty, and arrogant."

JOHN DALRYMPLE, EARL STAIR.

BORN in 1673. Served under William III. and Marlborough in Ireland, and in the campaigns against the King of France. Was made Commander-in-Chief under George II., and in 1743 won the fruitless victory of Dettingen over Marshal Noailles. In 1745 he traced the plan of operations against the Young Pretender, and died in 1747.

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interesting that, after his treasonable participation in the revolution which placed William III. on the throne, Marlborough was, in 1690, appointed by William—who was then setting out for Ireland—Lieutenant-General and Commander of all the Forces remaining in England during the King's absence. Later in the year he himself embarked for Ireland, where he was actively engaged in the reduction of Cork and Kinsale. Gradually becoming estranged from William, Marlborough fell under suspicion of opening communication with his old master, James II., was stripped of all his offices, and committed to the Tower. Though shortly afterwards released, he was not restored to favour till 1697. On the outbreak of the war of the Spanish Succession he received, in 1701, the chief command of the Allied Forces against France and, after the death of William, commenced in 1702 that magnificent series of victories, including Blenheim (1704), Ramillies (1706), Oudenarde (1708), and Malplaquet (1709), which have immortalised him as one of the greatest soldiers the world has ever produced. Again dismissed from all his offices in 1711, he was yet again restored by George I. in 1714, but was shortly afterwards compelled by ill-health to withdraw finally from public life, and died in 1722.

A strange compound of marvellous ability and noble qualities with duplicity and treachery of a very sordid description, Marlborough was in every way a heaven-born soldier, a superb strategist, a brilliant tactician, and a glorious leader of men. Under the familiar nickname of "Corporal John" he was truly beloved by the Army, for the welfare of which he was ever zealous and watchful, and, as "Malbrouk," his name was a terror indeed to the powerful nation which, single-handed, he did so much to keep usefully in check, at a most critical period of European history. It is almost needless to add that anyone desiring an intimate acquaintance with the history of this extraordinary man, will find a mine of information in the monumental biography of which Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley has given us two admirably written volumes, dealing with every phase of Marlborough's life up to 1702, and by no means concealing the dark spots in his character and public conduct.

To the careers of the Commanders-in-Chief other than Marlborough who directed the Army in the eighteenth century, there is no very special interest attached. As a rival to Marlborough, James Butler, second Duke of Ormond, was a prominent figure before he was named Commander-in-Chief on Marlborough's second disgrace in 1711. Lord Wolseley speaks of him as able and experienced in public affairs, "but as a soldier he preferred the pageantry of war to the hard work and rude realities of the field." When Marlborough was restored to favour by George I., Ormond was impeached and attainted, ultimately escaping with Bolingbroke to France, where he lived in close relations with the Pretender. He died in 1745. John, second Earl Stair, is chiefly distinguished by the fact that he was in command at the battle of Dettingen, in 1743, at which George II. was present in person. He was more a statesman perhaps than a soldier, and was largely responsible for the Quadruple Alliance. John Earl Ligonier, was a veteran of Marlborough's battles, and subsequently distinguished himself greatly at Lawfeldt, in 1747, where he was captured by the French, presented to Louis XV., and shortly released. He died in 1770 at the age of ninety-two. John Manners, Marquis of Granby, commanded with honour during the Seven Years' War in Germany, and was greatly beloved in the Army for his abundance of what our forefathers admired under the collective designation of "manly virtues."

In 1793, with the outbreak of the great war with France and the second appointment of Jeffrey, Lord Amherst, to the Commander-in-Chiefship, a new era of military administration was inaugurated. In this year we see the first appearance of the Secretary of State for War—as distinct from the Secretary at War—an official to whom of late years the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army has been in many respects subordinated. Jeffrey, Lord Amherst, was a very gallant and distinguished soldier, who entered the Army at the age of twenty-four in 1731, and was Lord Ligonier's aide-de-camp at Dettingen. In 1758 he went to America, where he captured Louisburg and all its dependencies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a success which paved the way for the conquest of Canada. In 1795 he resigned the post of Commander-in-Chief to Frederick Duke of York, was made a field-marshal the following year, and died in 1797.

Frederick Duke of York, the second son of George III., was born in 1763, and as a young man studied tactics in the school of Frederick the Great at Berlin. His military education did not, however, stand him in very good stead in Flanders in 1793 and 1799, in both of which campaigns he

JOHN EARL LIGONIER.

BORN in 1678. This fine soldier served in all the great Marlburian battles in Queen Anne's reign, and also at Dettingen and at Lawfeldt in 1747. He was taken prisoner by the French after the latter battle, but was released by Louis XV. He became Commander-in-Chief in 1757, and died at the ripe old age of ninety-two.

JEFFREY, LORD AMHERST.

BORN in 1717. Twice Commander-in-Chief, first in 1778 and again in 1793. Served at Dettingen, and in 1758 captured Louisburg and all its dependencies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Was made Governor of Virginia in 1763, and created a Peer in 1776 and a Field-Marshal in 1796. He died in 1797.

JOHN MANNERS, MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

BORN in 1720. The eldest son of the Duke of Rutland. He commanded with honour during the Seven Years' War in Germany, and was very popular throughout all ranks of the Army as a brave and accomplished soldier. He retired into private life after the peace of 1763, and died in 1770.

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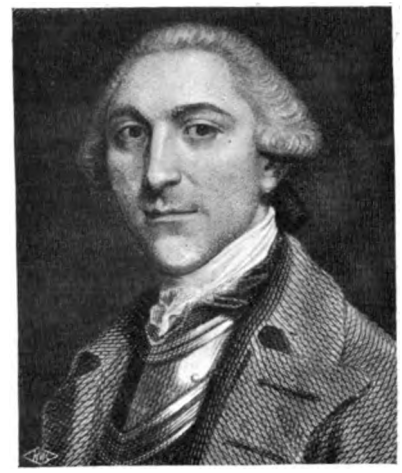
was conspicuously unsuccessful. In 1809 the Duke was charged in the House of Commons with having allowed feminine influence to affect the disposal of Army commissions, and, although acquitted of being implicated in corrupt transactions, he found it expedient to resign his post. About two years later he was reinstated, and thenceforth administered his high office with greater circumspection. But although in many directions personally popular, and possessing several excellent qualities, the Duke of York certainly did not dignify the Chiefship, and not a few of the scandals regarding his tenure of the appointment appear to have had a very solid foundation of unworthy fact. During his temporary relegation to private life he was replaced by Sir David Dundas, a notable tactician, whose "Principles of Military Movements" and "Regulations for the Cavalry" were the military text-books of their day.

While Frederick Duke of York was squandering the nation's money and tarnishing his own good name at the gaming-table, there was rapidly coming to the front the greatest of all England's soldiers, Arthur Wellesley, afterwards first Duke of Wellington, the hero of literally a hundred fights, and the winner of the grandest and most far-reaching victory in our military annals. Still less occasion is there in this case than there was in that of Marlborough to enter into biographical details. The life of the Great Duke is so readily accessible, and, moreover, its outline is so well known to every educated Englishman, that his place in this record can be covered by a very meagre allusion. It is sufficient to say that he, Arthur Wellesley, was born in 1769, the third son of the Earl of Mornington, and that he entered the Army as an ensign of the 73rd Foot at the age of eighteen. After seeing service in Flanders under the Duke of York, he sailed for India in 1796, and distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Seringapatam. Brought rapidly to the front, he fought in September, 1803, the wonderful battle of Assaye, in which he administered a crushing blow to the Mahratta power, and firmly established his own military reputation. In the passage in which he speaks of Wellington as having with "myriads at Assaye, clash'd with his fiery few and won," Tennyson has briefly, but most admirably, described this momentous victory. Created a K.C.B. for his great Indian services Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to England, and,

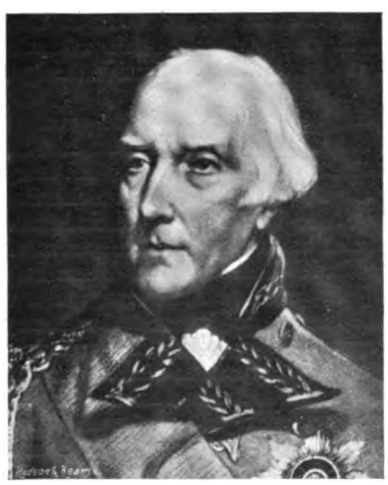


FIELD-MARSHAL THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

BORN in 1721. Second son of the first Lord Conway. Successively A.D.C. to Lord Stair, General Wade, and the Duke of Cumberland he was present at Dettingen and Fontenoy. The latter part of his career was mainly political. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief in 1782, and resigned in 1784. He died in 1795.

FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK.

BORN in 1763. Second son of George III. Succeeded Jeffrey, Lord Amherst, as Commander-in-Chief in 1795. Was charged in 1809 with scandalous laxity in the sale of commissions and, though acquitted of corrupt practices, resigned. Was reinstated in 1811 by the Prince Regent, and held the Commander-in-Chiefship till his death in 1827.



SIR DAVID DUNDAS.

BORN in 1736. He entered the Army in 1753 and became Colonel of the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards. On the temporary resignation of Frederick Duke of York he was appointed Commander-in-Chief. He was an able tactician, and was the author of the "Principles of Military Movements," and the "Regulations for the Cavalry." He died in 1820.

in 1806, entered upon a short parliamentary career as Member for Parliament, first for Rye, then for Midshall, and, again, for Newport in the Isle of Wight.

Meanwhile, Napoleon had entered upon an extraordinary career of European conquest, culminating in the seizure of Spain and the proclamation of Joseph Buonaparte as its King. The British Government, determined to resist this act of aggression, despatched Wellesley with 13,000 troops to Mondego Bay, on the coast of Portugal. Landing in August, 1808, Wellesley marched rapidly on Lisbon, but the movement was unfortunately counter-ordered, and, after a highly unsatisfactory campaign, partially relieved by the victories of Roleia and Vimiera, Sir Arthur returned to England. In April, 1809, he returned to the Tagus, and shortly afterwards commenced that magnificent series of victories which have given the Iberian Peninsula a very glorious prominence in our battle history. Talavera was followed by Busaco in 1810, after which Wellington retired behind the stupendous lines of Torres Vedras, the finest and most successful works of the kind that have ever been attempted. Issuing forth from these in 1811, he defeated the French at Fuentes d'Onoro, and again at Salamanca, entering Madrid in triumph in 1812. The battle of Vittoria followed, and in 1814, the victories of Orthez and Toulouse, which opened the way for the British Army into the heart of France. "In six weeks, with scarcely 100,000 men, Lord Wellington had marched 600 miles, crossed six great rivers, gained two decisive battles, invested two fortresses, and, after driving 120,000 veteran troops from Spain, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognised conqueror."

Honours were showered upon the great commander, and in 1815, when Napoleon escaped from Elba, was once more threatening the peace of Europe, Wellington was sent post haste into Belgium and placed in command of the Allied Forces, a large proportion of which were mere undisciplined levies. On the ever-memorable June 18, 1815, the Duke met his old enemy in the most decisive battle of modern times, the world-famous Waterloo. Implicit trust in the capacity of the British soldier to stand "pounding," and in the good faith of good, "Immer Vorwärts" Blucher, stood Wellington in good stead on this tremendous day, which ended in the complete downfall of the Napoleonic tyranny and the exaltation of Wellington to the proudest position ever attained by any European leader.

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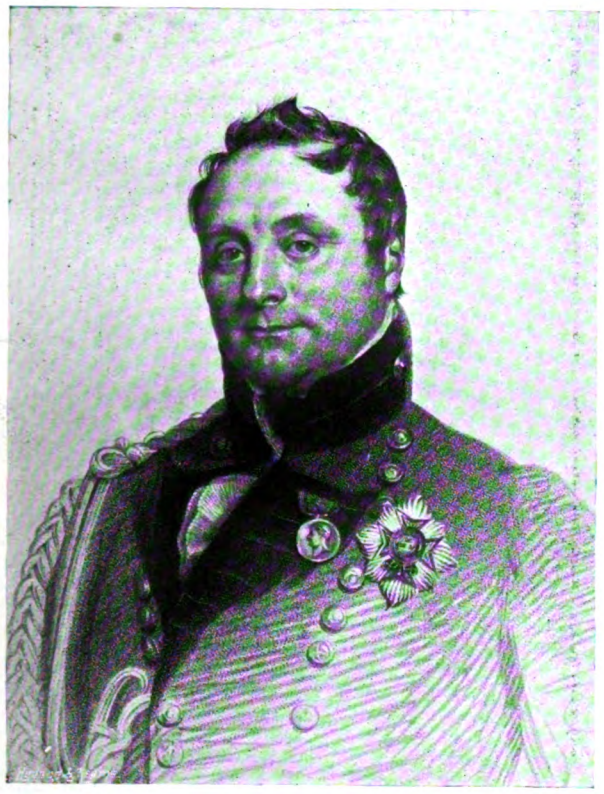

ROWLAND LORD HILL.

BORN in 1772. Served at Toulon and in Egypt, and throughout the Peninsular War. Was Wellington's right-hand man at Waterloo. Appointed Commander-in-Chief in 1828. A gallant and able soldier, he was strenuous in his endeavours to promote the interests of the Army throughout his tenure of office, which lasted till his death in 1842.

ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BORN in 1769. The greatest of English soldiers. Went to India in 1796, and broke the Mahratta Power in 1803. From 1808 to 1814 was engaged in campaigns in the Peninsula, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Orthez being among his great victories. Defeated Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815. Was Commander-in-Chief from 1827 to 1828, and again from 1842 to his death in 1852

HENRY VISCOUNT HARDINGE.

BORN in 1785. Served with great distinction throughout the Peninsular War, and was Secretary at War in 1829, 1830, and 1841. In 1844 he went out to India as Governor-General, and acted as second in command at Moodkee, Ferozabad, and Sobraon. Was appointed Commander-in-Chief in 1852, and held the post till his death in 1856.

H.R.H. GEORGE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

BORN in 1809. Served in the Crimea as a general officer, and in 1856 was appointed to the chief command of the Army, which he held until 1895. Was created a Field-Marshal in 1862, and on his retirement from the Chiefship made Honorary Colonel-in-Chief to the Forces. Is Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, 17th Lancers, and King's Royal Rifle Corps.

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Into the Great Duke's future career as a statesman, and his two terms of office as Commander-in-Chief, we need not enter closely. As a statesman the Duke was not a complete success, and the public which had hailed with frenzied enthusiasm the victor of Waterloo, did not hesitate at a later period to break the windows of Apsley House. As Commander-in-Chief, Wellington had not a great deal to do, for the simple reason that in the long spell of peace between 1819 and 1854 the public declined to be worried with military questions or to vote additional supplies for purposes of increased military efficiency. Wellington died in 1852, and if any tribute were lacking to the memory of such a man it is to be found in Tennyson's stately Ode. A "tower of strength, Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew," he is finely described by another writer as the truest, loyalest flesh-and-blood Englishman that the world has ever seen. If he had any military deficiency, it lay in the fact that he did not possess the galvanic personal influence over men which was possessed by Marlborough and Napoleon, and is possessed in our own day by Lord Roberts. But he never lost a battle, and he beat the world's most marvellous, if not actually greatest, soldier in fair fight, in which the initial advantage was all in his adversary's favour.

Rowland Lord Hill, who was Commander-in-Chief from 1828 to 1842, was a Peninsular and Waterloo veteran of great distinction, and, according to contemporary lights, an excellent head of the British Army, with a high reputation for impartiality, and an honest solicitude for the advancement of the Service. When he died in 1842, the Duke of Wellington held the Chiefship till his own death ten years later, and then Lord Hardinge, a hero of the fierce conflicts of the Sikh War of 1845, himself a fine old Peninsular fighter, was given the appointment. Lord Hardinge was Commander-in-Chief during the Russian War, and did not escape censure for some of the monumental deficiencies which disfigured the conduct of that campaign. Dying in 1856, he was succeeded by the Duke of Cambridge, then a comparatively young man, who had already distinguished himself in the Crimea in command of a brigade of Guards.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, G.C.B.

BORN in 1832. Entered the Bengal Artillery, 1851. In the Indian Mutiny, wounded at Delhi, fought in Lucknow operations, and defeat of the Gwalior contingent. Won the V.C. North-West Frontier, 1863; Abyssinia, 1868; Looshai, 1871-72. Commanded the forces, Afghan War; Burma, 1886; and in the Boer War, 1899-1900. Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army, 1900.

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

BORN in 1833. Entered the Army in 1852. Served in Burma 1852-53, in Crimean and in Indian Mutiny campaigns, and in China in 1860. Commanded Red River Expedition, 1870, Ashanti Expedition, 1873-74. Commander in Egyptian War, 1882, and in the Soudan in 1884-85. Field-Marshal 1894, Commander-in-Chief 1895-1900. Supervised second expedition to Kumassi and mobilisation for Second Boer War.

The Duke of Cambridge's tenure of the Chiefship is of such recent date, and has been subjected to such free-spoken criticism, that most readers of this sketch will not require to be informed of its leading characteristics. A stickler for ceremonial, and distinctly conservative in all his views, the "Old Duke," as he is affectionately called, was judged by some to be unduly unprogressive, and there is little question that at the close of his thirty-nine years' tenure of office the British Army, although habitually successful in various small wars, and notably in the Afghan and Egyptian Campaigns, was not abreast of the times. Still, his pertinacious advocacy of drill as the mainstay of tactical efficiency did much for the British Army, and he always preserved a very high standard of discipline throughout all ranks.

The task of Lord Wolseley, who in 1895 took over the Chiefship from the Duke of Cambridge, has been indeed a hard one, and the manner in which he has performed it is not likely to meet with its full meed of contemporary appreciation. But, apart from other considerations, there is one circumstance which invests Lord Wolseley's term of office with peculiar interest, and that is its close association with the rapid development of the Imperial idea. Imperialism is no new thing. Its foundations were laid when British factories were established at Madras, when Canada passed under our dominion by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, when in 1788 a convict station was established at Port Jackson in Australia, and, again, when in 1814, at the General Peace, the Cape of Good Hope was ceded in perpetuity to the British Crown. But it is only of late years that the true realisation of the Imperial idea has become crystallised in fact, as well as in sentiment. To this result the comradeship of arms has contributed in no ordinary degree, and in this way it has fallen to the lot of Lord Wolseley to cement the union between Great Britain and her great Dependencies and lesser Colonies on several historical occasions. If his Chiefship presented no other remarkable features it would, indeed, be memorable for the fact that with it was connected that splendid burst of patriotism on the part of India, Australia, Canada, and the Cape, not to speak of minor manifestations, which so grandly relieved the more gloomy aspects of the Second Boer War.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JIM TWELVES TRA'NED MAN AND A·B

BY

W. F. SHANNON

Author of

"THE DEVIATORS"

"THE MESS DECK"

&c. &c. &c.

EARLY PIETY.

JIM TWELVES has told me all about himself now. "At least," says he, "wid the triflin' exception of my domestic virtues, of which I haven't none. Not that they're of any use in the Navy, widout you marry the cap'n's wife's lady's-maid. But my cap'ns is always single men."

I wished Jim to write his own tale, but he said that commas, "and notes of exasperation, and tricky gadgets like them" balked him. I offered to punctuate. He thereupon said he didn't care for writing, and preferred to telegraph any day; and besides, he had a bad thumb, and could only write with a pencil. I suggested that modesty might be overcome. "No," said he, finally; "it can't be. Besides, there's no modesty about me; it aint that. But this autobiafric bidness aint my trade. If you're so blessed anxious about it, why don't you make it up for yourself though, like the sub-lootenant done about his bike accident, and I'll sign it?"

* * * * * * *

Jim's father was a Bluejacket, slain in action and buried at sea. His grandfather was an Irish soldier, who went to the wars and never came back. "And *his* father," said Jim, "God knows what *he* was. But I reckon he was a fightin' man and left a widow. I surmise that as fur back as my fam'ly goes there was widows, and always widows, and that's what makes me afraid to marry—not that I'm afraid to die, but charin' and washin' is so uninterestin', and that's what *she'd* come to. Bluejackets' widows in Naval ports is already sufficiently many to make the air gloomy. But my earliest recollects aint gloomy. I was commandin' officer then, wid the penetratin' voice of a boatswain's pipe, and I was continually callin' the hands, like any noo cap'n does. Them was the days when I was wound up in a sort of a long roller towel—a kind of cholera belt what went round eleven times like Pat's hatband, and then wouldn't tie—and I distinctly remember objectin' that it wasn't artistic, and I wanted trousies."

"Oh! but they're not, either, Jim," said I.

"Not what?"

"Artistic."

"Aint they? I reckon the Adm'alty knows, and trousies is standin' orders for the Navy. If anyone is aware of what is artistic, it's the Adm'alty. Why, there's a special branch always sittin' on uniforms. You look at the rig of the Navy. Not gaudy like the sojers', but jist neat. Don't every other navy copy us? But other armies don't copy the pongos. Very well, then, trousies is artistic. Why, if the Adm'alty was like Sir Garnet, and tried to ketch the undersized imaginations of the riff-raff, they could easy stick us Bluejackets into red sashes and pink trousies like them horse sojers, and give us tin jumpers like the Life Guards, 'steada duck jumpers. Do they do this? No! Why for? Because they wants solid, steady men in the Navy, and trousies a yard round at the bottoms is one of the things what attracts them sort of men. And if braces wasn't sich painful colours, I've no doubt we'd have them, too. So you can see for yourself that trousies *is* artistic, now, can't ye?"

"I can, Jim," I said. "But why are they so *extremely* wide at the base?"

"So's they can be easy tucked up when we're swabbin' decks, some say. But it's a mystery that aint accounted for in that dull way. No. I take it that if a man aloft fell in a thoughtful and seamanlike way them pants would act like parachutes. But no one falls like that, so they don't act. Therefore, chum, havin' passed before us all other possible reasons, there's on'y one left, and so this is what you might call theorem, which means to say if it aint this it's nothink else. Confidential, then, I surmise that the Adm'alty, full of considerativeness, observes us goin' about barefoot, and is pained by the natural shape of the foot bein' spoilt in that way, and so they invents big bell-bottomed britches to hide 'em. Oh, everythink's thought out in the Navy, there's no deviation about that!"

"But why are the trousers so tight from the knee upwards, Jim?"

"Well, that's useful as well as ornamental—to hold 'em up, because there's no braces and no belt. And one of the admirations of other navies is, how we do it. The same old seven buttons acts wid the same sized waistband, whether there's six bits of clo'es to be tucked in at Chatham in the winter or one bit at Zanzibar in the summer. I surmise that them pants holds up by capillary attraction, or, in simpler language, extension motions and contractin' returns. Because the poor mucko is known to be largely made up of injer-rubber, and to be able of adaptin' hisself to all misfortunes. Officers can't, nor marines. Braces is absolutely necessary for them.

"But I don't think we're shovin' along wid these recollects. I started wid the bellyband. Very well, then, since that commandin' period my life has bin one mournful procession of disappointments. And even before. Because I might jist as well have bin born a Adm'al. Still, I preserve that Adm'als is strange chaps, not hearty nor careless, although they aint got no work whatever to do, so p'r'aps I shouldn't have bin satisfied even then. But they're not so liable to be annoyed as Bluejackets. For example, namely, if I was a Adm'al cookin' a bloater, like I was to-day, and it was blown up, at least I'd have time to cook another, wouldn't I?"

I considered it quite likely, and asked for further particulars of the explosion.

"That godforsaken raggy of mine, Malachi, stuck a friction tube in where the roe ought to be. At least, I surmise it was him, because he remarked when it combusted that that was what you might call a most successful fish torpedo. So I chucked his kipper out the port to make sure. A Adm'al wouldn't be subject to them annoyances."

I quite agreed, and gently led him back to earlier recollections.

"Yes, well, the fust I know of the sea is the mud at Flathouse. But for a real ship my earliest was the 'Fame,' in Greenwich School, that one what sails about in the asphalt on the parade. I went to Greenwich when my father was killed, and while I was there I cried once, and that was when my mother died. You're almost at sea in that school, even not countin' the ship, among them thousand boys, all sons of sailors. And the comp'ny officers, they're all old Bluejackets, too, and there's a bos'n, and a cap'n and a parzon, 'sides a paymaster what never pays ye. And you work wool ships, and heave the lead on the gravel and the dry land, and at fifteen or so become a shipboy and sleep in 'ammicks on that ship, and go in pullin' boats, and do seamanship instructions, and think you're a reg'lar big man.

"And that's where I done my on'y mut'ny. There wasn't anythink partic'lar the matter 'cep' that everyone was strikin' out at that time, even sojers and tailors'-mates and postmen, and steady goers like them. So Michael Shegog, a nautical boy, and very learned, says to me one day, 'Jim, *we* oughta strike out agin our grievyances, too.'

"'Yes, I should think we ought,' says Malachi Eaves, sheerin' alongside and rubbin' himself down.

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"'What is they?' says I.

"'Well, I wouldn't like to be so ignorant as you, Jim Twelves, even if I *was* an orphan,' says Michael.

"He was a bigger and thoughtfuller boy than me, so I ast him to excuse my backward state, and I'd try for the future to think about my grievyances and strike out agin 'em. 'And now let's have a game mivvies,' I says. 'This is enough serious conversation for one day.'

"'Mivvies!' says Mike.

"'Well, stoners then—marbles. Savvy?'

"'I savvy, Jim Twelves. But I conceived you had some manliness in you. I thought I observed you smokin' brown paper one day?'

"'What's that to you?'

"'I thought you was sufficiently grown up to be aware of what sufferin' humanity is, that's all. I come to you on the subject of redressin' wrongs, and you tack off on to mivvies.'

"'I'm listenin',' I says. 'Learn me some of these wrongs. You puts me in mind of a parzon.'

"'Wasn't you roust out at ha'past five the smornin'?'

"'Yes,' says I. 'It's regulations. Is that a grievyance?'

"'Cert'n'y. It's on'y done to aggravate us, because we're boys. If it was a really good thing, like they say it is, wouldn't the cap'n and the bos'n git up too? Don't they know good things from bad? Aint they old enough to have reliable intelligence of how to be happy? At any rate, they're full of advice to us. Eight o'clock is quite early enough.'

"'P'raps *goin'* to bed so early aint exactly dealin' straight wid us neither,' says I, my eyes becomin' opened to the hardships I was inflicted wid.

"'A' course it aint,' says Michael. 'It's on'y to git us out of the way for their own peace and comfort. It's simply selfishness.'

"'And Slasher Jackson lambased me wid that strap of his'n jist now,' said Malachi. 'I reckon that's a grievyance anyone would feel.'

"'I s'pose you was schemin', Mal,' I says, ''steada actin' fourth cook or sweeper, or somethink else you was told off for?'

"'It don't matter,' says Shegog, indignant, 'it don't matter in the least if it was deserved or not. It's a wrong thing not to try kindness first.'

"Malachi stopped squirmin' and rubbin', and opened his mouth in astonishment, but Mike went on. 'You'd 'a done what he told ye jist as well if he'd spoke gentle, wouldn't ye, Malachi?'

"'I gen'ly finds them chaps sawneys,' says Mal, startin' to rub agin, 'and don't do what they tells me.'

"'Well, we've dropped on a good few grievyances extempoar,' says Mike, 'and I reckon if we're thoughtful, we shall git a tremenjus pile by this evenin', when we must call a meetin', and formicate our demands.'

"So me and Malachi went and played five-stones in the gym, on a mattress, because Mal preferred something medium soft jist then, whilst Mike Shegog went and made his head ache over our miserable condition.

"But by the evenin' things was all thought out, and we had the whole school up at dusk in the B. P. yard, which is the yard jist outside the bathing-pond, I may explain, and nice and quiet.

"'Mates,' says Michael, from a windaledge, 'we have met together to consider our sufferin's and oppressin's, and to take steps to live happy ever after. You are aware that we are miserable. At least, if you aint, you soon will be.'

"'Whyfor?' says a rude bandboy, who was immeejutly smothered by me and Malachi.

"'I shall proceed,' says Mike, 'to point out to them that are contented, if there can be any sich, that they are actin' under false pretensions—they are, as a fact, delooded Mind, in what I am about to say I don't blame the Adm'alty The Adm'alty is always bluffed when it comes to inspect us. You are aware that on Adm'alty day we git plum duff, and that's the one time in all the year when we do. On that day, too, we git watercreases. You take my word for it, the Adm'als believes we gits them things every day, and the Lords of the Adm'alty pays for 'em, because expense is no object to them. Very well, then, our fust and greatest grievyance is that there is deceptions goin' on. That is the thing what stirs us up. We're all on for justice and plum duff. And we can make that the fust item on our request.'

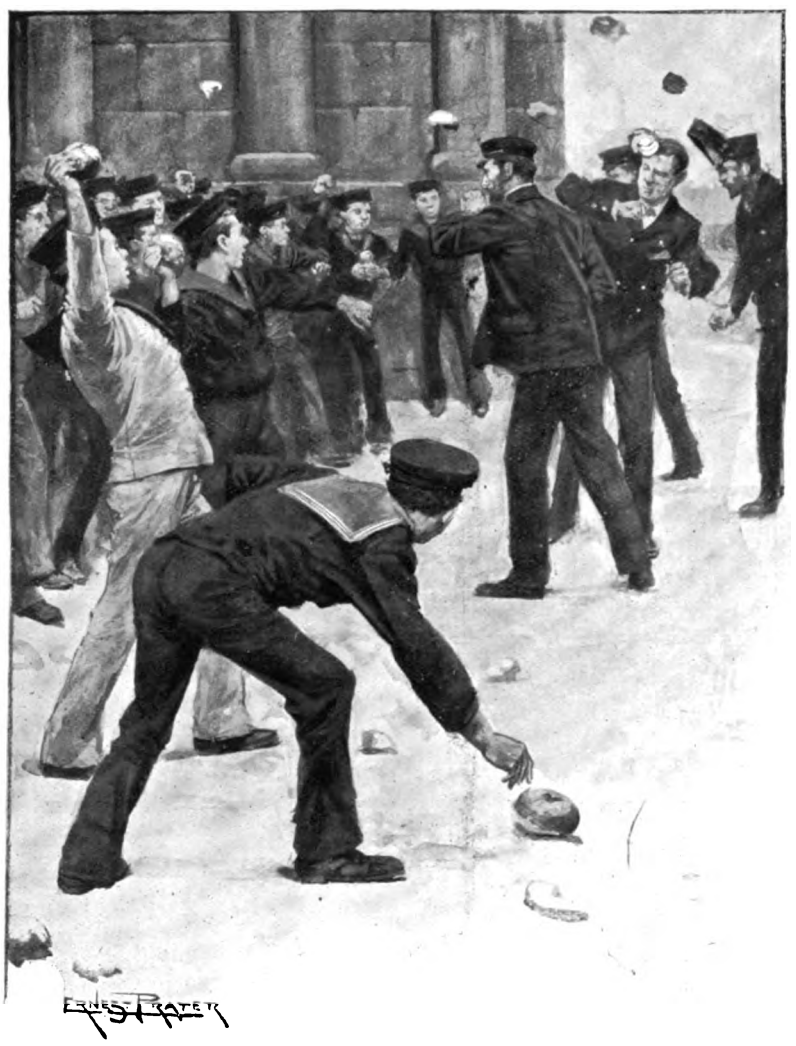
"'Never mind justice, Mike,' I says. 'But write down plum duff prominent.'

"'I will, Jim,' he says. 'Plum duff every day, and watercreases.'

"'Or optional cake,' says Malachi.

"'I will take the opinion of the meetin',' says Mike. 'Them in favour of optional cake signalise in the usual manner.' So the whole crowd howled like anythink, and was enthusiastic for cake, and plenty of it.

"'That's down,' says Mike. 'Now the secondest item is, that we are unanious for unlimited flop and toke.'



"The air fair rained bread and butter."

"'*Noo* toke, please,' says a little noojack.

"'Noo bread is bad for your digestions,' I says, because I'd had quite enough hot bread when I was actin' baker.

"So Mike wrote down that we wanted a free hand on the flop—no, he put 'butter,' so's the Cap'n shouldn't miscomprehend—and bread, which he remarked was the right of every man, let alone Greenwich boys, to have at all hours of the day and night.

"'I should like torch occasional,' shouted that bandboy, who'd recovered. And torch, I may tell you, is drippin', in Greenwich School language.

"'Look here,' says Shegog, bristlin' up, 'what we wants is the main heads, and not a lot of triflin' details. When there's torch you shall have it. I'll see to that.'

"Now, while we'd bin agitatin' like this, all gathered up in the B. P. yard, the comp'ny officers surmised somethink was not right, and Slasher Jackson was told off to go and clear us out. So he came strollin' up jist then like Goliath, and says he, 'Now then, what's all this about? Out of here, double!' and he commenced to lay about him and knock heads together, so as to annoy the meetin'. But Malachi and some hungry ones had broke into the bread-room durin' the discussion, and had hoisted out a tub of butter and heaps of loaves, so as to refresh the gatherin'. And Malachi, perceivin' Slasher to behave so unruly, chucked about two pounds of the best Dorset butter in his face and blinded him, so's he had to be led off the scene, as they say in the papers. Malachi and me led him off, and took him straight into the B. P. (bathing-pond), so's he could wash his face. Then we returned to the crowd.

"Michael was about up to article seventeen then, and hadn't nearly done.

"'Pocket money is what we ought to have,' he was sayin'. 'Pocket money out of the Chatham Chest, what our forefathers put in. Because wid pocket money we could buy brandy-smacks and other healthful things, and be happy and contented. And to be happy and contented is what we're all born for.'

"'And to avenge the death of Nelson,' I says.

"'Well, yes,' he says, doubtful. 'But that aint so important.'

"'The item I 'sist on,' puts in Malachi, 'is that Slasher Jackson is drummed out.'

"So all the mob cheered like one man at that, because Slasher Jackson was very noted wid the strap.

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"'There's no time to put every point,' says Mike. 'And it on'y remains for us to lay our demands, wrote out fair, before the Cap'n.'

"'I vote *not* to,' says that bandboy.

"'Jim, turn that blackleg out,' says Mike. 'These interruptions is too frequent.'

"So we run him well out the yard and met Slasher Jackson all drippin' wet from his bathe, leadin' the comp'ny officers to the charge, in line abreast. We scooted back. Michael was jist saying, in the most soothin' way, that in strikes and mut'nies nothink must be rough, but your requests must be reasonable, and above all you mustn't hit or hurt anyone. 'We ast for justice,' he says, 'and sits wid folded arms waitin' for him to sweep down and sit in our laps.'

"'Hang on a minit, Mike,' I says. 'This is a special case. We best suspend them rules for two minits. Observe.' And I waved my arm round jist as Slasher led his men round the corner.

"Mike shouts out, 'Repel borderers! All them boys wid top or bottom currs (crusts) cease eatin' and prepare to fire! Fire!'

"I tell ye, the air fair rained bread and butter round about them comp'ny officers' outvoted heads, and none of it crumby, and after tryin' to weather the storm for a while they had to run before it, havin' captured one poor little noojack, who went in as a ringleader later on.

"Shegog then went on calm wid the meetin'. ''Tis well,' says he. 'So fur, no laws is broke. To chuck away bread and butter is what you might call wasteful, but not to be classed wid usin' intimidatin' language. Now all this meetin' has to do is to dispute representatives and stick by 'em, and then all these reforms will be done. I think you best dispute me and Jim Twelves and Malachi Eaves, and say this solemn oath after me altogether: *We, the boys herein assembled and mobbed up*'—so they said that, and then he went on, bit by bit—'*hereby solemnly swear by the hopes of the Chatham Chest—and by all our forefathers under the sea—to stick by you three till we git our rights—and to sacredly disobey all others' orders till we do—and so say all of us. Amen.*'

"The 'Amen' was scarcely done when the 'fall in' sounded. That discontented bandboy had abducted to the bos'n and put us away. The crowd looked quite astonished for a second, it seemed as though we'd bin dreamin' and the bugle sang out sense and daylight. Some few crawlers edged off at once.

"'Remember the sacred oath,' said Shegog from his windasill, 'and wait till I tell ye what to do.'

"Then the bugle sounded agin. There's no doubt that buglar was blowin' splendid too, like he always did. And more of the mob shifted, because it sort of touches ye right through wid a tingly feelin' to hear a good bugle tell ye to do an evolution.

"'Jim,' says Shegog. 'You best speak to 'em.'

"'Boys,' I says, 'Never mind what the bugle says, we've swore not to——'

"'No we aint,' says a voice.

"'Didn't we jist swear we'd blow our own trumpets for the future?' said I. 'I know you very well, three eighty-five, talkin' in the dark there.'

"'Well, I want to go to bed, Jim Twelves,' said three eighty-five. 'I reckon my bed in the dom is better'n the asphalt on the Parade for comfort.'

"'Personally, I aint sleepy,' I says, 'but there's no reason that I can see why we can't go to sleep in our own doms when necessary, is there, Mike?'

"'Course not. It's item ten on our demands that we can wear our boots in the dormitorys and go to bed and get up jist when we bloomin' well please, and needn't undress widout we like.'

"Then that bugle sounded agin, nearer, and louder, and piercin' us right through. And someone said the Cap'n was comin'. And that looked like hangin' at the yardarm to most, so that there was a sort of panic set in, and the whole mob broke up and run to fall in as eager as if they was doublin' on the grog tub.

"And we three and about a dozen others was left.

"'Blame fine mut'ny, this is,' said Malachi.

"'In Ireland we'd do it better,' says Mike.

"'I'm off to see the shops,' says I. 'We may as well be birched for three or four things at once.'

"So us few broke out of the school and had a night out, and then as we got tired, came back, or was brought back.

"And there came a day when we was limbered up afore the Cap'n, who cracked a lay of a most unmerciful length at us about bein' ungrateful scoundrels, and how mut'ny was the worsest of crimes in the Navy. So I explained that really times was very dull, and we wanted a bit of a dust up, and that was the whole truth. And Shegog said it was nothing of the kind, but that we had genuine grievyances, and proceeded to numberate 'em till the Cap'n stopped him. And then we was all birched."

I gently hinted that it perhaps brutalised them all.

Jim scarcely grasped the idea at first. Then he said, "Devil a bit. Why should it? We had our game, and it was on'y fair the Cap'n should have his, so's not to encourage the others. If a man mutineers he's askin' for martial law, and he aint very old if he surmises it don't cover his case. I reckon that birchin' knocked a certain amount of sense into me wid regard to the way to conduct agitations.

"But Mike Shegog it never altered, excep' to give him one more grievyance. He's a Member of Parli'ment now, through complainin' so much. And he believes what he says all the time too, jist as he did that night in Greenwich.

"But it's a solemn fact that in the school the boys have plum duff twice a week now, though the optional cake and the watercreases and the brandy-smacks and other reforms is still held over. But it's a good healthy school, 'and you may lay to that,' as Mr. Stevens used to say, what gits plum duff two times in seven, gratis, even allowin' that it has to buy its own relishes, and send home for its Garibaldi biscuits."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ENLISTMENT."—Being twenty-three years of age, you are too old to obtain a commission through the R.M.C. or the Militia, and if you enlisted with a view to getting one through the ranks, you would be too old to be recommended by the time you had the necessary ten years' service, even if you were a corporal by then. Moreover, as you are less than 33-in. chest measurement, you are under the standard, and could only be specially enlisted if the medical officer and the approving field officer thought you likely to become an efficient soldier. If your enlistment were approved, however, you might in time obtain a commission as riding master (if you joined a mounted corps), or as quartermaster. If you communicate with the officer commanding the 9th Regimental District, Norwich, he will give you any further information you require.

* * * *

"SCOTTIE."—The present agitation to make the Highland Light Infantry a kilted regiment arose from the fact that, in the course of the campaign in South Africa, the 1st Battalion was removed from the Highland Brigade because it did not wear the kilt. At a meeting of members of the Highland Light Infantry Association, held lately at Glasgow, Captain G. S. Campbell Swinton explained the reasons of the proposed change. Tracing the history of both battalions, he pointed out that they were raised as kilted battalions and continued so up to 1809. The 71st was then put into trews, and in 1847 the 74th was put into the same dress. In 1881, when the battalions were linked, they were left with the same dress. They were for a time the only Highland regiment to wear trews, but as four others were put into trews, the distinction was lost. In consequence of what had taken place in South Africa, it was decided to petition the Secretary for War to restore the kilt to both battalions, and to revive their connection with Glasgow by renaming the regiment the Highland Light Infantry (City of Glasgow) Regiment.

* * * *

JOHN WINTER.—A soldier is not allowed to dispose of his medals. At the weekly inspection of "necessaries," the men have to produce their medals, and strict enquiry is made into any case where a medal is missing. If it is proved that a man has designedly made away with his medal, he is punished. But after five years without an entry in the regimental defaulters' book, he may be recommended for a new medal on his paying the value of it. If the loss of a medal occurs from carelessness or neglect, the loser may be recommended to be provided with a new medal at his own expense after being two years without an entry in the regimental defaulters' book. On the other hand, if the loss is proved to have been purely accidental, or to have been incurred on duty, the loser may be recommended to be supplied with a new medal at the public expense.

* * * *

"VALETTA."—*Apropos* the reception given to Mr. Chamberlain at Malta, it may be interesting to note the fact that no member of the Cabinet, except the First Lord of the Admiralty, is as such entitled to a Naval salute nowadays. Down to a little before the Queen's accession it was usual to fire salutes on peers of the realm coming on board a man-of-war, but not to them as Cabinet Ministers. A curious anecdote in this regard is told of Lord Palmerston. When Lord Palmerston was visiting Glasgow in the spring of 1863, during his last Premiership, to be installed as Lord Rector of the University, the captain of the guardship in the Clyde, anxious to do honour to the occasion, found himself hindered by the fact that a Prime Minister was not recognised by the code of Naval salutes. He managed, however, to escape from his dilemma by the discovery that Lord Palmerston was not only First Lord of the Treasury but also Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, for which great officer a salute of nineteen guns was prescribed.

* * * *

"CONSCRIPT."—Information as to conscription in this country can be obtained from the following works, where you will find the subject dealt with: "Voluntary and Compulsory Service," by Captain Maude, published by Stanford; "Home Defence," by Captain G. F. Ollison, published by Stanford; "Recruiting Without Conscription," a pamphlet by Major-General Saunders; "Universal Conscription, the Only Answer to the Recruiting Question," Royal United Service Institution prize essay, 1875—all in the R.U.S.I. Library. The prize essay of the R.U.S.I. for 1897 was "The Relative Advantages and Disadvantages of Voluntary and Compulsory Service, from a Military and a National Point of View." The medal was won by Captain Ollison, and his essay and those adjudged to be three next best are published in the R.U.S.I. journal for 1897. Dr. J. M. Maguire has written on this subject. Two articles of his appeared in the *United Service Magazine*, in, I believe, August and September. EDITOR.

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AUTHOR OF "THE HANDY MAN,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

NOW fill the Christmas flagon,
Now drink a gallant toast,
To those who fill the legions
Of Britain's single host:
Our Sons who see the sun rise,
Our sons who see him fall,
Our Empire flung from East to West -
Britannia—one and all!

*

To the Queen that we love, to the land of the free,
Raise, raise the flagon high!
To Her Majesty's lieges out over the sea,
Drain, drain the flagon dry!

Their hand was 'gainst our foeman,
Their Dead lie with our Dead,
Afar from Britain's coasts they came—
'Twas British blood they shed!
True sons of ancient England,
Scot, Angle, Saxon, Celt—
The Federation of the Race
Was sealed on Afric's veldt!

*

Now face we storm together,
Now go we hand in hand,
One Destiny, one People,
A House not built on Sand;
A thousand years behind us,
A thousand years before,
The flag that waves us onward,
The flag that Alfred bore!

*

Our sword shall never tarnish,
Our shield shall never rust,
Our heart shall never falter,
If great as theirs our trust—
Who came from bush and prairie,
Who waited not our call,
And stood before a world amazed—
Britannia—one and all.

*

To the Queen that we love, to the land of the free,
Raise, raise the flagon high!
To Her Majesty's lieges out over the sea,
Drain, drain the flagon dry!

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

THE fact that my last article was entirely absorbed by the tiger is one I cannot regret, because I think the killing of a tiger is generally the first and greatest object of every sportsman going to India. Not that I myself look upon it as by any means the best sport the jungle provides, for the bison is a nobler, and the buffalo a more dangerous, quarry, while Himalayan sport, again, is in my opinion infinitely superior to that of Hindustan.

I now come to the other large animals which are found in the Bombay Presidency, and, indeed, practically throughout India—the leopard, bear, nilghai, and sambur. I might add the spotted deer, but that comes more naturally in another place. Mr. Lydekker says that it is spread over the greater part of India, except Sind, the Punjab, and Assam; but I must frankly own that I should not know where to look for one on the Bombay side. The hog-deer, however, occurs in Sind and elsewhere, but it is an animal which affords little sport, except, indeed, to a mounted man with a spear.

The first animal on our list to-day—the leopard—is common throughout India, but it is, nevertheless, not very often seen, except at night. I nearly rode over one when returning from a dance one night, and have killed some half-dozen, some with beaters, one with dogs, but mostly by chance when after other game. Sportsmen have tried hard to prove that there are various varieties of this animal in India, but I believe I am right in saying that it is now decided that there is but one panther or leopard. The cheetah, or hunting leopard, is of course quite a different animal, and this, too, is sometimes, but not often, shot. The leopard seems to be more inclined than most animals to melanism, and black leopards are generally to be seen in menageries and museums. I once saw one, but unfortunately my stalk was spoilt by peafowl, and I did not get a shot.

Many men—especially "griffins," or new arrivals in India—think that, because a leopard is smaller than a tiger, he can be hunted without the precautions taken in the pursuit of the latter animal. There can be no more fatal mistake, for, with the sole exception that the leopard is perhaps less tenacious of life, he is really a more dangerous adversary than the tiger. Forsyth, who must be admitted to be an authority, calls him "far more courageous." Besides, he

THE BEAR IN HIS ROCKY HOME.

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is more active, and can climb trees, thus depriving the sportsman of his last resource. When a panther takes to man-killing, he is a far more terrible scourge than a tiger, and panthers have been known to kill over a hundred human beings before being destroyed. I may here remark incidentally that last time I was in India some wolves, probably a family, had literally caused a district of considerable size just on the south-east frontier of Bombay to become uninhabited, the people they had not killed having fled from their homes to escape them. A shot at a wolf will always be a chance, however, in any part of the world.

A very certain way, if a somewhat cruel one, to get a shot at a leopard, is to tie out a kid or a pariah dog when there is a panther about (I intentionally use the two names of the animal, as synonymous). The cruelty consists in putting a fish-hook in the animal's ear, so that its squeaking shall attract the animal required. However, it suffers for the good of its race. This, of course, is only likely to succeed towards evening. It is worth remembering that the leopard takes no notice of any abnormal circumstance about his victim, so long as he neither smells, sees, nor hears the sportsman. This is a great help, for the bait can be tied up in the rays of a powerful lantern, or the ground round about covered with chaff, against which the leopard shows up much better.

The common sloth bear of India inhabits rocky hills much in the way that the leopard does, but he is an animal of a very different temperament. In the first place, sloth bears do no harm to flocks or herds; and, in the second, though, like most wild animals, they will generally avoid an interview with man if they can, yet they will sometimes attack ferociously on no obvious provocation. Forsyth says it is "when they are come upon suddenly and their road of escape is cut off," but I have known them to attack when the way out was open enough. A good way to get a shot at the "adam-zad" (or sons of men), the native name, is to find out the caves they are using, and then to lie in wait for them on their way back. But one must be in place before daybreak. The following is a good account of bear-shooting by Colonel Smyth:

"I was out with a friend after bears in the jungles near Burdwan in Bengal. We had formed a long line with some thirty or forty beaters about 5-yds. apart from each other, and were walking quietly along, when I heard the grunting and a kind of scuffling noise of bears in front of my part of the line. I thought that two bears were on foot in front of us, and, frightened by the noise we had made, were beating a retreat, so I rushed on ahead of the line by myself with one rifle, and presently I caught a glimpse of a bear running away in front of me." (It appears from what he says further on that he fired.) "The jungle was very thick, and I only saw him for an instant. He disappeared, and I went on by myself, and presently heard a great noise in front, and in a moment three bears appeared, all running towards me, about 10-yds. off. I had just time to aim and fire my remaining barrel at the front one, and then turned and ran as hard as I could, with all three bears after me. I ran for 100-yds. or 150-yds., but found I did not increase my distance from them; so I caught hold of a little tree and swung myself round, and went off in another direction at right angles. In swinging round, my hat (a large solar topee or pith hat) fell off, which, I expect, saved me from getting a terrible mauling, and perhaps my life. After running another 100-yds. I found I was not pursued, and I soon reached my friend with the coolies and the man who was carrying my other (loaded) rifle. We then went to the spot where I had swung myself round the tree, and I found my hat smashed to pieces. The bears, not able to catch me, were satisfied with the hat. I found a blood track, which showed I had hit one of them as he charged me. We followed the tracks for some distance, but eventually lost them.

"The very day before this, in the same jungle, I had wounded a large bear which I was following up, when I came suddenly and unexpectedly upon him. He saw me at the same moment, and came down upon me like a thunderbolt. I had just time to aim at him and fire. My bullet struck him in the head, and he rolled over dead within 2-yds. of me. If I had missed him, or only slightly wounded him, he would have been in the midst of ten or twelve poor coolies, who were huddled together within a few yards of me in great fear and trembling. This was a very large bear, and unfortunately the skin was spoiled. I had pegged it out in front of my tent, and all night long I was kept awake by the howling of jackals around my tent. In the morning I found the skin had been almost entirely eaten by them." In my opinion, Colonel Smyth had not much of a loss, for the skin of a sloth bear is but a poor trophy. For this reason, and from his usual harmlessness to man and his doing no damage to other game, sportsmen generally let them alone after shooting one or two.

SNAFFLE.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *and November* 3.]

Crack Shots.

THE rearing of wild ducks by hand is almost as old as the hills, I suppose. I, at any rate, saw it done as long ago as I can remember anything; but of late years it has been a growing custom with preservers of game. Truly the game ducks are as worthy of preservation as any birds that fly, and even very many generations of semi-domestication seem to have done them no injury as hard flyers, with all the instincts of wild birds, except the fear of man. The wild ducks of Kensington Gardens and the Serpentine are a case in point. How long they have been there I do not know; but long enough to teach themselves self-preservation in very trying circumstances. It is natural for wild ducks to build their nests on the ground, but many of these birds build theirs in the trees, 20-ft. from the ground, and they multiply wonderfully in these abnormal circumstances.

* * * *

In more ways than one are these ducks remarkable. On one occasion, for instance, I counted as many as seventeen young ones, just hatched, with a single old duck, and there seem to be very few dead ones during a season. Another peculiarity they have, is that sometimes they may be seen diving for their food. This is most irregular behaviour for surface-feeding ducks; nevertheless these do it. Not every day, by any means, but upon occasion, the Round Pond is alive with ducks diving for food, which seems to be just out of their reach when they adopt the well-known tail uppermost attitude. But I say that this is remarkable only because Sir Herbert Maxwell says that wild ducks never do it; but I rather fancy that I have seen them do this diving, not for play, which is frequent enough, but for food, in other places as well. If any sportsman feels doubtful as to the sport-giving qualities of birds with so many changed habits, let him betake him some evening to the avenue leading from the pond to the Serpentine, and he will see how ducks can fly which, nevertheless, will feed out of your hand.

* * * *

I see that it is somewhere stated that wild ducks are bad mothers, inasmuch as they tempt their young into the cold water too early; but that is only because the surface of the water is the proper feeding-place for the young, which live mostly upon the flies found there. If you deny them the water, they do not get the insect life on which they thrive best; and it does not appear that they suffer from cold when the old ducks are well fed, and have plenty of places where they can get out of the water and brood their young.

* * * *

A very old preserver of wild duck is Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price, of Rhiwlas, in North Wales, whose shooting was let early in the season, but who, nevertheless, has just been making a bag there. On October 31 and November 1 the score was 20 grouse, 30 partridges, 388 cock pheasants, 35 hares, 1,637 rabbits, 5 woodcock, and 3 snipe—a total of 2,108 head. The guns were Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Captain Price, Mr. H. C. Bonar, Mr. J. C. Cunningham, the Hon. R. H. Handcock, Mr. H. Langrishe, and Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price.

* * * *

Mr. Arthur Blyth is to be congratulated, for unless something better than his 930½ brace of partridges in three days is recorded later on, he will have headed the partridge bag for three consecutive seasons. Mr. Blyth's bag in both 1898 and 1899 was between 1,800 and 1,900 partridges for two days' shooting. This year it has taken three days, by common report, to obtain the same results, but I have not yet had full particulars, such as Mr. Blyth was kind enough to give me in the two former years. Then he had seven guns out, and his best day's bag was three years ago, when he obtained 1,058 partridges. This 1,058 partridges of Mr. Blyth's is not the record day; that occurred in 1897 on Lord Ashburton's property at the Grange, in Hampshire.

* * * *

About the most useful all-round dog for shooting is a spaniel, and two field trials of these dogs are to take place shortly. That of the Working Spaniel Club is to be held near Neath, under the auspices of the International Gun Dog League, on November 27 and 28. This is their second or third field trial. The old Spaniel Club, in emulation of the younger body, are about to hold field trials also, and have secured the loan of the Clumber Estate for the purpose. Their event comes off on December 12 and 13. The secretary of the latter is Mr. J. S. Cowell; of the former, Mr. C. E. Castellan, Hare Hall, Romford.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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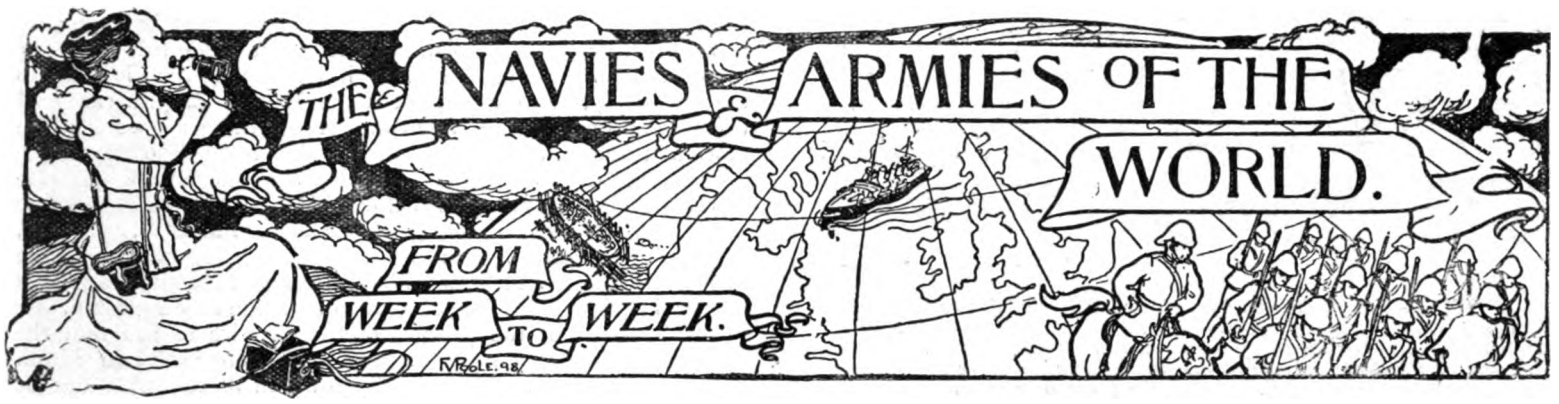

THE leader which the *Times* printed on the 15th about the Naval Service and the Admiralty was somewhat curious reading. It began by what looked like a blessing, and ended by something which had much the air, if not of cursing, at least of expressing very serious doubts. The text on which the article discoursed was drawn from Mr. Goschen's farewell speech at the Guildhall, and from that part of it in which he spoke of the presence of Naval officers fresh from work at sea in the Admiralty, and of the part they play in administration. The late First Lord spoke of the Sea Lords in terms which have produced a rectification from Sir M. Culme-Seymour. But that may be put aside for the moment. For the present the point is that the Parliamentary Chief of the Navy is surrounded by Naval officers recently on active service, and has the benefit of their advice and assistance. To this fact some even attribute the success of the Admiralty in avoiding the disrepute into which the War Office has fallen. Personally I do not see the force of the contention. Sir George White and Sir Evelyn Wood, for example, were surely just as much in touch with the Army as any admiral who has been at Whitehall can have been with the Fleet. The same thing would surely have to be said of officers of lesser rank and of the Intelligence Department. If there is a difference, the cause must be sought elsewhere. As for the disrepute into which the War Office has fallen, when did it fall? It never has been out of that condition, to my knowledge.

* * * *

At the end of its comments on Mr. Goschen's speech, and after noting the good fortune of Lord Selborne in having Naval officers about him, the *Times* applies a severe douche of cold water to the happy family at Whitehall. It takes some pains to prove that this withdrawal of Naval officers from active service is not necessarily good either for them or for the Service, or, rather, not good for the Service because not good for them. They are shown to be in some danger of growing rusty, and a good deal is said about the necessity there is for constant practice at sea to keep a Navy efficient. When the reader gets to the end of the demonstration, he finds himself in a depressing position, since it appears that whatever course we follow the result must be bad. If the presence of Naval officers at Whitehall fresh from the sea and in touch with the Service is needed for the good government of the Fleet, they cannot be withdrawn without injury to the Navy. If, on the other hand, the exceptionally good officers who are taken for these duties lose their efficiency and grow rusty at Whitehall, then another and equally fatal kind of harm will be done. Yet, after all, one course or the other must be followed. The door must either be open or shut. We cannot both have the Naval officers there for the general good of the Navy and not have them for the advantage of their own training.

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If the salvation of the Navy consists in not leaving it to be directed wholly by clerks and civilians, it would seem that we must sacrifice the sea practice of a certain number of officers. The lesser evil must be endured for the greater. Nobody will deny that it is better that a few Naval officers should grow a little rusty than that the whole government of the Service should become bad. Looking at the past, it would seem that we might do worse than keep at the Admiralty for the rest of his life the distinguished Naval man who has gone there, and has shown himself to possess administrative capacity. Putting aside the great constructive times in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Charles II., no period in the little-known history of our Navy is of such importance as that which began towards the end of the War of the Austrian Succession and lasted till the end of the Seven Years' War. Only those who have gone much beyond the beaten track know what an immense work was done for the Navy in those years, not by dissolution and reconstruction, but by quiet internal reform. Now the presiding authority in all this work was Anson. From the time that he returned from his voyage round the world till his death he was practically always at the Admiralty. He was indeed out of office for short intervals, and he went to sea, without resigning his place at Whitehall, both when he intercepted La Jonquière's convoy off Brest, and when he directed one of our foolish combined expeditions against the Coast of France in the Seven Years' War. But these were exceptions. The rule was that he was at Whitehall. According to modern ideas, he ought to have lost touch with the Service, and to have become fossilised. But looking to the results, one can see no evidence that these misfortunes happened. Certainly the Navy improved steadily during all those years. It was probably never better than it was in 1759, the *Annus Mirabilis*, of Boscawen's victory over La Clue, and of Hawke's victory at Quiberon.

* * * *

The point that was taken by Sir M. Culme-Seymour in his letter to the *Times* of the 17th is one which has been often debated, and will be debated again. He objects to Mr. Goschen's description of the Sea Lords as the colleagues of the First Lord, and maintains that this is a fancy picture. The Sea Lords, he says, are the subordinates of the First Lord, not his colleagues, and were put in that position by the Order in Council of 1869. Sir M. Culme-Seymour expresses his preference for a Board of Admiralty with a majority of Naval officers on it, who should be "entirely responsible to the Queen and country." The ideal of Sir M. Culme-Seymour is one which has had attraction for many, but it has remained an ideal which has never yet been reduced to practice. According to the old rules of the Navy Board, as drafted by the Earl of Northumberland when he was Lord High Admiral to Charles I., and afterwards promulgated by James II. when he was Lord High Admiral to his brother Charles II., the members of this administrative body were to be equal, and to be jointly responsible. As a matter of fact they never were, and in the end the Purveyor became practically master. So, too, the attempt to make the members of the Commission for discharging the office of Lord High Admiral, called the Admiralty Board, jointly responsible to King and country never had any success. In practice the First Lord was always chief, and the others obeyed him. The Order in Council of 1869 only gave formal recognition to what was already the recognised Order.

* * * *

Indeed it could not well be otherwise. There must be some means of giving a final decision. If it is by vote of a majority, the minority will still be overborne, and it is obvious that in a board of seven the four who are of least weight could outvote the other three, and this does not sound like a good administrative machine. It is not easy to see how the members of a board are to be directly responsible to Queen and country. The Queen does not administer, but appoints somebody to do it for her. The country is represented by Parliament, which also cannot deal with details of administration. It must choose somebody to do so on its behalf. Queen and country select the same man to represent them, and in the case of the Navy he is the First Lord. The other members of the Board must work under his direction. If they are men of knowledge and strong character, they will have a large influence, just as have the members of the council of the Viceroy of India, but in the long run the last word must rest with the chief. We should never come to any decision if it were not so, and that would be disastrous. It is better to have occasional wrong decisions than never to be able to reach one.

DAVID HANNAY.

ACCORDING to the Yeomanry regulations, every candidate for enlistment must be a natural born or naturalised subject of the Queen. He must also be above the age of seventeen and under forty-nine. No man on attaining the age of fifty is allowed to continue to serve as an enrolled member, unless, in a special case, the commanding officer thinks it desirable, in the interests of the regiment, that a non-commissioned officer or private shall continue to serve beyond that age; in which case a special application for authority to retain him may be made to the general officer commanding the district. Yeomen so retained are seen, if practicable, by the inspecting officer at the annual inspection of the regiment to which they belong.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Bonds of Empire.

BY the time these words are read in the far-off outposts of Imperial Britain the new century will have a hand upon the latch. Many thoughts crowd into the mind when we pause a moment "at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time" to realise that we are passing a notable mark on the pathway of the ages; or when "at midnight in the silence of the sleep-time" we wonder how the world will stand when 2000 has followed 1900 into the dusty warehouse of the Past. People are sometimes heard to complain that divisions of time are purely arbitrary and meaningless. A new year, they say, is but a continuation of the old one; a new century differs in no way from the century that has gone before. Why make a fuss because we have completed another 365 days, or even another 100 years? Yet, if you set these same people to walk from London to Portsmouth, they would probably grumble very much were there no milestones to tell them of their progress. New years and new centuries are milestones on the interminable highway of Time. They begin as soon as the whiteness of the road can be dimly discerned, glimmering out of the trackless forest of the prehistoric period. Ahead of us they stand, eloquently silent, reaching out into the misty province of the Future.

When we come to one of these milestones, we find many things to reflect on as we look back along the road we have traversed, and as we glance forward at the path we are to follow, ribboning away into the distant country that is still strange and unfamiliar. At the end of a century many problems present themselves to the active mind.

The one that chiefly concerns us as a people, as a great confederation of free states, is this: To whom in the twentieth century are to fall the sceptre of world-supremacy, the crown of world-commerce, the orb of widest universal dominion? We may roughly apportion the last four centuries each to a single Power. The sixteenth century was Spain's until England broke Spain's supremacy in 1588. The seventeenth century saw the United Provinces of Holland the leading commercial state and the greatest maritime power in the world. The eighteenth century we must give to France. Louis XIV. at the beginning and Napoleon at the end raised their country to a proud position among the nations, whatever internal harms they inflicted upon her. Neither the shameless poltroonery of Louis XV. nor the shattering thunder-clap of the Revolution had any effect upon the martial ability of the nation, when it found a leader worthy to lead.

Finally, we come to the nineteenth century, and this beyond question has been the century of Great Britain. From the day when Napoleon fell, crushed by the heroic effort England put forth against him, our island-race went on from triumph to triumph in every corner of the globe, and in every department of human activity. In commerce, in science, for a time in literature; as colonists, as warriors, as pioneers of progress in all directions, the British nation stood pre-eminent among the nations. In the council of the Powers of Europe, Great Britain had the casting vote. With her to aid it, no enterprise could fail. Without her goodwill no adventure could be undertaken with confidence of success. The last twenty years have seen a change, it is true. There has been a slackening of energy, a limpness of moral fibre, a loosening of the grip that made British work of every kind an example to the rest of the world. Does this mean that the period of British supremacy is over? Surely we Britons scattered all over the universe cannot let the pride of place slip so easily from our nerveless grasp. The supremacy of Great Britain as an island-state has lasted its time, no doubt. The moment has come for some other supremacy to succeed it. But need this be other than a British supremacy? Not if Greater Britain is ready to take up the proud burden, not if the British Empire can hold together as a world-state, and can carry on the great work of the glorious tradition that the parent-state has handed down to it.

We believe with all the faith that is in us that the Empire of Greater Britain can and will do this. But it will not come about of itself. Weeds spring up unasked and flourish, as it were, of their own accord. Fair flowers and mighty trees only put forth their beauty and strength when wise gardeners and foresters bring all their skill and experience to bear upon their growth. It is the business of the peoples of the Empire to see that the foresters and gardeners whom they employ are wise and skilful. The Bonds of Empire are as yet loose and ill-defined. The tie that unites British states throughout the globe has been up to the present the silken thread of sentiment. We must add to this the steel clasps of reasoned alliance and common interest. The council of the Empire must be truly representative. The defensive forces of the Empire must be recruited and trained as widely as they are distributed. The composing elements of the Empire must fall into their places contentedly, and do the work that is allotted them without selfish seeking after more congenial labour, or a more honourable room. Especially must we in England remember that we are for the future not as a patron among his dependents, but as a freeman amongst other freemen. *Primus inter pares* Great Britain may yet be, but no more than this. We are a part of the Empire, but not the Empire itself, as we have been inclined at times to think.

Tighten the Bonds of Empire, then, wherever the Union Jack flies and hearts thrill at the name of Briton and heads are proudly bared to the strains of "God Save the Queen." This is the work for the immediate future. This is the great task the new century lays upon us. If we have faith in its accomplishment, we can greet the twentieth century gladly and fearlessly; we can feel as he did who

> "never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake."

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

NOVEMBER 20, 1497.—Cape of Good Hope first doubled. 1759.—Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay. 1791.—Capture of the French "Résolue," 32, by the "Phœnix," 36. 1806.—Boats of the "Success," 32, off Cuba, cut out the French "Vengeur," 12.

November 21, 1739.—Porto Bello taken by Admiral Vernon. 1893.—The "Flora" launched. 1896.—The "Griffon," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

November 22, 1799.—Capture of the French "Egyptienne," 20, "Eole," 18, "Levrier," 12, and "Vengeur," 8, off St. Domingo, by the "Solebay," 32. 1882.—The "Collingwood" launched. 1896.—The "Otter," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

November 23, 1616.—Richard Hakluyt died. 1758.—Sinking of the French "Alcyone," 50, by the "Hussar," 28, and "Dolphin," 24. 1799.—Capture of the French "Guerrier," 14, off Flushing, by the "Courier," 8. 1885.—Naval Brigade captured Mayangyan. 1889.—The "Blake" launched.

November 24, 1758.—Capture of the French "Bien Acquis," 36, by the "Chichester," 70, and the "Sheerness," 24. 1885.—The "Camperdown," launched. 1890.—The "Edgar" launched.

November 25, 1757.—Capture of a French convoy of nine vessels, carrying 112 guns, off Hispaniola, by the "Augusta," 60. 1793.—Capture of the French "Inconstante," 36, off St. Domingo, by the "Penelope," 32, and "Iphigenia," 32. 1886.—The "Australia" and "Undaunted" launched. 1889.—The "Mildura" launched. 1893.—The "Daring" and "Coquette," torpedo-boat destroyers, and the "Dryad" launched. 1897.—The "Pomone" launched.

November 26, 1703.—The great storm, and destruction of the first Eddystone Lighthouse. 1796.—Capture and destruction of the French "Décius," 20, and "Vaillante," 6, off Anguilla, by the "Lapwing," 28. 1810.—Lord Armstrong born. 1813.—Cutting out of the "Charlemagne," 10, by the boats of the "Swiftsure," 74, off Cape Rousse, Corsica.

NOVEMBER 20, 1776.—Successful sortie from Fort Cumberland, Nova Scotia, by Major Batt.

November 21, 1854.—Gallant exploit before Sebastopol. Lieutenant Tryon dislodged the Russians from a position which commanded our trenches, but was killed in the engagement. 1878.—Afghan War began with the simultaneous advance of columns from Quetta, Kohat, and Peshawar. 1897.—Submission of the Aka Khels, North-West Frontier.

November 22, 1897.—Reconnaissance to Dwatoi (Tirah Campaign). The pass was successfully forced, and our troops were afterwards withdrawn from the heights with equal success.

November 23, 1813.—Sharp skirmish at Arcangues between the Allies and the French. 1899.—Battle of Belmont. Lord Methuen defeated the Boers.

November 24, 1759.—Defeat of the Dutch at Chinsurah by Colonel Forde. 1857.—Death of Havelock at Alumbagh, near Lucknow.

November 25, 1759.—Reduction of Fort Duquesne. The French dismantled the place, and withdrew on the approach of Brigadier-General Forbes, who took possession and renamed it Pittsburg. 1899.—Battle of Graspan. Lord Methuen defeated the Boers.

November 26, 1817.—Battle of Seetabaldee. A British force of 1,350 was attacked by 18,000 of Rajah Appah Saib's troops, who were driven back after two days' fighting. The victory was largely due to a brilliant charge made by Captain Fitzgerald.

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The Home-coming of the Canadians.

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Photo. Copyright. *Gauvin & Gentzel.*

HALIFAX *EN FETE.*

The First Royal Canadian Regiment from South Africa, who Landed from the Transport "Idaho," Welcomed by their Fellow-countrymen on their Return.

Leaving the "Britannia."

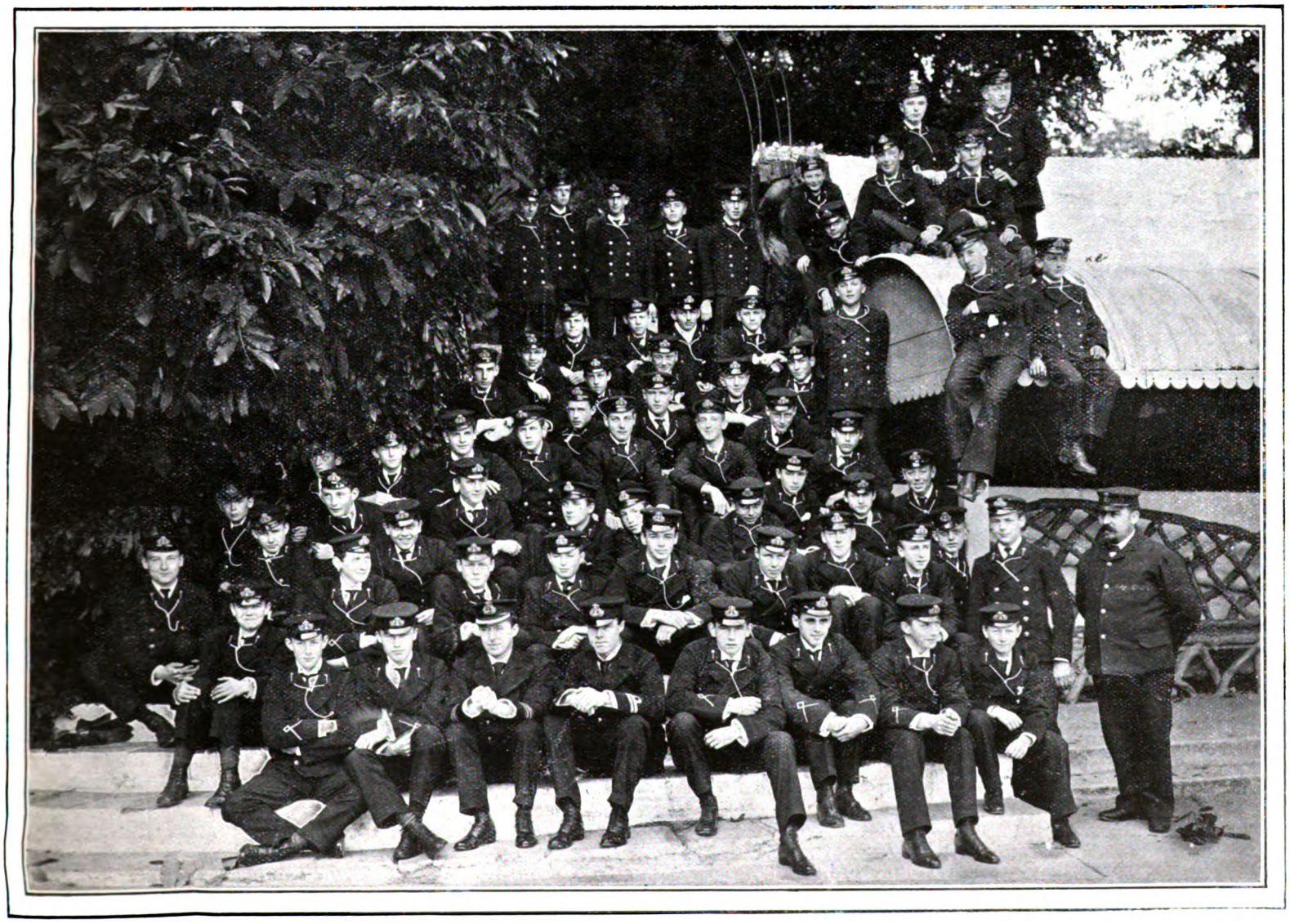

Photo. Copyright. *W. M. Crockett.*

THE FOURTH TERM OF NAVAL CADETS, NOVEMBER, 1900.

This is the Batch of Cadets now Passing Out of the Training-ship into the Navy.

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SUSAN'S FAREWELL.

From an Engraving by C. Knight, After G. Morland, 1786.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard.
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat, unwilling, rows to land,
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.—*Old Song.*

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THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

From an Engraving by F. D. Soiron, After H. Singleton, 1791.

Young Miles, 'scaped from war's alarms,
Returning, finds arrayed
Against him fair Lucasta's charms;
He sheathes his conquering blade,
And, though he never feared man's arms,
Surrenders to the maid.—*Old Ballad.*

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Where the Czar Lies Ill.

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Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

THE PALACE OF LIVADIA, NEAR YALTA, ON THE BLACK SEA.

Visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1869, and made Famous by Mark Twain in the "Innocents Abroad."

The Colonial Secretary at Malta.

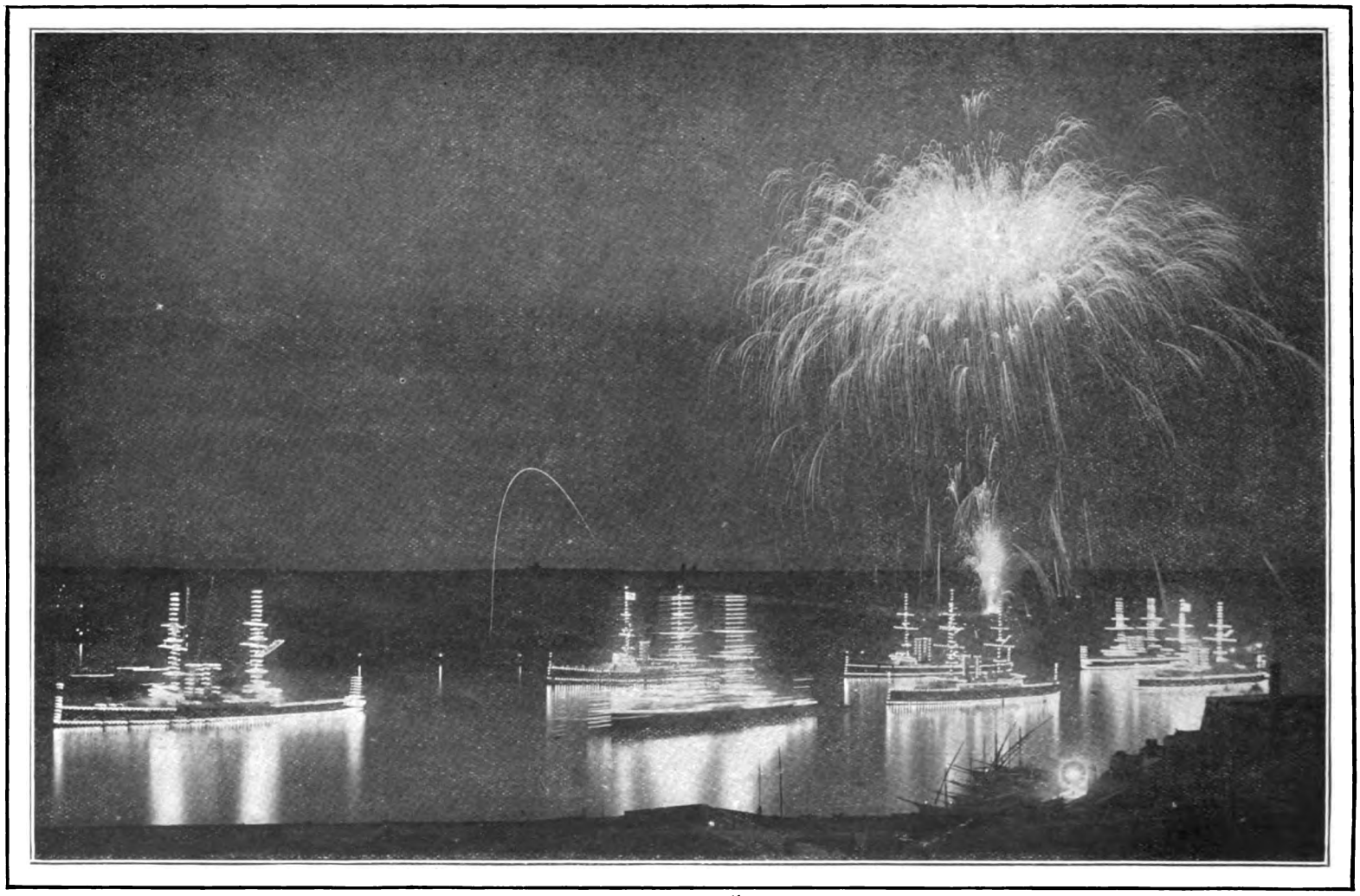

Photo. Copyright. ***R. Ellis.***

"*Canopus.*" "*Renown.*" "*Ocean*" "***Royal Oak.***"
"*Cæsar*" (*Steaming Out*). "*Royal Sovereign.*" "***Ramillies.***"

The Departure of Mr. Chamberlain in the "Cæsar" at Midnight. The Single Line is a Signal from the Flag-ship to Fire Rockets from the Illuminated Squadron.

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The Progress of the War in South Africa.

IT was in December, 1880—as nearly as possible twenty years ago—that Sir Owen Lanyon wrote to Sir George Colley, "I do not feel anxious, for I know that these people" (the Boers) "cannot be united, nor can they stay in the field." A few weeks gave the lie to this confident prediction; and now in our second—and final—Boer War we find that the enemy are thoroughly capable of staying in the field, and of harassing our troops. For all other purposes, indeed, the war is at an end. There will be no more serious engagements, no more lessons to learn, no more glory to be won. All that remains is a guerilla warfare which may be continued indefinitely, for the reason that it is very difficult to bring it to an end. Spain, Greece, Bosnia and Herzegovina, have demonstrated in recent years the manner in which bands of marauders may continue to disturb communications and to unsettle the conditions of life long after all effective resistance is at an end.

Englishmen, at any rate, can hardly complain of the difficulties imposed upon them, for, after all, the war that was waged against William the Norman for years before the Conquest—which was commenced at Hastings—was really completed must have partaken largely of this character. Illustrations drawn from history, however, do not render it the more easy to bear the trouble of the present, and the situation in South Africa is likely to cause a good deal more trouble and, unfortunately, to cost a great many more valuable lives. The work of pacification can proceed only slowly, and we have clogged its wheels by our own moderation. In fighting against a Power which possessed a regular Army, everyone found acting as a soldier without a soldier's uniform would be shot. In the late Boer Republics every man is a foe, but it is impossible to identify him, and, moreover, he goes on commando, and fights our soldiers in the sublime consciousness that the very troops he is trying to shoot will protect his homestead and will purchase his farm produce at exorbitant prices.

Nothing has been more remarkable in the war than the way in which the colonial forces have distinguished themselves. The Colonial Division, now dissolved, under General Brabant, has done yeoman service, especially against "the ubiquitous De Wet," and our pictures show some representatives of that portion of the force which is more particularly called after its commander. Brabant's Horse has won a name in history beside Hodson's Horse and many other corps that might be named. An amusing incident is shown in one of our illustrations. A squad was suddenly summoned about five o'clock in the morning to "chase Boers." We do not know whether this order is equivalent to the signal which used to be hoisted at sea during the last war with France, and which, as innumerable log-books show, was always to "chase" the enemy, irrespective, apparently, of his strength or of his desire for action. At any rate, the squad of Brabant's Horse found no Boers to chase; but it lighted, apparently, upon a mighty crop of pumpkins and other vegetables, and it did not forget to bring to camp a plentiful supply to replenish the doubtless slender pot. This is one of the incidents of warfare which are pleasant—for the annexers of the vegetables—and one can quite understand how welcome such an addition must be to the ordinarily slender list of available sorts of food.

Photo. Copyright. *J. H. Murray.*

AN HISTORIC SCENE AT DURBAN.

The Reception of Sir Redvers Buller at Natal's Seaport.

The fact, however, that the brunt of the campaign is really at an end, and that the hostilities with which we have to contend—locally formidable as some of them may be—are now mainly of a sporadic character, is evidenced by the fact that some of the troops are being sent home and that generals are leaving the seat of action. Lord Roberts is thinking of leaving South Africa, and Sir Redvers Buller has already left, and has arrived in this country and taken up his old command at Aldershot. The enthusiasm of his welcome at Southampton and at the great military camp, will not be readily forgotten by anyone who witnessed it; but perhaps the absolute spontaneity of his welcome at Waterloo Station, where no preparations had been made to receive him, will dwell longest in his memory. One of our pictures shows his reception at Durban, where he was presented with an address of welcome by the Mayor, and paid a high tribute to the work of the Natal Volunteers.

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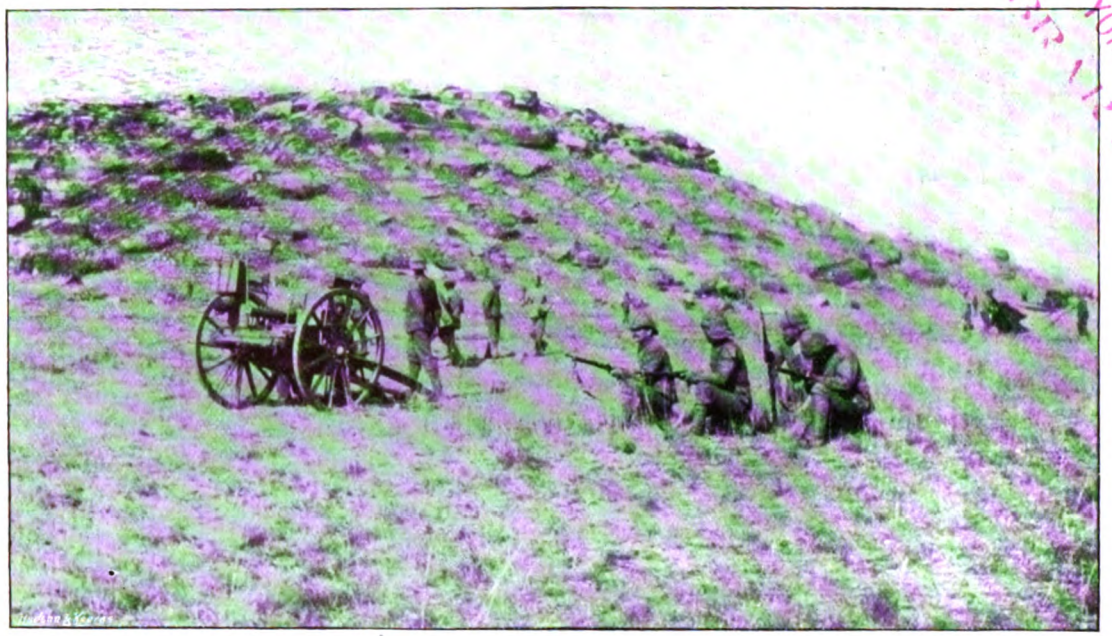
With Brabant's Horse in South Africa.

UNDER THE WHITE FLAG.
Boers with a Cape Cart Coming in to Surrender.



BRABANT'S HORSE AND ITS MACHINE GUN.
The Maxim-gun Detachment of the Force.

ORDERED TO CHASE AN INVISIBLE ENEMY.
The Result was Vegetables for the "Pot."

COLONIAL FORCES IN ACTION.
A Trooper of Brabant's Mounted Infantry Taking Cover.

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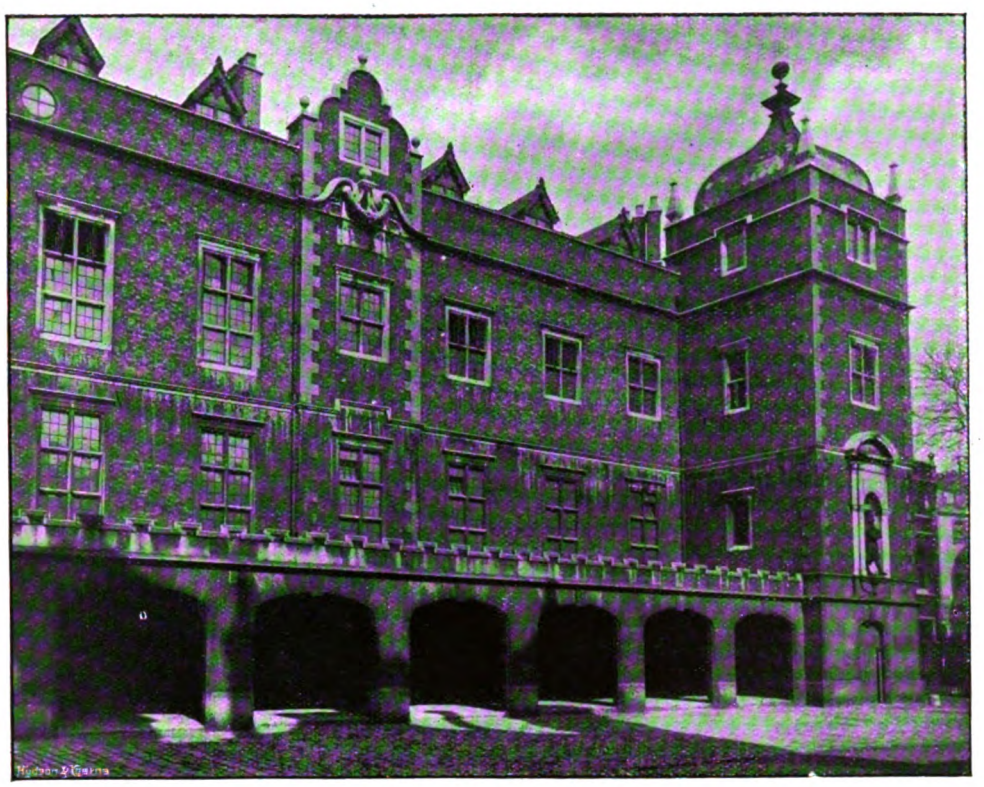
"Blues" and the Royal Navy.

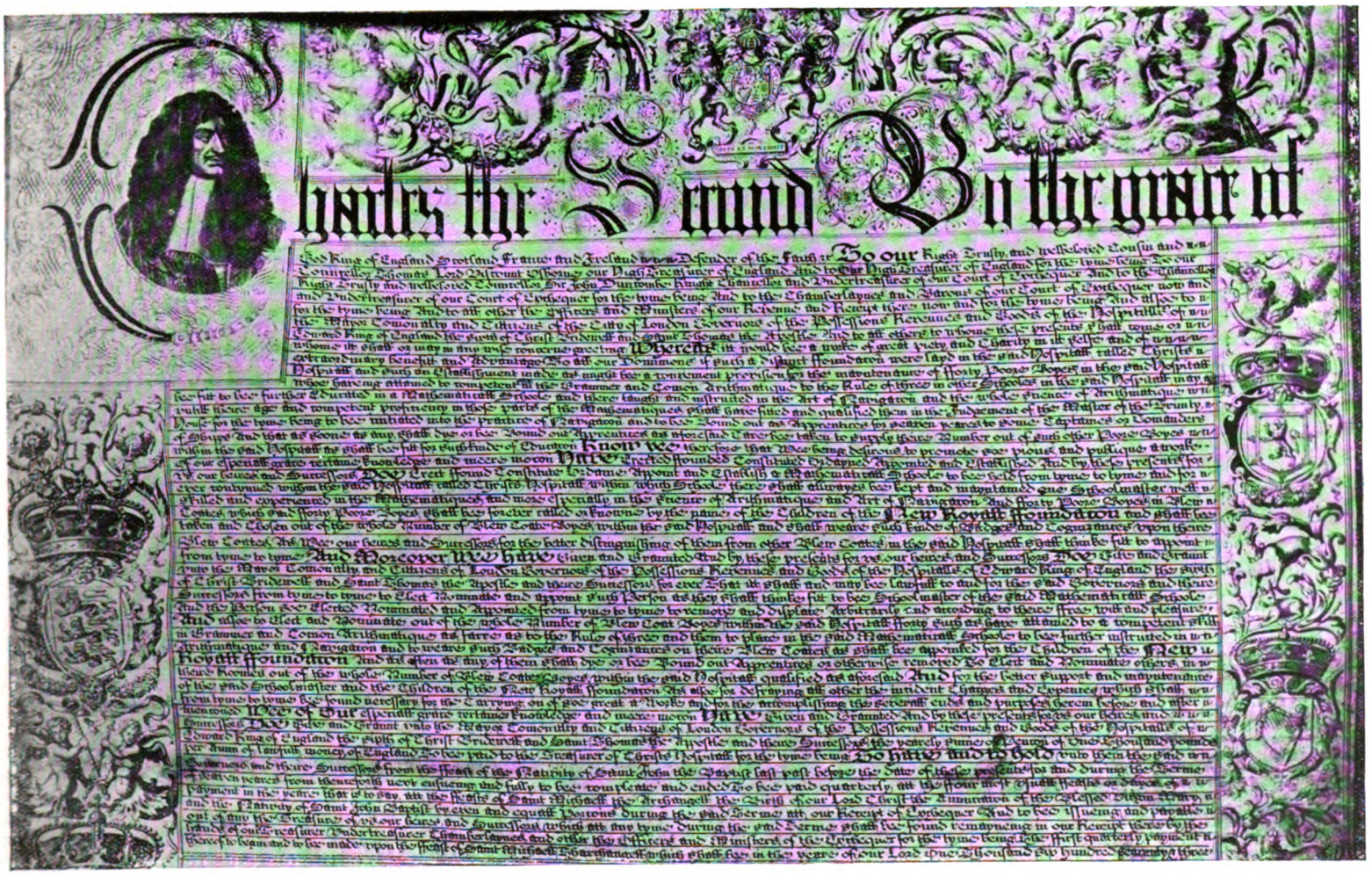


THE ROYAL MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.
The Present Building was Erected in 1834.

THERE are few people who have not a kind place in their hearts for the bare-headed, yellow-legged, blue-coated youngsters whose home in Newgate Street will, in a year or eighteen months' time, know them no more. The imminence of this removal has served to increase the public interest in the old foundation of Christ's Hospital, and people, whose knowledge is not so great as their hearts are generous, exclaim, as they ride by on a 'bus: "What a shame to pull down all those beautiful old buildings!" The buildings certainly have their beauty, though, with the exception of a single cloister, they are not of remote antiquity; indeed, the Hall, which calls for such regrets from the sympathetic ladies on the Bayswater 'buses, had its foundation-stone laid as recently as 1825 by a sailor prince, H.R.H. the Duke of York, acting on behalf of King George IV.

But, alas! the sympathy with an ancient institution, forcibly uprooted after three centuries and a-half on its present soil, is quite unavailing, for in various small details the removal has already begun, and one of these details will serve as a peg on which to hang some account of the connection of Christ's Hospital with the fighting forces, more especially with the Navy. There has recently been taken down from its niche in the Hospital a statue of King Charles II. It represents his merry majesty with a protruding lip, suggestive of a shocking temper. He has just taken a vigorous pace to the front with his right foot, and he holds erect in front of him a sceptre. Indeed, we used to go further, and point to a long indentation on the pavement beneath in proof that His Majesty's temper caused him to "foozle his stroke." This statue, during the summer of this year, has been packed in a box and despatched to Christ's Hospital, Horsham. "King Charles II. This side up. With care."

But how came his effigy on the walls at all? Every-



THE CHARTER OF THE ROYAL MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.
It was Given by King Charles II. on August 19, 1673.
From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by L. W. Green.

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THE BADGE OF THE KING'S BOYS.
The Only One now Worn.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND.
From a Unique Medal in the Museum.

body knows that Edward VI. holds the courtesy title of the Royal Founder, and that "Elia" has immortalised him as the Boy-Patron of Boys. But the reader has probably noticed that a "Blue" is occasionally to be met with wearing on his shoulder a circular plate sewn to his coat. It is probable that, on making enquiries of some specially well-informed persons, he has been told that such a boy is a "Grecian," or a Hebraist, or a monitor, or the boy whose duty it is to look after the plates in the Hall, and who thus wears one to remind him of his responsibilities; and the information is given with the same confidence that points out the umpires at the 'Varsity match as the Vice-Chancellors of either University. Ask the boy himself, and he will probably say: "Please, sir, I'm a mathemat." Look into his badge, which is of copper, silvered over, and you will find it bearing the legend, "Auspicio Caroli Secundi Regis." We will deal with the legend now and return to the badge later. It is exceedingly difficult to assign the credit for the conception and establishment of this Royal Mathematical School at Christ's Hospital, save that little enough is due to Charles II. Apparently the Naval struggle which broke out between England and Holland soon after the Restoration had brought into prominence the need of officers. Something in the way of a "Britannia" was an urgent necessity. Some years earlier Christ's Hospital had received from a certain Richard Aldworth, whose will is dated A.D. 1646, a very substantial gift of £7,000, secured upon the arrears of Excise Revenue, or, in other words, invested in Government Securities. But under the Stuarts a Government Security meant something that was "quite safe"—for the Government. The School got no account of its money for many years; it petitioned Parliament, which ordered that the whole sum should be paid out of the old Excise; nevertheless, the Governors could get nothing. But Richard Aldworth had given directions that his gift should be used for definite purposes. He wanted forty poor orphans to be maintained in the Hospital, to have a distinct dress, a separate dormitory, with their own "master, nurse, and washerwoman" to attend them. The Governors, in the hope of getting their dividends, admitted the forty, but, hoping in vain, they were obliged to break up Mr. Aldworth's school. Then, about 1662, a happy thought struck Sir Robert Clayton, a great and active benefactor of the Hospital. He suggested it to Lord Treasurer Clifford, and got Sir Jonas Moore, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, who lived at the Tower, and Mr. Samuel Pepys, Secretary to My Lords of the Admiralty, and even James, Duke of York and Lord High Admiral, to back up his suggestion, which came to this: The King wants an educational establishment for training youths to serve in the commissioned ranks of the Navy. Let him consent to restore us our £7,000, and we will agree that the "forty poor orphans" whom Mr. Aldworth intended to benefit shall be so trained for the Navy at Christ's Hospital. So Charles II. agreed to restore, by annual instalments, the £7,000 which did not belong to him, and he retained £427 of accumulated interest, which did certainly belong to Christ's Hospital; but he issued a charter, dated August 25, 1673, and it was in this way that his statue has claimed to stand for over two centuries in the wall of the Royal Mathematical School.

THE BADGE OF THE TWO STOCK'S BOYS.
Who are Nominated by the Admiralty.

This charter, of which we give a picture, sets forth that forty poor boys should be educated at the Hospital, "whoe having attained to competence in the Gramar and Comon Arithmatique to the Rule of Three in other schools of the said Hospitall may bee fitt to bee further educated in a Mathematical Schoole and there taught and instructed in the Art of Navigacon and the whole Science of Arithmatique," until "the Master of the Trinity House" decides that they are fit to be bound out as apprentices. They were to wear "Blew Coates and a certain kinde of Badges or Cognizances upon their Blew Coates." They were to have separate "Diett, Lodgeing, Apparell, and other Attendance," and "some honest Widdow or Elderly Mayden" to take care of them. When ready for sea service, they were to be bound out "to any of the Commanders or Captaines of any of our Shippes," or "to any able and well-experienced" master of any other ship.

THE BADGE OF STONE'S BOYS.
The Gift of Sir Isaac Newton.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by L. W. Green.

The first lot of "King's Boys" were ready about 1675, but a difficulty at once arose. The Hospital had enough money to educate them, but none to pay apprentice fees, and captains could not afford to take them without. So at last the Government actually *gave* something, in the shape of £370 10s. 8d. yearly, in order to bind the lads out. This sum was paid annually for this purpose from 1675 to 1858, when Letters Patent of Her present Majesty allowed the Governors to apply the money to the provision of outfits or maintenance as they might think best and about twenty years since the annual payments were commuted for a lump sum. The outfit has varied from time to time. We will take our instance from the beginning of the Queen's reign, when it consisted of clothing, books and stationery, a case of mathematical instruments, a Gunter's scale, a quadrant, and a sea-chest. Other benefactors have added to the

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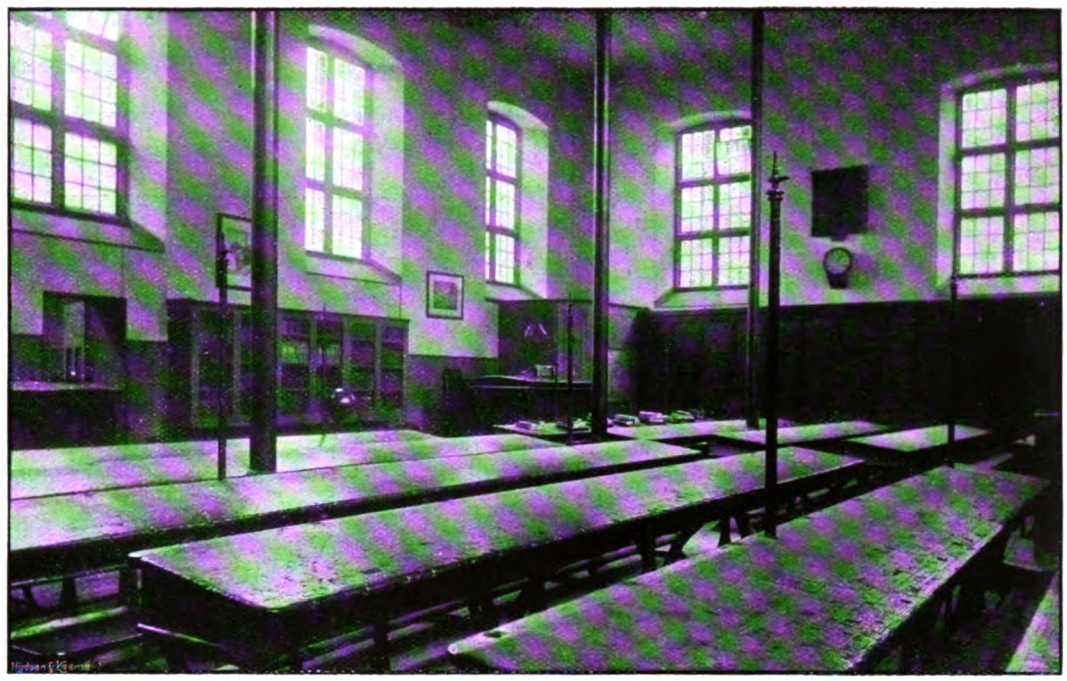
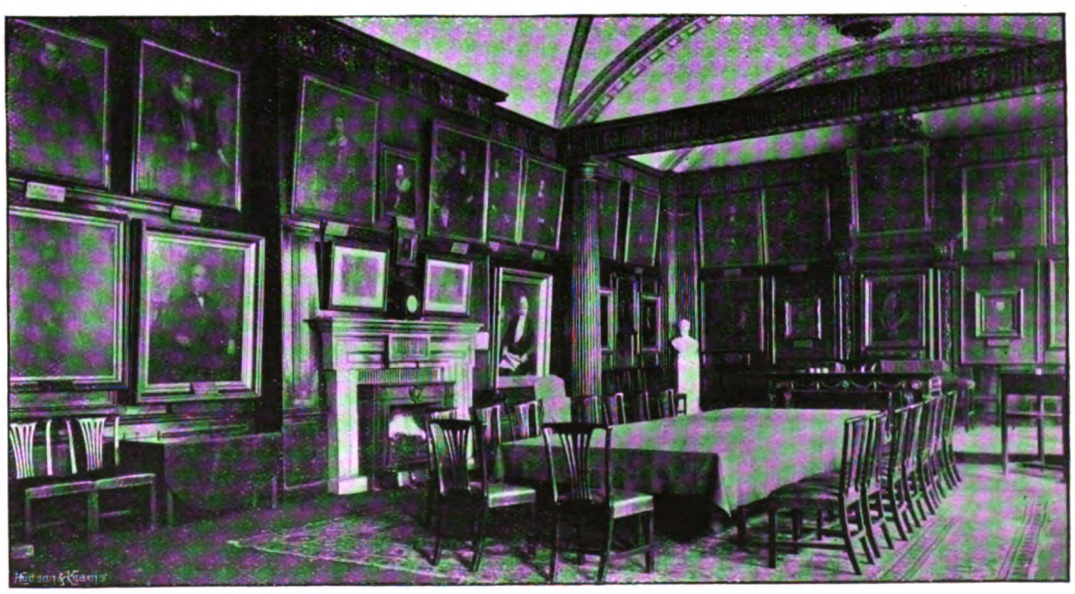
endowment, notably Mr. Henry Stone, who, in 1686, left an estate at Skellingthorpe, in Lincolnshire, to provide for an additional twelve boys, to wear a separate badge, and Mr. John Stock, who gave, in 1782, a sum sufficient for the maintenance of two, to be similarly distinguished. Thus until recently there were three distinct "badges." That of the "King's Boys" bears, as already stated, the motto "Auspicio Caroli Secundi Regis," and contains a miniature "mathemat," surrounded by the three graces of Arithmetic, Astronomy, and Geometry, a ship under full sail, and two little cherubs "who sit up aloft." Henry Stone's "badge," on which his name is inscribed, has as its legend "Numero, Pondere, et Mensura," and shows three boys at a table with a figured scroll, a balance, and a compass. The Governors in 1716 expressed their thanks to Sir Isaac Newton for giving this "dye." Mr. Stock's pair of "mathemats" wore a badge with a figure of Britannia, and its motto was "Prosperitas Navibus Magnæ Britanniæ." These badges were at first of silver; the boys were expected to wear them not only at school, but at sea during their apprenticeship, and the press-gang had no power over those who could produce them. But their value was often a temptation when they could be left with an "uncle" for five shillings, and in course of time copper was substituted for silver. Still, until a short time ago it was the custom to give a boy a silver one on leaving.

From the year 1675 till the Charity Commissioners took to tinkering the constitution of Christ's Hospital, there had never been any difficulty in keeping this mathematical school up to its complement of fifty-four boys, viz., forty King's boys, twelve Stone's, and two Stock's. But from the first there was great trouble in securing suitable masters. The Governors could get teachers of mathematics in plenty, but not men with any practical experience of mathematics as applied to navigation. Their first choice was an utter failure, their second was cut off in his prime, their third was a Fellow of Trinity, whose first act was to confess himself a land-lubber and apply for three months' leave "to view the coaste." He apparently enjoyed it so much that in the two following years he got himself appointed to serve under William III. in Holland, and then the Governors thought it was time to look out for someone else. But to this mathematical, rather than nautical, character of the masters there is one notable exception in William Wales, who held the office from 1775 to 1798. At last they had got a man of whom Lamb says truly that he was "hardy sailor, as well as excellent mathematician." He had been sent by the Royal Society to observe in the Arctic Regions a transit of Venus in 1769, and he had sailed the southern seas with Captain Cook. If Lamb is to be trusted, he trained his youngsters to endurance by vigorous castigation, and the records of the Hospital show that he pointed out to the Governors that both the books and the nautical instruments provided for the boys when they went to sea were antiquated and ought to be improved.



THE CLASS-ROOM OF THE "MATHEMATS."
The Old Desks Belonged to an Earlier Building, Erected in 1710.

THE MUSEUM, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.
It Contains many Historical Relics of the Old School.



THE COURT-ROOM, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.
Here the Boys are Formally Admitted to the Foundation.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by L. W. Green.

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The picture here given of the Mathematical School represents the building they have occupied since 1834; but it had a more famous predecessor in the school erected for them in 1710 by Sir Christopher Wren, at the west end of the old cloister. Here they had class-room, observatory, dining-room, and dormitory all together. They became a separate caste, older as a rule than the rest of their schoolfellows, upon whom they swooped down from time to time, to the absolute terror of the small fry and to the perfecting of themselves in all the gentle arts of the buccaneer, till the peace of the community required that they should no longer occupy the same dormitory. This principle of "Divide et Impera" was put into effect about 1830, and to-day the "mathemat" is as law-abiding and respectable a citizen of the Newgate Street community as can be imagined.

And now, what has King Charles's Foundation contributed towards the strength of the Royal Navy? From 1670 to the present time it has equipped for sea life some five to seven lads every year, or a rough total of 1,300 in all. Of these a considerable proportion, sometimes the whole batch of the year, sometimes a very small fraction, have entered the Navy. The list of these latter begins with a lad who, at the suggestion of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., agreed, in 1676, to join "a Shipp designed for a Voyage to discover the North-East Passage to China and the East Indies," and closes with one who obtained a Naval cadetship last April. The records of the Hospital show that at various times there has been the greatest possible keenness both in the boys to serve and in the commanders of ships to secure their service.

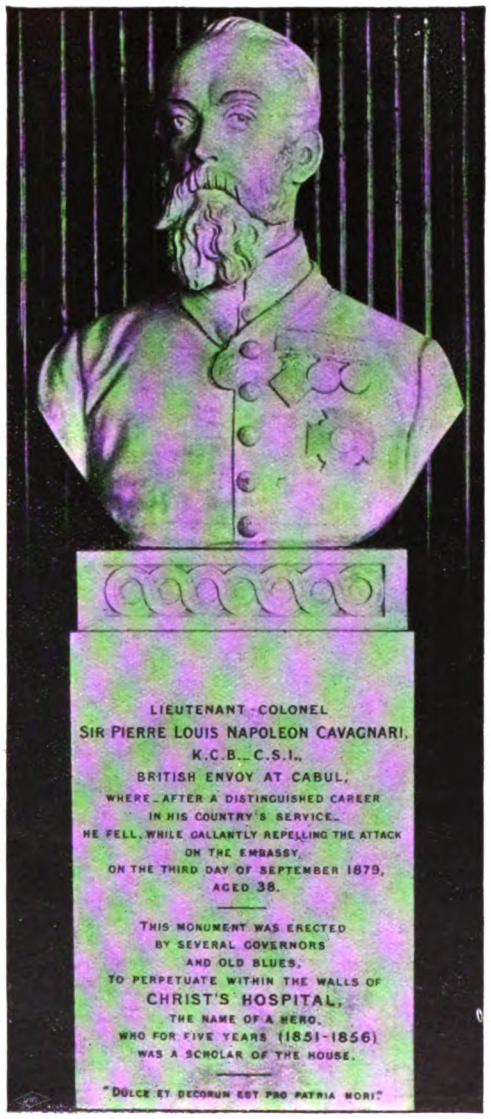
The annals of the Foundation contain few if any names of renown and distinction, though many have risen to the highest rank. Captain Shea, whose portrait hangs in the Court Room of Christ's Hospital, is an instance of the many "Blues" who have done good service in the Indian Navy (both under "John Company" and since), as Sir Louis Cavagnari, whose bust stands near by, is of prowess offered to India in other fields. The grade of Master being abolished, a "mathemat" prefers, what his training so well fits him for, to serve the Navy as paymaster or engineer, and it will bring the matter up to date to give the following figures. Since 1882 thirty-eight boys have qualified for and entered the Navy, twenty-one of these as assistant clerks, nine as engineer students, and eight as Naval cadets. More than seventy have in that time joined the Merchant Service, of whom two have obtained commissions in the Royal Navy, and many are members of the Royal Naval Reserve. This is not at all a bad record, but it can be improved upon.

What can this Newgate Street "Britannia" still hope to do? The Charity Commissioners' scheme, which took effect in 1891, neglected the Royal Mathematical School altogether. It said, in effect, that it might continue to exist, but made no provision for filling it with boys. The Commissioners have since been persuaded to remedy their mistake, and the Council of Almoners may now assign forty places in Christ's Hospital to boys who are the sons of commissioned officers in the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, and the Royal Naval Reserve, whose services are certified by the Admiralty to have been satisfactory, and boys so admitted can enter as members of King Charles's Nautical Foundation. Officers will be glad to have their attention drawn to this privilege, but it goes without saying that the Almoners will give an absolute preference to applications from officers' widows if they are in straitened circumstances. The result of this arrangement is that the Mathematical School is filling up again, and that Latin has been added to the curriculum for competitive purposes. From its foundation the boys have had the honour from time to time of appearing before the Sovereign with their charts and drawings, and the Queen, whose interest in the "Blues" is unabated, has held out some hope that she will once more be able to receive them during the present winter.

In fact, the future of the "King's Foundation" in Christ's Hospital rests largely with the officers of the Navy, especially those not richly endowed with private means. If they will make use of the privilege, which the Charity Commissioners have now allowed them, of applying for the admission of their sons to these forty places and allocating them to the Mathematical School, its future is assured. The results of recent competitive examinations show that the training is sound and sufficient; and if the past of Christ's Hospital cannot point to an extensive record of glorious names, it witnesses to a steady performance of duty to Queen and country by those of its sons who have gone down to the sea in ships.

KING CHARLES II., THE ROYAL FOUNDER.
Statue is now Removed, and will be Erected at Horsham.

CAPTAIN AMBROSE SHEA, H.E.I.C.S.
Educated in the Mathematical School; afterwards a Governor and Almoner of Christ's Hospital. Died 1866.


LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
SIR PIERRE LOUIS NAPOLEON CAVAGNARI,
K.C.B., C.S.I.,
BRITISH ENVOY AT CABUL,
WHERE, AFTER A DISTINGUISHED CAREER
IN HIS COUNTRY'S SERVICE,
HE FELL, WHILE GALLANTLY REPELLING THE ATTACK
ON THE EMBASSY,
ON THE THIRD DAY OF SEPTEMBER 1879,
AGED 38.
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED
BY SEVERAL GOVERNORS
AND OLD BLUES,
TO PERPETUATE WITHIN THE WALLS OF
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,
THE NAME OF A HERO,
WHO FOR FIVE YEARS (1851-1856)
WAS A SCHOLAR OF THE HOUSE.
"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI."

SIR LOUIS CAVAGNARI, K.C.B., C.S.I.
He was Educated at Christ's Hospital, 1851-56, and Died Defending the Embassy at Cabul, 1879.

HENRY STONE, ESQ., of Skellingthorpe.
He Endowed "Stone's Foundation" in 1686.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by L. W. Green

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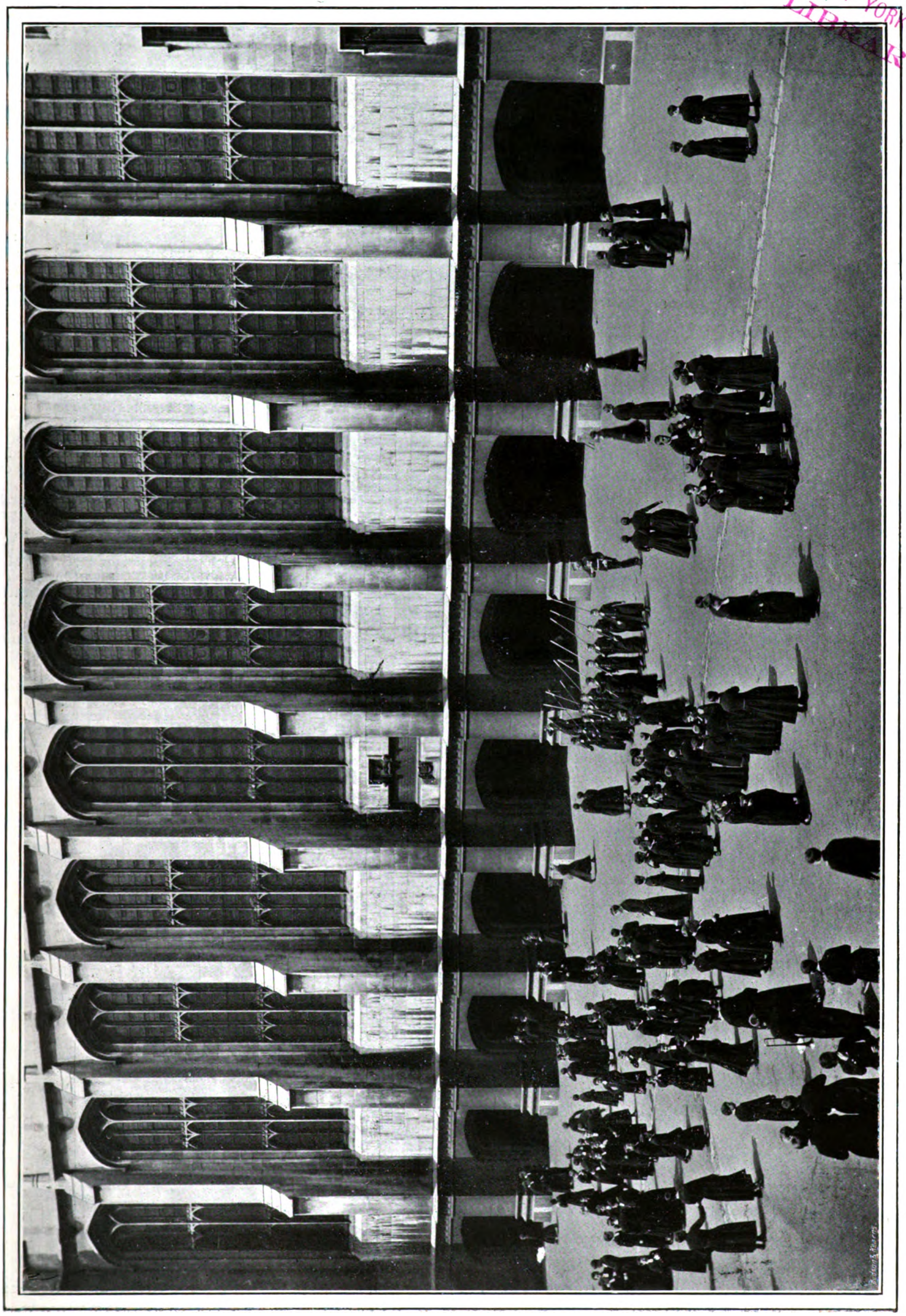
Christ's Hospital.



THE BLUECOAT SCHOOL BOYS: THE QUADRANGLE AS SEEN FROM NEWGATE STREET, CITY.

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy and Army.*"

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Chelsea's Glorious Pile.

THE HOME BY THE RIVER FOR OUR SOLDIERS BROKEN IN ENGLAND'S WARS.

"Go with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,
And ask the shattered hero whence his smile."
—ROGERS.

FROM the days of Charles II. down to the present time, the men who have triumphantly carried the British flag on battlefields, many of which are now forgotten by more than the man in the street, and who have returned from arduous campaigns maimed, or with a constitution undermined by fever caught in the Indian jungle, or rheumatism brought on by sleeping in Crimean trenches, have found a well-earned rest under the hospitable roof of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Between 80,000 and 90,000 pensioners have passed through its portals, while an average number of about 600 have dwelt there year in and year out. To-day the oldest of them are mainly Crimean heroes: the youngest, Indian Mutiny men. The Transvaal War has not yet furnished its quota, nor is it likely to do so, as its sufferers have, for the greater part, homes of their own, and can manage to eke out their subsistence with the liberal pension granted them, a pension liable to be increased, should it be found that the pensioner really stands in need of it.

Chelsea Hospital, a Royal hospital for old and disabled soldiers, was erected on the site of Chelsea College, which was sold by the Royal Society in January, 1682, to Sir Stephen Fox for the King's use. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, and the first stone was laid by Charles II. in March, 1682. There is an early tradition that Nell Gwynne materially assisted in the foundation of Chelsea Hospital, but it is unsupported by official records or contemporary evidence. The origin of the scheme is attributed, with much greater probability of truth, to the aforesaid Sir Stephen Fox, the first Paymaster-General of the Forces, who recognised the necessity, on the score of financial economy, of such a mode of relief as that of which Chelsea Hospital is the centre.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. SALIS-SCHWABE, Lieut.-Governor of the Hospital.

At present, the Governorship of the Hospital is vacant by reason of the death of Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart.

Major-General George Salis-Schwabe, Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary of the Hospital, served in the Zulu Campaign of 1879, and was mentioned in despatches. He has acted as Brigade-Major both at Aldershot and at the Curragh, and was at one time Colonel on the Staff and Brigadier-General in Mauritius. He has held his present appointment since 1898.

Major R. C. Pentland, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, is the Adjutant, Mr. John Dowling, Assistant Secretary, and the Rev. J. S. Moxly Chaplain.

Mr. Thomas Burne has been the Chief Clerk since May, 1864, and may be styled the archivist of the Hospital, for he has compiled its early records, into which he is ever delving.

At the funeral of Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, the last but one of the Hospital's Governors, the mournful procession was led by Colonel Thomas Ligertwood, M.D., who since 1869 has been physician and surgeon to the institution, meeting there, and giving his assistance in their last hours, to Governors whom he had known in the field, to wit—Pennefather, Cotton, Grant, and Stewart. "The Doctor," as he is affectionately styled by the "Invalids," has a fine service record, having served in the Crimea from 1854 to 1856. He was present at the affair of Bulganac, at the Alma (mentioned

VETERAN AS NURSE.
A Pensioner in Charge of Twins.

A CELEBRATED GARDEN.
Old Soldiers as Expert Florists and Market Gardeners.
From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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MAJOR E. W. HUMPHRY.
A Captain of Invalids.

THE ADJUTANT.
Major R. C. Pentland, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

COL. THOMAS LIGERTWOOD, M.D.
The Friend of Field-Marshals and of the Rank and File.

in despatches), at Inkerman, where he was wounded, at the capture of Balaclava, and at the assault on the Redan (medal with three clasps, Turkish medal, and the French Legion of Honour). But if he has ministered to dying Governors, so has he to many hundreds of our veterans. As he goes his daily rounds, he has a kindly word for every man he meets; every face brightens up as the handsome old gentleman, somewhat bent with work and age, passes along. To quote a fellow-writer: "When the last réveille is sounded, and the battered veterans fall once again into line, perhaps not far from their head will be found the strong brave spirit which has cheered them so well during their last mile here," a sentiment which will be echoed by all those who have been privileged to meet him.

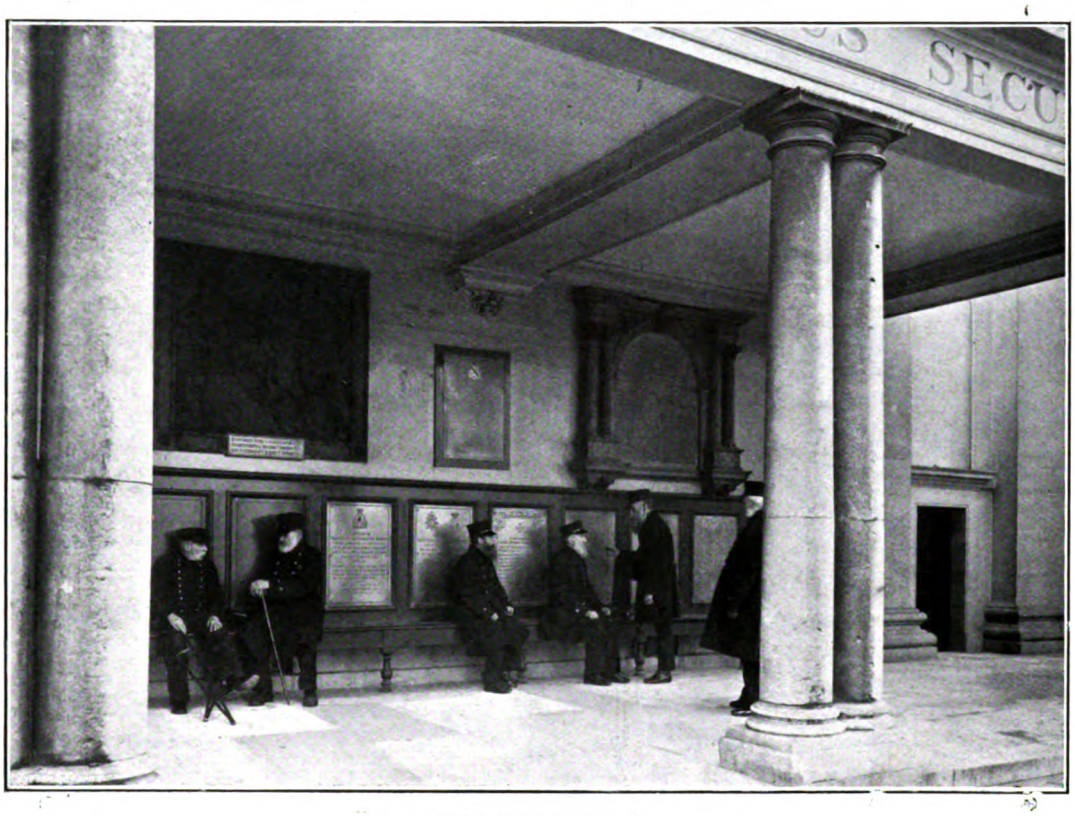
A predecessor of Colonel Thomas Ligertwood, it may be interesting to jot down, was the eccentric Messenger Monsey, who was physician to the Hospital for forty-six years—from 1742 to 1788. He died there at the age of ninety-five, leaving his body for dissection, and directing that "afterwards, the remainder of my carcase may be put in a hole, or crammed into a box with holes and thrown into the Thames."

Of the six Captains of Invalids, one of the most noteworthy is Major E. W. Humphry, who was severely wounded in the action with the Jodhpur mutineers, was present at the siege and capture of Lucknow, the capture of Bareilly, and went through the Oude Campaign. The Invalids are divided into six companies.

The Librarian is Sergeant George Brew, who is seventy-four years of age; he served twenty-five years in that grand old regiment, "The Buffs," and wears the Crimean medal with three clasps, and the Turkish medal. Be it said, by the way, few of the veterans have "barefooted" medals; the majority of their medals have "shoes," which, translated for the uninitiated, means clasps; the "barefooted" medal has none.

To come to the building and grounds in detail, the chapel, which, with the burying ground, was consecrated in 1691, is decorated with a fresco painting over the communion table representing the Resurrection, by Sebastian Ricci; it has also numerous captured standards and eagles, which, together with the other trophies in the hall, were removed to the Hospital in the year 1835 from St. Paul's, Whitehall, and the India House. An interesting fact to be mentioned in connection with the chapel is that Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's gaoler at St. Helena, was the last person married there.

The burial ground was closed in January, 1855. The first to be



THE CORRIDORS.
Chelsea Pensioners in the Shade of Past Deeds.

IN THE INFIRMARY.
Pensioners Suffering from Wounds and Diseases Contracted on Active Service
From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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IN DAYS OF OLD.

Pensioners Grouped Around Two Historical "Black-jacks."

From a Photo. Taken Specially for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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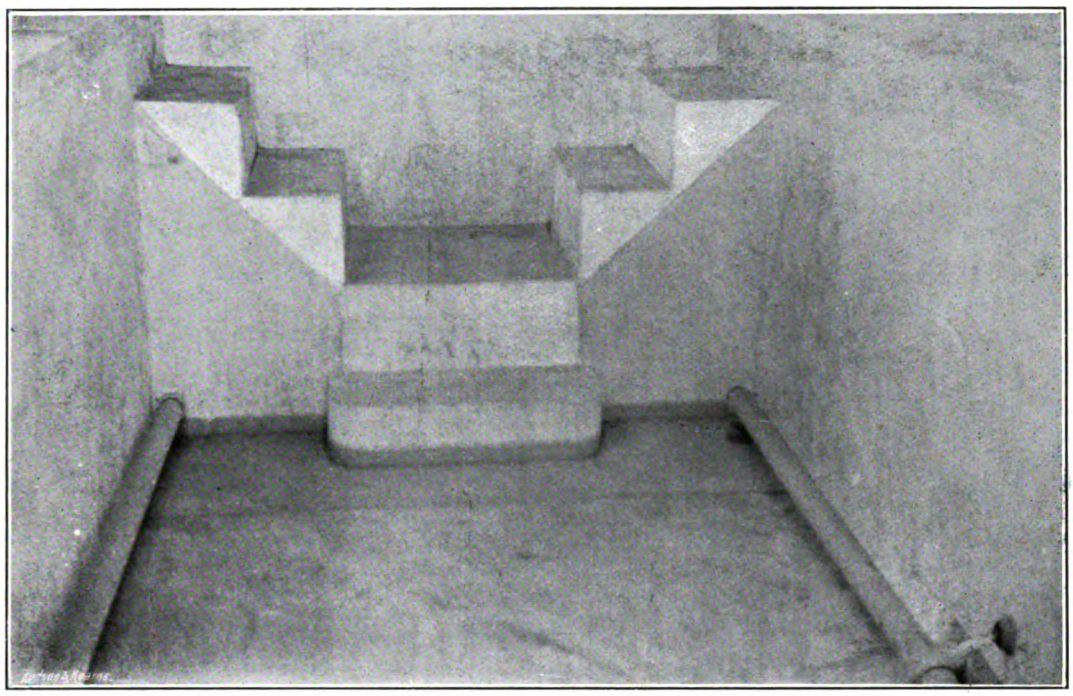
buried there was one Simon Box, who died in 1692, after having served under Charles I., Charles II., James II., and William and Mary; truly a record of long service.

Another celebrity who rests in this God's-acre is Christian Davis, *alias* Welsh, *alias* Jones, who died November 19, 1717, and who had at one time served in Stair's Dragoons, in which she—for she proved to be a woman—enlisted as "Christian Welsh." The records describe her as "a fat, jolly woman, who received several wounds in the service, in the habit of a man." The history of this extraordinary creature is worth telling. She was married in Dublin to one Welsh, who disappeared after a honeymoon of but a few days. After some time she found out that he had been pressed as a soldier; she thereupon resolved to follow him, and so enlisted. While fighting in the Low Countries under the Duke of Marlborough, she met him, and the mutual affectionate greeting which ensued revealed her sex. She thereupon became a camp follower, was subsequently sent home on a pension of 1s. a day, and was ultimately buried with military honours.

Another pensioner was Hannah Snell, who likewise successfully masqueraded for a while as a man. Here is her record: "Hannah Snell, female out-pensioner, born at Worcester, admitted to pension November 21, 1750, at 5d. a day. Served in second Marquis of Fraser's Regiment; age, twenty-seven; service, four and a-half years in this and Guise's Regiment. Wounded at Pondicherry in the thigh and both legs; 7d. extra in 1785; died February 8, 1792."

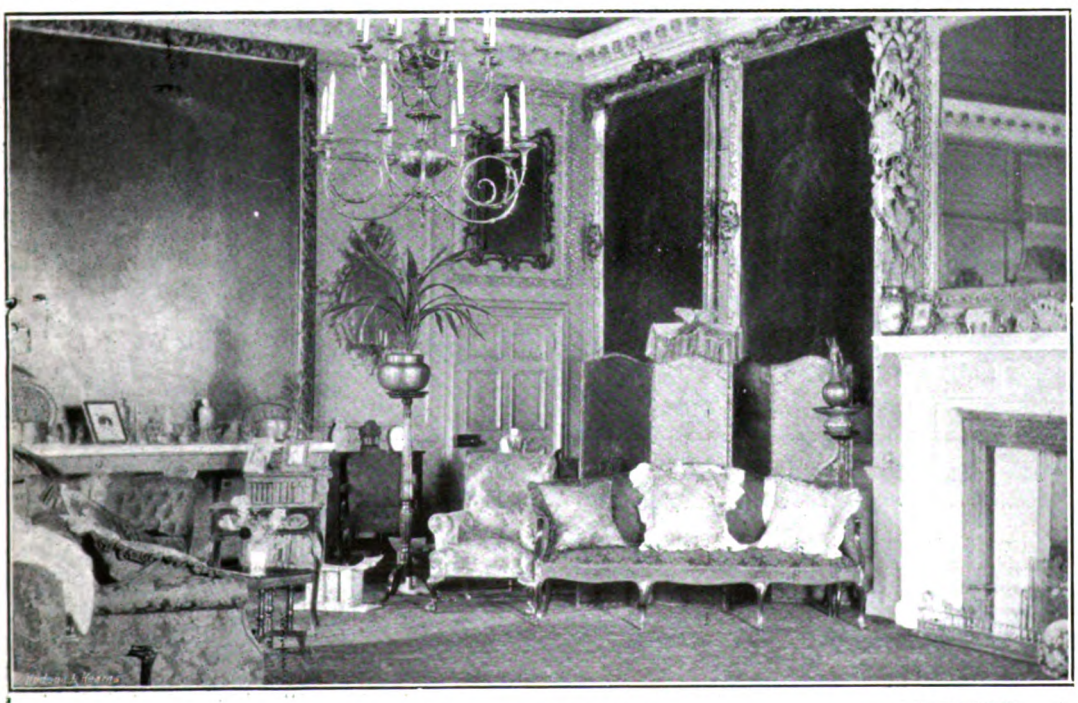
THE WARDS.

After Tent and Hut the Warriors Repose in Bunks.



HORACE WALPOLE'S BATH.

A Picture of it Given to the Public for the First Time.



THE STATE-ROOM.

Used on the Occasions of Royalty's Visits.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

The great hall of the Hospital was once the dining-hall of the body of pensioners, and as such was used for many years, until, from the great age and infirmity of a large number of the men, the practice was found to be so inconvenient that it was abandoned, and the men, divided into messes of about ten each, were allowed to take their meals as they pleased in their own wards. The hall is decorated with an allegorical fresco painting at the end, representing Charles II.; it was designed by Antonio Verrio, and finished by Henry Cooke. The walls are covered with pictures of battles and portraits of prominent general officers, while in the south-west corner stands a show-case containing a goodly collection of unclaimed medals, once the property of deceased pensioners, whose next-of-kin it has been impossible to trace. The hall is now used as a smoking and reading room by the veterans; it is, in fact, their day-room.

This hall has been the scene of concerts performed in 1702 in honour of Queen Anne's coronation. Here also lay in state the remains of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, from November 10 to November 17, 1852; they were followed to St. Paul's by a body of old pensioners, gathered together from all parts of the kingdom, who as soldiers had served under him.

In the corridors immediately outside this part of the building, and

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under the famed colonnade, are tablets erected by command of Her Majesty the Queen to the memory of the officers and men who were lost in the "Europa" and "Birkenhead" transports; also a marble tablet commemorative of Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, once Governor of the Hospital, as well as other tablets recording the death and deeds of various officers. Here, on the benches which line the walls of the corridors, are to be found seated white-headed old men, their breasts covered with medals, quietly smoking their pipes, and only too glad to have the monotony of their existence relieved by a friendly chat with any visitor who approaches them. They can tell of Outram, JohnNicholson, Pennefather, Cotton, Raglan, Cathcart, Grant, Stewart, Wolseley, and last, but not least, of Roberts. In fact, they can tell more of the leaders under whom they fought than of themselves: perhaps 'tis their modesty which forbids them to speak of their own deeds. "We used to march and shoot all day, in my time; and when a man was shot through the lungs we left him for dead, because the doctors had no sceptics (*sic*) to cure such wounds in those days. Nowadays, sir, the doctors have got sceptics, and they cure a man, unless he has been shot dead." Such was the extraordinary information once imparted by a veteran to an interviewer. Fine old fellows they are, who have not yet lost their taste for foot-races, as exemplified annually at the sports of the Duke of York's School, when the pensioners are invited to compete among themselves in a 100-yds. race. The Hospital always does itself credit on this occasion, as it is able to send sprinters ranging in ages from sixty years to seventy years, who are always cheered to the echo.

From a Photo. THE HALL. *Taken specially for "N. & A. I."*

Here the Iron Duke Lay in State.

In the great quadrangle fronting the colonnade is a statue in brass (now bronzed) of Charles II., in the very inappropriate costume of a Roman general. It was the gift of Thomas Rustat, Page of the Back Stairs to this monarch, and is the work of Grinling Gibbons, some of whose wood-carving is to be seen in the chapel. Further towards the river stands the obelisk erected to the 225 officers and men of the 24th Regiment who fell at Chillianwallah. Their names are inscribed on the sides of the monument, which is composed of two pieces of granite about 40-ft. high.

What is now known as the "state room" was formerly the "council chamber." It is situated in the Governor's quarters, and is his drawing-room; in it also does he lie in state after death; but its name comes from the fact that it is the room used to receive the sovereign, when he or she pays a visit to the Hospital, a visit which has not been paid now for over forty years. It contains a portrait of Her Majesty, of Charles I. and his family (by Van Dyck?), of several other royalties by Lely, E. Seamann, and A. Ramsay; also paintings of the building, one of which is said to be by D. Maas, and the other by P. Tillemans.

Among the outside features are the some 140 little plots of land cultivated by as many veterans.

A group of Invalids are seen in another picture, proudly exhibiting two huge leather bottles, familiarly known as "black-jacks. There remain but six of these leather bottles" in the Hospital nowadays; they date from 1692, and in the good old days were used to carry ale to the dining-hall. The view of the infirmary speaks for itself.

Our last, and perhaps most interesting, illustration is that of Horace Walpole's bath, which was unearthed some four years ago, at a time when new gas-pipes were being laid; it is now used by the pensioners. Horace Walpole was, it is well known, at one time a resident of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

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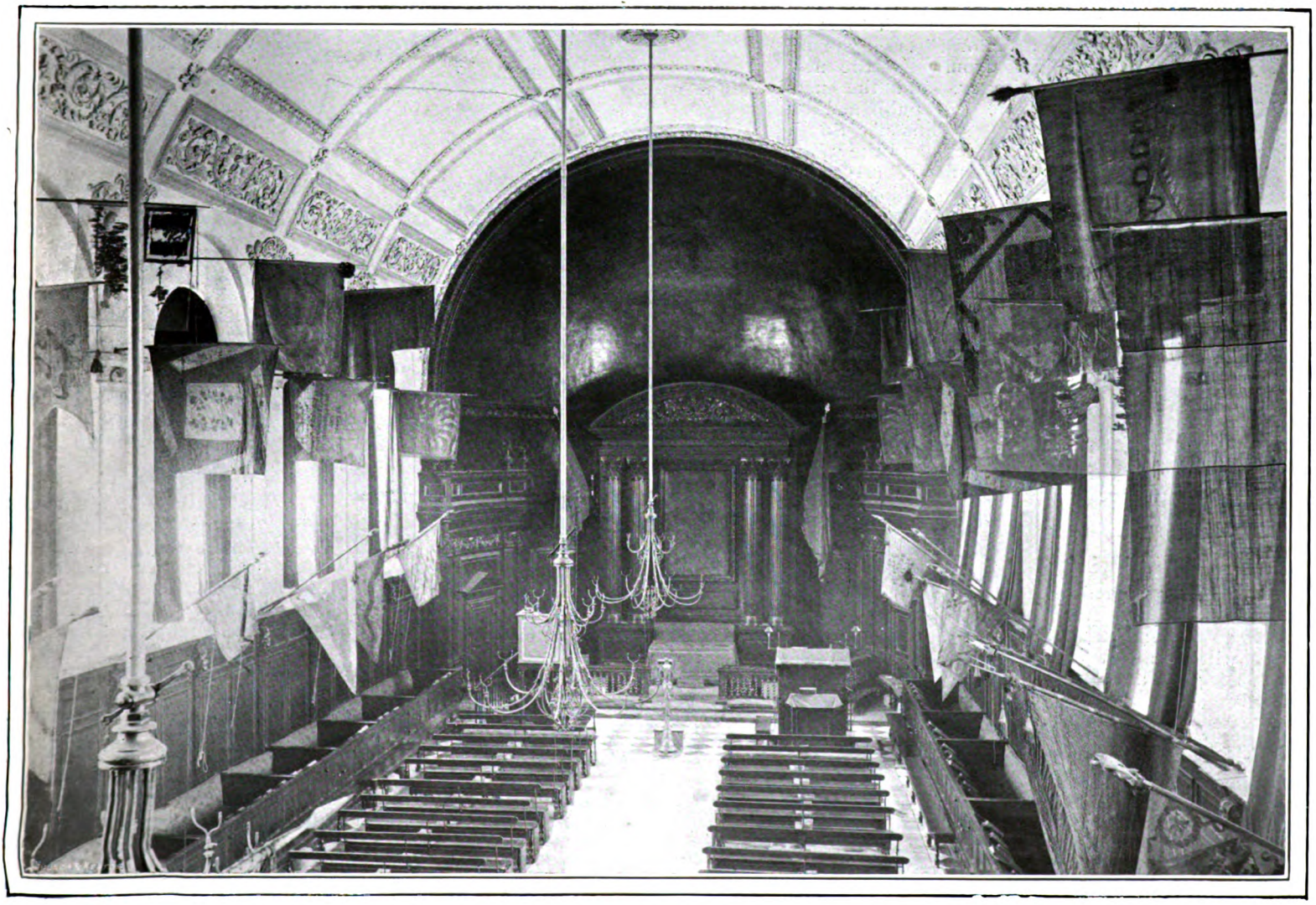
THE SOUTH FRONT.

In the Foreground is to be Seen the Chillianwallah Monument



THE CHAPEL.

In it are Deposited the Flags Captured by Our Soldiers in many a War

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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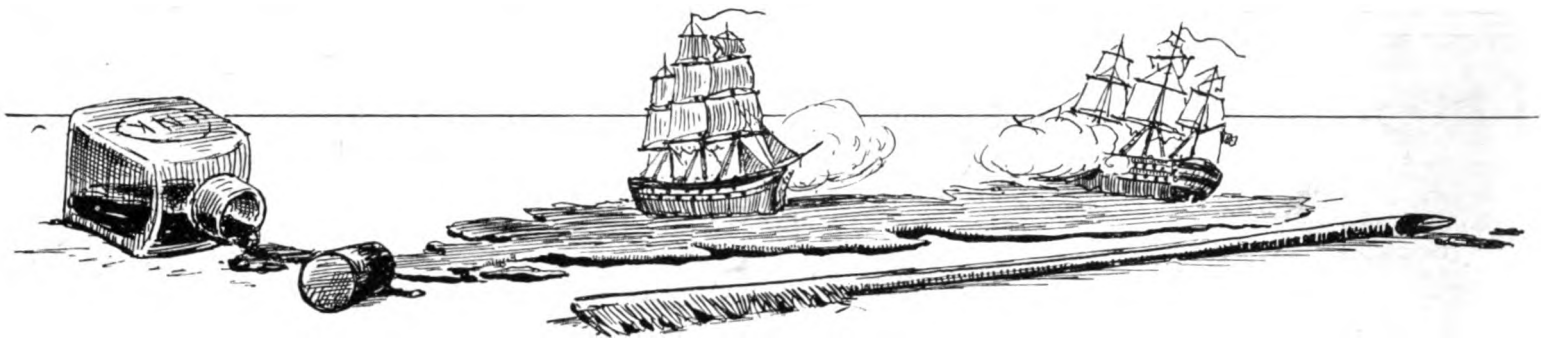

Books for the Christmas Season.

WHAT is a book for the Christmas season? Is it a book of wild adventures and hairbreadth 'scapes to stir and thrill the active minds of the young, and a pictorial treasure to delight the younger still? Is it not rather any volume that may enthral either young or old, or grave or gay, by the winter fire? Shall we not welcome fiction into this charmed circle of Christmas literature in whatever form it comes that is good and wholesome? Can we exclude biography or travel, or history or art, or anything, indeed, that can give pleasure at Christmas-time? Rather must we look upon Christmas literature as the best of all the season's literature. Who, for example, could wish for anything better to present or possess than Mr. W. H. Fitchett's story of the Great War, "How England Saved Europe" (Smith, Elder)? Those who cater for the young are well to the fore with many excellent things. The year, though it has brought us triumphs, has been deeply shadowed, and every patriotic outburst has been but an expression common to all peoples who have gone through periods of national gloom and stress. It was quite to be expected, therefore, that the publishers would vie with one another in their gay and pleasure-giving publications, and that there should be a new burst of fiction carrying us into those ideal worlds which Mr. Zangwill declares to be more true than fact. And so Anthony Hope, Seton Merriman, Gilbert Parker, Bloundelle-Burton, Lucas Malet, J. M. Barrie, W. W. Jacobs, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Gertrude Atherton, Max Pemberton, and many other capable wielders of the pen have given us most readable books.

In the realm of biography it is enough to mention Mr. Holmes's "Queen Victoria" (Longmans), Mr. John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell," the new "Huxley," by Leonard Huxley, and the new "Shakespeare," by Mr. Mabie (all published by Messrs. Macmillan), Sir John Robinson's South African reminiscences (Smith, Elder), and the "Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan" (Murray), to show how wide is the interest of biographical volumes. The war marks its influence in Dr. Conan Doyle's "Great Boer War" (Smith, Elder), in Captain Mahan's "Story of the War in South Africa" (Sampson Low), and in volumes published by Messrs. Methuen and others, of which many have already been noticed in these pages.

One of the very best books on China is Mr. Freeman-Mitford's "Attaché in Peking" (Macmillan). Many admirable volumes on travel and foreign politics have also appeared, to which no justice can be done here.

Many people, looking back upon the events of a momentous year, will demand a clear, succinct, and impartial account of the war. Now, Dr. Conan Doyle's "Great Boer War" (Smith, Elder) has many claims to be regarded as such. The author may have fallen into an error here and there, but that is no depreciation of his really fine work. To begin with, he was filled with an overmastering desire to do justice to men and to events. Therefore, by personal investigation, by patient enquiry, and by visiting the scenes of many operations, he sought every means to do justice to his theme. His fine, penetrating, and dispassionate judgment sifted the chaff from the wheat, and the result is that the volume gives us a well-balanced, well-reasoned, and altogether admirable record of the war. That the narrative should be a fine piece of literary work was to be expected, and in this matter Dr. Doyle has done justice to himself, and his volume is thus of most readable and attractive character. His broad survey of events and his loyal fidelity to fact make it singularly engaging. The account of the campaign in Natal is particularly admirable, and in many ways convincing. It will illustrate the qualities of the book if we say that Dr. Doyle, after dwelling upon the stupendous nature of the work that confronted Buller, discovers in him qualities that had not been suspected. He had gone into the work with the reputation of a downright John Bull fighter, who would take punishment or give it, but in any case would slog his way through without wincing. Little strategical ability was attributed to him, but, setting aside Colenso, the whole conduct of the successive operations on the Tugela and the final change of front were examples of fine strategic ability, while, instead of crashing his way through regardless of cost, Buller showed himself singularly sensitive about the lives of his men. In the end they lost very heavily, but they knew he was their friend, and they followed him loyally to the end.

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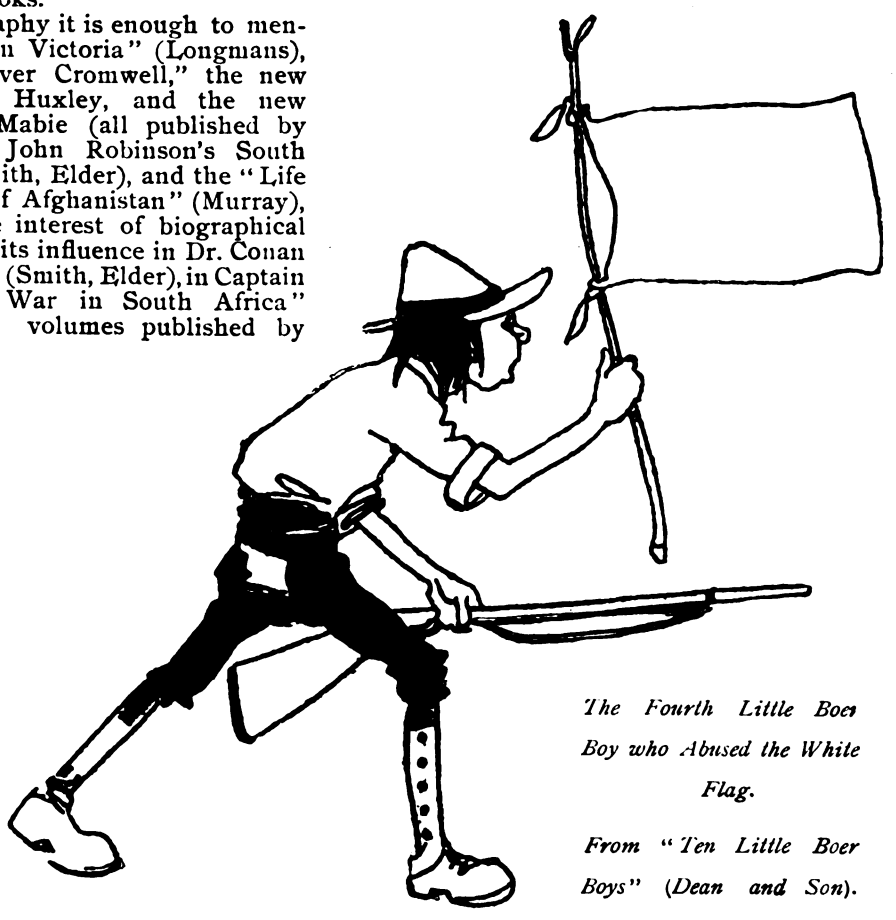

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Dr. Doyle's appreciation of Sir George White is also admirable: "He did his best, committed one or two errors, did brilliantly on one or two points, and finally conducted the defence with a tenacity and a gallantry which are above all praise." Like Mr. Winston Churchill he writes kindly of the gallant Gatacre, while offering some criticism of the errors induced by his fearless bravery. Then, in due course—and it deserves to be noted that he first allows Buller to relieve Ladysmith—he comes to the "single master mind which had in an instant changed England's night into day," and to "Kitchener the organiser, French the cavalry leader"—the "two men to whom, second only to their chief, the results of the operation are due." There is in the book quite a gallery of character sketches of men, all characterised by that keen appreciation of personal qualities which is so prominent in all that Dr. Doyle has written. There is criticism also, with which it is not necessary always to agree, while we recognise the sterling grounds of it, and the admirable virtues of the book itself. Many who have this book in their possession will find it unnecessary to go further, for it is a masterly performance which merits the highest praise and is generally sufficient.

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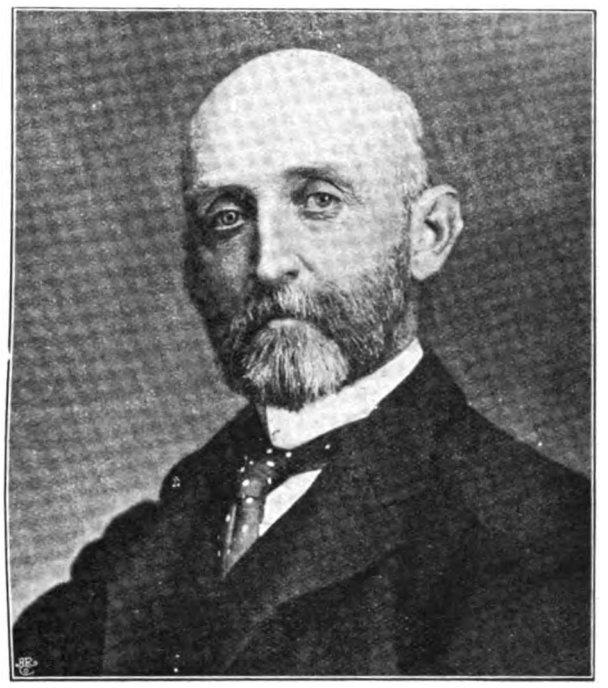

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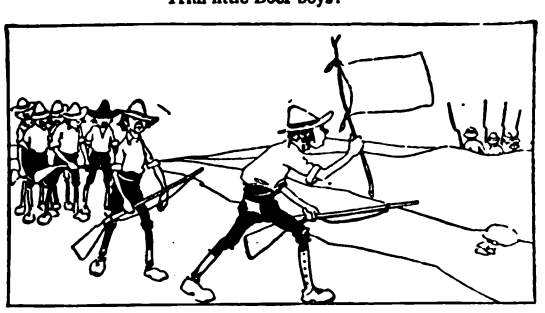

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good ship "Belgica." This was not a pole-chasing adventure, but an attempt, and a successful one, to add to the sum of human knowledge, and the Belgian expedition preceded our own and the German—all honour, therefore, to the inspirer, Lieutenant-Adrien de Gerlache. The first work was to discover a highway perfectly free for navigation through the summer months from Bransfield Strait, 200 miles south-westerly, through an unknown land to the Pacific. Belgica Strait lies between Dancoland (so called in honour of the officer of the expedition who died), perhaps connected with Grahamsland, and a newly-named and explored Palmer Archipelago. The "Belgica" attempted to follow the mainland southward, but the pack-ice drove her off, and after penetrating some distance she was beset in drifting ice where land was supposed to be. The geographical, zoological, and meteorological information gathered by a highly scientific body of men is of priceless value, and is the staple of these vigorous pages, which make an admirable narrative of the first exploration made through the long Antarctic night.

"WE ARE TAKEN FOR SPIES."
From "A Master of Craft" (Methuen).

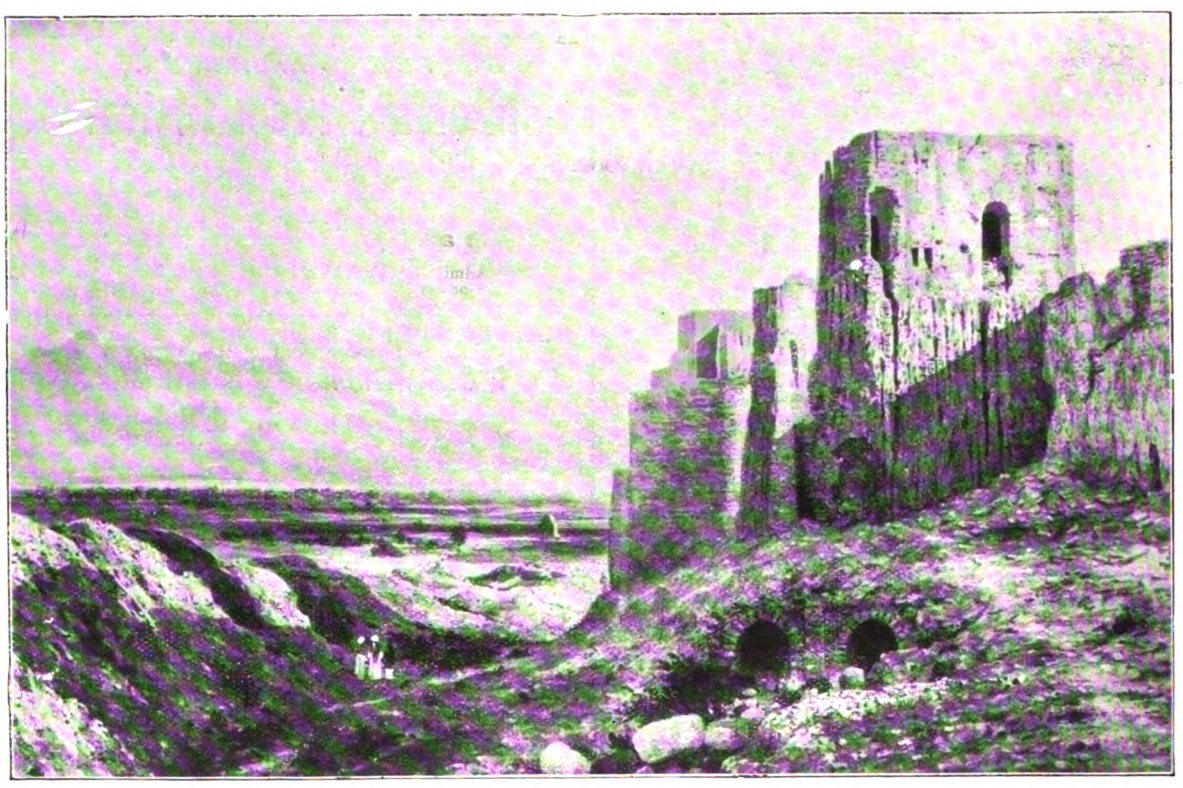
But it is now time to turn to some books that seem more directly designed for consumption at the Christmas season, premising that imperfect justice must necessarily be done to some of them.

The winter season is rich in artistic publications, and those who wish to procure a volume of beautiful qualities will have no limitation in their choice. In the forefront of art publishers stand Messrs. George Bell and Son, and it would not be easy even to catalogue the many art volumes which have lately come from their press. They include a fine and rather costly volume upon "Botticelli," by Count Plunkett, which is magnificently illustrated, and is a perfect treasure house of the work of that master.

Perhaps more within the compass of many is Mr. Langton Douglas's "Fra Angelico," in which is a profound study of the wonderful works of the great Dominican. The illustrations which are very numerous, will be a perfect revelation to many who know only certain of the devout painter's feebler works which some art publishers might almost have conspired to reproduce. Fra Angelico was one of the choicest products of the early Renaissance, nourished in the springtime of the modern world, and giving us in his pictures all the beauty and the joy which sprang from the new spirit of gaiety and youth, and yet depicting for us a world of high and spiritual ideals. There does not exist a finer study of the work of this great painter of the Quattro Cento than Mr. Douglas has written, and his pages are most copiously illustrated by admirable introductions of Fra Angelico's works. It is an ideal book to present to any art lover, and is extremely beautiful in form and character. Another attractive and, indeed, enticing art volume published by Messrs. Bell, is a third edition of Mr. Ernest Rhy's "Lord Leighton, an illustrated record of his Life and Work." It is enough to say that it embodies an excellent appreciation of the great artist, and excellent reproductions of very many of his works.

Many are the forms of art, and now let us turn to some that are essentially modern. It has been alleged against us that we are incapable of producing a school of battle painters, but those who are fortunate enough to possess the Christmas number of The *Art Journal*—"The Work of War Artists in South Africa," by A. C. R. Carter — will discover how much good work in this field has already been done. Here is no ideal of art for art's sake, but only of art for the people, bringing before them deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice Mr. Melton Prior, Mr. Fred Villiers, Mr. C. E. Fripp, Mr. W. T. Maud, Mr. Mortimer Mempes, Mr. W. B. Wollen, Mr. Ernest Prater and many more have sent home many vigorous drawings from South Africa, and Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. Sidney Paget and others have produced admirable pictures at home. Mr. Caton Woodville knows war so well that he can reproduce it most vividly, and he has not often done anything better than in "Boer Treachery"—the firing on an ambulance—an Indian bearer, in angry astonishment, looking on at the outrage. But the number is full of fine pictures drawn from many sources.

Still more popular in character is a series of six military sketches of "Tommy at Home," cleverly drawn by Leighton Waud and published in excellent style by Messrs. Boot of Nottingham. They bring the soldier and sailor before us in very humorous fashion, depicting their gallantry and admiration for the girls they left behind them Thus the "handyman" is discovered deep in the mysteries of hat pins and ladies' headgear. In most cases the idea is to base a humorous thought upon a fresh and amusing application of military phraseology and the "Attack of Roberts on the Generals," and "An Attack from the Rear" are of this character. They are smart and attractive drawings very well reproduced in colours.



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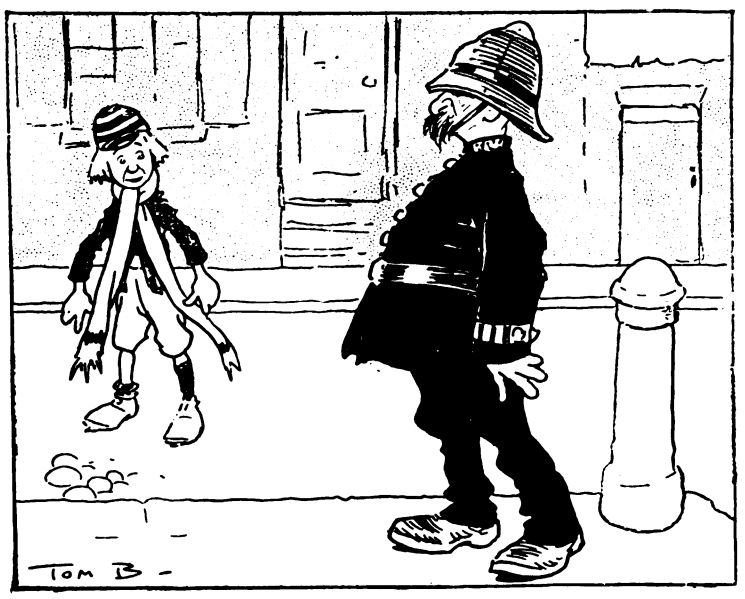

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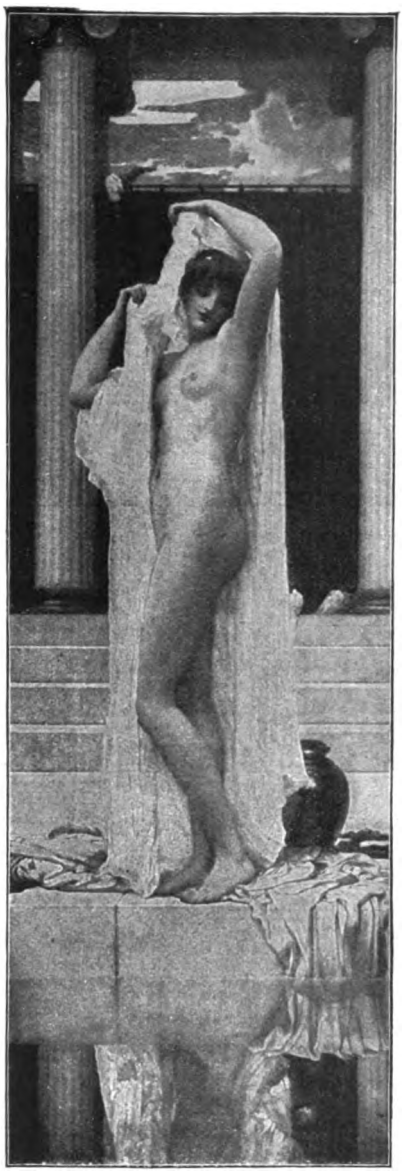
Captain Bolt, the master of the "Pretty Polly," is an excellent character, and there are many others of life-like build.

Those who wish for more sober instruction and for excellent history, may be commended to the Rev. A. J. Church's "Helmet and Spear" (Seeley). The learned author has told many a story from ancient history to enthral and, at the same time, to teach his readers, and the new volume is a new illustration of his skill. This is a book for thinking boys, and will teach a great deal. It is very well illustrated and produced like every volume published by Messrs. Seeley.

"Red Jacket," by E. S. Ellis (Cassell), is a capital yarn packed with healthy adventure, being the history of the last of the Senecas. "The Girl without Ambition," by Jabel Stuart Robson (same publisher), is a sweet story of schoolgirl life, strong in character, sound in purpose, and readable from the first page to the last. "Sisters Three," by Jessie Mansergh (same publisher), is a delightful love story, well fitted for perusal in the family circle, and admirable for presentation to girls. "The Bag of Diamonds" includes four of Mr. Manville Fenn's tales of marvel and mystery happily brought together (Chatto), tales that capture the imagination, and are interesting to the very end. In "The Plunder Ship," by Headon Hill (Pearson), we have a splendid yarn of sea-life, treasure, and mystery, just the thing for a boy. "The Luck of Private Foster," by A. St. John Adcock (Hodder), is a very good and well-written romance of love and war.



THE BATH OF PSYCHE.
From "Lord Leighton" (Bell).

What delight is there for the imaginative youth in the famous pages of Froissart. Here are things that will stir people of all ages, and we can imagine no better present for Christmas than the volume "Froissart in Britain" (Nesbit), by Mr. Henry Newbolt, the accomplished author of "Admirals All" and the editor of the *Monthly Review*. To English-speaking people all the world over this entrancing volume should be welcome, because it presents to them the daily life of their ancestors 500 years ago. The book is very finely and characteristically illustrated. We can also heartily commend a reprint of Miss Jane Porter's famous "Scottish Chiefs," charmingly illustrated, which has been published by Mr. J. M. Dent.

Four capital yarns of enthralling character, most handsomely clothed, (Griffith, Farran), are "Early Days Among the Boers," by Major-General Drayson, "The Weathercock: the Adventures of a Boy with a Bias," by G. Manville Fenn, "Paid in Gold," by Bertie Senior, and "Won from the Waves," by that late famous writer, W. H. G. Kingston. Other admirable Boy's Stories are "Rose Island, a Story of a Love Adventure at Sea," by W. Clark Russell (Edwin Arnold), and "In Sheep's Clothing, a Romance of Queensland," by Hume Nisbet (F. V. White and Co.); and "The Champington Mystery," by Le Voleur (Digby, Long), is full of vivid sensation.

Turning now to the fairy world, all children will welcome Mr. Andrew Lang's "Grey Fairy Book" (Longmans and Co.). It is, like all its predecessors, full of good things, and inspired by much fancy and good judgment. The "True Annals of Fairyland" (Dent), is another admirable book, fascinating both in subject and illustrations. It recounts the deeds of Herla, king of the Britons, and the affairs of the elves, argonauts, wise old shepherds, and others. Mr. Charles Robinson's illustrations could scarcely be surpassed in their kind. Mr. William Canton has "edited" the chronicles. The "Windfairies and Other Tales," by Mary de Morgan,

FROM THE "WIND FAIRIES" (SEELEY).

author of the "Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde," is a volume of enticing character that opens up the wonder world in very graphic fashion, and is charmingly illustrated by Olive Cockerell; the very book for a girl (Seeley). Incidentally we may say that girls, and boys too, will be glad to know that Messrs. Seeley have published a charming biography of their good friend Emma Marshall, writer of many books for the young. "Three Little Maids," by Ethel Turner, is a very pretty story for girls and children, dealing with home, the sea, and the colonies (Ward, Lock). We cannot imagine a more tasteful present than Messrs. Isbister's reprint, in two most dainty volumes, delightfully printed and sumptuously bound, of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's "Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life." It is scarcely necessary to commend that store-house of wholesale information and picturesque interest *Good Words*, which makes a charming Christmas volume. We would link the *Sunday Magazine* in the same praise. Messrs. Chambers have published several capital books for the young: "Miss Nonentity," by L. T. Meade, with a little heroine who is a delightful creation and a girl with stuff in her; "Charge! A Story of Briton and Boer," by G. Manville Fenn, which has the sound quality of all that Mr. Fenn writes; "The Three Witches," a capital story by Mrs. Molesworth, and others.

A book that should certainly be a welcome present to thousands at Christmas time is "The Shakespeare Country Illustrated," by John Leyland (Newnes). It is admirable in every way, and the illustrations are the finest ever produced, making a truly delightful volume.

"In the Days of My Youth," Edited by T. P. O'Connor, includes thirty-four autobiographies of celebrities of the day in drama, art, politics, etc., forming a very attractive volume with good pictures (Pearson).

Messrs. Cassell's annual volumes are sure to be among the most popular of all Christmas publications. *Chums* makes a portly issue, which is unique inasmuch as it appeals to every kind of boy—and girl readers also—and both in text and illustrations is thoroughly invigorating and wholesome. Stories of breathless interest, picturesque descriptions, and a mine of interesting things are in its pages, and no boy could wish anything better than a volume that contains six exciting serials, nearly 200 complete short stories, and over 1,100 illustrations, as well as anecdotes, jokes, and puzzles innumerable. *Cassell's Saturday Journal* is another magazine of surprising interest. It is impossible to describe the extremely various character of its contents, which are full of instruction and amusement, and are of universal attraction. The *Quiver* and *Cassell's Magazine* are other handsome volumes appealing especially to the domestic circle, and the same may be said for the *Little Folks' Christmas Volume*, which must be a delight to countless children.

One of Messrs. Cassell's most attractive volumes is a reissue of Mrs. Oliphant's "Queen Victoria: a Personal Sketch." The penetrating insight of the author was never better employed than in this book.

A picture-book that is sure of immense popularity is Mr. Forrest's "Ten Little Boer Boys" (Dean and Son). The broad humour of the pictures, their admirable grotesqueness, and the spirit and vigour which are in them will be appreciated by all youngsters. The successive adventures and misadventures through which the little unfortunates disappear one by one are most amusing. We have not seen such a good picture-book for a long time. But "The Child's Picture Grammar" (George Allen), runs it close. The illustrations are exceedingly clever and full of humour.

A volume to be welcomed at Christmas time is a "History of Steeplechasing," by W. C. A. Blew (Nimmo), which gives an excellent account of the rise and development of steeplechasing in England, and is illustrated with twenty-eight of the famous drawings of Henry Alken, of which twelve are coloured by hand—a volume that will be prized by all lovers of field sports.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—NO. 200] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1900.

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A RENOWNED ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET AND HIS GALLANT SON.

The Hon. Sir Harry Keppel, G.C.B., D.C.L., is the oldest officer in the Service, and has won innumerable distinctions, while Captain Colin Keppel, C.B., D.S.O., the admiral's son by his second marriage, has distinguished himself on every possible occasion, and was specially promoted captain for his services on the Nile as soon as he had completed the necessary sea-service as commander.

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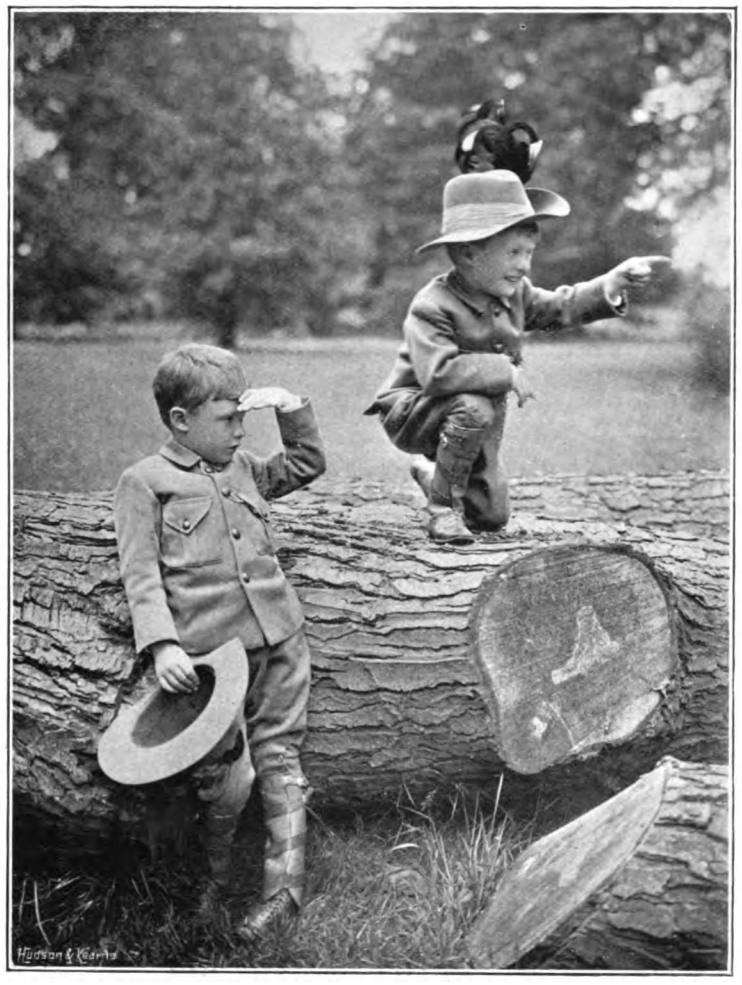
ROUND THE WORLD

PARLIAMENT will meet next week for a short session in unusual circumstances. It was impossible to foresee the duration of the operations in South Africa, and the vast sums voted for the war have proved insufficient. The House of Commons therefore assembles to provide further supplies. Never did a Government face the Legislature with greater opportunities, and there is every reason to hope that the responsibilities of the situation are realised, and that adequate measures will be taken to reorganise our defences upon a broad and satisfactory basis. The demands of the War Office are imperious, but there is some danger that the immense importance which the Army has assumed in the public mind may, to some extent, distract attention from the vital need for a fresh survey of the Naval situation. Lord Selborne comes to office with the reputation of a man of vigour and discernment, and much may be hoped from his initiative. There can, of course, be no hesitation whatever in voting additional sums for South Africa, and there must be a just apportionment of the burden. Those for whom the war has been waged must bear—and they are willing to bear—their share of the burden.



A VIEW FROM A LOG—"HERE THEY COME."

The Two Sons of Mr. and Lady Ileene Campbell, of Stonefield, Tarbert. The Little Fellows Thoroughly Enjoyed this Military Outlook while being Photographed by the Duke of Newcastle.

THERE should be no reason to fear anything for the future of the country or the Empire while we possess statesmen like Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery. Without any regard to party, it may be said that the latter's address as Lord Rector of Glasgow University a fortnight ago was one of the most important of recent utterances. He was untrammelled by official considerations in making that powerful exhortation to thoroughness in all Imperial concerns. These, as he truly said, are outside party politics, for the word Empire represents to us our history, our tradition, and our race. There was convincing force in all that he said. In the present state of the world active vigilance is more than ever required; we have to make sure of our equipment, and cannot take it for granted, for there is much to overhaul. We have no longer a monopoly of colonies, and what would have kept an Empire together a few years ago will no longer suffice. There is a disposition everywhere to challenge both our Naval and commercial position. France has annexed something like a quarter of Africa, and made a considerable inroad into Asia; Germany has shown no less enterprise; Russia develops her secular tendency to absorption; Italy has been bitten by the same desire for expansion; and the United States find themselves "sitting like a startled hen on a brood of unnumbered islands in the Philippines." Every nation desires to be a nation of shopkeepers, and the world is wrangling about every naked tribe on its surface. But there is a certain ingrained complacency among us, combined with an insidious and excessive tendency towards luxury, against which Lord Rosebery protested in his appeal for thoroughness and for a keen anticipation and close following of events. Our policy must be persistent and continuous to ensure success, and the twentieth century, to which we are looking forward, will, as Lord Rosebery said, be a period of keen, intelligent, almost fierce, international competition, more perhaps in the arts of peace even than in the arts of war.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE TOWN OF YALTA IN THE CRIMEA.

This Charming Little Place, which became widely known during the Russian War, is a Health Resort of the Russian Imperial Family, often Resorted to by the Czar.

THE illness of the Czar has aroused much sympathy in this country, for, however much we may distrust Russia, we can have no doubt that her august ruler, who is related by close bonds to our own Royal House, has always exerted his influence in the cause of peace. His personality

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Photo. Langfier, Ltd.

LADY NEWTON.
(Late Lady Mayoress).

Photo. Lafayette.

MR. H. K. NEWTON.
(Assist.-Hon. Secretary to the C.I.V.'s).

Photo. Stereoscopic Co.

SIR ALFRED JAMES NEWTON.
(Late Lord Mayor).

Sir Alfred Newton had the Satisfaction of Taking Part in a Movement such as has probably never Occurred in the History of a Nation. Never had there been such an Uprising of National Life, and the Late Lord Mayor was Chiefly Instrumental in Organising the C.I.V., and was Privileged to Receive the Men on their Return. It was a very Distinguished Service, and the Late Lord Mayor is to be Congratulated on the Portion of the Work which Fell to his Share. In Everything in which a Woman could Bear a Part he was Loyally Seconded by his Wife, Lady Newton, and Mr. H. K. Newton did Good Work in a Secretarial Capacity. It would have been so Easy to make a Mistake, that the Manner in which the Late Lord Mayor Carried Out his Duties is the more to be Commended. There was no Slip, and both the Despatch and the Reception of the City Imperial Volunteers were as well managed as could be.

counts for a good deal in the direction of policy, though even he may be unable to control what Lord Rosebery aptly styles the secular tendencies of his Empire. The evident sincerity of the Emperor in inaugurating the Peace Conference, and the general belief which exists in this country that he has always reciprocated our national sentiment towards him, have made a very favourable impression upon all Englishmen. The Empire of Russia is too vast an organism to be completely controlled even by the strongest ruler, but it has been within the power of Nicholas II. to influence, to check, and to direct its course. It has, therefore, been with sincere sympathy that we watched the progress of His Imperial Majesty's illness.

WHETHER the Chinese Minister in Paris said the things that were attributed to him or did not, they evidently contain a good deal of shrewd common-sense. The Plenipotentiaries can really do nothing in the uncertainty that shrouds them. If they are refractory, they will be exposed to the reprisals of the Powers; if they are submissive, they will be exposed to the vengeance of the Dowager. You cannot suppress Boxers by decree any more than you can suppress Anarchists by placard. The diplomatists in Peking have not begun at the beginning. Instead of losing time in diplomatic skirmishes, they should have enforced the return of the Emperor and rescued him from the disastrous tutelage of the Empress. According to the view of Yu-Keng, two or three weeks of personal rule would do more to end the crisis than all the empirical specifics of Foreign Offices and soldiers, for the Emperor represents the China of the future awakening from its dead traditions to our new civilisation. The Minister sees but one remedy—the disappearance of the masterful Dowager, and the recognition of the Emperor as the real ruler of the country.

NOW that Mr. Kruger has landed in Europe, and that the wild excitement which attended his coming in some parts of France is nearly past, the zeal of the Nationalists may be expected soon to spend its force. They have had an unrivalled opportunity of shouting against England, and have done their best to strain international relations, but there is not the smallest reason to think that Mr. Kruger can gain any hearing from the Powers, for the fate of South Africa is irrevocably sealed. After the battle of Spion Kop, it is known that General Joubert expressed to Mr. Kruger his opinion that the Boers were bound to suffer defeat, and, if the struggle were persisted in, to be brought to ruin. He urged the then President to sue for peace on the condition that the Boers should have self-government under British suzerainty. But Mr. Kruger has shown singular obstinacy from the very beginning, and the end which Joubert foresaw has arrived. The guerilla warfare has been prolonged by the recalcitrant Boers beyond the expectation of many generals in the field, but it will certainly prove unavailing, and can only result in a further criminal expenditure of blood and treasure.

THE coming to England of some 290 officers and men of the Royal Canadian Regiment, who are to sojourn among us for about ten days, is a pleasing event. In all some 5,000 colonial troops will visit our shores in the New Year, returning from the South African War, in which they have fought shoulder to shoulder with our fellow-countrymen. While the Australian Commonwealth is being founded, we shall thus be welcoming representatives of its myriad sons. Great efforts are being made to receive fittingly these colonial troops, of whom the gallant Canadians are the vanguard, and to recognise in a hearty fashion the sacrifices they have made in the interests of the Empire. They are assured of an enthusiastic welcome from every Englishman, and the reception that has been prepared for the homeward-bound Canadians is but a foretaste of the greater reception which the Motherland will extend to the rest. An influential committee, with the Prime Minister, the Colonial Secretary, and the Commander-in-Chief at its head, has been working energetically, and through the Lords Lieutenants of counties and the leading authorities of the metropolis, many details have already been settled. In London itself the colonial troops will have ample opportunities of entering into the Imperial life beating in the Empire's heart, and their travels will be extended to historic spots in the Old Country, which will arouse in them a still greater affection for the cradle of our race. All the features of the forthcoming hospitality which have been announced and are being prepared seem excellent, and it is timely to recall the fact that the Federation of Australia has been brought about during the

Photo. Copyright. P. W. Morehen.

FAIR REPRESENTATIVES OF RECENT NAVAL SERVICE.

A Scene from the Chatham Carnival. The "Handy Ladies" with a Naval Gun lent from the Dockyard. They belonged to the Ladies' Section of the New Brompton Wheelers, and many of them were Sailors' Wives and Daughters.

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South African War, a federation based upon national regard and race-brotherhood, and now to be completed by legal enactment. A great deal is due to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as to our South African colonists, and Englishmen are fully resolved to show their gratitude and express their regard in any way they suitably can.

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THE several correspondents who have been so graceless as to traduce our officers and soldiers have found it expedient to retract a good deal that they have said. This being so, it is perhaps as well, as our French friends say, that the incident should be considered as closed. Certain of the correspondents whose names have become disagreeably prominent during recent weeks have shown a plentiful lack of discretion and sound judgment, offering a marked contrast to the notable ability and sound work done by the great majority of correspondents with the forces. Some of them seem to have thought their personal concerns of considerable importance to the public. But the public has observed with astonishment that it has heard even more of these correspondents from themselves than of the gallant men who were doing the country's work. The country knows the British officer, and is very proud of him, and the accusations which have been made have been repugnant to all sensible persons, from whom they received, as they deserved, no credit.

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THE manner in which French political squabbles intrude upon the enjoyments of Frenchmen is a little singular to English observers. Captain Coblentz is a Jewish officer lately appointed to a military post at Fontainebleau, and his appearance at M. Paul Lebaudy's stag hunt in the forest there led to a *nouvel incident Coblentz*. The officers of the garrison at Fontainebleau and in the neighbourhood are invited to the hunts, and quite naturally, as would appear to an Englishman, Captain Coblentz appeared at the meet, provoking, however, as the *Echo de Paris* said, a manifestation painful to himself. When he approached, the huntsmen departed and left him by himself. M. de Luzarche d'Azay, M. Pierre Lebaudy's brother-in-law, had a lively altercation with the captain, and asked him to withdraw. This he declined to do, presumably taking the general invitation as including himself. Whereupon the hunt broke up, and everybody went home. The *Echo de Paris* states that it is probable M. Paul Lebaudy, who is the Master of the Hunt, will have no further meetings without invitation by personal card. Thus they hope to do things better in France.

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THE Americans have been considering whether they, too, shall have a Native Army, for service in the Philippines. Natives have been employed to some extent against the insurgents in Luzon and in the southern island, and have done good service in Leyte. But there seems to be an impression that certain tribes wish to use the American flag to get square with their racial enemies. They are not without military virtues, but it is a question whether the Americans know enough of them to make it safe to embody them. Blood is thicker than water in the Philippines as elsewhere, and it is quite possible that trained and armed natives might be ready to rise against the detested white conqueror. This is a matter in which no doubt our cousins will proceed with caution. They are pointing out our own experience during the Indian Mutiny as a deterrent from over-haste. They have found the natives in Porto Rico very useful, and there a force is to be maintained. But in the Philippines, as one officer tersely puts it, they have bitten off more than they can chew, and the Filipinos have lately been exceedingly active, inflicting upon the Americans greater losses than during the period of active operations.

Photo. *Fall.*

BASIL JOHN DOUGLAS GUY, V.C., Midshipman, R.N.

Mr. Guy is the Son of the Rev. Douglas S. Guy, Vicar of Sedbergh, Yorkshire. He was born on May 9, 1882, and Educated at Aysgarth School and Llandaff, from which school he went to the "Britannia." He passed out of that Ship in 1898, and when he Won the Coveted Distinction had been Landed from the "Barfleur" in China. His Special Service was Performed at Tientsin, when he Attended a Wounded Seaman, and eventually Helped to Carry him out of Action across a Fire-swept Zone.

Photo. Copyright. *Mee Cheung.*

TWO BEAUTIES OF THE IMPERIAL CHINESE COURT.

These are Ladies in Attendance on the Empress Dowager. The Magnificence of their Attire indicates their High Rank.

Photo. *Adams.*

SUB-LIEUTENANT H. S. LECKY, Of the "Widgeon."

Among the Irregular Troops in South Africa is Captain Steinaecker's Horse, and it was one of the Scouts of this Force whom Mr. Lecky so Gallantly Saved. Mr. Lecky is a Son of Captain Lecky, R.N.R., the well-known Author of "Wrinkles in Practical Navigation," and is Related to Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the Celebrated Historian and Member of Parliament for the University of Dublin.

THE Navy has not had the same opportunities of winning the V.C. that have fallen to the Army. Only about forty decorations out of some 500 bestowed have been gained by Naval men. According to the latest Navy List, there are seven Naval men still living who wear the V.C. besides Midshipman B. J. D. Guy. It is a mistake to say, as a leading daily paper did the other day, that Guy was only the second midshipman to win the "little bronze Maltese Cross." As a matter of fact he is the sixth. The other cases were (in alphabetical order) as follows: Midshipman D. G. Boyes gained it in 1864 for carrying the British colours through the thick of the fire at Simonoseki, both the colour sergeants being wounded, one mortally and the other severely, and the colours being pierced six times with musket balls; Midshipman E. St. J. Daniels won the V.C. in the Crimea, for bringing powder from a waggon under heavy fire at Inkerman, and for subsequently, when acting as A.D.C. to Captain Peel, R.N., staying by that officer and bandaging his wound under a heavy fire in the attack against the Redan; Midshipman C. D. Lucas gained it in 1854, in the Baltic, for pitching a live shell overboard that had fallen on the deck of the "Hecla"; Midshipman A. Mayo, of the Indian Navy, was decorated for leading a charge at Dacca, during the Indian Mutiny, under a destructive fire, against two 6-pounder guns; and Midshipman W. N. W. Hewett (afterwards an admiral and a K.C.B.) won the distinction for pluckily defending his battery before Sebastopol with one gun against the Russians, and for subsequent gallantry at Inkerman.

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THE device called the infrascope, for "looking round corners," which the *Daily Mail* of November 16 drew attention to as a new and "wonderful invention that may revolutionise warfare," is not new, since it was used by British officers in the Russian War. The plan was to make a square wood or metal tube about 1-in. in diameter and 12-in. to 15-in. in length, and to place at each end a reflecting mirror inclined to the length of the tube at an angle of 45-deg. One mirror was then exposed in the direction of the enemy and reflected the scene in the mirror at the other end where the eye was observing. The device may be of occasional use in war and has the merit of being simple enough for anyone with a mechanical turn of mind to construct. It was employed in the old reflecting Newtonian telescope, and has been lately adopted by the French in the "periscope"—that tubular appliance rising from the top of a submarine boat which enables those in her to direct their course when navigating below water.

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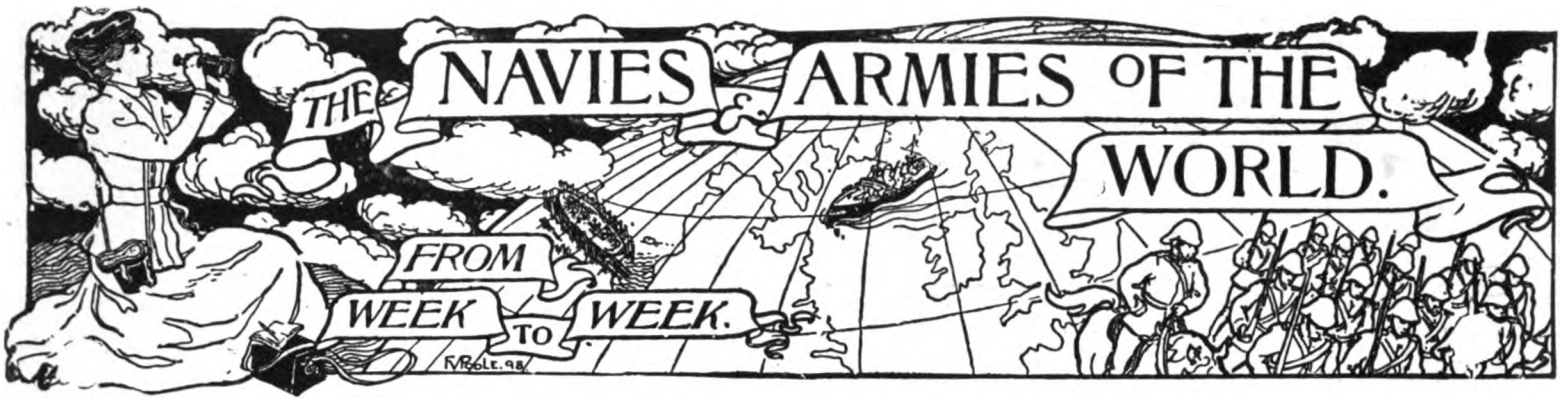

BY the loose end, says the Spanish proverb, you unwind the cocoon, which means that the preliminary step to unravelling any confusion is to get hold of something from which you can work back. There is a clause in one of the sentences of a letter on "The Reform of the War Office," signed "D. L.," which seems to me to supply a capital loose end from which to smooth out this eminently confused business. It consists of the words, "Hope seems to be placed in men not in measures." The writer would clearly have us understand that this is a mistake, and that we must look to measures not to men. To this I would answer, giving my opinion for what it is worth, that the proposition of "D. L." represents the exact contrary of the truth. It is to men that we must needs look, whether we like it or not, and never in any appreciable degree to measures. For this, or so it seems to me, there are two substantial reasons. In the first place, all measures must be the work of men, and can only be as good as the sense, foresight, and conscience of their creators can make them. In the second place, all measures must be applied by men, and are good only in so far as they are applied with honour and intelligence. Rabelais imagined a certain judge of the name of Bridlegoose, who decided all cases by throwing dice. The laws were presumably good enough, but that was not the way to administer them. Can we conceive of any measures which would prevent the Honourable Charles Bridlegoose, Secretary of State for War, or Field-Marshal Lord Bridlegoose, Commander-in-Chief, making a great mess of the British Army between them?

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"D. L." would probably protest, if he thought it consistent with his dignity to take any notice of these humble remarks, that he never supposed it possible for "measures" to come into existence of themselves, or to be of such a nature that any blockhead or sluggard can administer well by their help. Yet this is implied in what he says, and is manifestly believed by not a few among us. It is an entire delusion all the same, and can be proved to be so. The very able first paper on the "Lessons of the War," in the *Times* of November 22, gives a case in point. In summing up the things to be desired in the future improved War Office, the writer says that we ought "to ensure that patronage shall be dispensed solely and simply on grounds of fitness, so that incompetence in important positions shall no longer be possible." Now this is a capitally good principle, but unfortunately it is not new. Ever since armies or any other form of human organisation existed, it has been a standing regulation that officers should be chosen for fitness. The difficulty in acting on it has been twofold. In the first place, all men are not agreed as to what constitutes fitness. In the second place, many men are swayed by personal and social considerations. To take a comparatively recent example, Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, was firmly persuaded that General Bragg was fit to command an army. They had fought together against the Mexicans, and Bragg had rendered Mr. Davis great service on the very field of battle. Here, one would think, were all the possible guarantees for a good choice. Mr. Davis was certainly not a stupid man; he had personal experience of war, he had seen the officer he chose put to the test. Yet General Bragg was not a success as a commander in the field, and there were many who foresaw he would fail. What then was wrong? Just this—that Mr. Davis, though plausible and superficially clever, was not a wise man, and that he was very conceited. That is to say, the man failed, which is a risk that must be run. In the long run some man must choose the officer, and apply the measure. If he errs, the choice and the application will be bad.

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Then what is "fitness"? It seems to say everything, but it does not. Suppose that officers holding certain positions are expected to live up to a given scale, and to be something which you call a "gentleman"—another word which seems to say everything, but does not. A "gentleman" may mean, and in the mouth of a great many people does mean, one who can spend money freely and whose relationships by birth and marriage cause him to be included in one particular class. Now of two officers, one may be markedly the abler man, but he may not have the patrimony or the birth, and he may have married a wife whose manners have not that repose which is expected from ladies who have to preside over social "representation." The second is a very commonplace, though honourable, officer, well born, well mannered, correctly married, and possessed of a comfortable balance at his banker's. Which of these two is "fit" for the post? Mere ability as a soldier will not suffice if the social qualities are considered as indispensable. You must allow for them, and even make a sacrifice of purely professional skill in order that they may be obtained. Observe, it is idle to talk of raising the pay. The rich man can always spend that, and his fortune. The man with no patrimony, or very little, is limited to the salary. The first will set the standard, and the problem will continue to present itself as before. It may be answered that people ought not to think of how much money an officer spends, or of his wife's capacity for social representation, but of his knowledge of his business. That is excellent doctrine, perhaps, but then it implies a change in opinion, and that is a question of men and not of measures.

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It is usual, when one objects to other people's schemes, to hear the reproach that one is making an abuse of negative criticism, and to find oneself asked whether one proposes to do nothing. Well, it would be quite fair to answer by quoting Lord Palmerston's saying that whenever you hear anybody asserting that something must be done, you may be pretty sure that he is going to do something foolish. Just at present there is much cry for the instant doing of something, nobody knows very clearly what, apparently, but something, which indicates an excitement of mind quite incompatible with good work. But there is a course of a highly practical kind which might be followed, and which might spare us the trouble, expense, and delay of commissions, preliminary enquiries, and heaven knows what else, wherewith the country is now threatened. Why not find out whether all did their best under the present system? If our failures were due to individual errors and inefficiencies, the men who made the mistakes are responsible. But the moment this is proposed there is a general cry of "No." There has been a good deal of grumbling at large against the War Office, and its want of responsibility. A good deal of this has come, it is understood, from soldiers. Then the Marquess of Salisbury gives the military gentlemen a grim hint that they had better not go too far, or else the politicians will open their lips and will a tale unfold. Since then there has been a visible increase in the desire to let bygones be bygones, and not to revive unpleasant old stories.

* * * *

Of course the result of this is that while everybody is calling for "responsibility," nobody will be made responsible—which is a farce. Here again we come back to the question of men and measures. We have an abundance of rules already, stating that A is to do X, and B to answer for W, and that when guns are lost, or other accidents occur, there shall be such and such ways of seeing who is to blame. Yet the enquiry is not made, and there is very little prospect that it ever will be; and this once more is farce. If you will not use the means of apportioning responsibility which you have already, because of your tenderness for this or other person or set of persons, or a wish to save the Army or an office, it is impudent to clamour for a new system by which responsibility can be brought home. If you are willing to apply laws, apply the law you have. If you will not use that, you are not fit to be trusted with the application of any. When the enquiry has been made, and it has been shown that the right thing would always have been done if the system had not hampered all concerned, it will be high time to begin reorganising. Moreover, if all have done their duty, they have nothing to fear from enquiry. If they have not, they deserve no consideration.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *We regret that in our issue of last week the name was omitted in error of Messrs. Lafayette, of Dublin, from a photograph of Lord Wolseley, and that of the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, from a photograph of Lord Roberts.*

Sailor and Soldier—Ideal and Real.

"LITTLE ENGLANDER" is a term that is much bandied about in these days. It is of quite modern usage. At present its accepted significance is that of an opponent of the war in South Africa. That is no more than the acceptation of the moment. Seriously to argue in this way would be absurd. There are many men of the strongest Imperial leanings, men with long years of whole-hearted work for the Empire behind them, who are unable to see that the war was necessary. They are perhaps utterly in the wrong; but to charge them with lack of patriotic sentiment, or with being lukewarm in their sympathies with the aims and the welfare of the Empire, is foolish as well as unjust. Who are the real "Little Englanders" then? Is there any substantial body of opinion in the country which desires to see Great Britain merely an island-state once more and not a world-state, as the events of the past century, and in particular of the last half century, have made her? There are no signs of it. Is "Little Englander," after all, an empty phrase, no more than a convenient stick with which to beat political opponents? Hardly that. No popular catchword can win its way into general use unless it has some reality behind its form of words. Surely most of us, when we speak of "Little Englanders," mean the term to apply, consciously or unconsciously, to those unhappy people who are always ready to belittle England. These are the real "Little Englanders"—the journalists and politicians who are cursed with the temperament which makes all that foreigners do seem to them to be right, and all that their own countrymen do seem to them to be wrong. "Belittlers of England" they would more correctly be called, foulers of their own nest, cantankerous disputants who disguise their own bilious and rank humours under the specious titles of friendship for humanity and cosmopolitan goodwill.

It is from such that we hear, whenever British sailors or soldiers are engaged in battle, accusations of brutality, rapine, and lust. If they could, they would add charges of cowardice to their splenetic indictment; but even their capacity for hearsay slander, as proved fact, has its limit. The country has been flooded lately with a broadsheet full of lies and innuendoes and unauthorised accusations against the British army in South Africa. To the sensation-monger who issues it no one who has bitter and spiteful words to speak of British sailors or soldiers appeals in vain. No calumny is too baseless, no slander too openly capable of disproof to satisfy his monstrous appetite for anything that can discredit his own countrymen and debase the honour of his own country. Fortunately his fury, as a rule, overleaps itself and falls on the other side. His assertions are so easily capable of disproof that they are blown away as soon as uttered, but innuendoes are more insidious.

> "A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright;
> But a lie which is half a truth is harder matter to fight."

And yet even the innuendoes may do good. We all have our ideal of what sailors and soldiers ought to be. Is the real sailor, the real soldier, nearer to our ideal, or to the picture drawn by these "belittlers of England"? If these vague charges set us to considering that question, they will have done something good in spite of their evil intent, for we shall find that our confidence has not been misplaced. The real is not the ideal. It never can be; but it is not so very far off.

Modern conditions of life force us to train our fighting men in time of peace—to test them in time of war. In old days the soldier spent all his time on active service; the sailor passed his life at sea. Nowadays the Bluejacket is a sailor no longer; he is a seaman, but to keep him always at sea would require a complete change in Naval administration. The soldier is not trained in war, but trained for it. Yet we find that both the seaman and the soldier are distinguished by the same qualities which they possessed of old.

> "If e'er my son
> Follow the war, tell him it is a school
> Where all the principles tending to honour
> Are taught, if truly followed.
> . . . . To dare boldly,
> In a fair cause and for the country's safety,
> To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted,
> To obey their leaders and shun mutinies,
> To bear with patience the winter's cold
> And summer's scorching heat—
> Are the essential parts make up a soldier."

So wrote a poet of the Elizabethan age. So we may repeat with equal truth to-day. It is because we have gradually come to realise this truth that our attitude towards the Navy and the Army has so completely changed. "Sailor" and "soldier" are no longer terms of reproach. Jack Tars are not regarded any longer as "tawny, dirty, ragged creatures," more bears than men, who were always riotously drunk on shore and could only be kept in order on board ship by the terrors of the irons and the lash. The Queen's uniform does not now disqualify its wearers for admission to places of entertainment. If we call the soldier "Tommy Atkins," our impulse is affectionate, not scornful. We are inclined to resent such a name for him as "the absent-minded beggar," though Mr. Kipling, who invented it, has done a great deal to explain soldiers to their fellow-countrymen, and certainly did not intend his war fund jingle to discredit them. So long as the nation feels, as it does at present, a proud confidence in the country's defenders, the "Little Englanders" may throw mud to their hearts' content. It will not stick to the men whom Lord Roberts calls his "gallant comrades," and of whom he testifies that they behaved "like heroes on the battle-field and like gentlemen on every other occasion."

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

NOVEMBER 27, 1781.—Sortie from Gibraltar. The enemy driven from their fortifications and their guns spiked by a force under Brigadier-General Ross. 1885.—Capture of Ava.

November 28, 1753.—French attack on Trichinopoly. An attempt to surprise the garrison frustrated by Lieutenant Harrison. 1855.—Surrender of Kars to the Russians after a gallant defence by General Fenwick Williams. 1879.—Secocoeni's stronghold at Water Kopje stormed by Colonel Baker Russell, and the chief captured. 1885.—Mandalay occupied. 1899.—Battle of Modder River. Boer position captured by Lord Methuen.

November 29, 1759.—Wandewash captured from the French after a two years' siege. 1803.—Battle of Argaum. The Mahrattas routed by Wellesley. 1885.—Surrender of King Theebaw.

December 1, 1814.—Capture of the fort of Kalunga by Colonel Mawby. 1825.—Defeat of the Shans at Nemiow by General Cotton.

December 2, 1824.—Stockade at Kemmendine gallantly defended, the enemy being repulsed with severe loss. 1825.—Heights of Napadee stormed. The Burmese were routed, their position being carried at the point of the bayonet. 1878.—Defeat of the Afghans at the Peiwar Pass by General (now Lord) Roberts. 1891.—Nilt, North-West Frontier, taken.

December 3, 1810.—Surrender of Mauritius by the French to Major-General Abercromby.

December 4, 1824.—Defeat of the Burmese at the village of Poosundoon and capture of their stores and artillery. 1893.—Disaster on the Shangani River. Major Wilson's party attacked by the Matabele at night and utterly destroyed.

NOVEMBER 27, 1710.—Naval action off Flushing. 1809.—Defence of Rosas by Lord Cochrane and men of the "Impérieuse," 38. 1811.—Capture of the French "Corceyère," 40, by the "Eagle," 74, in the Adriatic.

November 28, 1520.—Magellan first entered the Pacific Ocean and gave it its name. 1652.—Blake's battle with Tromp off Dungeness. 1808.—Destruction of a French convoy in Mahaut Harbour, Guadaloupe, by the boats of the "Heureux," 16. Naval medal.

November 29, 1805.—Cutting out of a Spanish Guarda Costa of twenty-four guns in the Bay of Honduras by the "Serpent," 16. 1811.—Capture of the French 40-gun frigates "Pauline" and "Pomone" in the Adriatic, by the "Alceste," 38, "Active," 38, and "Unité," 32. Naval medal. 1890.—The "Naiad" launched.

November 30, 1803.—Surrender of Cape François, San Domingo, with the French 40-gun frigates "Surveillante" and "Clorinde," to Admiral Duckworth's squadron. 1833.—Admiral of the Fleet Sir F. W. Richards, G.C.B., born. 1888.—The "Sharpshooter" launched.

December 1, 1652.—Recapture of the "Phœnix" frigate in Leghorn Roads, after being captured by the Dutch, by Commodore Baddiley. 1793.—Capture of the French "Atalante," 10, by the "Antelope" packet, 6, off Cuba. 1894.—The "Contest," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

December 2, 1726.—Admiral Lord Bridport born. 1825.—Naval Brigade engaged at Meaday, on the Irrawaddy, Burmah. 1838.—Admiral Sir J. E. Erskine born. 1892.—The "Bonaventure" launched.

December 3, 1781.—Capture of the Dutch "Mars," 24, and the "Hercules," 24, in the North Sea by the "Artois," 40. 1799.—Capture of the French "Intrépide," 16, off Dover by the "Racoon," 18. 1807.—Action between the French "Révanche," 24, and the "Curieux," 18. Commodore Goodenough born. 1885.—The "Thames" launched.

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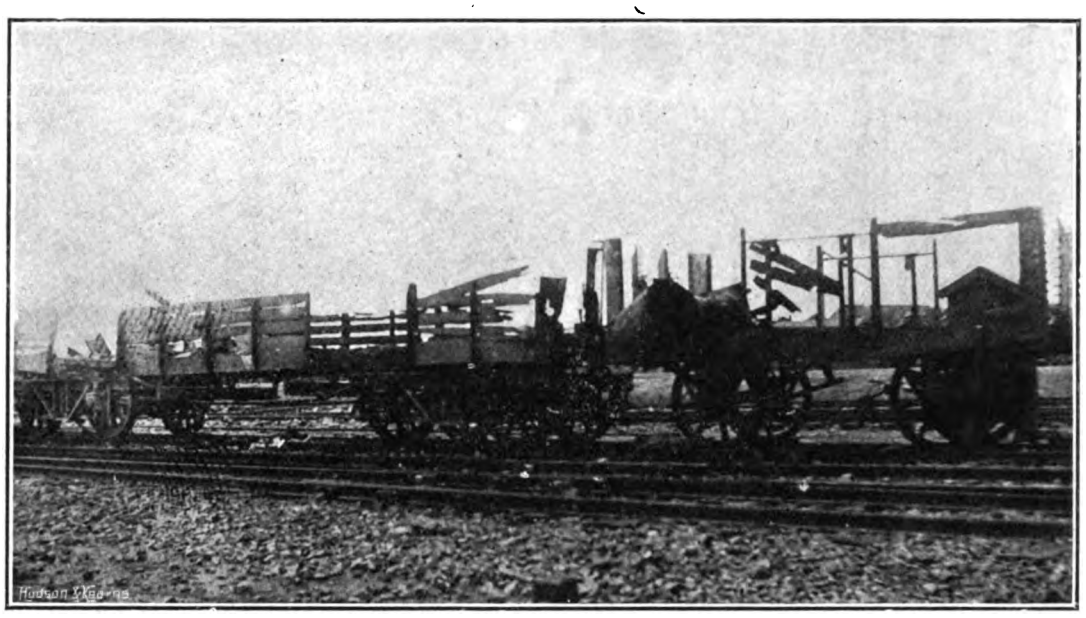
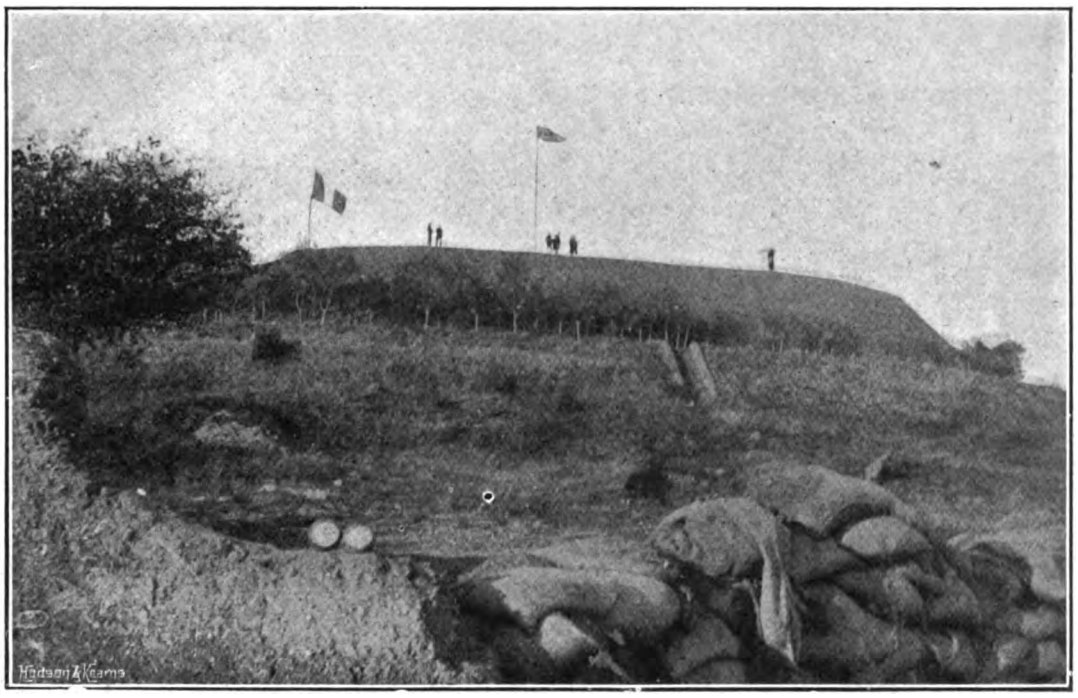
With the Navy in China.

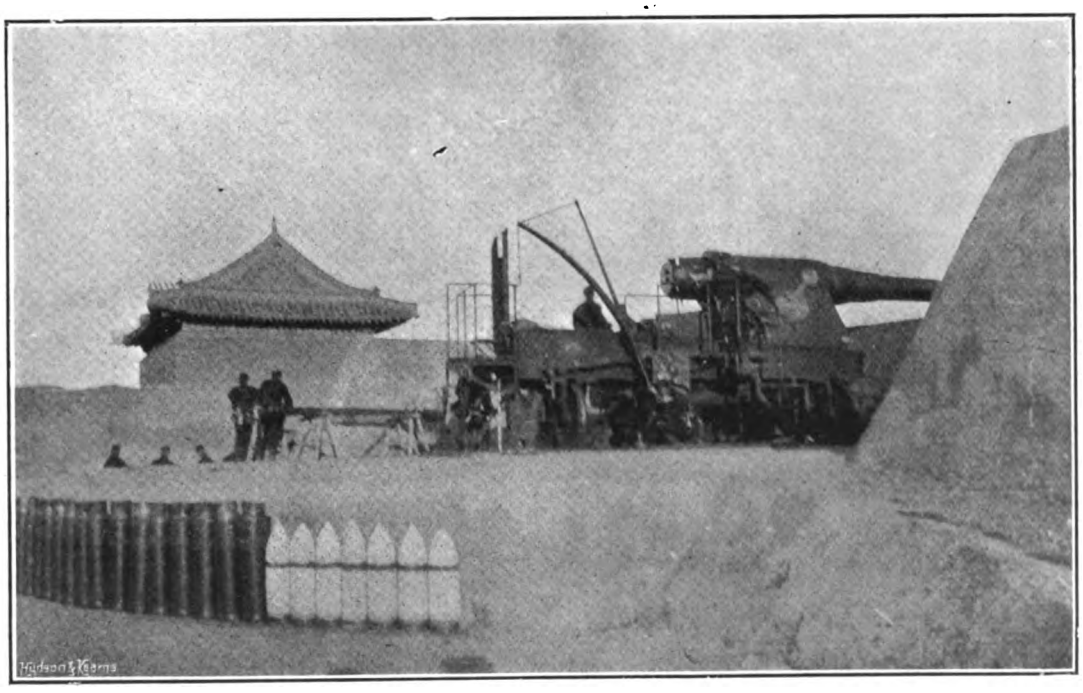
IT may be described as an unfortunate necessity of our wars that we are obliged to avail ourselves of the services of Naval Brigades. Unfortunate, because it is not to the country's interest to employ men upon whose professional education much money has been spent in work which could be done just as effectually by men who have cost the country far less; and also because it seems unfair to use for service ashore men whose whole training is, or ought to be, devoted to qualifying them for work afloat. That Jack likes the run ashore, and regards it as an opportunity of seeing active service, is nothing to the purpose. The whole thing, however, is inevitable. The sailor is always on the spot, or, at the worst, is speedily available. For the soldier we have to wait until transport can be taken up and a dozen other conditions fulfilled. Hence it happens that sailors have had some of our little wars to themselves, and that, in every important contest, there is always a Naval Brigade ashore. It will be remembered that in China, the duty of the relief of Peking, when the task was believed to be much lighter than it was eventually found to be, was undertaken by an International Naval Brigade, and all subsequent reports show that in addition to the good work at Taku and in Seymour's march, the British sailor has done an infinity of good work ashore. Our pictures give a very accurate idea of the sort of fighting which has fallen to his lot, and they furnish also a strong reminder of the international character of the present complication. In the first instance, we have depicted the remains of an armed, not armoured, train at the railway station, Tientsin. It has evidently fallen upon evil days, and the smashed search-light, the damaged 6-pounder, the railway carriages looking like the ribs of an umbrella from which the covering has been removed, point to the severity of the contest during what we now know to have been an extremely critical time. The number of flags flying in the second picture must not blind us to the credit due to the little British gun-boat "Pigmy." Shan-hai-kwan, in the Gulf of Pechili at the eastern extremity of the Great Wall of China, is protected by a chain of forts which were of course occupied by the Chinese. A demand for their surrender to the "Pigmy" met with prompt compliance, and then the other nations—the French, the Russians, the Germans, the Austrians, the Italians, and the Japanese—hoisted their flags, some at the forts and all at the railway station about four miles from the shore. The forts were armed with modern Krupp guns well supplied with ammunition, but not a shot was fired, and to the little "Pigmy" belongs the credit of having captured these six forts united, as it were, by the famous Great Wall. Such an exploit is a credit to the British Navy. However difficult may be the agreement of diplomatists, the representatives of the various Navies have put their shoulders to the wheel. They have frankly admitted the good service which each has rendered, and their flags have been planted in many places together,



THE FATE OF ARMAMENT WITHOUT ARMOUR.
An Unarmoured Train Smashed by Chinese Fire.



AN INTERESTING ARRAY OF BUNTING.
The Flags of the Allied Powers at the Shore Fort, Shan-hai kwan.



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A SCENE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE SHORE FORT.
Which was Well Provided with Modern Guns and Ammunition.

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Presentation of the V.C. at Pretoria.

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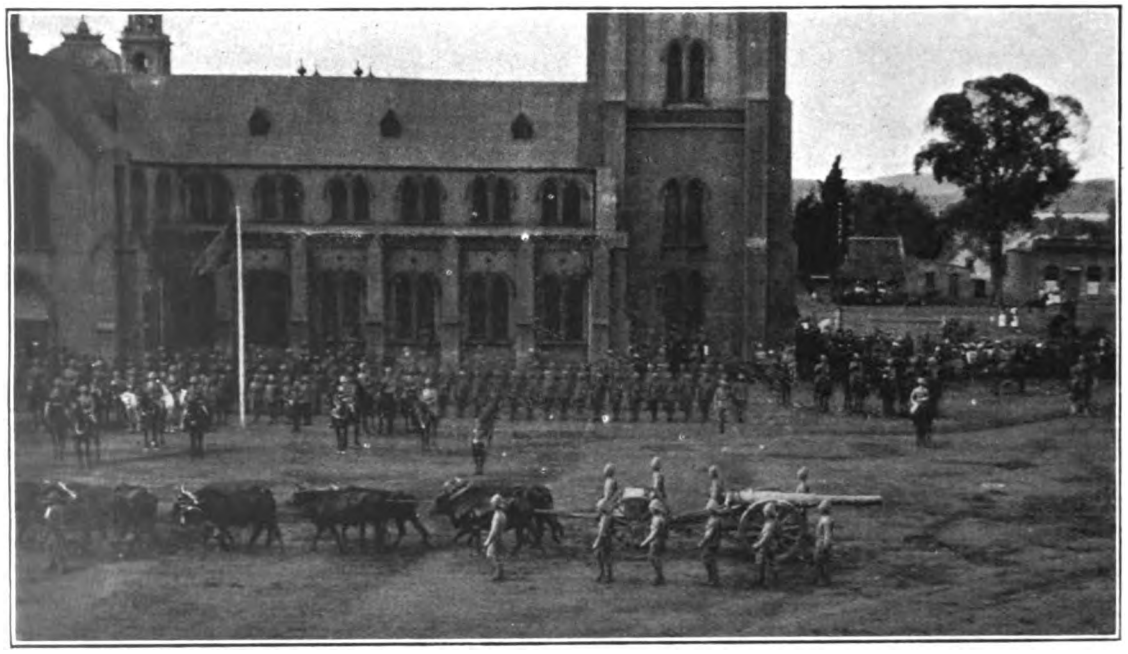
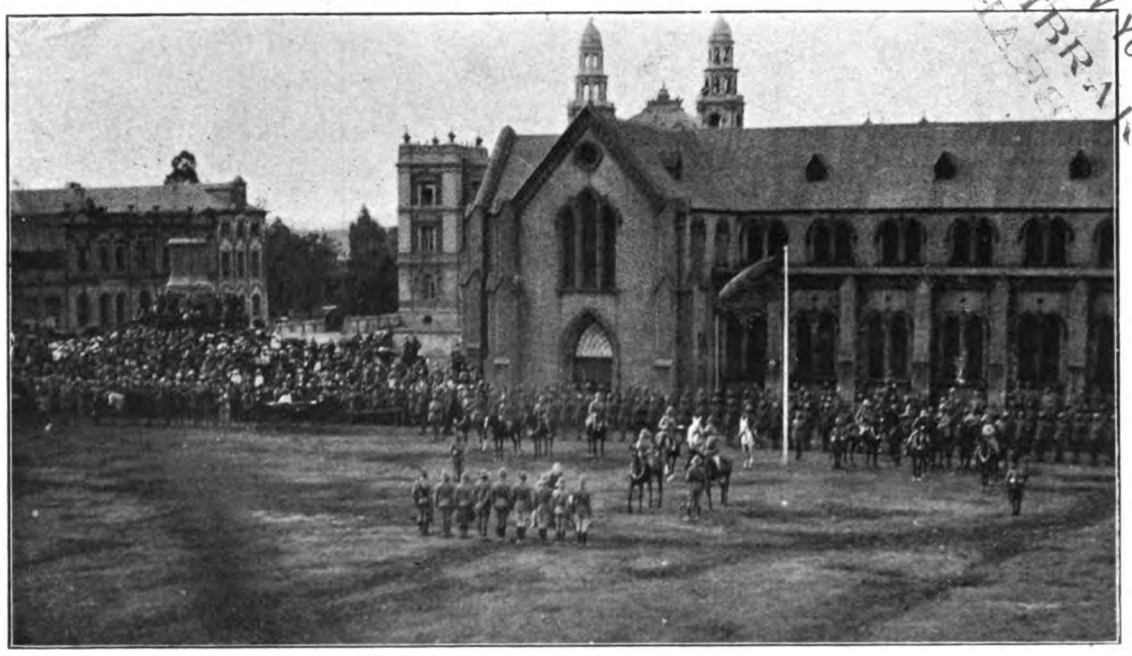
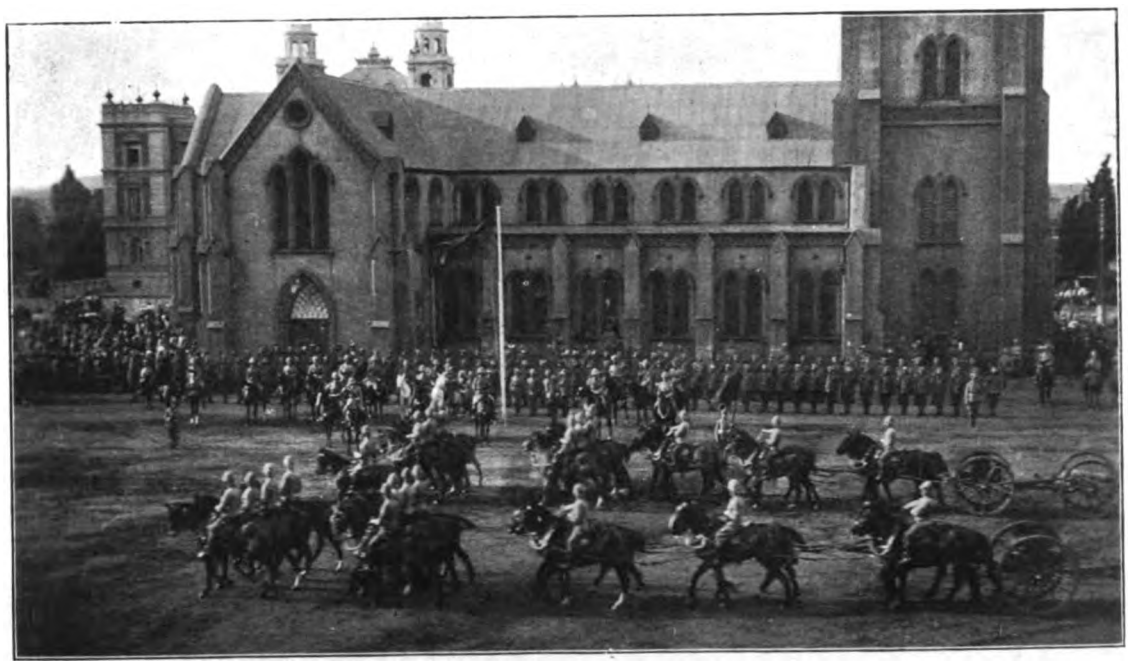


A NEW FEATURE IN REVIEWS.
The Cow-guns Passing the Saluting-post.



A GRATIFYING CEREMONY.
Lord Roberts Presenting the Victoria Cross.

LORD ROBERTS SPEAKS TO THE HORSE.
The Recognition of Hard Work Well Done



SALUTING THE FIELD-MARSHAL.
The Royal Artillery Crossing Church Square.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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The Irish Guards.

THE CONTINGENT FOR AUSTRALIA.

These are the Men who will Form Part of the Duke of York's Escort.

Photos. Copyright. *Gregory.*

A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF IRISHMEN.

Distinguishable from Other Guards by the Facings, the Shamrock on the Collar and Cuffs, and Blue Plumes on the Bearskins.

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Old Battlefields and Historic Sieges.

FLODDEN.

IN the whole course of history, no battle has been so continually made a theme for romance as the battle of Flodden Field. In their horror at the great disaster, the Scotch have weaved about it a veil of legend to excuse the blunders committed or to account for the defeat sustained. Again and again, in ballad and in song, in words inexpressibly touching, they have uttered their lamentations for "their dear departed brave, who for their king and for their country rendered up their souls to God," whilst the English in their turn have sung unreserved songs of triumph "in disgrace of the Scots and in remembrance of the famous achieved victory," the various versions differing as widely as might be expected; for whereas in the English ballad

THE EAST WINDOW OF THE PRIORY CHURCH, WALSINGHAM.
Queen Catharine of Aragon Gave Thanks in the Lady Chapel After Flodden Field.

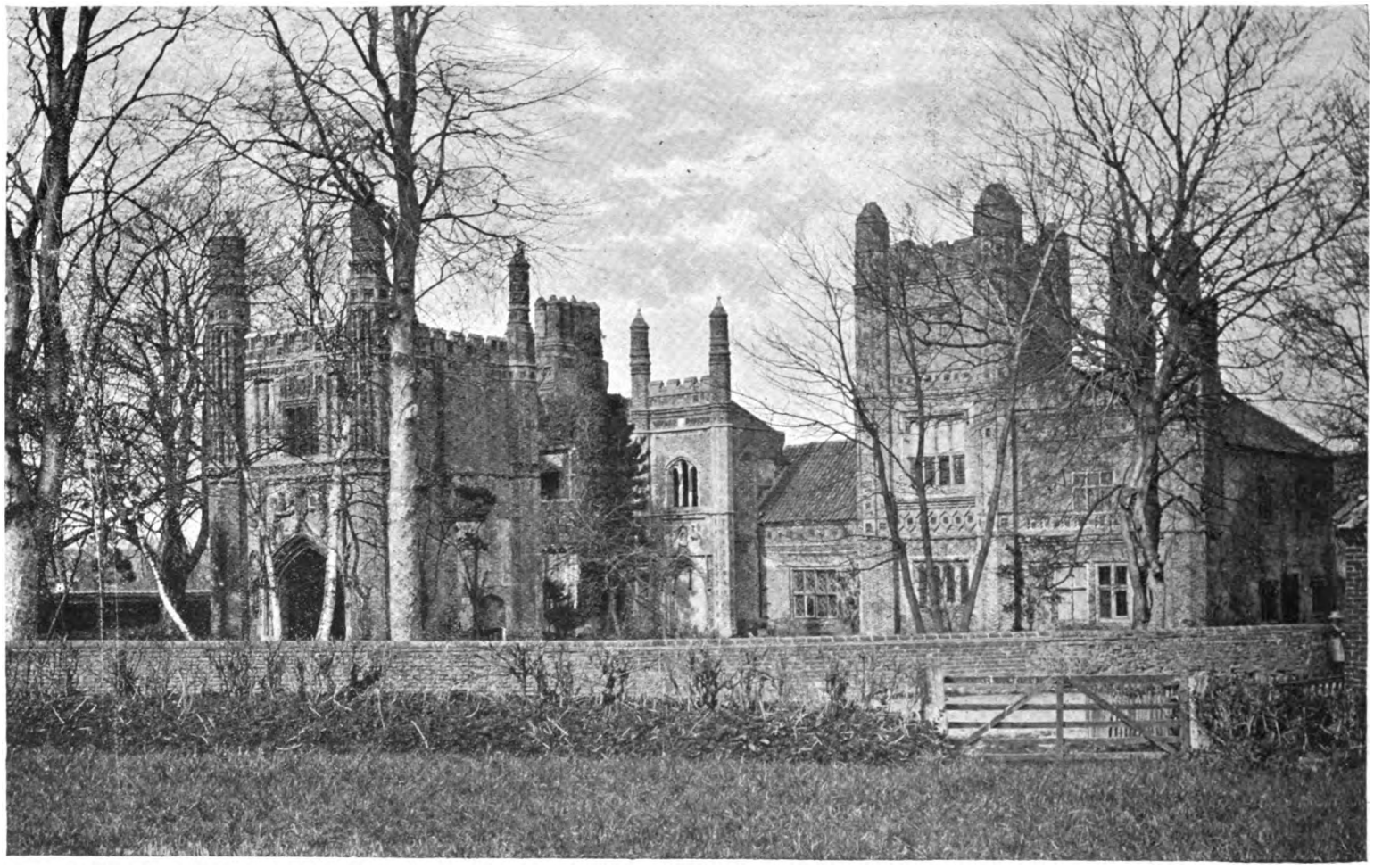
"the Scots did fly,
Their cannons they left behind;
Their ensigns gay were won all away,
Our soldiers did beat them blind,"

in the Scotch we have vivid pictures of their brave men rallying round their banner until

"One by one they fell around it
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe."

And in the light of history we know that the latter version is the true one. Bravery there was on the side of the defeated as great as was ever shown on the part of the English, and the defeat was due primarily to the King's delay, which gave the English an advantage of which, in their most sanguine moments, they would not have dreamed.

At the time of the battle Henry VIII., it may be remembered, was in France winning battles that proved of little importance. And it was to France, to the camp of the English King, that James sent his herald, stating his claims in a manner exceedingly scornful and bombastic. Then, without awaiting a reply, he commenced hostilities, and was at once greeted by success. One border fortress after another fell before him, the first to surrender being Norham, that famous castle that had changed sides so often during the long weary feuds between the two countries, sustaining many sieges but never surrendering,



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army.*

THE MANOR HOUSE AT EAST BARSHAM.
Where Queen Catharine Stayed before Making her Pilgrimage to Walsingham.

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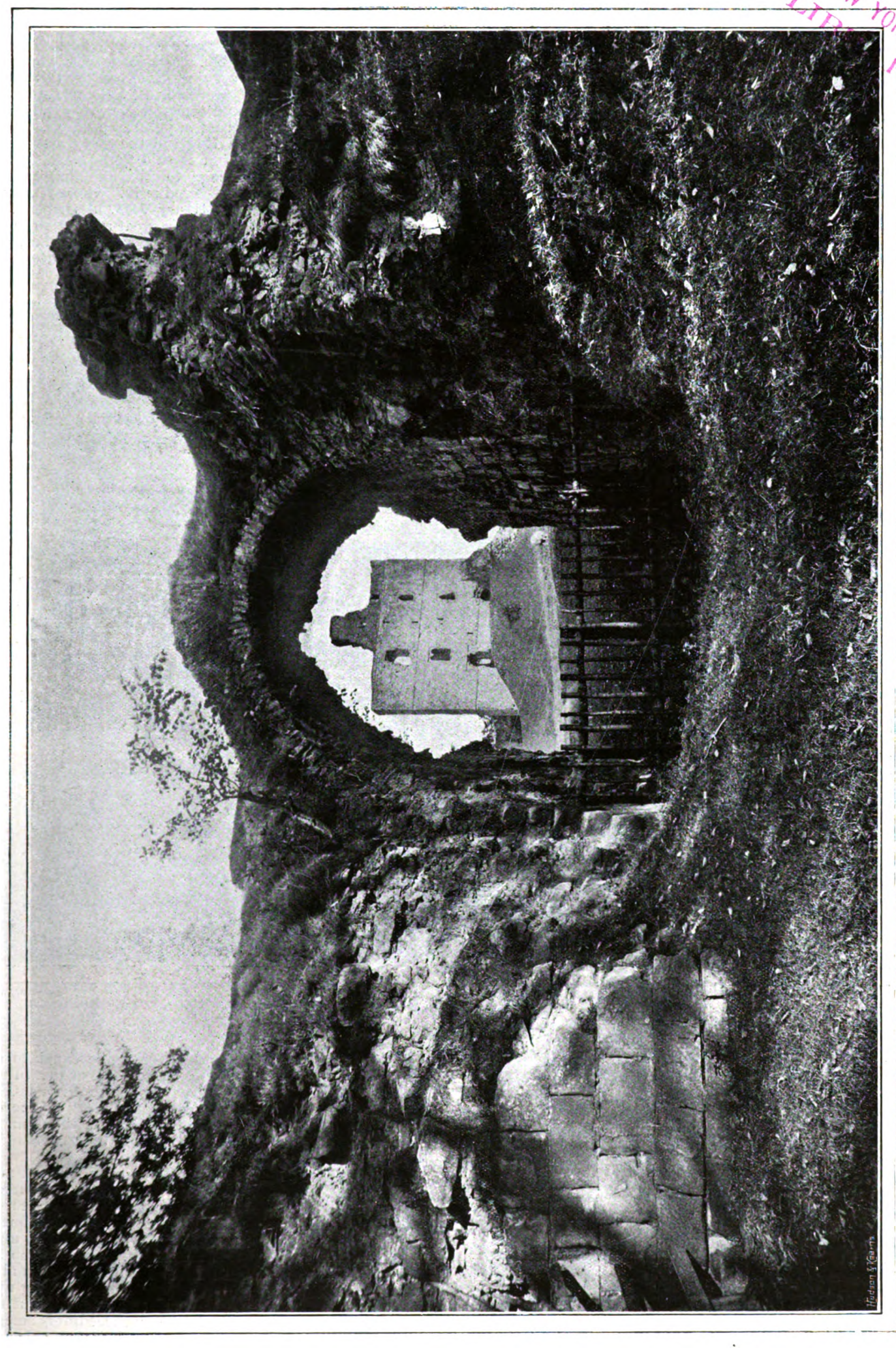

G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

MARMION'S GATEWAY, NORHAM CASTLE.

Norham Castle was taken by the Scots in 1513.

Photo. Copyright.

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although it suffered much damage, and had constantly to be repaired and at one time almost rebuilt.

On this occasion neither provisions nor defences availed, for treachery was at work, and the Scots received information upon which they poured their cannon on to the weak north-east wall, which fell before them, and the castle was theirs. For this treachery, it is good to read, the traitor received the reward he deserved, and was hung by the common hangman, in a field (says tradition) adjoining the fortress, which subsequently received the name of Hangman's Field.

Norham's surrender was soon followed by that of the castles of Wark, Etal, Heaton, and Ford, and then the King took up his position for the final struggle.

Not only was his force immeasurably the superior, but he could not have chosen a more impregnable spot for his camp than Flodden Hill, on the edge of the Cheviots, with the Till flowing beneath, protected on one side by a marsh, and on the other by the Cheviots themselves, whilst the only way of approach for the English was defended by the Scottish artillery.

And if James was conscious of the strength of his position, Surrey recognised it as truly. The latter therefore tried to tempt James to fight in the open plain, but without avail. Whereupon he marched his forces across the Till, followed the east bank to Barnmoor Wood, two miles from Flodden, and there encamped on the night of September 8. Early in the morning Surrey continued his march, the Scotch watching the English meanwhile, longing to attack but restrained by the King. We can imagine with what feelings they saw their enemies slowly crossing the river at Twisell Bridge and by the ford further up. We can hear the veteran officers imploring the King to wait no longer, but to give battle whilst victory was still certain. We can almost see "the divine messengers" who, it is said, added their advice to that of the others, but neither to men nor to angels would the King listen. There on the hill he waited until Surrey had completed his movement and had placed his army between him and Scotland, cutting him off from his supplies and blocking his retreat on the Tweed.

Then, and then only, when he had lost every advantage given him by his strong position, King James set fire to his camp and descended the hill to give battle. At first the issue seemed doubtful. The Scotch gained some advantage on the English right, whilst on the left the Lancashire and English bowmen, under Sir Edward Stanley, routed the Scotch right, which consisted chiefly of Highlanders, under Lords Lennox and Argyll. But the decisive fighting took place in the Scotch centre, round the banner of the King, where "it is owned," says Abercromby, "that both parties did wonders, but none on either side performed more than the King himself." Surrounded by his noblemen and gentlemen, he fought to the last, "till utter darkness closed her wing o'er their thin host and wounded King," until one by one they fell, Scotland's "bravest pride, chiefs, knights, and nobles," and then, last of all, King James himself, a martyr to his want of military skill, or, according to Pitscottie, a sufferer for his chivalrous determination not to meet his enemies whilst they were at so great a disadvantage to himself in point of position.

Meanwhile, all through England the news was received with great rejoicing. And it is said that Queen Catharine of Aragon made a pilgrimage to Walsingham, to return thanks at the shrine of "the sacred milk," where Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., and Henry VIII. himself had knelt before her. For Walsingham had a great reputation in those days, thousands of people visiting it yearly, walking "ful wide, in weet and in drye," seeking "good seintes for his soule's helthe," and bringing in a revenue equal to about £3,000 in the present value of money. The chapel in which the shrine was kept stood apart from the Priory Church we are told. It was a small wooden place "of exceeding splendour," with no doors or windows, but lit with innumerable wax tapers, while the fumes of incense breathed forth the most delicious perfumes.

To this chapel came the Queen, walking barefoot, maybe, as she came from East Barsham Manor House, where she stayed for the occasion. It must have been a picturesque sight as she went her way, accompanied by a great concourse of ladies and knights and nobles, and by a still larger number of her poorer brethren, some of them bearing scallop shells covered with leaden images and other pilgrim signs and all of them barefoot, some rapt in devotion, others looking upon it as a mere show—a strange multitude of men, women, and children—until they reached the "exceedingly elegant" chapel, with its golden statues, its jewelled altar vessels, and its much-prized figure of the Virgin. Pilgrims that day to the number of 100,000 approached the shrine of "the sacred milk" to return thanks for the great victory: whilst, at the same time, all through the land beyond the Tweed instead of songs of thanksgiving were offered up prayers for the souls of those who had fallen.

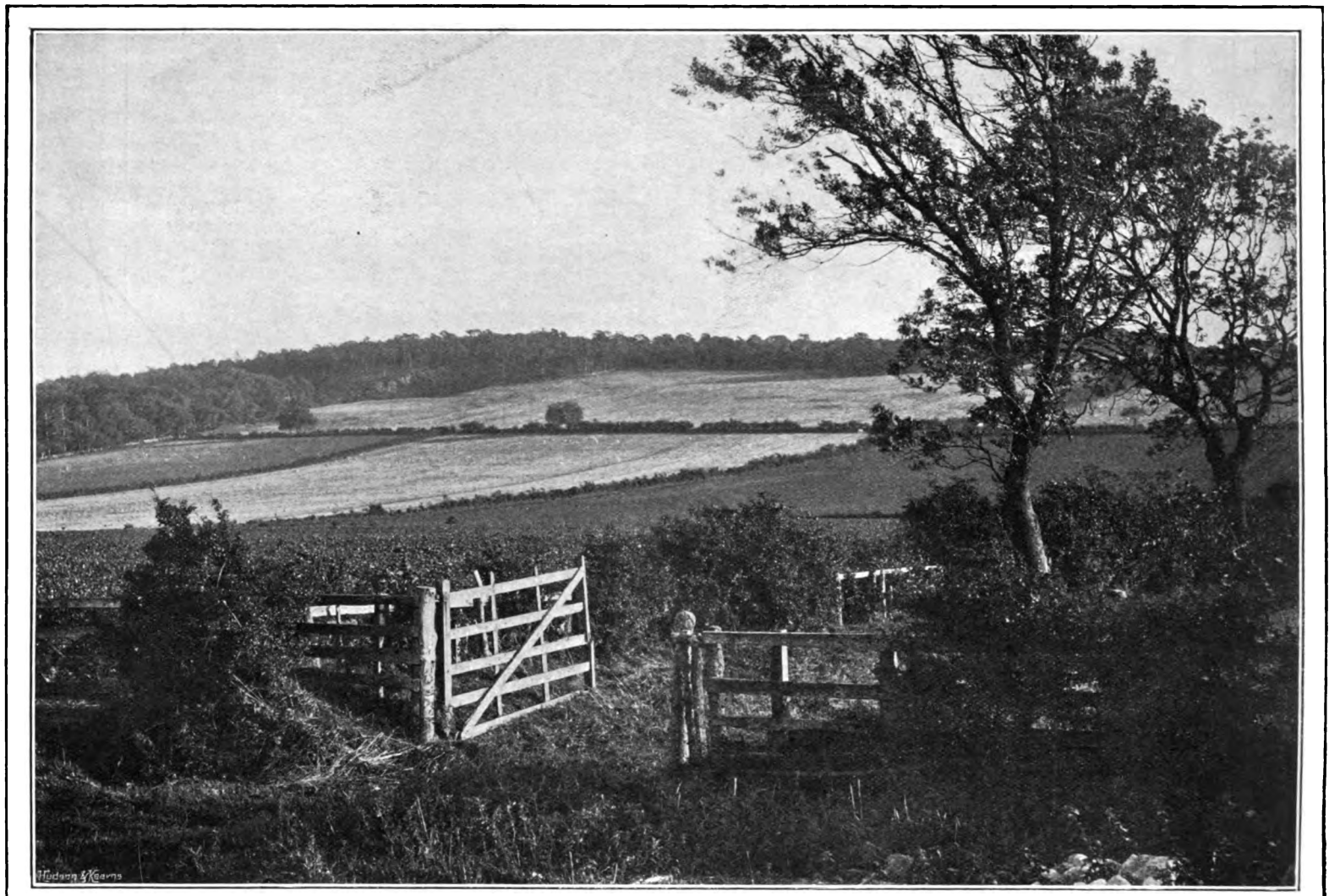

Photo. Copyright. *J. Valentine, Dundee.*

FLODDEN FIELD.

The Scene of the Great Battle as it Looks at the Present Day.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JIM TWELVES TRA'NED MAN AND A·B

BY

W. F. SHANNON

Author of

"THE DEVIATORS"

"THE MESS DECK"

&c.&c.&c.

OF A CERTAIN JACKER.

"VERY soon after that strike turnout at Greenwich, me and Malachi was sent to the treacle——"

"Excuse me, Jim, the *what?*"

"The treacle—Treaclefactory."

"But why?"

"Because boys never go straight to sea. They always goes there first."

"Whatever for?"

"To learn things. The 'factory' is a trainin'-ship, where Bluejackets is manufactured. The 'Saint' we went to."

"But why 'treacle'?"

"Oh, they yewsta serve out treacle to the boys, that's all. And boys has a national disgust for treacle. Not that they don't like it, for they do, so it's no use pretendin'. But it's cheap, and all boys is luxurious, and bargains for raspberry jam or nothink. It's the same wid peasoup. Peasoup is good enough, but it looks economical, and boys prefers not to encourage that sorta thing. Treacle is knocked off now, though, because it's difficult to weigh out."

"Any disappointments in the training-ship, Jim?"

"Not so very many. Things went pritty smooth, smoother'n if I'd come from the ploughtail, because Greenwich boys knows the ropes, and is used to bare feet; and owin' to long experiences they're accustomed to dodgin' stronaky—which is 'treacle' for cane. Oh, there's no doubt Greenwich School is a good nursemaid for the Navy, and learns ye many useful acts. But the body-snatchers (ship's police) don't care for boys from that school, on account of their accomplishments, for when they lash out at a jacker they infer to get a satisfactory resistance in the flesh, and usually do. Whilst when they make practice at a Greenwicher he aint there, not even in the spirit, and they hit the bulkhead or a bollard or some other unsatisfyin' place, and stand to a ruinous loss for broken weapons. No wonder they're annoyed.

"There was one chap what we called 'Garge' who always waited to be hit, relyin' on the fact that he was perfectly innocent, and that ship's corporals was aware of that. They wasn't, and didn't care, anyhow. Because they aint the sorta men who think out things before doin' executions on boys. But Garge wouldn't never skip when he was in the right, and got into trouble once or twice by reason of the justice of his cause, although it used to be carefully explained to him that there was no justice or injustice in the Navy, but that it was jist duty or mut'ny and the Cap'n's discretion. But he never learnt that the beadles whacks the nearest, and the art of seamanship is to not be that one.

"I remember this Garge when he come inboard fust, in his private clo'es, a proper Sunday school rig it was. And his mother brought him, straight from the country. She left the ship weepin', but Garge held up. He had read books, and was full of enthoosiasm for the blue and boundless ocean, where you was hand and fist wid liberty and absolutely free. And he hadn't taken a thought about ropes-ends. 'Ammicks was sweet and soft as cradles of the deep, in books, but Garge found 'em terrible weapons on early attempts by perfect strangers.

"As a jacker he hadn't got one served out at all that fust night, and stood agin the ship's side whilst we hung ours up and turned in. He happened to be near me. His nice white collar was all fingermarks where passin' boys had bin unable to resist touchin', and he looked a bit down.

"'Whasamatter, jacker?' says I.

"'Nowhere to sleep,' says he.

"'What's the deck for?' says Malachi. 'Aint there room enough for ye? Feel about for a soft plank and turn in, and let's have no more of this discontent.'

"Garge looked another way.

"'You'll go in the scran-bag if you're found standin' up,' says Malachi. 'And if you look so haughty they'll put you in the Cap'n's report for dumb insolence. Lay down at once! How dare you?'

"'Go t' the stooard, jacker,' I says, 'and demand a 'ammick, which is the right of every seaman, in the name of the Queen. Hang on a bit, though—you aint got a uniform yet. No, explain the circumstances, and ast it as a favour.'

"He would'na gone then, on'y he seen another noojack goin'. He come back with the usual kind, old and dirty, and wid a condemned blanket inside. But we was so crowded that he couldn't find room to hang it up till he was quite tired of walkin' round. Then he found a couple of hooks, and considered how to do it. At last Malachi thoughtfully slung it up for him, and Garge undressed.

"'Why, where's your 'ammick ladder, jacker?' says Malachi, after he'd done some frantical efforts tryin' to get inboard of that 'ammick.

"'I aint got none,' says Garge, tryin' agin.

"'I reckon that's a buckin' 'ammick right enough,' says Malachi to me, ignorin' Garge, 'and it's on'y carelessness on the stooard's part, because it's the rule of the Service that if a 'ammick won't keep still a ladder has to be served out wid it, aint it?'

"'It is so,' I said. 'Besides, it's a privilege of jackers. You best go and remind him, noojack, and be quick, else he'll be shut up.'

"So Garge went off at the double, though hardly believin'. But very soon he come back, also at the double, wid his shirt tails tremblin' in the breeze, and when we spoke gentle to him he wouldn't answer, because he objected to be took in. I know that stooard was tired of bein' requested for 'ammick ladders, for we sent about twice a week to him for 'em.

"'Jacker, what a sawney you are!' says Malachi, at last, as Garge kep' on tryin' to get in the 'ammick. 'This comes of eatin' bacon and swingin' on gates in the country. You best go and join the sojers.'

"Jacker was too fur gone to argue the point, so I got out and hoisted him in, and then he didn't look safe. No more he was, for Malachi had put him on the run. So in about an hour the foot end, where the slippery hitch was, gave way, and Garge slid graceful on the deck. He picked hisself up and put the whole prize-packet as near shipshape as he could, and finally tumbled in and cried hisself to sleep. He turned out brave enough in the mornin', though, and tried to be in the fashion and go about widout boots. Now if you try to run about ships wid no boots on——"

"I don't think I shall try, Jim."

"No! well, if you did you'd learn yourself things. You'd come to the conclusion that projections on ships' decks was far too numerous, and you'd ascertain that you was concussedly awkward on your feet, and that they was very big and tender. Garge done a good deal of gittin' in the way that fust day, and kickin' against things to be avoided, and then, as the sun went down, tried to 'atch up a ringbolt wid his big toe. Every jacker does. It nearly wrenched his toe off, and as he hopped out the way someone said, 'Why, that's a fixture, jacker! That's bin there for years.' And even the instructor observed, 'Don't try impossible things, my lad. In the case of shiftin' ringbolts by your method, it's the toe what gives, ev'ry time.'

"I seen Garge nursin' his foot that night on the mess-deck. 'Well, jacker,' says I, 'howje like the Navy?'

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"'Oh, pritty fair,' he says, 'on'y I aint used to it yet.' And then he give a sorta swaller, like he was feelin' the reflects of the loss of his mother and home comforts and poultices. But he spoke up stout as he could, so I didn't go away like I should if he'd bin a reg'lar silly sawney, all sop.

"'Jacker,' I says, lookin' him in the eye. 'You read books in the happy home, I understand. Books a'l about the glorious annuals of the sea, eh? Givin' full partic'lars of the fights, and omittin' the holystonin', eh?'

"'I like readin',' he says.

"'Whyfor come to sea then? I can't sound to the bottom of you, because them two things aint connected. I reckon you oughta reside ashore, next door to the public lib'ry for real comfort.'

"'But I want to see the world,' says he.

"'That's no reason at all for joinin' the Navy. You'll see a big sight more of mess-decks than the world, chum, in Andrew Miller.'

"'What's Andrew Miller?' says he.

"'Here. He's synominous wid the Navy. But you aint signed on yet, jacker, so I should swing it if I was you. They can't stop ye. You go home and read books. You were born for better things, eh? Goin'?'

"'No fear,' says he, brisk. 'Everythink's hard at fust.'

"'The Navy's hard at last, too, Jack, I reckon. Still, if you give over readin' and sichlike soft ways, I've no doubt you'll hold up your end. So good night, jacker, and stick to it.'

"He said good night, quite grateful, because he was lonely. And I used observe him after that on account that he was so interestin'ly green. For example. He had a little card wid rules on it give to him, like the rest of us. But whereas we never read ours, he studied up his, and diskivered that the big print rule was that he mustn't on no accounts fight. He told this to me and Malachi, and Malachi said he wished he knoo it before, by reason that a'ready he'd broke that law a few times, unbeknownst to his conscience.

"'Now I understand why they has fairy drill at Whale Island, Mal,' says I.

"'What sort of a drill's that, Jim?' says he.

"'Scientific name, Kindergarten. You start wid graceful hops.'

"'Swedish drill, is it?' says Garge.

"'That's it,' says I. 'The instructor told me the Swedens invented it as a relief from composin' boxes of tandstickors.'

"'And why do they have that drill, Jim?' says Mal.

"'I surmise it's because rifle drill brings on bloodthirstiness, and Bluejackets wouldn't be inclined to keep this law that Garge has found, unless they had a peaceful drill.'

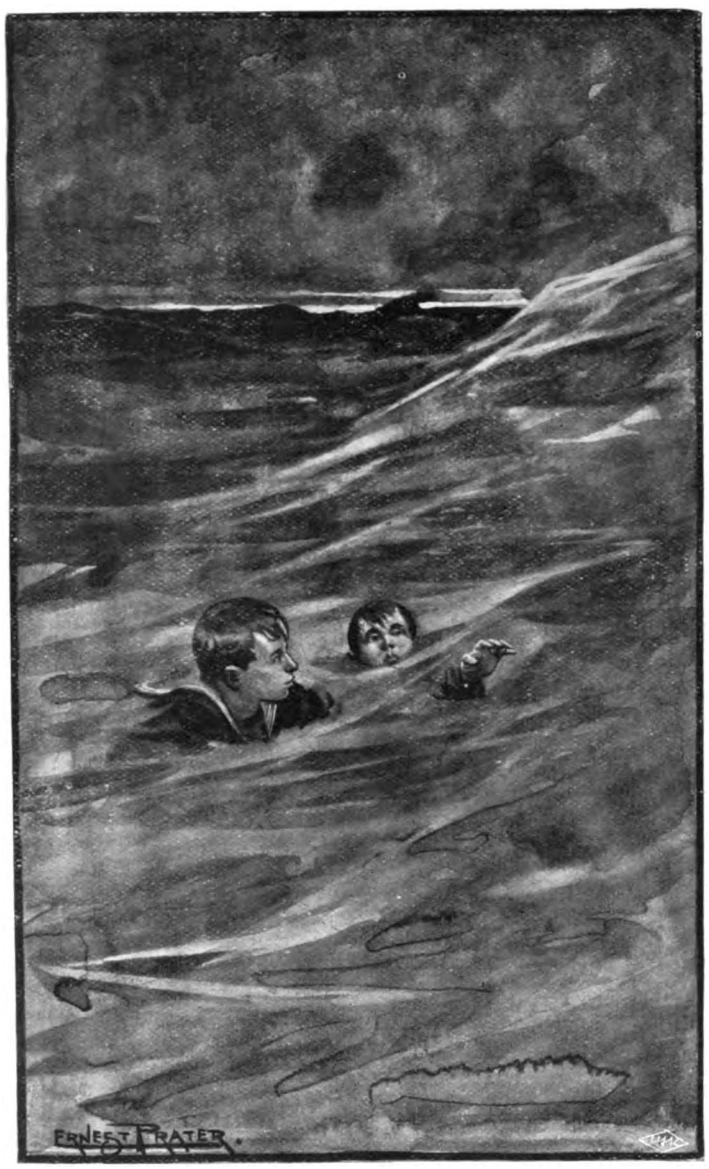
"'Yes, I wish I'd known,' says Malachi, goin' away sorrowful.

"Now Garge couldn't swaller all this, wid his knowledge of seafights. But I explained that in these days, although we must be peaceful conducted in home waters, yet we can do what we blessed well please in China, and he very near believed. At any rate, as he was readin' a book one day, a boy who was strollin' along got aggravated, so's he couldn't help knockin' the book up. So Garge retired to a quieter corner; but he was very soon disturbed agin by the same boy, and remonstrated. And that boy punched him on the nose for cheek. Garge remembered my instructions, all gory as he was, and looked at me doubtful.

"'Go for him,' I says. 'Never mind the Christian religion, if that's what you're hung up on. Imagine you're a fightin' bishop.'

"So he did. He couldn't fight. But neither could the other chap, and as Garge had most pluck he made the other give him best, and was a proud boy when an instructor praised him up for it. But he thought that that instructor wasn't aware of the law on the subject, all the same. Malachi didn't call him sawney so often after that, and helped me to take care of him and teach him things, because we seen he'd be a credit to us. And espeshly we tried to make him understand that the commandments and Queen's Regulations was to be interpreted wid judgment.

"He really did do well one mornin' when the jackers in his watch was mustered and invited to go over the masthead. Noojacks is always tried in this way to see what they're made of. They all started off courageous, wid their tender bare feet on them thin rattlins, and hobbled up to the futtock riggin' like one man. The shrouds there slope outward over your head, so's you have to hang on pritty near back downwards to git on to the top. Some of the jackers shivered a bit jist here, and looked down piteous. But Garge climbed over, and then went on to the crosstrees and down the other side, fust of all the bunch. And as he reached the deck he fell down like dead. But he'd on'y lost his conscience. He wasn't so strong as he oughta bin, except in the head. He told us he was in a terrible fright at them futtock shrouds.



"'*I can't swim it, Jim,' he sobbed.*"

"'You needn't argue it out, Garge,' says Malachi. 'You done it, that's good enough for us.'

"But we almost giv' him up a month or two after. He was gittin' on very smart, and was made a foretopman. One day he had to reach out from the yardarm to clear somethink that had fouled the brace, and he was so energetic that he lost foothold, and hung most perilous by his hands. The cap'n of the top seen him do this, and it was sich a awkward and unseamanlike evolution that he couldn't help sayin', skarcastic, 'Well! I should let go a my hands now!'

"And, by the Lord, he done it, and went bouncin' down to and fro, amongst the cordage and riggin', till he fell wallop on the nettin's. He picked hisself up, shook his arms and legs to make sure they was all still secured on to him, and then started for the riggin' to go aloft agin, blushin' for shame, and not thankin' God at all. But the cap'n of the top come rushin' down, white as Garge's private collar was months before, to pick up the corpse, and met it.

"'Now you best go to the doctor,' says he.

"'I'm all right,' says Garge.

"'Your clo'es aint,' says the cap'n, leadin' him off to the sickbay. No more they was. They was in ribbons. Wherever he had scrazed agin a rope on his lightnin' descent, there was a skin rub, too, but not at all noticeable. The doctor remarked that motion was a form of heat, and wrapped him up in cotton wool, as if he was burnt. And so he was. Every scrape was a burn, as good as if red-hot iron had done it. When in a week or two he had cooled off a bit, I says, 'Now are ye goin' home? Now are ye satisfied?'

"'No,' says he.

"'You're built awkward, Garge,' says Malachi. 'You're marked out for ploughin' and harvest homes and them things. You best chuck the Service, else you'll kill yourself very soon.'

"'Thank you, Mal,' says he. 'But this wasn't awkwardness.'

"'The devil! What was it?'

"'Orders,' says he.

"'Well, I'm jiggered,' says Mal. 'Can't the cap'n of the top make remarks, if he likes, widout you playin' jokes on him, and givin' him frights by fallin' about and burnin' yourself?'

"'Serious, Garge,' I says, 'you must develop them arms of yours.'

"But Garge might have had a laugh at us a little later, if he'd cared. So fur, you observe, we'd bin in the 'Saint' in Pompey Harbour, and was no more'n turnpike sailors. But there came a time when we had to go to sea in the

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'Mushroom' brig. Now by the unscrupulous ways of Providence, me and Malachi was most deadly seasick, and Garge wasn't never sick at all. There wasn't never sich a miserable time in all our lives as then. Because you've gota do your work, sick or not, and you mustn't spoil the deck. And when the horrible little brig shakes about in a seaway, you wonder whether she'll fall to pieces, and hope she blessed well will, so's you can float on a spar and git a rest. And insteada roundin' on us, like he mighta done, Garge was jist gentle, and looked after us.

"The Cap'n looked after us too. 'There's no walkin' in the Navy,' he says, 'and that's why we're at the top of all Navies. We must do everythink twice as fast as anyone else.'

"And the boatswain says confidential, 'Cuss me, you've got to fly, not run.' And the ship's corporal remarks that the word is vanish. So we git along and have a tough time. Even the weather was agin us, and the cruise ended up one evenin' in a blindin' snowstorm, on a rock.

"Properly, bein' early summer, there ought not to 'a bin snow, but there was. Then you seen who was cowards. Some boys and men is able to realise things so quick, and is so able to calculate all the dangers, that they can't help bein' cowards. But others takes time to grasp a situation, and seem to don't care when they don't know. Now I'd never bin wrecked before, and I didn't reckon we was this time, so I jist obeyed the pipe mechanical, and fell in on the upper deck, surprised to see a good many boys weepin' and moanin'. The brig scrunched and lifted and scrunched agin, and the waves swep' the deck occasional, and they was bitter cold.

"Garge fell in next to me. He was tremblin', and he knoo I felt him doin' it.

"'Jim,' says he, 'don't think I'm 'feared. I can't help this shakiness. It's my constitootion.'

"'You're alright, Garge,' I says. And because I thought he really was 'feared I went on, 'I can see the lights of the Island, so ther's nothink to be frightened of. Buck up, chum.'

"'You don't understand, Jim. It's like goin' over the futtock riggin'.'

"'I savvy, Garge. The head's all unafeared, eh? They're lowerin' the boats. We shall soon be ashore.'

"'Two boats was swep' away this mornin', Jim, and one's stove in. So we can't all go.'

"'Then they'll come back for us. 'Sides, there's lifeboats about.'

"'Think we shall hold together long enough, Jim?'

"While Garge and me had bin talkin', the boats was made ready, and the boys was bein' told off to fill 'em. But when the others realised they was to be left behind, a spasm of fright took 'em, and they reg'lar stampeded for the boats. I was attackted by this terror too, and started to rush, when Garge caught my jumper, and said 'Don't, Jim.'

"He was tremblin' as he said it, and as nervous as ever. On'y his head was all full of what Nelson woulda done if he'd bin there. So we stopped, whilst the officers and instructors tried to git order, and couldn't. One boat was swamped, and the rest pushed off, gunnels under.

"And the brig kep' thumpin' and grindin' on them rocks all the time, and tore herself so's the water rose in her. And the seas poured on to her more often than before, and the snow whirled round more pitiless than before, and the night was blacker than ever before. And me and Garge stood where we had bin fell in, and no one noticed us, till along come the Cap'n. 'Up on the poop, boys,' says he. 'Don't hang about here. If them boats don't hurry we'll have a swim, so secure lifebelts.' And he passed on.

"'He mighta praised us,' says Garge, wistful.

"'Whyfor?' says I.

"'We was as good as Casabianca,' says he.

"'Let's secure them lifebelts, Garge,' I says.

"We done that, and got on the poop. There was p'r'aps a hundred of us left. We waited and waited whilst the brig filled and filled. And at last she slipped off and sunk. Garge and me come to the top after bein' sucked down a long ways, and hit on each other, and struck out for shore, side by side, quiet all the time, and cold. Only sometimes I said, 'You there, Garge?' and he said, 'Yes,' but fainter after a while. So at last I closed in on him and put my left arm under his chest. 'Better, chum?' says I.

"'I can't swim it, Jim,' he sobbed.

"'You can,' I says. 'You've got to. On wid ye.'

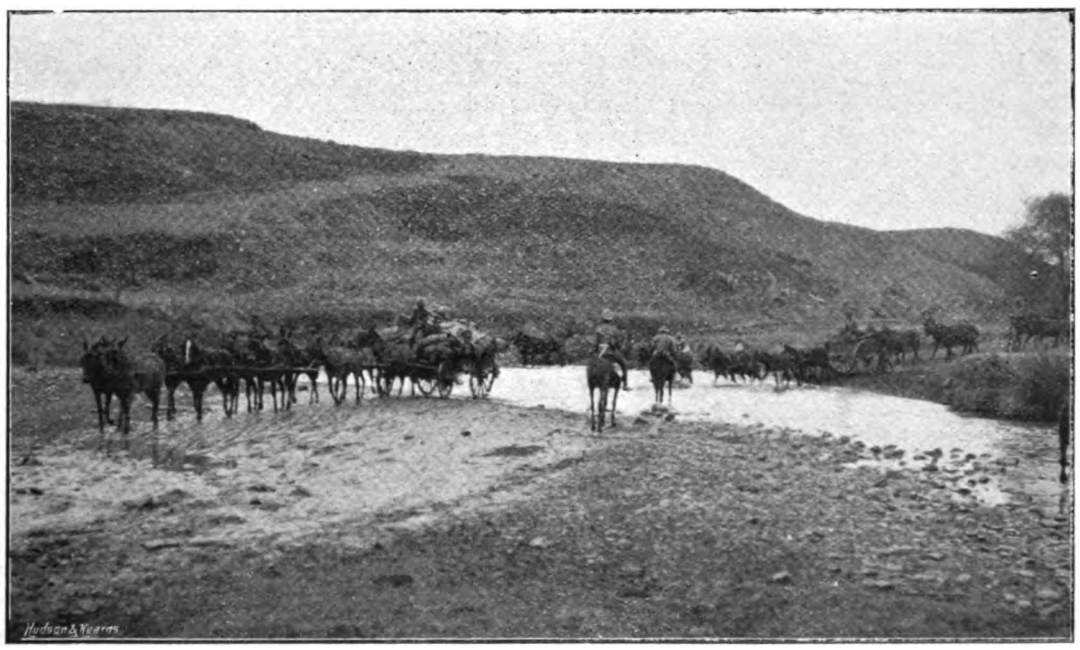
"But he couldn't. 'Turn over,' I says. And then I swum on my back and towed him for a long time, till there was no snow, nor wind, nor sea.

"Malachi told me we was both treated as drowned, and he said I drunk a lot of brandy before I come alive.

"But the little chap was so dead that none of the rules was any good for him, neither rubbin', nor brandy, nor blankets. And Malachi said *he* cried because I cried; and the grave is there by Braxbridge, along wid fifty more."

The Everyday Life in War.

NO one will venture to affirm that in the war in South Africa this country emulated France in 1870, and embarked upon the struggle with a light heart. On the other hand, we must fairly admit that no one really appreciated the nature of the struggle that was before us some fourteen months ago. Owing to an absolutely inexplicable supineness of the British Government, the two Boer states had been allowed to arm themselves, and they had made the most of their opportunities. They had imported arms and ammunition wholesale, they had erected forts, and apparently it had never occurred to the paramount Power to insist that these preparations could be directed against itself alone, and that, consequently, a stop must be put to them. No such rational course was pursued, and we have paid the penalty. The fortifications whereof so much was heard were abandoned without a struggle, but the country abounds in natural defensive positions, and for the capture of these we have to pay in life, times and and again. The subjugation of so mountainous a country is necessarily a matter of time, and we shall be unwise if we imagine that even Baden Powell's Military Police, governed by that prince of scouts, will be able to clear the country without undergoing some trivial reverses. A guerilla warfare is always difficult to terminate. There are invariably men who have really nothing to lose, and who find a charm in a life of adventure and daring in the open air. This characteristic is not confined to any one race, and, perhaps, in South Africa, we must reckon not only with a few young reckless Boers, but with a residuum drawn from the lowest stratum of European rascaldom. Had we been willing to enlist it on our side, its components would have been quite ready to serve under the British flag. They did not get the opportunity, and now they are inclined to fight with a certain amount of desperation, because they have no country which is prepared to receive them on their return.



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THE TROUBLES OF TRANSPORT.
Army Service Corps Waggons Cro sing the Crocodile River.

One of the features of the home estimate of the early stages of the war was the disappointment at the fact that important battles were not more frequent. The popular idea

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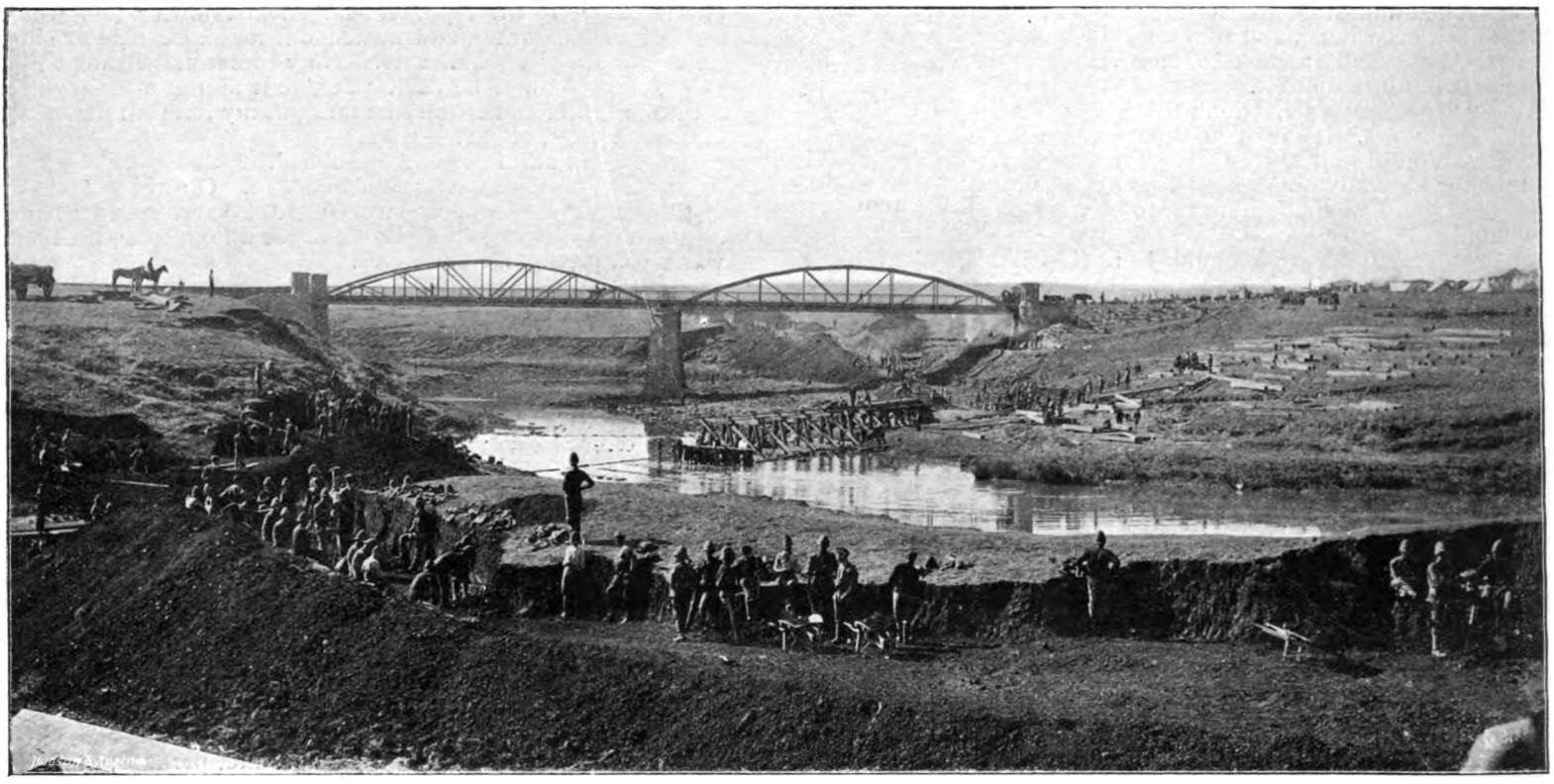
seemed to be that there should be a battle every day, and that it was a gross betrayal of the public appetite for news when no big fight was recorded. Everyone who is at all acquainted with war, however, knows that decisive battles are of rare occurrence, and even that anything more than a skirmish of outposts can only happen at intervals which allow of due preparation. There is too much tendency, moreover, to regard the soldier as simply a fighting man. Perhaps we must give an extended and even a double meaning to the designation. In one sense, the inevitable reorganisation of the Army must eradicate a number of obsolete rules and prejudices, and must train the soldier to be more essentially the man who is going to fight. Be it so. There is a good deal of pipe-clay and rubbish which might be got rid of with advantage, and which would leave the man more free to devote himself to his real serious work, that is, to being as efficient a fighting machine as possible when opposed to other men equally as well trained as himself. But in another sense the soldier must be something more than a mere fighting man. He must be not only capable of handling his rifle effectively, and of acting in concert with his fellows when actually in action, but he must be capable of putting his hand to anything and of playing a respectable part as a navvy, a bricklayer, a mule driver, or half-a-dozen other avocations. The handiness of the sailor is proverbial, and was so generations ago. It has in no way degenerated, but surely South Africa has shown



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DIGGING A RAILWAY DEVIATION.

To Join Up the Railway to the Temporary Bridge.

the country that British soldiers—in which, of course, the representatives of the colonies are included—are quite capable of turning their hands to anything. Were they not—had they been fighting men and nothing more—the whole story of the campaign would have been written differently. In the great war of the secession in America, it was realised that it was possible to put upon men a burden heavier than they could bear—that fighting and entrenching left little of either time or energy for any further work—and the result was that negroes were employed for what may be called the subsidiary services. There has been no such utilisation of the labour of a black race in South Africa, and the British soldier has been compelled to do the whole of his work, which means far more than is dreamt of by people at home. Fighting! Of course he has fought, and entrenched—sometimes—and then fought again, and stormed almost inaccessible cliffs, which are disguised to Englishmen under the name of kopjes, and forced his way onward under the deadly hail of Mauser bullets and the rain of heavy shells. All this is in the day's work, as the ordinary member of the public sees it. But the soldier has far more to do. He has to prepare the way for the final stroke. To him falls the lot of repairing railways which the enemy has wantonly destroyed, and one of our pictures shows how a railway deviation has to be delved and constructed, to allow of a railway being laid down to the water's edge to join up to a temporary bridge across a small stream near Nelspruit. Of course the line was destroyed by the Boers, apparently in a sheer spirit of mischief, and equally of course the construction of the bridge fell to the lot of the Royal Engineers. But it is not the scientific corps alone that has to bear the brunt of these constructions. The subsidiary work falls to the lot of all regiments, and for the moment the soldier is converted into the navvy. This is perhaps the hardest work, and the lightest is when Tommy turns his own cook and prepares some article that he has surreptitiously acquired. Of course it is not the individual Tommy, but the mess, that benefits—at least, it ought to be. Moreover, there are strict regulations against looting, but fowls and ducks get in the way sometimes, and, if they are brought back head downwards, it is hard to find fault when campaigning is the dominant factor of the moment—especially when good meals have been scarce for some time past. This, however, is only the lighter part of the soldier's extra work, and it is one which, to a great extent, he imposes on himself. There is plenty of other work for him to do. One of our pictures shows some of that work in an unmistakable fashion. There is none of the glamour and glory of war about it, but it is war, nevertheless. It is a train of transport and ammunition waggons crossing the Crocodile River near Machadodorp, and that train has to be guarded, and the duty of seeing to the progress of the waggons has to be carried out. There are no Crosses to be won, no Orders to be obtained. It is all stern hard work — plenty of it, and very little credit. But this is the everyday life of war. It means building railways, making roads, helping with the transport, upon occasion aiding in getting the guns over a nasty piece of ground—and all this counts for nothing. There is none of the "romance of war" about it, but it is the sort of work that our troops have had to do in South Africa, and that, as a matter of fact, troops have to undertake in all campaigns. The innumerable letters which have come home, and which have found their way into print—not always very wisely, be it said—have described life as it is, and the ordinary member of the general public has only himself to blame if he deludes himself into the belief that war means always the excitement of battle. There is the prosaic side to it, and this side fills up a considerable portion of its history. More and more is war on land becoming a question of endurance. The days of the fighting caste are past; we have now nations in arms, and no nation which has once undertaken hostilities will be inclined to suspend them until it has taken such measures as it is capable of taking to ensure that its opponent shall be unable to trouble it again for some considerable time to come. It seems to be doubtful whether the Boers have grasped this fact. Their prolonged resistance would seem to indicate that they have done so, but, on the other hand, their objection to the assertion of England's rights of conquest points to a different conclusion. Be this as it may, the fact remains that our soldiers in South Africa have not only displayed the courage which might have been expected of them, but have shown an adaptability which does them the greatest credit. We are too ready to forget that this war has been waged under wholly exceptional conditions, and that we have not had to fight a civilised Power with a regular Army on such territory as is to be found in the greater part of Europe.

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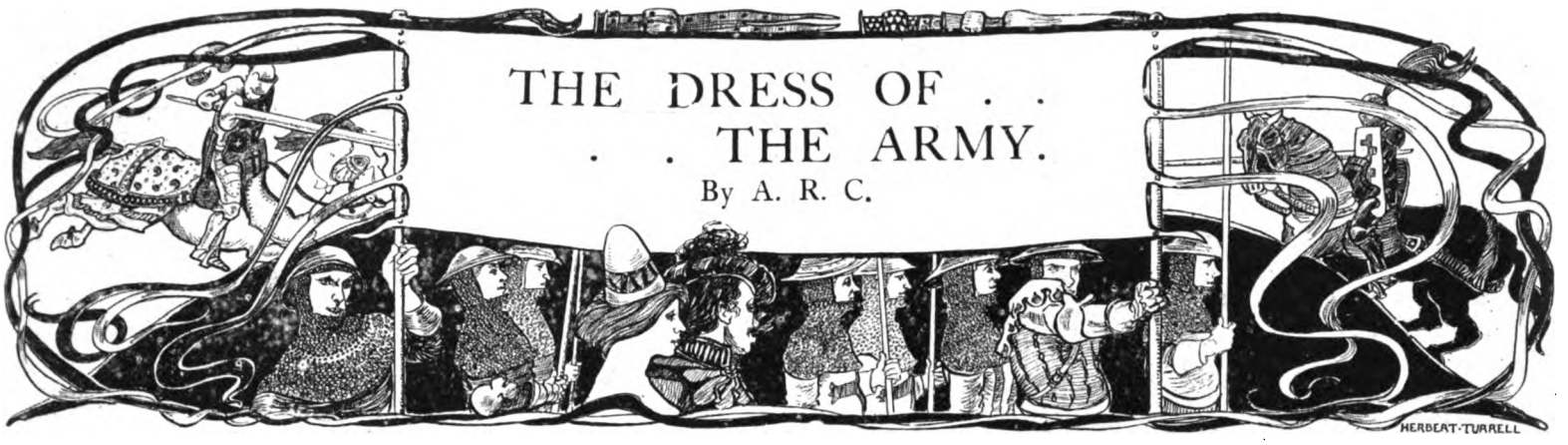


THE DRESS OF . . . . THE ARMY.

By A. R. C.

THE new Dress Regulations for officers of the Army, dated July 19, 1900, to the casual reader would at first sight appear to be a step in a retrograde direction, and criticisms to that effect have already appeared. The book exceeds in size anything of the kind previously issued, and has made its appearance at a time when the attention of Army reformers is directed, *inter alia*, to proposals for the reduction of officers' expenses, of which uniform forms no inconsiderable proportion.

But these faults disappear on a closer acquaintance. The book is bulky only because for the first time it is detailed and complete, and it will be seen that some very real reforms on the score of economy have been introduced. For instance, the regimental officer appointed to the Staff for the ordinary term of five years had formerly to purchase a new uniform complete, and differing from his regimental one in practically every detail, from great-coat to spurs. Now he is only required to provide in addition a frock-coat, aiguillettes, cocked hat, forage and field caps.

Again, most cavalry regiments of the line used to be in possession of both frock-coat and patrol jacket for undress wear. Now one or other of these has been reduced, according to the corps, and Dragoons will in future be distinguished by the frock-coat, Hussars by the patrol jacket trimmed with astrachan, Lancers by the patrol jacket with braid only, while officers of the Artillery, Engineers, and infantry of the line will no longer wear the braided patrol jacket, for so many years the familiar undress coat.

The tunic of an A.D.C. to the Queen has been shorn of much of its splendour by the removal of the gold embroidery on the breast, effected, it is to be hoped, at a proportionate reduction in cost.

In the direction of saddlery, too, some sensible and economic reforms are apparent. For all except officers of the mounted services a modified hunting saddle is now the regulation pattern, but an ordinary hunting saddle may be used if preferred, although, owing to the difficulty of attaching to it the articles carried in marching order, the former is recommended. On the other hand, an adjutant of Garrison Artillery on appointment to the Mountain branch would apparently have to provide himself with Field Artillery horse furniture, instead of continuing to wear the Garrison Artillery pattern, of which he is presumably in possession.

A change has been made in the uniform of the Royal Army Medical Corps, which will in future be distinguished by facings of a dull cherry colour, and by a new gauntlet-shaped cuff; though a surgeon-general retains the black velvet facings and pointed cuff as now worn.

As regards uniform and equipment generally, these are now dealt with in such detail, that the pattern of any article worn in any regiment can be ascertained with accuracy; it is the variation in these which is primarily responsible for the bulk of the volume. Many of these differences are so slight, especially in the infantry, as to be hardly recognisable by the civilian eye; but slight as they are, they are highly prized and jealously guarded by the wearers, while any proposal to cut them down would certainly be resented and would serve no useful purpose. It is not by altering the pattern of a button or the colour of a facing that the expense of living in the Army will be reduced.

When the old numbers were abolished and the territorial system applied to the infantry, the fourteen different coloured facings were reduced to four—white, yellow, or green, according to nationality, Royal regiments continuing to be distinguished by blue. Since then some corps have been permitted to revert to their old facings, so that now we have the Buffs, West Yorkshire, Highland Light Infantry, and Seaforths, all with buff facings, the Northumberland Fusiliers with gosling green, the Suffolks with yellow, and the Yorkshire with grass green, while the Royal West Kent alone wears velvet. Other regiments again have been permitted to re-adopt them in mess dress—a wise concession, and only limited, it is understood, by the necessity for agreement between all their battalions as to the colour to be worn. The roll collar, until late years almost exclusively worn by the Foot Guards, has now, although optional, become well-nigh universal throughout the infantry, Rifle and Highland regiments excepted. Of the remainder, the Somersetshire Light Infantry alone appear to have retained the stand-up collar, probably on account of their closed waistcoat. The Oxfordshire Light Infantry are conspicuous by their white tie.

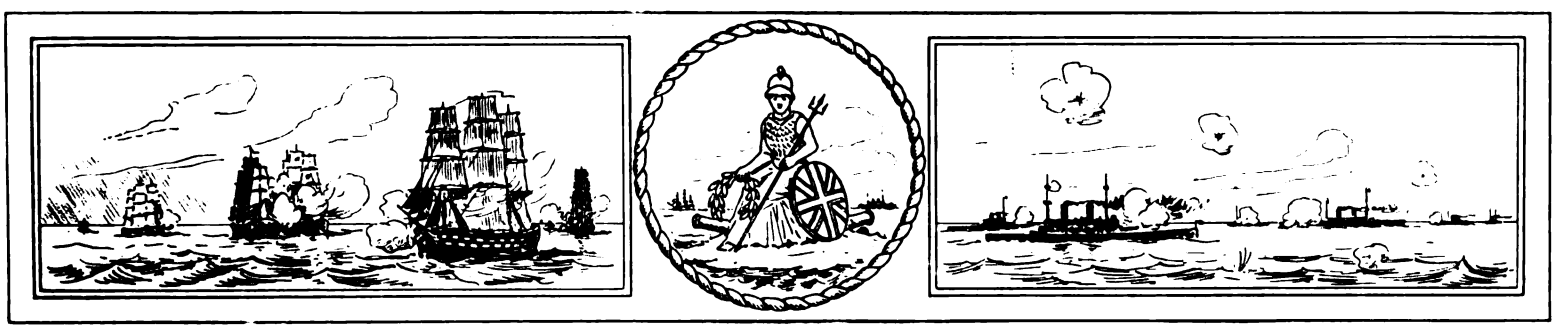
The arrangement of the book as a whole is continuous and logical, commencing with "General Instructions," dealing as a rule with such articles of dress and equipment as are common to all branches of the Service, and then proceeding to describe—in detail where necessary—the various articles worn in each branch, from the Staff to the Departments. After this, under the heading "Miscellaneous," we find complete descriptions of uniforms, less frequently or rarely seen, such as those of Governors of Military Prisons, of Provost-Marshals, of officers of the Royal Military Schools and Hospitals, and of the Tower of London; also of Military Knights of Windsor. Space is next allotted to descriptions of the various uniforms for foreign service, from the astrachan-trimmed Canadian great-coat to the khaki worn on most stations abroad and on active service.

The appendix commences with a table giving the buttons and badges worn on every coat or accoutrement in every regiment or corps, followed later by their illustrations. It contains some useful working drawings of belts, water-bottles, and similar articles of an officer's equipment. Nor are hints on the care and preservation of uniform wanting.

The book concludes with illustrations of the various head-dresses, coats, swords, and patterns of lace worn throughout the Service. These illustrations, which are excellent, appear to be reproductions of photographs of the actual sealed patterns, reduced to a convenient size. In looking at the numerous patterns of Hussar patrol jackets, one is tempted to wish that the cavalry waistcoats, all of them different and most of them artistic, had been represented in their variety.

Many, indeed most, of the changes apparent in this edition are not new, inasmuch as they have already been introduced from time to time, either by Army Orders or on the authority of War Office letters.

A few minor errors and omissions were inevitable, but all changes introduced in recent years have been tabulated, illustrated, and arranged in such a manner as to render the book a really valuable work of reference on the subject it treats of—the dress worn by officers of the Army in 1900.



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Some of Our Indian Soldiers.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

FIGHTING FOR EMPIRE IN CHINA.

The Officers of the 30th Bombay Infantry, Baluchistan Regiment.

Lieutenant R. J. C. Eastwood.

Lieut. W. F. Adair. *Major Fowler, D.S.O.* *Lieut.-Col. K. C. G. Mayne.* *Major R. Southey.* *Lieut. N. R. Anderson.*
Lieutenant G. Newcombe. *Lieutenant Hay.*

Photo. Copyright. *F. Bremner.*

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

The Officers of the 26th Bombay Infantry, Baluchistan Regiment.

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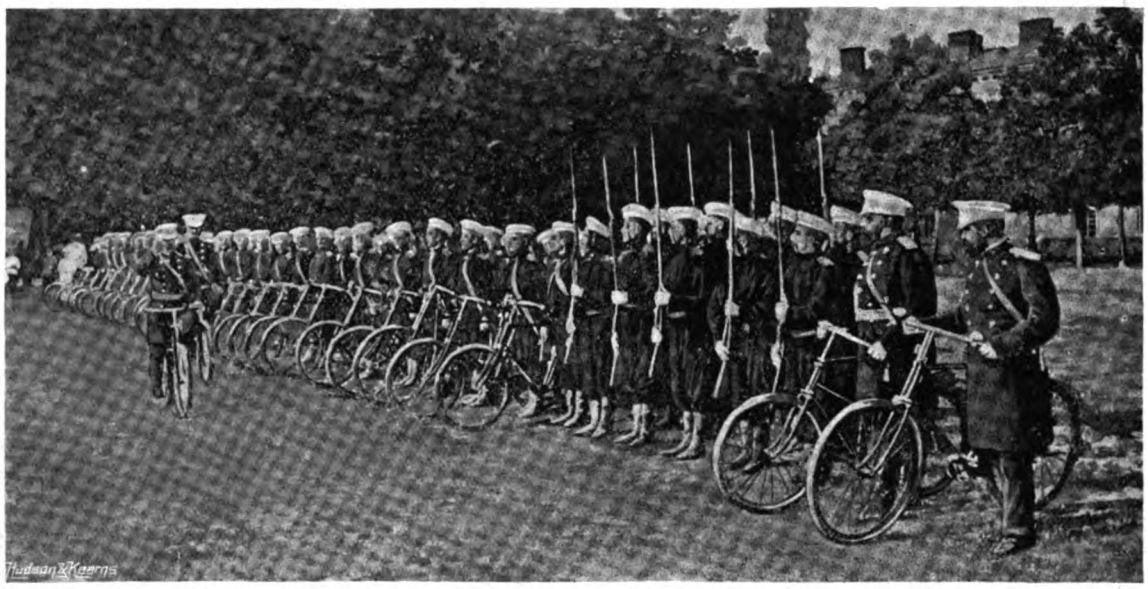
THE announcement has recently been made that the cyclists are to be officially recognised at Aldershot and formed into separate companies, so that the question of the use of bicycles in warfare is at last coming to the front.

As early as 1884 they were recognised in the Belgian Army as a convenient means for the conveyance of messages, but though the cyclists were soldiers, they were only considered as messengers when mounted on their machines and not as fighting men. This continued to be the cyclists' position until 1896, when in the Belgian manœuvres of that year a small company of them were first recognised as a fighting force. Yet in the following year this company numbered only 125. This year orders have been given for the formation of a complete regiment of cyclists, and this will be done as soon as a sufficient number of machines are ready. In a book dated September, 1896, which gives full details of all the component parts of the German Army, no mention is made of the bicycle, but among the troops taking part in this year's manœuvres in Germany it is announced that there will be a detachment of pioneers mounted on bicycles.



A RUSSIAN CYCLIST COMPANY ON PARADE.

Particulars have already been given in this journal of ninety cyclists who took part in the march past before the late President Faure at the end of September, 1897. The Russians claim that, as their march past in which cyclists first took part occurred on August 27, 1897, they have the priority in this matter. They are evidently unaware of what had been done in Belgium.

It will be interesting, however, to relate what happened to the Russian cyclists on that, to them, memorable date of August 27, 1897. The scene, though in Poland, was typically Russian. On the north of an extensive piece of cultivated land was a railway bank overgrown with weeds; towards the south the ground was slightly undulating, and on the east and west it encroached, here and there, upon a morass. On the ground were assembled 120,000 men, forming the Eastern and Western armies. It was arranged that in the march past the small company of cyclists should first precede the infantry of the Western army, and then, wheeling round, come up behind the foot artillery, a mass of 250 guns, and immediately in front of the cavalry of the same army. The land was chalky, and in furrows of some four or five paces apart. The evening before the great day it rained, but the morning opened fine, with a bitter north wind very exceptional at that time of year.

It was first decided that the cyclists should walk past in front of the infantry, and ride past in front of the cavalry, but after the rainfall it was considered that the ground would be so cut up by the artillery as to make it very unsuitable for riding. Then the question arose as to whether each cyclist should carry his machine on his back or wheel it. As only thirty-five of the machines were collapsible, it was decided the machines should be wheeled. Finally, the company marched past walking by the side of their machines, and heard from the Czar the usual "Spaseebo, bratsee" ("Thanks, brothers"), but immediately after came the order: "The Lord Emperor wishes the cyclists to pass mounted, the second time." Making a half circle, the cyclists wheeled their machines into position ready for their second passing.

Photos. "BY SIXES." Copyright.

They led their machines across the broken ground, and turned them so as to get in a line with the ruts, they being then some little distance behind the

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foot artillery. Then came the order: "Mount," "March," and following the line of the ruts, but carefully avoiding going into them, the cyclists rode past the Czar. They received this time a most hearty "Spaseebo, bratsee," and evidently their Imperial brother-in-arms was altogether very much pleased with them. In Russia the cyclists form part of the infantry, and this accounts for the appearance in our first picture of the infantry reserves on the left. Along the front rides a general accompanied by his *aide-de-camp*. "By sixes," and "In full marching order," tell their own tale. In the "firing" picture it will be noticed that the men in the front rank have their bicycles folded, so that they will stand alone. It seems probable that all the military bicycles in future will be collapsible. But perhaps it would be better to call them folding bicycles, as the meaning of the word collapsible is more ominous than obvious.

Photos Cop, right.

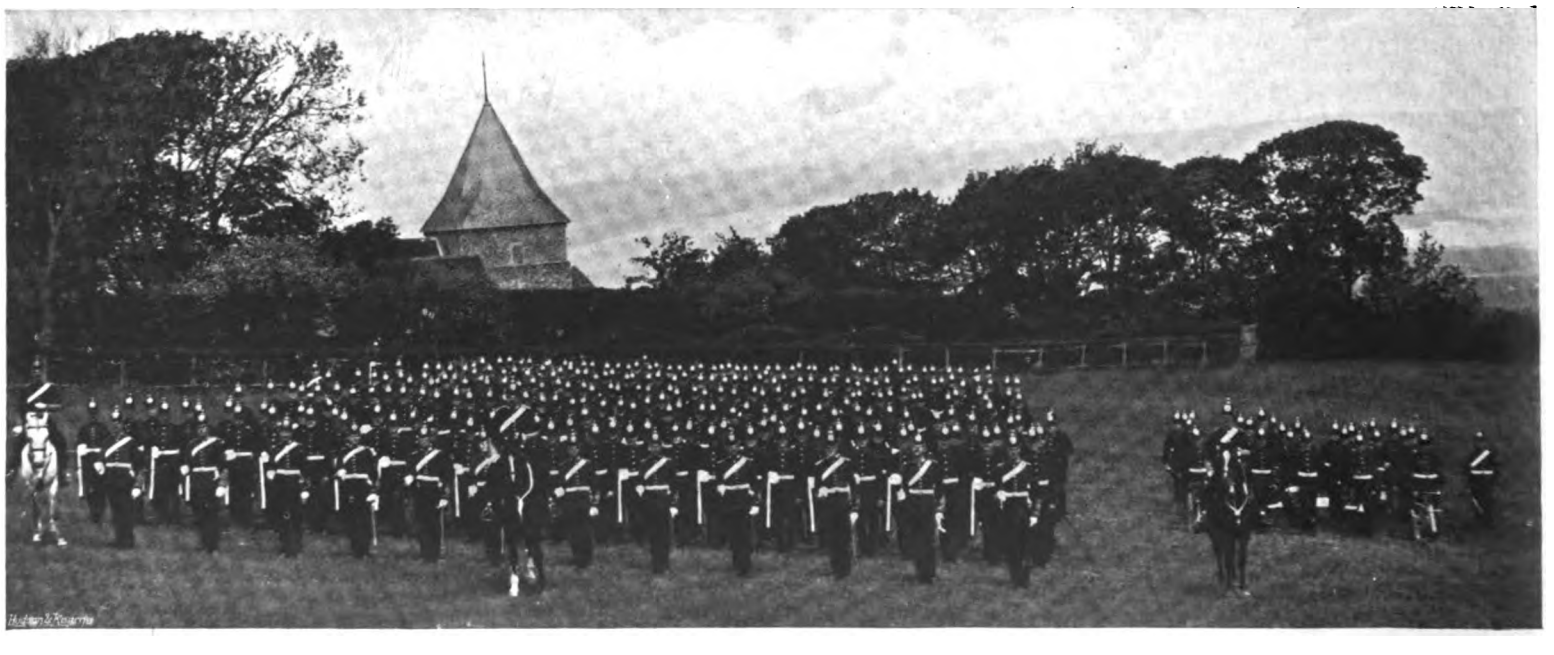
FIRE BY HALF COMPANIES."

IN FULL MARCHING ORDER.

The Sussex Artillery Militia.

WE are glad to be able to give the accompanying pictures of a well-known regiment of Militia Artillery, the members of which returned to their homes some six weeks ago, after the regiment had been embodied from May 1 to October 17. This very smart regiment has its headquarters at Eastbourne, and grouped as it is with the Kents, the Prince of Wales's Own Norfolks, and the Suffolks, it would find an important place in the defence of the South Coast, if such a service should ever become necessary. It is perhaps the knowledge that the defence is provided for which renders it all the more improbable that any demand will be made upon the services of the Sussex men, but in a life and death struggle for National existence, they, and others, would find a place, though it might not be the place marked out for them in a placidly conceived scheme of defence. The regiment is well over its proper strength, and the Army List shows that it possesses its full complement of officers. Colonel Margary has done wonders for it during the years that he has commanded the regiment, which was raised in 1853, and is an off-shoot from the County Militia. He has been lucky in his adjutants. Captain A. M. Balfour, R.A., did all that knowledge, tact, and energy could accomplish, and he has found a worthy successor in Captain H. de L. Walters, R.A.

THE COLONEL, THE LATE ADJUTANT, AND SOME OF THE NON-COMS.



THE SUSSEX ARTILLERY ON PARADE.

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THE MINIATURE-RIFLE TRIALS.

By G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

SINCE the announcement was first made of the proposed miniature-rifle trials at Cricklewood, I have met with very much encouragement and some very excellent advice. At the same time, some questions have been asked which have already been answered by anticipation, either in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, or in a circular-letter sent out from its office, to all those gunmakers whose names occurred to me as having taken any special interest in rifles of any kind whatever.

That which I am very pleased to acknowledge is the kind way in which the powder and ammunition makers have come forward to assist me; they have acknowledged the public want of a trial of the kind indicated in a previous article, and have placed at the service of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED what ammunition may be required free of cost. Only one of the powder-makers, who make a special rifle powder, have failed to respond in this way, and from them I have not finally heard.

One question which has been raised by a celebrated Edinburgh rifle-maker is as to how we can arrange to give equal chances to all rifles entered in one class. There are three different classes, separated by the prices of the rifles, complete for shooting, and it may be that the owners of the major portion of the rifles entered may elect to use these rifles with more than one class of ammunition. If they do so, that will enable the three classes to be converted into nine or twelve, and by that means it will enable the work for any one class to be begun and completed in the day.

For instance, if the class under £4 were taken on the first day, it could be shot with black powder cartridges, costing less than 4s. per 100, on that day; the next day of meeting it could be shot with cartridges costing 6s. or under; on a third day it could be shot with cordite powder; on a fourth with rifleite, and so on. When the best in each of these divisions has been found, it will perhaps be necessary to bring these best performers together on a separate day, in order to discover which is the best powder for the most successful rifles. It is clear that the best target made upon an extra good day with one powder, might not be proof of that rifle's superiority over one which had made a worse target with another powder on a worse day. Be that as it may, the more satisfactory course will be to bring the winning rifles with various different powders together on a day fixed for that purpose, in order to see whether the best with any one powder is able to maintain its superiority when shooting against other rifles and different powders that have come out first in their respective sub-divisions.

One gunmaker asks the very pertinent question whether it will be necessary for the rifles to be of English make. I think there would be no use in a trial of this sort if rifles were to be limited to English makes. It would prove nothing whatever. The object of these trials is to find cheap rifles and ammunition which are reliable. The rifle clubs, and those who take an interest in rifle education, place no limit on the range of choice, and as long as the Eicho is annually won mostly by the help of foreign-made rifles and mostly by the assistance of foreign ammunition, it would be taking up a false position if the liberality of mind which characterises both the regulations and the shooting for that purely national event were not maintained.

Another question which has been asked is whether shooters will have to declare the source of origin of their rifles, if they themselves are not the makers of them. This is treading on more delicate ground. At first sight it looks beside the mark to ask a maker, whether of shot-gun or rifle, where he gets his barrels made. In all probability any London maker, if asked such a question, would say that this knowledge was part of his stock-in-trade, and refuse to give the information, even to the most valued customer. But the question is evidently put because it is feared that some of the cheap foreign barrels will be taken and converted into English rifles. This may very likely be done; but provided they bear no mark of identification of the country of origin, and do bear the name of a known gunmaker in Britain, I do not see that any declaration of the kind should be asked for. We have long ago passed the period when the barrel of a rifle was everything. It would, for instance, be absurd to ask for a declaration of source of origin about such a weapon as the beautiful Mannlicher Farquharson rifles, supplied by Gibbs of Bristol, and the same may be said of miniature rifles which have undergone similar treatment, to render them suitable for the purposes of English people. There are, for instance, several gunmakers who are selling the Stevens (American) rifle after fitting it with superior sights, and, even if the furniture is not touched, the sighting alone is quite enough to make or mar a rifle. These makers, however, sell the rifle for what it is; there is no deception about the matter, and there is nothing calling for interference. If, however, a gunmaker takes a barrel from a well-known brand of foreign rifles, such as are sold wholesale in this country, removes the identifying marks, replaces them by his own name, and makes no other alterations to affect the shooting of the rifle, then I think we ought to bar the competition of the rifle altogether, if we could do it; but I do not see how even that is to be distinguished from cases where the rifles are specially made abroad for an English gunmaker, his name put on them at their place of origin, and the sights left for him to regulate in this country. I fail to see why such a case as the latter should be barred from competition, and if it should not be, then it seems impossible to distinguish between the two cases. Having regard to what the gun trade is, and how very much work is done in one place by wholesale makers, and how much, nevertheless, shooters trust to the care and skill in detection of fault of the retailers, whether really the makers or not, it would be an invidious task to attempt to trace the source of origin so long as rifles bear the name of a known gunmaker. I am well aware that the suggestion has been prompted by the idea of fair play to the English makers who really make their rifles throughout. But is it not fair to assume that their own barrels, being, as far as is known, equally good with those of foreigne s, will be treated in just the same way? And, if so, and they are successful, this will set up a demand for those productions.

Although some of the following points have already been treated, so many questions have been asked that it is necessary to repeat them. One question several times asked is whether telescopic sights are to be allowed. It has already been stated in a circular-letter that they will. To bar them appears to me to bar progress. We are not as advanced in this country as are foreigners in our ability to grasp new situations. Even after the South African War was well-nigh through, in July, there was but one class at Bisley opened to telescopic sights. Yet the daily papers were filled with the great shooting of the Boers at long distances, and also with the inability of our men to compete with them at those long ranges. Since General Buller has come home he has thrown a flood of light on the reason for this. He says that it is the superiority of the Boers' eyesight that makes the difference; that our men cannot see the enemy they desire to hit, and that the Boers can. The telescope seems to be the obvious means for equalising matters; but with our conservative prejudices it may take many years to find the connecting link between a rifle which is sighted for 2,800-yds. and men who cannot make out an enemy 1,000-yds. away.

Probably we shall yet be left in the common-sense race, in consequence of those conservative prejudices alluded to. There is a very long distance between the National Rifle Association rules and War Office regulations, but it does not appear to be so long between our experiences in South Africa and the practical application of the observations of them by the Ordnance Department of the United States Army. They have just issued a report, after an exhaustive trial of the

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telescope, and the Ordnance Board says of it exactly what anyone would say who had once tried a telescope properly fixed on his rifle. I quote: "The firing conducted at the target range showed that better targets were secured with the telescopic sight than with the regular sight, but the board is of opinion that this does not indicate the full value of the telescopic sight. The ordinary sight is useful for accurate firing at a regular target up to about 2,000-yds., but it is impossible to see a man or even a small body of men clearly at that range, unless projected against the sky or under other very favourable conditions. It is for this reason that volley firing is so largely resorted to at long ranges. With the telescopic sight a man could be distinguished easily at 2,000-yds., even with an unfavourable background. The board is of opinion that this sight is suitable for use in the United States service."

It may be a sanguine view, but I believe that in ten years no rifle whatever, except perhaps for mounted men, will be turned out for military purposes without a telescopic sight, in any civilised country in the world, and that instead of the telescopic sight being "not military," as now, no others will be "military" then.

Having regard then to the tendency of the times, I think it would be a retrograde movement to bar telescopic sights.

Relating to this and other questions so frequently repeated, I make the following extracts from the circular-letter already quoted:

"The great interest that is felt throughout the country in rifle clubs has not been materially advanced by the competitions this year held at Bisley under National Rifle Association regulations.

"1. The limit of price as applied to the rifles was too low—practically excluding those of English make.

"2. The limit of price for ammunition excluded in some instances nitro powders, and in others even black powder cartridges of English make, suitable for English-made rifles.

"3. The insistence on the standing position precluded the possibility of a proper test of rifles, and brought about merely a test of the relative skill of the several competitors. Whereas the great consideration is which is the most accurate rifle, and what the most reliable ammunition to use with it.

"For these reasons, in the trials I am about to conduct, the rifles will be shot from a rest, and in every way the utmost care exercised to test the accuracy of the weapon—the suitability of the sights and the efficiency of the ammunition.

"I purpose carrying out these trials upon the grounds of the London Shooting Park, Cricklewood, every Wednesday until completed, reporting the results from week to week in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and carefully summarising the same after completion. All gunmakers and ammunition manufacturers supplying rifles or ammunition for the purposes of the trials may be represented, and shoot if they desire, at the trials.

"A programme will be forwarded later, but the general conditions which will govern the trials, subject perhaps to slight modification, are:

"The rifles to be such as are generally acceptable for target practice at ranges up to 150-yds. Breech-loading action. Central or rim fire. Calibre not to exceed ·320 of an inch. Any arrangement of sights, and the retail value of the rifle shall not exceed £10. To be shot in three classes, having price limits of £4, £6, and £10 respectively. Should any objection be raised as to the class of the rifle in view of price, the weapons objected to will be submitted to Mr. Thomas Turner, Proof-master at Birmingham, for final decision.

"All expensive sights, such as telescopic sights, will be included in the cost of the rifle in classifying them.

"All arrangements of the trials will be in my hands; but should any objection be raised in any case as to the measuring of a target, the matter will be referred to Mr. W. W. Watts as referee.

"The ammunition—suitable for any such rifles—limited to a retail price of 6s. per hundred rounds, and the powder charge limited to twenty grains black powder, or its equivalent in any nitro compound.

"You are invited to state to the Proprietors of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED what rifles you may have suitable for this trial, and to state what ammunition you wish to have used, which may be supplied either by you, or obtained from any of the several firms of ammunition manufacturers, to whom a copy of this letter will be forwarded."

Crack Shots.

WHY anybody should want to throw cold water on the meritorious action of the Retriever Club, or Society (I forget what it calls itself), I cannot think. It is very well known that far too little attention is paid to the working qualities of the beautiful animals which take prizes at our dog shows, and one man of large experience, the author of "The Scientific Education of the Dog," says that he has only seen two dogs which were worth a rap in twelve years. That of itself should prove that a working retriever club and field trial have not come a day before they were necessary, if the decadence of the breed is to be stopped, and if a correct selection is to be made of stud dogs. The latter is an all-important factor in the situation. But field trials for retrievers are young yet. All told, they number, I believe, but five worthy of the name, and I will go as far as to say that the latest, held on October 12 and 13 last in the neighbourhood of Havant, and near the village of Compton, was as great a success as the first or the fifth of the field trials for pointers and setters ever were. These latter have certainly done much to preserve these two breeds for work.

* * * *

The attack made upon the trials, of course, comes from someone who was not there to witness, and, moreover, from somebody who complains of the badness of the reports in some of the papers. The reports were bad, most of them, no doubt; they were mostly written, I imagine, by people who never had had a day's shooting in their lives, and certainly by those who could not assume to be judges, or to know and recognise the good points of retriever work; but there are exceptions to this, and the facts were easy to get at by anyone who would take the trouble. The curious part of the business is that the Retriever Society should be set down as a failure on the strength of reports too bad to convey the right impression. The two charges are mutually destructive, are they not? I do not know what private axes people have to grind, of course, but I can say that the failure to insist on work and to recover winged partridges in turnips, which are charged respectively against the management and against the retrievers at the trials, are groundless. These things are exactly what did take place, and the winners recovered winged game in turnips in the most difficult of circumstances. This absence of good work in turnips is relied upon by the detractors, and, in conjunction with large quantities of unwounded game foiling the scent of the line of the wounded birds, it is said to be the most difficult work of a retriever. I would not go so far as that, but it is conceded that it is very difficult. And what was the work done? It conforms exactly to the requirements stated above.

* * * *

It is true that the first day was devoted to driving partridges, in order to test the steadiness of the dogs; and this, of course, did not provide many runners, and perhaps no runners in turnips; but the dogs which survived this ordeal had nothing but work in turnips on Saturday. Mr. Eley's Bergholt Dale in heavy turnips, from which from thirty to fifty pheasants rose at intervals, was sent on for a running partridge, and when he got the line he hunted it quickly, and well across wind and across the drills too, and recovered it in good style. He won second prize, mostly on account of the goodness of this performance. The winner of first prize was Mr. Abbott's Rust, a little liver-coloured bitch, which does not look the show sort. She, of course, had an even more difficult task in turnips than the former. It happened in this way: A winged cock pheasant had been tried for unavailingly for a quarter of an hour, and of course had foiled the line about as much as it was possible to foil it. Rust was then sent on to try for the bird, and just then a hare went away and crossed the line of the runner; nevertheless, the liver-coloured animal at once hit the pheasant's line, and, without the smallest fuss or bother, hunted it up to the bird, right through a field of turnips towards the cover, and came back with it in less than two minutes. On their own showing these two performances should convince the depreciative folk of retriever field trials that just the features they advocate were present. Any field trial is better than a dog show; and every field trial of retrievers has had this merit, that it has pointed out the best natural animal as far as the trials have gone. Had there been half-a-dozen dogs equal to Rust, probably the verdict could not have been satisfactorily arrived at within the time; but there were not. Still, if we are ever to see such a class of dogs as this would make, it is only to be led up to by field trials, and by showing us how to breed before we attempt to break. To say that better work is being done every day on private shootings is misleading. Better work is not being done anywhere, although in the nature of things more chances occur in private than in public.

* * * *

Even if only to prove to the show men that it really does not matter how many curls a dog has in his stern, retriever trials are well worth cultivating. Still, as a sportsman and as a lover of beauty as well, I was disappointed with the trials. I wanted to see the handsomest dog win, and as a matter of fact it was just the commonest-looking one of the lot which came out first.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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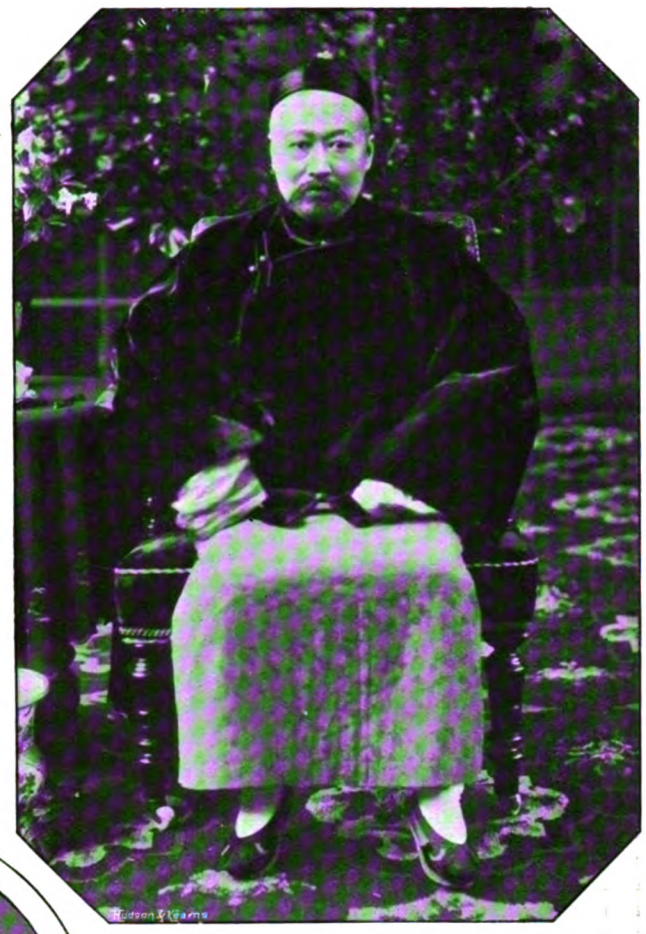
The Story of Li Hung Chang.

WHENEVER a crisis occurs in China, people begin to say "What will Li Hung Chang do about it?" He is the one Chinaman who is something more than a semi-mythical shadow in the minds of Europeans. Until the last few months, at any rate, the masterful Empress-Dowager and the feeble Emperor seemed mere names and nobodies compared to their Grand Secretary. This was partly due, no doubt, to the fact that we had seen him in the flesh; that he had travelled amongst us, and made an almost royal progress through our streets in his famous yellow jacket. But even in his own country he is a sufficiently important personage.

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the Heathen Chinee is peculiar," as we long ago learned; and Li Hung Chang is a past master in dark and devious ways. We have, unfortunately, no magazine articles or volumes of reminiscences by old school-fellows of his to tell us how he used to get the better of the other boys in his early days; but he has certainly been looking after the interests of number one with astonishing zeal and success ever since.

The "Grand Old Man of China," as he has been profanely or carelessly called, was born seventy-seven years ago in Anhui. Entering the Civil Service of his country—the career to which all ambitious Chinamen look for the fulfilment of their highest aims—he passed his multitudinous examinations with credit, and at the age of twenty-seven he got a secretarial appointment with the army that resisted the invasion of his native province by the Tai-ping rebels. In the early sixties, as Governor of Kiang-su province, he helped Gordon to suppress the rebellion, and was rewarded with a hereditary lordship as well as the peacock's feather and the yellow jacket. Two years later he became Governor-General of the Liang-Kiang province, and in this capacity had again to put down a revolt. In 1872 he obtained the Governorship of Chi-li, in which Peking is situated. He had a large share in getting an ironclad navy for his country, as well as in promoting a steam navigation company among the native merchants.

When the war with Japan broke out in 1894, Li was appointed Generalissimo of the Chinese forces. For some reason or other he was recalled in disgrace; but when his foolish fellow-countrymen had been well beaten he was the only man available to get them out of the scrape by negotiating a peace treaty. In 1896 he was sent to represent his sovereign at the coronation of the Russian Czar; and it was after this that he made his tour through Germany, France, England, and America. On his return, he appears to have so impressed their Imperial Majesties at Peking with respect for his power of dealing with foreigners that he was appointed Foreign Secretary. Again he was disgraced, however; and when next he was allowed to work for his country it was as Commissioner to report on the Yellow River.



LI KING FUNG
The Eldest Son of Li Hung Chang.

CHUI KUNG BEH.
Chief Secretary to Li Hung Chang.

When the Boxers, backed by the Empress, let their fury loose upon the foreigners and native Christians in the Northern provinces, Li Hung Chang was acting as Governor at Canton, far away in the South. In the chaos that supervened, it was actually suggested in some quarters that Li should be made Emperor of China, in the interests of the foreign Powers. One Power, at any rate, might have profited by such an elevation, and that was Russia. What actually happened was that the Empress again asked Li to step forward, and save the Empire by negotiating a "settlement" with the outraged nations. After some delay, for he seems to have foreseen neither honour nor profit in the job, he set out for Peking to see what he could do—after issuing a rather ambiguous proclamation calling on the Cantonese to exterminate "the enemies of the country" (meaning, let us charitably hope, the Boxers) on the first opportunity. He had now been appointed to his old post as Governor of the metropolitan province, Chi-li.

On his way North by sea he called at Hong Kong, and had a long conference with Sir H. Blake and Sir A. Gaselee; but when he arrived at Shanghai the foreign Consuls refused to call upon him. After a while he did succeed in getting an interview with the German Minister. In September, after vainly trying to "beg off" on the ground of ill-health, he continued his journey to the capital, and now he is trying, with the help of other negotiators, to whittle down the just demands of the indignant Powers to a point which might be agreed to without inconveniencing his Imperial but fugitive patroness. Even he, with all his knowledge of foreign sentiment, does not seem to realise the enormity of the crimes for which amends have to be made; and the puerility of his arguments is said to prove, like his increasing physical infirmities, that he is no longer the man he was.

Li Hung Chang says it is no use asking China to pay a heavy indemnity, for she is not rich enough. If the Imperial Government is poor, Li Hung Chang and his fellow-mandarins are, to a large extent, responsible for the fact. They have systematically diverted into their own pockets vast sums which should either have gone into the Imperial exchequer or should never have been levied at all; and Li in particular has amassed one of the largest fortunes in the world.

Photos. Copyright. *Mee Chung.*

MOK CHO CHI.
Li Hung Chang's Chief Physician

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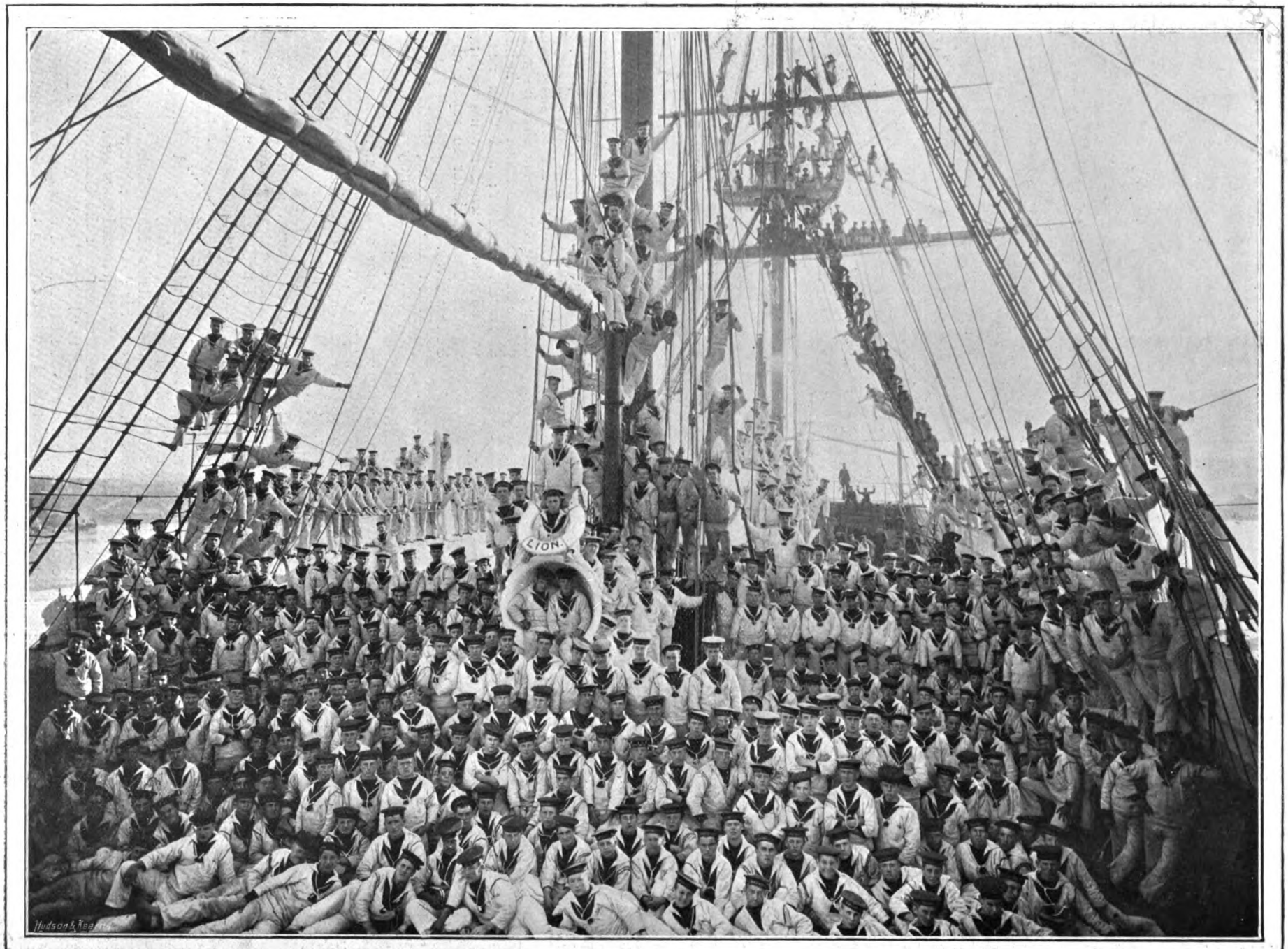

Photo. Copyright. *W. M. Crockett.*

THE BOYS OF THE TRAINING-SHIP "LION."

The establishment known officially as the "Lion" really consists of two old line of battle-ships, the "Implacable" and the "Lion," the combined vessels constituting a training-school for boys at Devonport. The training-brig "Liberty" is attached as a tender, and our illustration shows the happy, contented faces and athletic forms of the crowd of youngsters under instruction. It is from such sources that we draw our seamen of the future, and the country cannot afford to allow them to fall off in efficiency. Happily, there is at present a superabundance of lads of the right sort anxious to supply vacancies.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 201.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8th, 1900.

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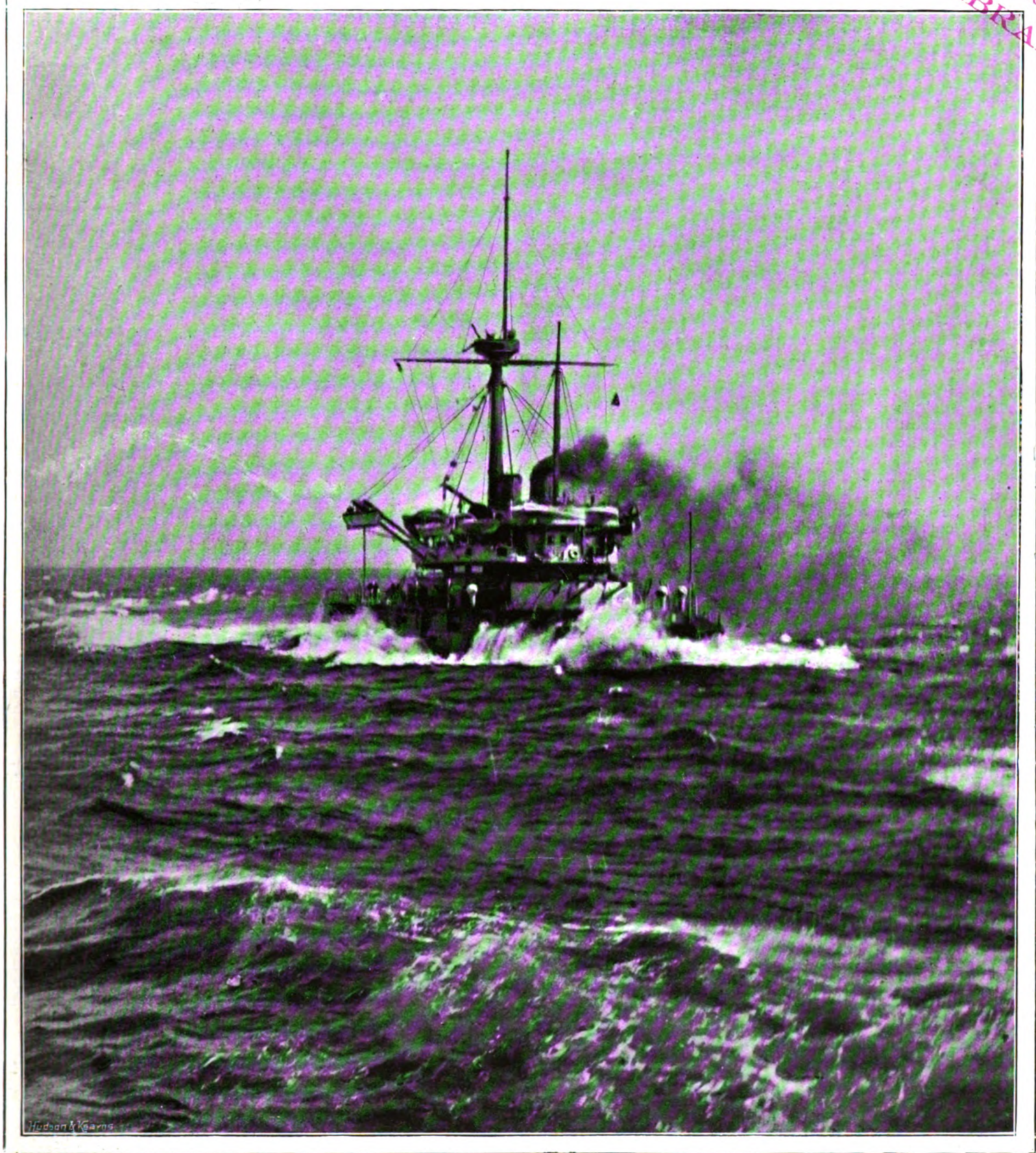

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IN THE GRIP OF THE OCEAN.

The above spirited picture shows the "Thunderer" ploughing her way through the waves, and sufficiently indicates the manner in which her low freeboard causes her to bury her bows in even a slight sea. It is picturesque for the onlooker, but uncomfortable for her crew. The "Thunderer," which was among the first of the low freeboard ships, was constructed before the days of quick-firing guns, and now that she is obsolete she is to give place as guard-ship at Pembroke Dock to the "Hood."

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ROUND THE WORLD

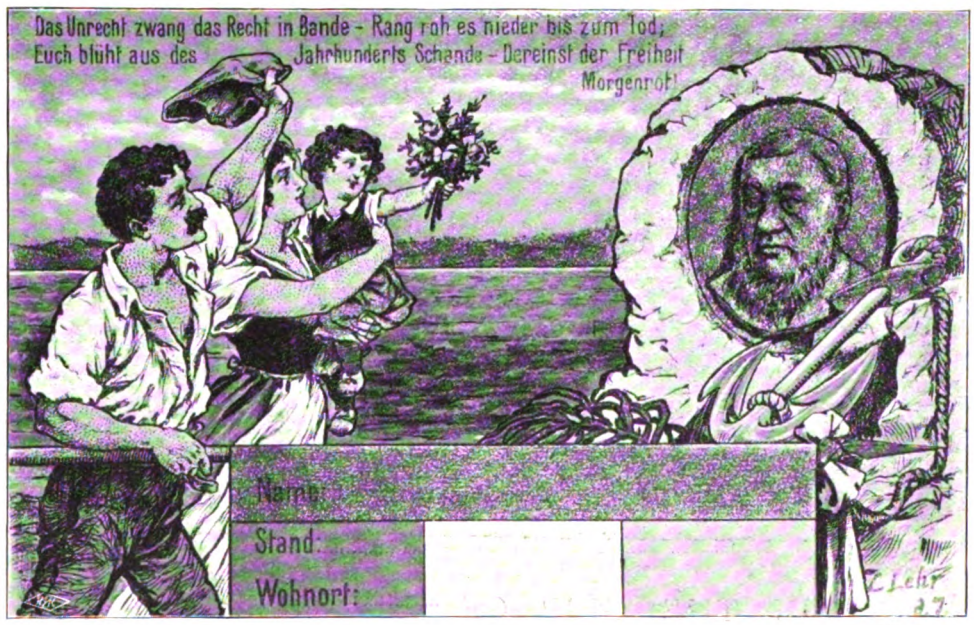
THE termination of Lord Roberts's command in South Africa and the new and dastardly plot against his life, bring forcibly to the minds of his countrymen the great services he has rendered. The combinations by which the Boer States were conquered will ever occupy a lustrous place in our military annals. They were characterised by all the features which have distinguished the operations of the most famous commanders. In the face of extraordinary difficulties the gallant Field-Marshal prepared surprises for his enemies, broke up their defensive organisation, and led his troops with brilliant success through one of the most arduous campaigns in all military history. Lord Roberts has thus won the grateful regard of his countrymen, who will delight to do honour to a truly national hero. He has shown himself to be one of the most generous of commanders, and if there was a fault, it was in his humane desire to conduct the war with the least possible suffering to the adversary. Lord Roberts did not know what was the character of these men, nor to what desperate extremes some of them would go, and the fact that he was obliged to adopt stringent measures amply demonstrated the necessities of the case. The full measure of his success has not yet been adequately recognised, for the hard physical conditions and the vast extent of the territory have never been realised by the people at large. The new plot has sent a thrill of horror and indignation through the Empire.

Photo. Copyright. *Goodfellow.*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. M. RIDLEY,

Who Commanded the 16th Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry, Gallantly Held Helpmakaar against Overwhelming Boer Odds, and was the Captor of Commandant Olivier and his Three Sons. Colonel Ridley was for twenty-seven years in the 7th Hussars, and has seen War Service both in Egypt and Rhodesia.

NOW a very hard task lies before Lord Kitchener, and we may be quite sure that he will carry it through. War is always barbarous in some measure, and guerilla warfare peculiarly so. Foreign soldiers know this fact well; but this does not prevent some Continental journals from publishing most mendacious reports, nor from denouncing the victor of Omdurman in the most furious terms. Nothing seems to be too disgraceful for some of these organs, and the vituperation of their language is extraordinary. Happily, Lord Kitchener is not a man to be turned from his purpose. He has practically to organise a new force out of men weary of the campaign, eager to see their homes once more, and jealous of those who, wisely or foolishly, have been granted that privilege. Blunders of management have spread discontent among all classes of Volunteers. Orders for disbandment have been suddenly rescinded, and rates of pay have been altered without explanation. Such things have rendered the task harder; but the chief difficulty will be to break down the marauding tactics, and thus to bring to an end a hopeless struggle carried on by desperadoes and disappointed mercenaries who are terrorising the country. In these circumstances sternness is well justified, and all soldiers who have had to do with the settlement of rebellious countries will recognise that it is the most humane procedure in the long run.


Das Unrecht zwang das Recht in Bande - Rang roh es nieder bis zum Tod;
Euch blüht aus des Jahrhunderts Schande - Dereinst der Freiheit Morgenrot!
Name:
Stand:
Wohnort:

A GREETING TO KRUGER.

The above is One of the Post-cards which were Sent in Shoals from various parts of Europe to Meet Kruger on his Arrival in Paris. On the other side they are Addressed in Dutch to "His High Excellency the State President of the S.A.R." The "Vierkleur" is for the Name and Address of the Sender. Considering the Part Sea Power has Played in Kruger's Downfall, the Anchor seems rather an Unfortunate Symbol to have Selected, in spite of its being the Emblem of Hope.

NEW light is thrown upon an old lesson by the progress of ex-President Kruger through France. On the whole the enthusiasm has been less than was expected. The Kruger boom worked well at Marseilles and Lyons, but the people of Paris, though ready enough to denounce England, were somewhat less demonstrative, while some of the sounder organs of the press have spoken with salutary firmness concerning Mr. Kruger's purposes. What it is desirable to recognise is that there are dangerous elements not only in France, but in other countries, and that it is more than ever necessary for us to be on our guard. Some of the German papers show hostility quite equal in violence to that of the French. They proclaim that great sympathy exists for Mr. Kruger in Germany, which appears, indeed, to be true. Some of

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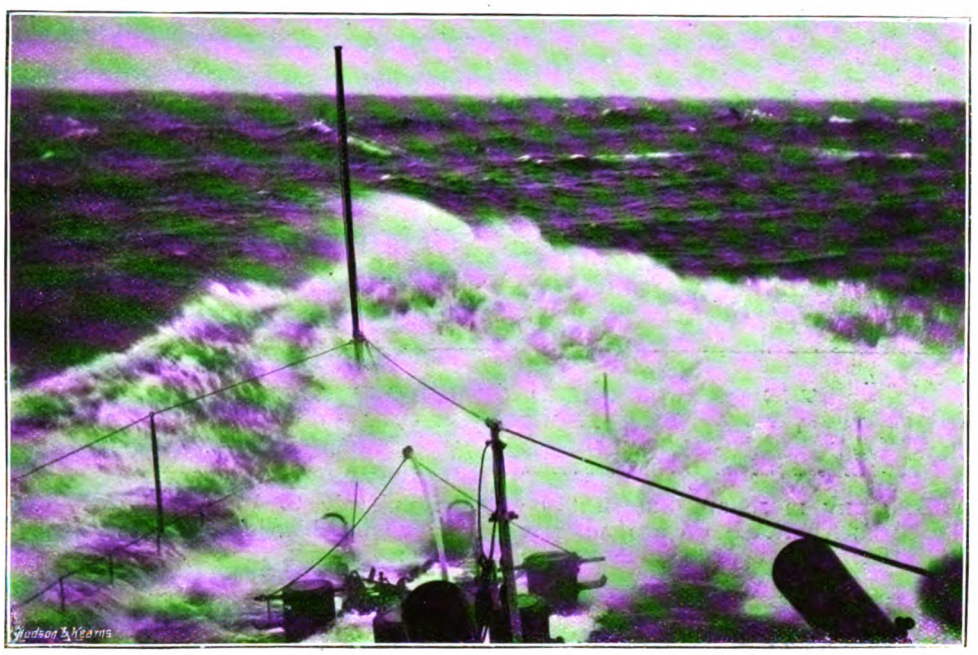
the Berlin papers tell their deluded readers that, after having employed the arts of diplomatic sharp practice as well as the tactics of robbers and highway thieves, in our efforts to secure the Transvaal, we are now having recourse to such a manner of warfare as one civilised people has scarcely ever employed against another. We should have thought, remembering those "Letters from the Huns," which are now alleging monstrous cruelty against the German troops in China, that these outrageous Berlin papers would have been a little inclined to doubt the truth of the statements to our discredit which have been circulated by Mr. Stead and his friends. However, the lesson to be learnt is that we must be like the strong man armed, and ready for all eventualities.

THE future of boys committed to Reformatory or Industrial Schools has exercised many pens, but the latest report upon these institutions shows that Imperial qualities are nursed in them, and the traditional hero who begins life as a scapegrace is now proved to be true to life. The "old boys" of these schools who have served in South Africa, and of whom 113 have been killed or have died of disease, are known to have numbered 2,597, and probably were many more. One, who won the V.C., was a notable truant in his school days. Another joined the C.I.V.'s, and is a Freeman of the City of London. A third, being severely wounded in scouting, who was sent to England, has recovered and gone out again. Five have been recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal, and quite a number have earned promotion. The total of the wounded and invalided was 272. Instances of individual gallantry among these "old boys" are many. One gallant fellow did heroic things in the attempt to save the guns at Colenso, and another was conspicuous in the fighting at Spion Kop. A third hero placed his body between the enemy and his wounded colonel at Elandslaagte. A fourth was the gallant driver at the Modder River of the 75th Field Battery, which had lost many officers and men and twenty-five horses under a tremendous fire, but, though shot through the lung, he drove his gun out. If these things are the outcome of the training and discipline at such schools, we may well say that they could scarcely be bettered.

THE movement which has been set on foot by the trustees of Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, to assist all ranks of the forces disabled by wounds or disease in China and Ashanti, should command the attention of all who are able to support it. Now that so much is being done for the sufferers by the war in South Africa, it would be exceedingly hard and unjust if those in distress through suffering equal hardship and danger, while upholding the honour of the flag elsewhere, should go unaided. Strange as it may seem, there is no existing fund in a position to grant assistance to disabled men, and money subscribed for South Africa cannot be diverted to meet the needs of other campaigns. Widows and orphans will receive help from the Greenwich Hospital Fund, and possibly other sources. But provision must be made for the disabled. A striking fact to which



"THE ENGINES STAMP AND RING, AND THE WET BOWS REEL AND SWING."

In the very Vivid Picture here shown, we see what the Forecastle of a Low Freeboard Ship is like when she is being Forced against a Head Sea. Our Picture was taken on board the "Devastation," the Turret-ship which does duty as Guard-ship at Gibraltar. In this Heavy Sea She lost Boats, Ventilators, Booms, Stanchions, a Large Hawser Reel, and a Field Gun-Carriage. One Mighty Wave actually Buried the Jackstaff (seen in the Bow), the Truck of which is 25-ft. from the Deck.

Photos. Copyright "Navy & Army."

THE OFFICERS OF A HARD FIGHTING BATTERY.

P Battery, R.H.A., whose Officers are shown above, is under the Command of Major Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart. During the Present War it has well Upheld the Old Horse Gunner Reputation of being "the Right of the Line, the Pride of the British Army, and the Terror of the Foe." It went out in October, 1899, and since it Marched with French to the Relief of Kimberley it has been at the Front the Whole Time. It was one of the Three Batteries that Headed Cronje off at Paardeberg, and it was a gun of "P" that Fired the First Shell in the Engagement.

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attention should be drawn, is that the sum of £400 has been sent home to Miss Weston by the men of the Naval Brigade in China for the benefit of the widows and orphans of their comrades killed in action, and their example cannot be too soon followed in relation to the sick and wounded. The Naval casualties in China are about eighty killed and 240 wounded — ten of the latter having been invalided out of the Service as permanently disabled, while many more are known to be severely wounded. Full returns from Ashanti are not yet available. Let it be noted that subscriptions sent to the Secretary, Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, Brook House, Walbrook, E.C., will be well employed. We understand that there is very little chance of a fund being raised for this purpose at the Mansion House, but a great opportunity is opened for patriotic benevolence.

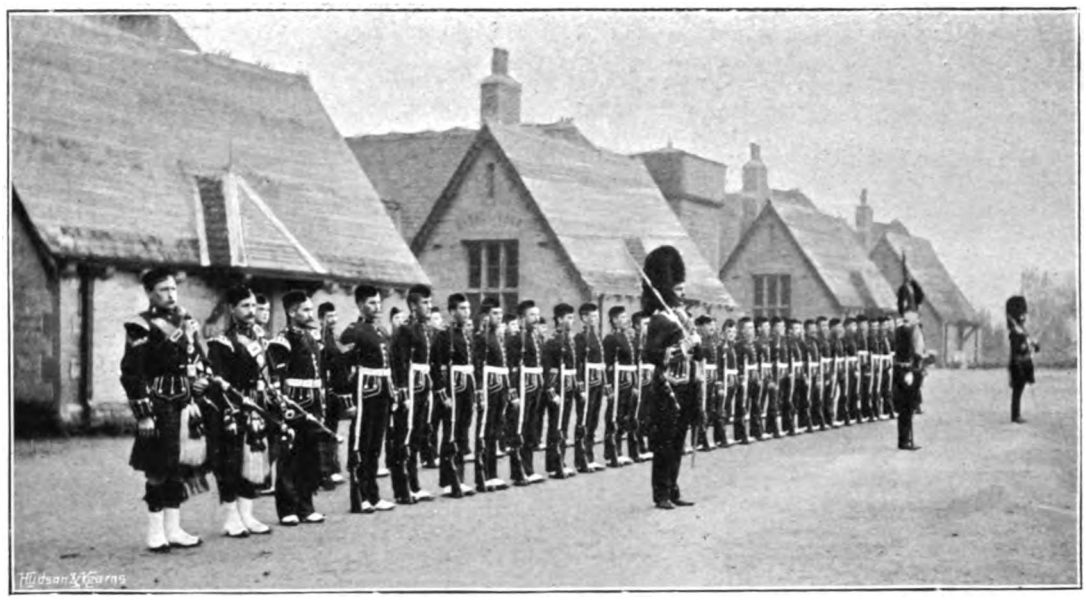

Photo. Copyright. *W. J. Johnstone.*

THE QUEEN'S GUARD OF HONOUR AT BALMORAL.

During the Queen's Recent Stay at her Scotch Home, the Guard was Supplied by that Fine Militia Battalion the Royal Perth, Officially known as the 3rd Royal Highlanders. It was curiously enough Commanded by a Great Personal Friend of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Major MacRae-Gilstrap. It will be Noted that only the Officers are Wearing the Handsome Highland Full-dress Bonnet, the Men of the Militia Battalion having no more Imposing Head-gear than the Field service Cap.

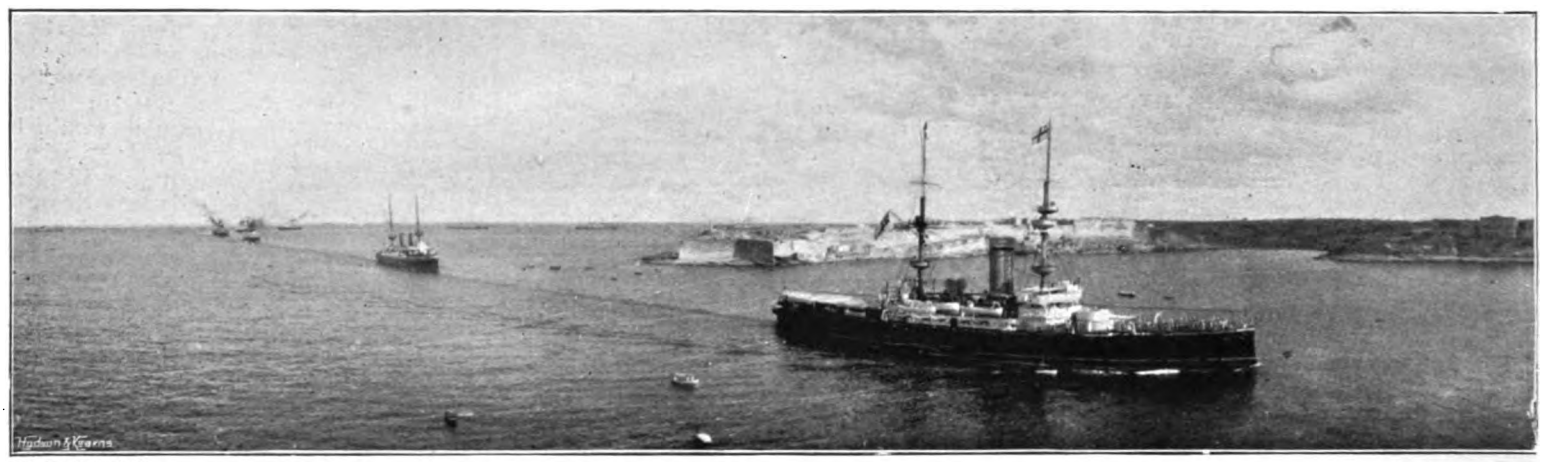

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON AT MALTA.

It is assuredly no Exaggeration to Style our Superb Mediterranean Squadron, a Portion of which is here seen Entering Malta Harbour, as the Finest in the World. Not only is it the Finest but the Largest Fleet Afloat in the World under One Command, for, exclusive of the Port Guard-ships at Gibraltar and Alexandria, Sir John Fisher has in his Splendid Command ten Battle-ships, nine Cruisers, seven Gun-boats, and fifteen Destroyers. Moreover, it is the Finest we Possess in Personnel, for to a certain degree the Channel Squadron is Manned by Men Undergoing Training, whereas all in the Mediterranean Squadron are the Finished Article. To be the Smartest Ship "Up the Straits" is a Thing to be Proud of.

upon the path of consolidation. It may be described as a lesser Europe, built up out of many various and opposed racial elements, and its future largely depends upon the ability of its statesmen to maintain an internal balance of power, its greatest danger being in the spirit of pan-Germanism in Austria, leading to a fusion of inimical interests in Hungary and Bohemia. The personality of the old Emperor counts for very much, and so long as he is at the helm there need be little fear for the Dual Empire. Happily, its relations with its Muscovite neighbour are now upon a much better footing than they were a few years ago, and the tension in Eastern Europe has been relieved by the growth of other interests.

LAST Sunday the Emperor Francis Joseph celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of his accession to the throne, and received the congratulations of all the estates of his Empire. The venerable Emperor began his chequered reign at the age of eighteen upon the abdication of his uncle Ferdinand I. and the renunciation of the crown by his father, the Archduke Franz Karl, and he has ever since employed his high intellectual abilities and his great authority for the consolidation and peace of his Dominion. His domestic life has been deeply shadowed by tragic events, and he has won the respect, the admiration, and the sympathy not only of his own people, but of all European countries. When he came to the throne, Hungary was in rebellion, but his Italian Dominions were saved by the genius of Marshal Radetzsky, though later on he was compelled to cede Lombardy to Italy, and Venetia also. Subsequent events gave the hegemony of the Germanic races to Prussia, and henceforward the Austro-Hungarian Empire went forward

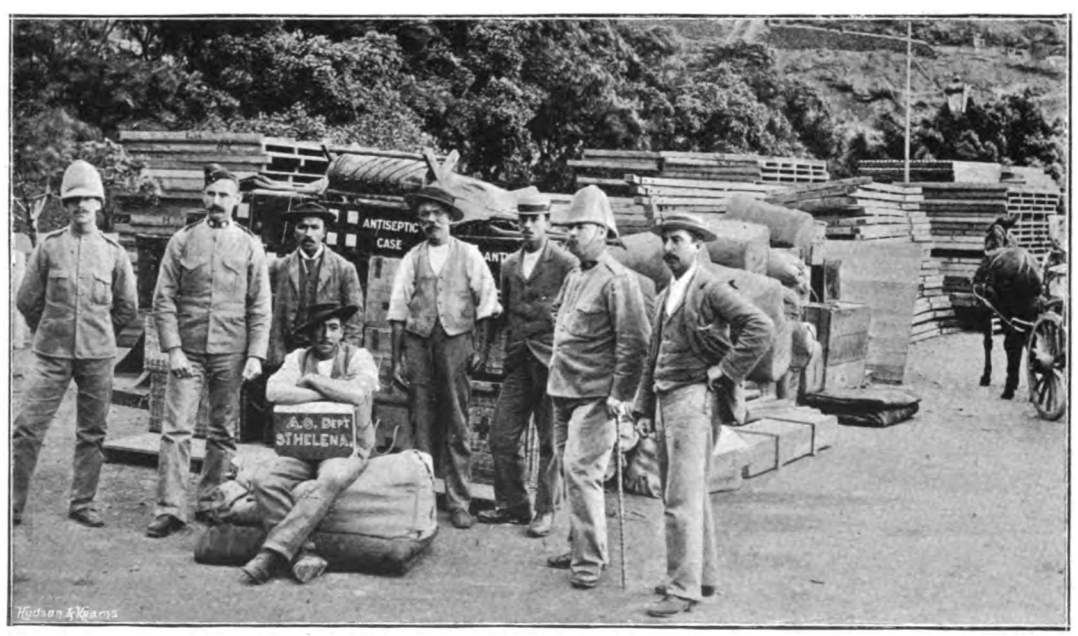

Photo. Copyright. *Innes.*

THE MEN WHO HOUSED AND FED THE BOERS AT ST. HELENA.

To House and Feed the Boer Prisoners an Enormous Quantity of Hutting and Stores has had to be Landed. Indeed, since their Arrival Stores to the Amount of 1,000 tons per month have been put Ashore. And the Difficulty of the Task will be Understood when it is stated that at the Wharf at Jamestown there is only One Crane, and that Operated by Hand. All this Work has been Conducted by some of the Army Ordnance Department Staff here shown, viz., Conductor T. J. White, Sub-Conductor Craik, and Foreman S. H. Wright.

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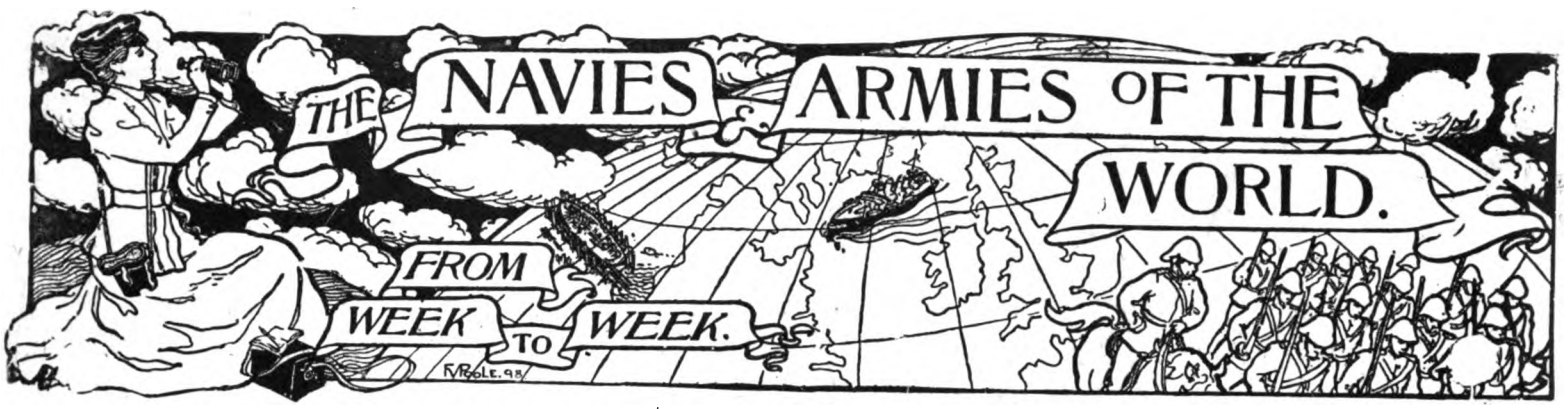

THERE is a sentence in the first book of Napier's "Peninsular War" which seems to me to afford a rather good text for comment among us just at present. He is speaking of the operations of Duhesme in Catalonia in the early part of the war, and after pointing out various military oversights of the French general, adds: "In the sacking of Mataro and the burning of villages, which he executed with the extremest rigour permitted by the harshest laws of war, an odious energy was apparent; and as the ardour of the Somatenes (*i.e.*, the Catalan militia) was increased by this severity, his conduct was as impolitic as it was barbarous." Looked at properly, and when the argument which Napier presents in a condensed form—or rather in the shape of a maxim—is developed, this contains all the law and all the prophets on the use of "severity" in war. At present we hear not a little about the necessity for more stringent measures, and the mistake we made in showing leniency. There are apparently a good many among us who would applaud any harsh measures, without stopping to think whether they would, or would not, achieve their purpose, But these things are profitable, or are not, according as to whether they answer the purpose for which they were designed, or whether they fail. The rational course is to look at all the circumstances, and to judge by the probabilities of the case.

* * * *

We know enough of the war to be able to form a tolerably safe opinion about its general lines. When Lord Roberts ordered the advance into the Orange Free State, as it then was, we had before us two very extensive and thinly-inhabited territories, in which army and people were coterminous. These we had not merely to invade but to conquer. As there was no distinction between burgher and soldier, we would have been perfectly justified in treating all alike—as prisoners of war. If the writer of a leading article in the *Times* the other day, who maintained that you may do anything which will hasten the end of a war, was right, we might have massacred the whole population—men, women, and children. But he plainly did not mean this. There are things which were possible for our ancestors in Ireland in the sixteenth century, but which have become too repugnant to the sentiments of the men of our generation. The writer, and those who agree with him, only mean that it would have been fair to treat the burghers and their families as prisoners of war, to take their cattle, and to confine them in places convenient to ourselves. This is undoubtedly the case, and from the military point of view it might have been the better policy. But it had one drawback. In order to carry it out properly we would have been compelled to sweep the Orange country very thoroughly, and to provide for our prisoners. This would have employed all our resources, and would have delayed the advance into the Transvaal. Two good reasons existed for making the forward movement as rapidly as possible—one military, the other political. The military reason was that it was desirable to cut the communications of the enemy with the outer world by Komati Poort, which could not be done till we had crossed the Vaal, and the political one, that it was desirable to secure at least the appearance of having overthrown the two Republics as a preparation for the General Election in the autumn.

* * * *

In order to leave ourselves free to move on, we delayed making a real military occupation of the Orange Colony. Numbers of burghers were allowed to return home on promises of neutrality while bodies of the enemy were still active in the field, at the obvious risk that they would be tempted, or forced, to take up arms again. We may have calculated that no people would be so unreasonable as to go on fighting when they had, as we thought, no chance of ultimate success. It was a more or less excusable or inexcusable error. To me it seems inexcusable, considering the Dutch character, which has been one of untamable obstinacy for centuries, and the general conditions of the case. Be that as it may, the erroneous calculation was made. We repeated the error which Napoleon fell into when he ordered Soult to advance into Andalusia after the battle of Ocaña—that is to say, we have scattered our forces and have strung them out over a great extent of territory, so that we are nowhere in thorough possession, and a fretful partisan warfare has arisen all along our immense line of communications. This was the great error which more than any other of a purely military kind led to the failure of the French in the Peninsula. If their forces had not been scattered in a premature effort to occupy the whole, they might have advanced into Portugal on both sides of the Tagus with powerful armies, and then it would probably have been impossible for Wellington to hold his ground at Torres Vedras.

* * * *

And now, what are we to do? The cry arises for measures of severity. But what measures are we to take which will be effectual? Lord Roberts has ordered that all houses within ten miles of any place at which the railway is cut are to be burnt. Very good. This policy has been followed, but apparently without much success, which, perhaps, is not wonderful, for various reasons. In the first place, when houses are once burnt there are no more to burn. So the enemy knows that he can cut the line thereabouts in future with perfect impunity. Then the property destroyed does not belong to the people who are fighting. Some of them are ruined men, as Christian De Wet is said to be, some are foreign adventurers, many are farm labourers who own neither land nor houses. There is probably also a sprinkling of irreconcilable men, who have counted the cost, who have decided to sacrifice all, and who, in the true spirit of the enthusiast, look upon those of their countrymen who are less resolute than themselves as traitors who deserve to suffer. It is idle to suppose that we can coerce such elements as these by destroying the property of those who remain within our lines, or who are already prisoners of war. As for refusing quarter, there is mere folly in talking about that, for the very sufficient reason that we lose too many prisoners ourselves. In the late affair at Belfast sixteen of our men were taken and released. In a no quarter war they would have been shot. At Dewetsdorp a garrison of 400 men has been taken. If no quarter were the rule, they also would have perished. Hardly a day passes in which we do not hear of our men being taken prisoners by the Boers. No quarter is, in fact, absurd, except against savages who give none, or are so weak that they cannot retaliate.

* * * *

But once more, What is to be done? Well, I venture to think (and shall be disagreeably shaken in my belief in their sense if the competent authorities on the spot are not of the same opinion) that we shall have to end where we ought to have begun, namely, by adopting the policy of "reconcentration" of the whole burgher population. It is idle to clamour for severe measures and to be frightened by names. General Weyler and his useless ferocity are not, and deservedly so, in good odour. But his policy was a perfectly sound one, though the application was vile, owing to the great numbers of those who had to be driven into the towns, the vices of the Spanish administration, and the penury of the Spanish Government. We have a mere handful of people to deal with as compared to the population of Cuba, and we are not Spaniards. But it must be clearly understood that we shall never sweep two such large countries as the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal if we keep our troops strung out from the Orange River to Lydenburg, so that they are nowhere numerous enough to surround, but can only pursue, an enemy who moves more rapidly than themselves, and can always lead ahead, as the old sea term was. Our opponents must be penned in a corner, and that can only be done by thorough combined movements carried out by superior numbers. That we shall have to evacuate, for the time, parts of the country which we have overrun prematurely is unpleasant. But this is the consequence of endeavouring to get at the X Y Z of any business before you are done with the A B C. "Affected despatch," says Bacon, "is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call predigestion, or the hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases." And war is a form of business.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Cry of the Imperial Yeoman.

THE treatment which the Imperial Yeomanry are receiving at present is hardly likely to stimulate volunteering the next time volunteers are called for. Of course, if the Empire is in sore need of defenders, we shall all step forward and take our part in its defence, heedless alike of bungling in the past and of probable bungling in the future. But there may conceivably come a time when volunteers would be very useful, even though the Empire could still survive without them, and then the military authorities will find it less easy than they found it last January to secure the right kind of men in sufficient numbers. The Imperial Yeomanry were enlisted on the same terms as the C.I.V.'s and the Colonial volunteers. They were all wanted to help to retrieve the dangerous situation created by our criminal underrating of the Boer strength and by the abandonment of our original plan of campaign. They put their shoulders stoutly to the wheel, and the coach was forced out of the mire. As soon as that was done their task was accomplished. They offered help in an emergency. When that emergency was over, it was time to tender them our very sincere thanks and to return them to their homes and daily avocations. With the C.I.V.'s this course was taken. They have been in England now more than a month. Upon their heels have followed the Colonial forces, some of whom we are proud to be entertaining in London just now. But all this time there is no word of the Imperial Yeomanry's return. All we can hear from South Africa is that they are much too useful to be spared.

Now it is an undoubted fact that they are very useful. In the kind of fighting which is dragging on to the disgust and disheartening of everyone in this country, intelligent mounted infantry are of the greatest service. The Yeomen, therefore, are more prized by the generals for the sort of operations that have to be carried on at present than the cavalry who are being sent home; and they are also a much cheaper force than the Colonial troops. The Canadians and Australians would do the work just as well, but they draw each of them his crown a day instead of the Yeoman's shilling. On every account, then, it is to the material interest of the nation to keep the Yeomen in the field. But consulting material interests alone is a short-sighted policy. It is wiser in the long run to err on the side of generosity and of honourable regard, even for implied undertakings, than to hold unwilling signatories, who trusted in their country's good faith, strictly to the terms of their bond. The Imperial Yeomanry certainly did not expect to be kept in South Africa to act as military police. This is a duty which our Army ought to be well able to perform. That we should still be dependent upon volunteer mounted infantry is discreditable to our leaders, who ought to have seen to it, that the regular mounted infantry were properly trained by this time to be of some use.

There has been trouble already with some of the South African volunteers. These men have their business to look after and their living to gain. They left their employment and jeopardised their chances of prosperity in life when the Empire stood in need of their service. We ought in gratitude to release them at the earliest possible moment, not to attempt to keep them in the field even when their engagement to serve their country has expired. About six weeks ago the year's term for which the Kaffrarian Rifles undertook to remain under arms ran out. The regiment was neither disbanded nor were they especially asked, as a favour, to extend the term. They were ordered on parade as a matter of course, and several of them refused to appear. They were quite within their right, though there may be two opinions as to whether they did well to exercise it; and the feeling in the regiment ought to have been known to the authorities and to have been taken into account in dealing with the men. The feeling is soon engendered by incidents of this kind, and if the war is to leave ill-feeling among our own kith and kin in South Africa as well as amongst the Dutch, we shall be in a bad way indeed.

The same feeling of being jockeyed by the Government, which made the Kaffrarian riflemen take the extreme step of refusing to parade, is gaining ground among the Imperial Yeomanry and their relatives in Great Britain. The Yeomen came forward to achieve a certain purpose. That purpose is now achieved. Yet, instead of being sent home, they are kept in South Africa for another purpose altogether. They went out to assist the regular Army to break the Boer resistance. They had every reason to believe that as soon as the resistance was broken, as it now should be, they would be relieved of their self-imposed obligations. The work of finishing up the war is unpleasant; it entails constant exertions, constant shortness of rations, constant risk of being murdered by some of the "sniping" scoundrels who prowl continually round British posts, and apparently of being captured. This work ought to be undertaken by professional soldiers. It is their trade. They knew when they enlisted that they would have to take the rough with the smooth. It is not fair to the Yeomen to keep them for employment in which they never expected to find themselves. The only valid reason for so keeping them would be the inability of regulars to do the work they are doing. If this reason existed, it would be time for us to disband the Army, shut up the War Office, abolish our present military system, and depend entirely upon volunteers.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 4, 1810.—Capture of the "Isle of France" by the British East Indies Squadron. 1811.—Cutting out of the French "Languédocienne," 10, by the boats of the "Sultan," 74. 1827.—Commissioning of the "Echo," "Lightning," and "Meteor," the first steam vessels in the Royal Navy.

December 5, 1776.—Capture of the American "Washington," 20, by the "Fowey," 24, off Cape Ann. 1856.—Destruction of five Chinese pirates by the "Sampson." 1895.—The "Diana" launched.

December 6, 1782.—Capture of the French "Solitaire," 64, in the West Indies by the "Ruby," 64. 1807.—Destruction of a Dutch squadron in the East Indies by Sir Edward Pellew's squadron. 1808.—Wreck of the "Crescent," 36, off the coast of Jutland.

December 7, 1775.—Admiral Sir Charles Saunders died. Greenwich Hospital Charter revised. 1810.—Capture of the French "Maraudeur," 14, off Dover by the "Rinaldo," 10. 1836.—Admiral E. S. Adeane born.

December 8, 1778.—Nelson made Master and Commander. 1780—Destruction of Hyder Ali's warships off Mangalore by boats of the "Burford," "Superb," and "Eagle," of Sir Edward Hughes's fleet. 1844.—Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich born.

December 9, 1798.—Capture of the French "Invincible Bonaparte," 20, in the Channel by the "Boadicea," 38. 1803.—Wreck and destruction of the "Shannon," 36, under the French batteries near Barfleur. 1809.—Capture of the French "Grand Rodeur," 16, off Beachy Head by the "Redpole," 10. 1893.—The "Forte" launched.

December 10, 1810.—Capture of the French "Mamelouck," 16, off Dungeness by the "Rosario," 10. 1856.—Capture of Bushire.

December 11, 1798.—Capture of the French "Armée d'Italie," 18, in the West Indies by the "Perdrix," 22. 1799.—Destruction of the French "Preneuse," 40, off the Isle of France by the "Adamant," 50. 1807.—Capture of the "San Josef," 12, off Cape Palos by the "Grasshopper," 18. 1897.—The "Express," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

December 12, 1706.—Cutting out of the "Grand Louis," 30, at Malaga by the boats of the "Romney," 50. 1724.—Admiral Viscount Hood born. 1779.—Capture of the Spanish "San Carlos," 50, off Honduras by the "Salisbury," 50. 1781.—Kempenfelt's victory over De Guichen in the Channel. 1782.—Action between the "Medea or," 44, off Ferrol, and a French squadron mounting 118 guns, two of which the "Mediator" captured. 1809.—Capture of the French "Nisus," 16, off Guadaloupe by the boats of the "Thetis," 38, and three gun-brigs. 1810.—Action between the "Entrepenante," 8, and four French privateers off Malaga. 1863.—The "Minotaur" launched.

DECEMBER 5, 1777.—Action at Chestnut Hill. Americans defeated by Lieutenant-Colonel Abercromby. 1794.—Defeat of 2,000 brigands at Bizzoton, St. Domingo, by the garrison, which numbered only 120.

December 6, 1824.—Burmese defeated near Kemmendine. 1857.—Victory at Cawnpore. Sir Colin Campbell, having been joined by Havelock, routed 25,000 rebels and took their camp, stores, and ammunition.

December 7, 1824.—Defeat of the Burmese at Dallah. All the enemy's guns were taken.

December 9, 1776.—Capture of Rhode Island by Lord Clinton. 1813.—Passage of the Nive forced by General Beresford. 1856.—Reshire captured by General Stopford and Colonel Malet.

December 10, 1758.—Defeat of the French near Condore by Colonel Forde. 1759.—Surrender of Wandewash to Colonel Coote. 1813.—Second action on the Nive. Two French divisions under Reille repulsed. 1899.—Successful sortie from Ladysmith. British reverse at Stormberg.

December 11, 1780.—Defeat of the Mahrattas at Doogaur by General Goddard. 1813.—Third combat on the Nive. Indecisive action, in which each side lost about 600 men. 1899.—British reverse at Magersfontein. The Highland Brigade suffered severely, losing General Wauchope.

December 12, 1813.—Fourth combat on the Nive. Another indecisive action. A bridge was carried away by the swollen river, and General Hill was thereby cut off from the rest of the army.

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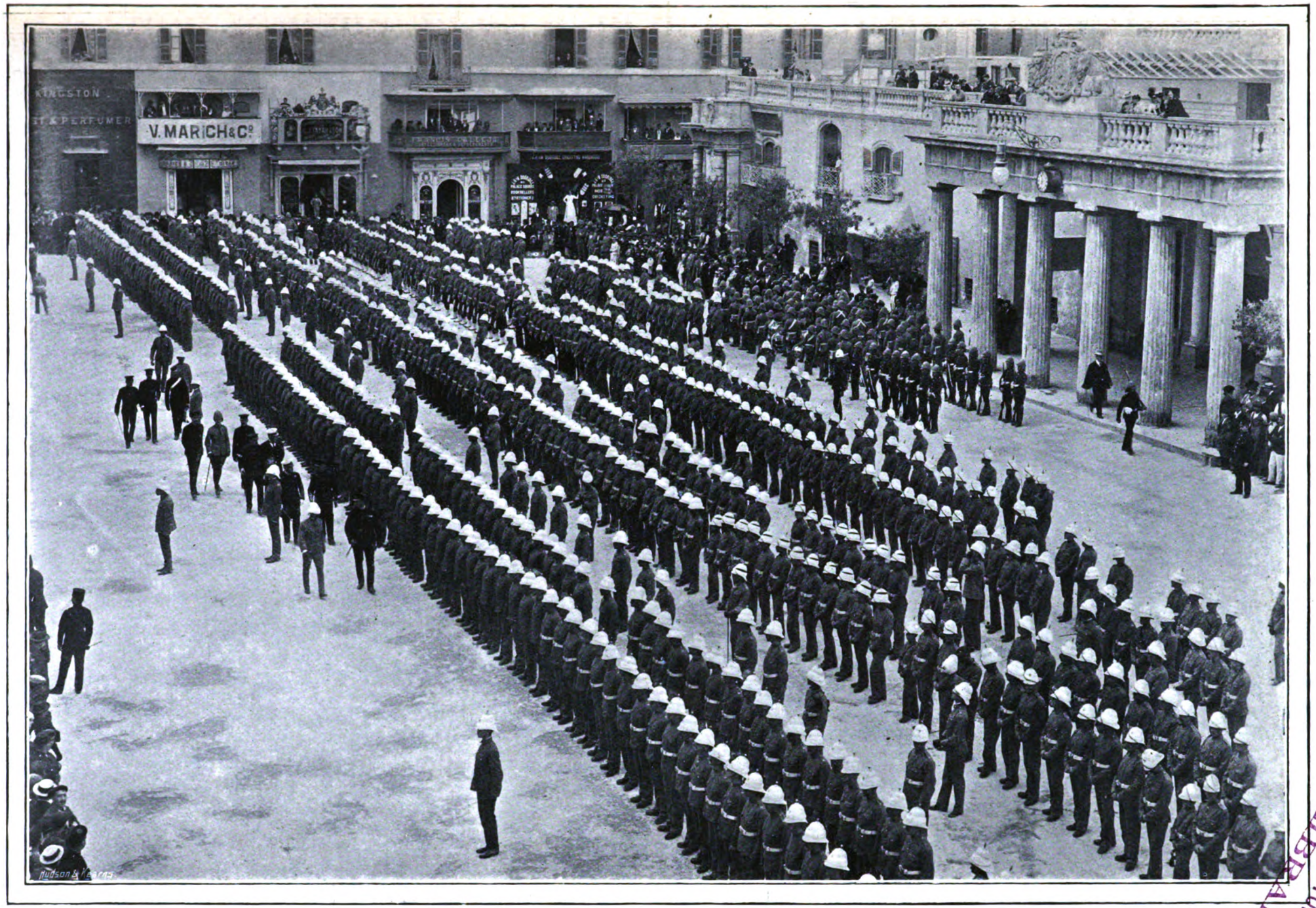

Photo. Copyright. *J. Malia & Co.*

TO HONOUR THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

On its way to Australia that portion of the Imperial Corps which is to represent the Mother Country at the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth stopped at Malta. It consisted of about 1,100 officers and men, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Crole Wyndham, C.B., of the 21st Lancers. Our picture is of the inspection of the force by the Governor in the Palace Square at Valletta. The men look smart and well-set-up, as becomes the representatives of the Mother Country on so important an occasion, and it is easy to understand that there was a great crowd to witness a parade the like of which Malta may never see again.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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THE NEW YORK WORLD

The Funeral of the Late Prince Christian Victor.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE CORTEGE ENTERING CHURCH SQUARE FROM MARKET STREET.

The Funeral of Prince Victor at Pretoria took place on a Wet Day. A Service was first held in the Cathedral, and our Picture shows the Bier and Pall Bearers, preceded by the Clergy, leaving for the Cemetery.

The Home-coming of the Household Cavalry.

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

THE HAWARDEN CASTLE ARRIVING AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The Return of the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry and their Canadian Comrades was, like that of the C.I.V.'s, delayed by Dirty Weather. But it only meant a Postponement of Welcome, and the Heartiness of their Reception made up for every Discomfort.

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The Training of Army Horses.

BREAKING HORSES IN CALIFORNIA FOR THE GERMAN ARMY IN CHINA.

AT Baden, a small country town in the San Mateo hills, not more than a dozen miles from San Francisco, California, there may be seen at the present time a sight thrilling in character and extraordinary in interest, such as probably only Western America could furnish, for near to the outskirts of this little town there is being waged a warfare so rough and determined in character that those who are not privileged to see the unusual sight may feel some interest in a short account and a few photographs of such a subject.

It is a warfare not of man against man, but of man against beast—of man's will and intelligence against brute strength and animal instinct. Each battle is fought, by either side, with a determination that can only evoke admiration from the onlookers, and as each side brings to its aid all the strength and skill of which it is capable, the combat is naturally fierce; the result, however, is always the same, and ends in the ultimate victory of the human will over that of the brute, except in a few cases when the brute cheats his victor by emerging from the fray so badly damaged that he is condemned to an ignominious death by a rifle shot or a stroke from a poleaxe.

The wherefore of all this is because the German Government has purchased, in the West, 5,000 horses and mules on which no halter has ever before been placed, and these have been driven from the great ranges in California and Nevada to Baden, there to be broken in by some of the most skilful vacqueros in the land for use by the German cavalry and light artillery in China, whither they are being shipped as fast as they are ready.

On arrival at Baden the animals are inspected by the German experts, on whom rests the responsibility of acceptance or refusal. The contract calls for horses and mules of from four to ten years of age and about 14-hands, weight 1,050-lb. If this weight is exceeded they are accepted, if free from blemish, for light artillery work, otherwise they are for use by the cavalry.

The vacqueros who are performing the difficult and dangerous work of taming these wild brutes are men to whom the word "fear" is probably unknown. They are past masters in the art of subduing the equine spirit, and the skill with which they throw the lariat is a thing which must be seen to be appreciated, for no words can picture the action which is so graceful to the eye, nor can any photograph caught in the fraction of a second, showing the rider transfixed with arm outstretched and rope in mid-air, do the subject justice. It is the whole act of throwing the rope which is so pleasing to see, from the instant it leaves its owner's hands to the next, when it circles round the victim's neck.

The business is being handled by Messrs. W. R. Grace and Co., who have erected a number of strong wooden corrals, covering some scores of acres, on the Miller and Lux Ranche, near Baden Station, and in these corrals the different stages of horse and mule education are taught.

After coming in from the ranges, the stock is driven into one of the largest corrals, when the first step is to separate horses and mules into separate pens, and it is perhaps one of the prettiest sights on the ground when a hundred or more of them are cantering together round the fence line with half-a-dozen vacqueros after them. This is the first time in their lives that these young animals have ever known restraint, and the lover of horses finds it hard to leave the sight, for the startled look in their eyes as they follow each other with heads up in the air and nostrils distended, the mules crying and the horses neighing, forms a picture that it would be hard to duplicate.

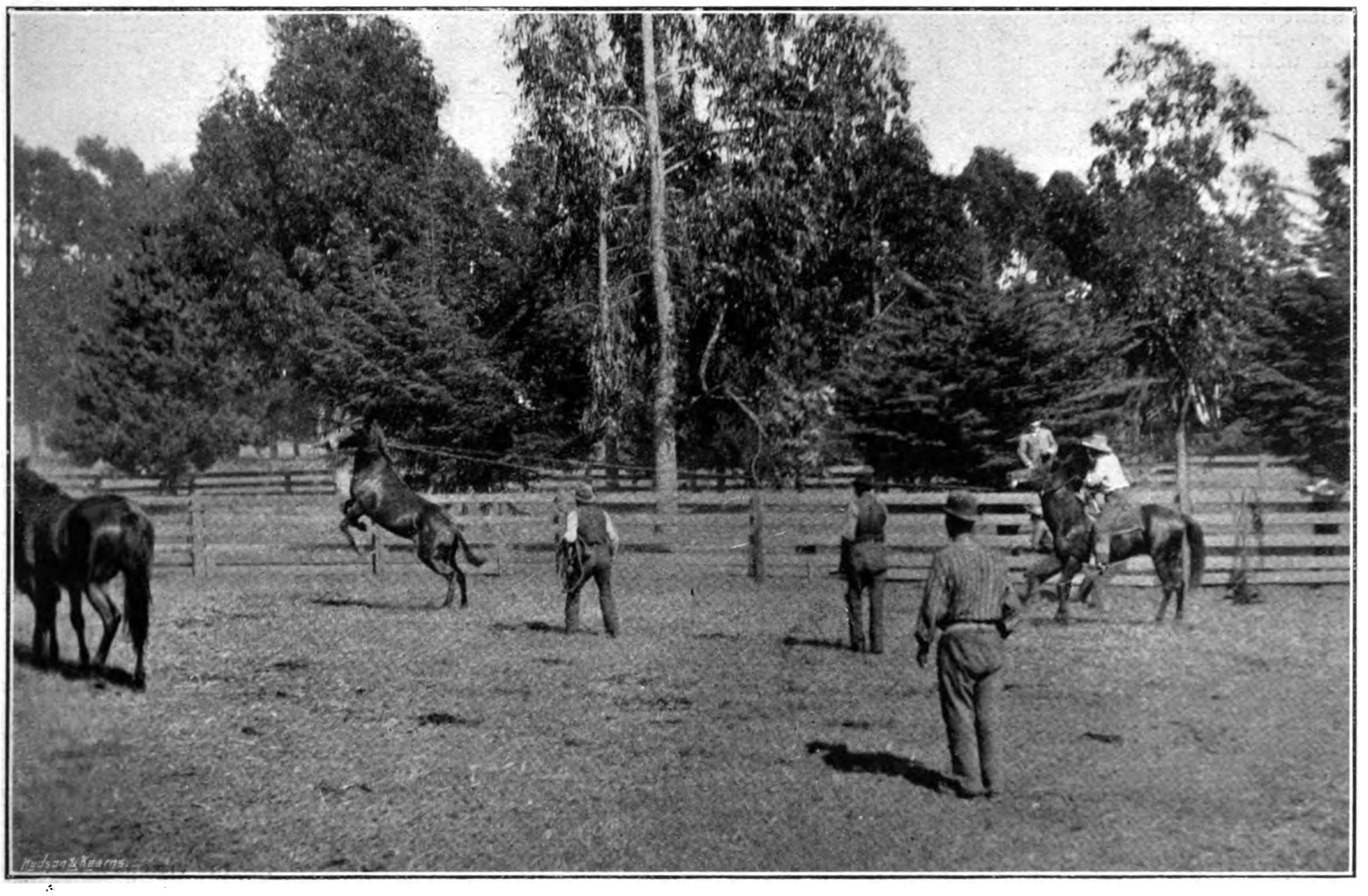

Photo. Copyright. THROWING THE LARIAT. *H. G. Ponting.*

"Got him!"

The separating is easily accomplished, much more so than the next step, that of getting on the halter. Several vacqueros enter the corral, with two or three men on foot, and then the roping begins, for that is one of the ways employed of catching them. The vacqueros ride in amongst the herd, each singles out his victim, and, whirling his lariat round his head, launches it out into the air, and it is not often that the aim is untrue; almost as surely as it leaves its owner's hand does it settle over the head and round the neck of the running horse or mule. He has never known such treatment before, and is terrified to find his freedom curtailed in so unceremonious a manner. A spirited horse does not submit to such an indignity without protest by any means—nor a mule either—but fights with all his strength to break away. He begins a mad struggle to regain the freedom he has lost, and goes off with a rush until the slack of the rope is exhausted, when he is brought up with a jerk that throws him on to his haunches. This only curbs him for a moment, however, for, though he has lost the first round, he is still full of fight, and rears, plunges, and kicks, throwing himself often

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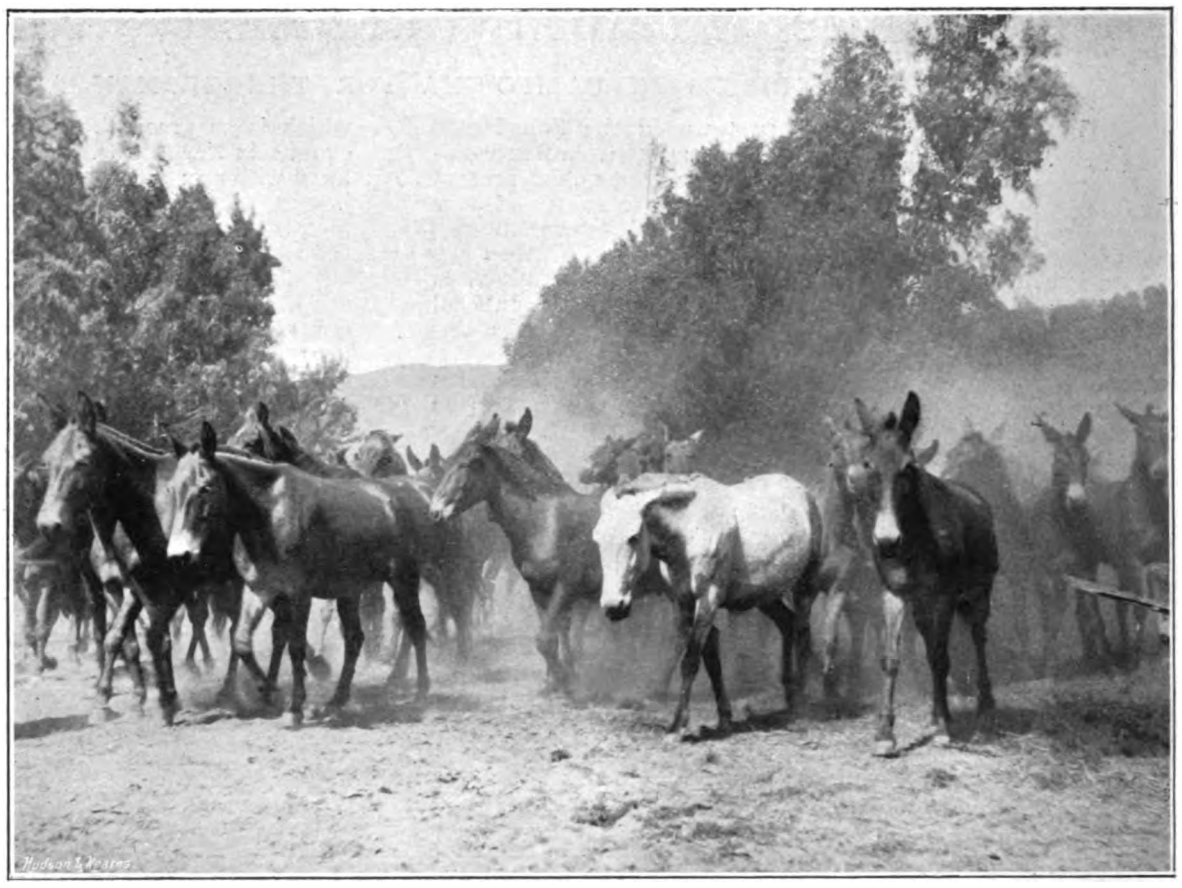
head over heels in his fury to get away. But the rope, though light, is strong, and the vacquero plays his victim as a skilful angler plays a game fish. The end of the rope is tied to the horn of the Mexican's saddle, and the horse is as clever as his rider in the way he gives and takes on it, and braces himself so that he is best able to cope with the strain of the struggling captive.

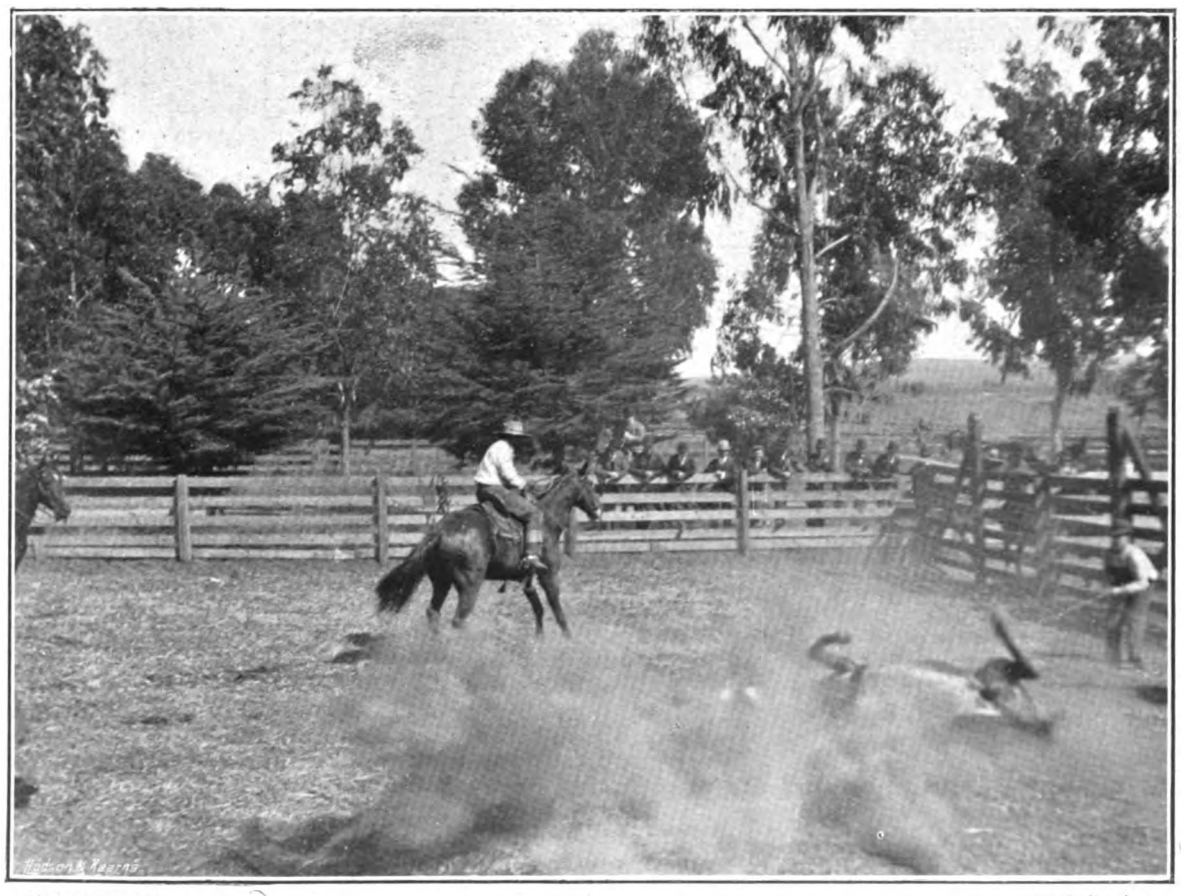
If the fight lasts too long, another cowboy ropes the horse round the leg. Securely caught round neck and foot, he cannot fight much longer, for his struggles have tightened the rope round his neck until he can scarcely breathe, and his fighting powers are greatly curtailed by the second rope. Fight, however, he will until the very last, when, exhausted and sweating at every pore, he goes down for good in a cloud of dust. He is then quickly haltered and turned into another corral, where he is allowed to run loose for a day or two, dragging his 12-ft. halter-rope about with him, and so becomes accustomed to the idea, for though he may fondly imagine at times he is free again, he is rudely reminded every few minutes that it is only imagination when one of his mates steps on his rope, bringing very forcibly to his mind the fact that his days of devil-may-care freedom are at an end. During this stage of his education his captors are busy with others of his kind, more or less obstreperous than he, and then he is tied up to a hitching-post, to get used to that as best he can. It is invariably the cause of another pitched battle to get away from the hated halter, and each day, for some days afterwards, he is tied, until he begins to realise the futility of protesting.

The next step is the severest trial, and perhaps the most interesting of all, for, without more ado, let him kick, rear, and plunge as he may, a saddle is fastened on him. It is a ticklish job, however, and one has to keep a sharp look-out for the flying hoofs. Some of the horses have to be blindfolded with a sack, whilst others have to be thrown to get the saddle on. Carefully and gently men are coaxing and edging up with the saddle, and the most acute watchfulness and agility are necessary here, as at all other stages of the fight, for an apparently quiet, peaceful-looking animal may, in less time than it takes to say it, become a perfect devil in his frenzy to get away, and in a second might scatter a man's brains over the ground. It must be remembered that these horses are not reared to know the presence of man, but are wild from the prairie, with all the fire and love of freedom that the American bronchos possess in their blood.



AWAITING THE KAISER'S ORDERS.

Mules for the German Army in China, at Baden, California.



Photos. Copyright. *H. C. Pontius.*

DOWN HE GOES IN THE DUST.

The Inevitable End of a Struggle with a Vacquero.

It seems to me that I must have seen a dozen different men escape instant death only by the breadth of a single hair whilst saddling these horses, and several I have seen kicked badly, but not fatally, though, as a rule, they display the most wonderful alertness in avoiding the vicious kicks.

The saddle on, the horse is led, fighting all the way, to a round corral, closely boarded, where the vacquero, carefully watching his chance, springs to his seat. Then the fun begins, for the wild Western broncho is not made of the stuff to take this in cold blood. Never did he imagine that anyone could presume to take such unheard-of liberties, especially as insult is being linked with injury by his tormentor, who is steadily belabouring him on shoulder and flank with a quirt as fast as he can rain the blows.

This is more than horse flesh and blood can stand. The burden must be displaced at any cost. How much more easily thought than done, though, for let him buck, kick, rear, plunge,

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and buck again as he may, he cannot budge the cowboy from his back. When he has bucked himself to a standstill, the gate is opened, and he is taken out on to the road. His spirits rise at once. Now or never is the time. Now for a wild dash for liberty, and surely nothing can withstand him on open ground. Alas! for another and still greater disappointment, for his enemy and he might be the bust and body of a Centaur, so impossible does it seem for them to become separated. A mad, frantic dash down the road, kicking, jumping, and bucking all the way, is of no avail, for the broncho buster stays where he was, smoking a cigarette, and apparently as much at home as the ordinary mortal in his favourite chair.

The game is a losing one, and the first rubber is about finished. Soon rider and ridden come gently back along the road, the latter as quiet as a lamb, and the first stage of breaking a German cavalry horse is finished.

For several subsequent days a similar programme is gone through, until finally there is little or no resistance, and the horse is turned out broken to saddle, and ready for cavalry duty. Any fire he may still have in him is not likely to cause much trouble, for after a month's voyage on board ship he is not liable to feel much like putting his old pranks into practice for some time after landing, and by then he is probably in a state of perfect docility. That the work is of the most dangerous kind is testified to by the number of men out of the 300 odd employed who wear bandages or walk with a limp. The danger lies in every direction, and is not confined to the equine hoofs. The lariat is sure injury, or perhaps death, should a man get it round him with a wild horse at the end. One of the vacqueros, whom I asked why his hand was bound up, told me his thumb was cut off by being caught between the rope and the horn of his saddle. Another poor fellow lies as I write at the point of death from a kick by a mule, whilst each day adds to the total of injuries sustained.

It is certainly an absorbingly interesting exhibition of rough-riding and cool nerve. I have seen a cowboy get on an unbroken horse, remove the bridle, and let the brute buck himself out without once losing his balance, whilst another man threw his horse to the ground without getting out of the saddle till the horse fell.

The fascination of this business makes it hard for a lover of horses to leave the spot, and when one does it is only to return at the earliest opportunity, such is the magnetism of this conflict of man's will *versus* animal strength.

HERBERT G. PONTING.

Sausalito, California.

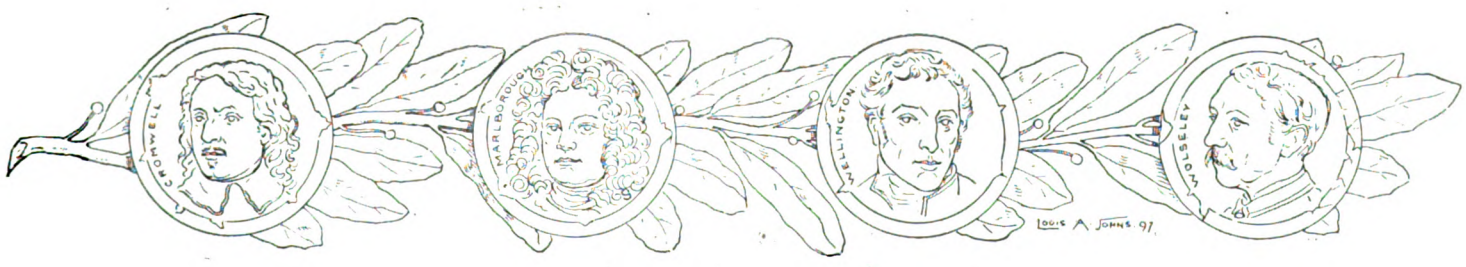
THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

A Young Animal Bucking for all he is Worth to get his Tormentor Off.

Photos. Copyright. *H. G. Ponting.*

A TRIUMPH OF SKILL.

This Cowboy Threw his Horse without getting out of the Saddle till the Horse Fell.



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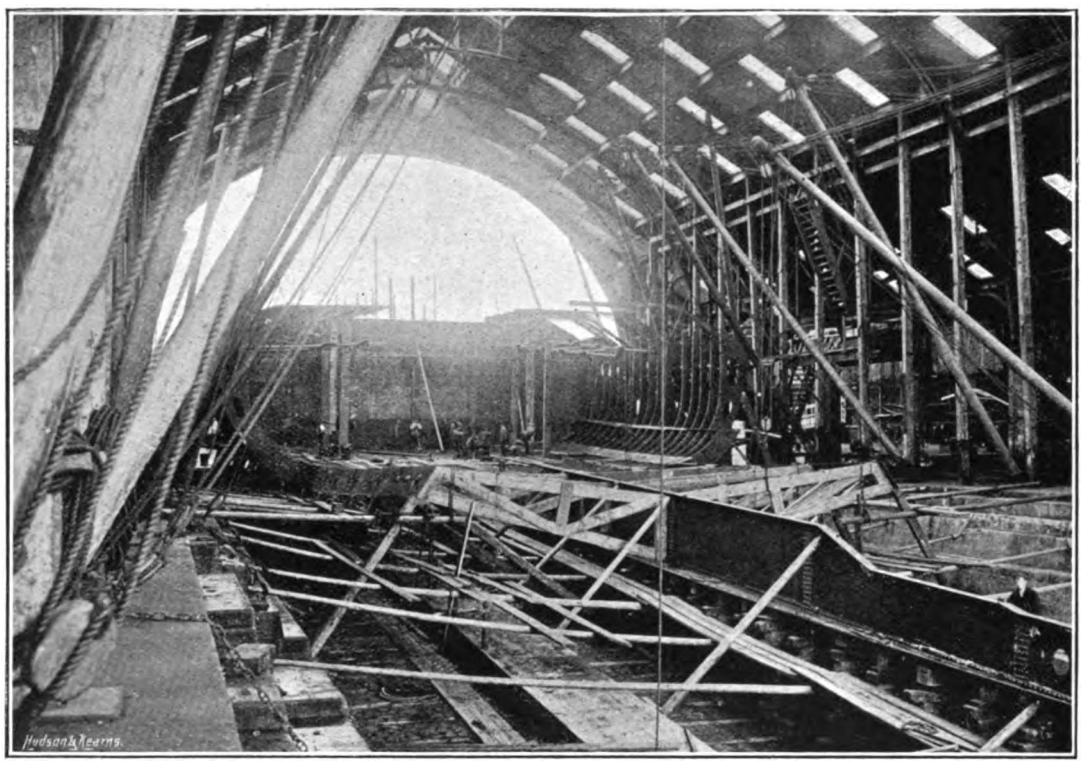
The Modern Armoured Cruiser.

THE SHIP-BUILDING YARD IN SOUTH WALES.

Pembroke Dockyard, as Seen from Milford Haven.

IT was in the Navy Estimates for the year 1898-99 that armoured cruisers made their reappearance among the defensive forces of the country, after having been absent for several years. Other Powers had constructed such vessels, and had made them a prominent feature of their Naval programmes. The British Empire had done nothing of the sort, but had elected to stand or fall by protected cruisers—and it will most assuredly fall if the stern arbitrament of war comes before the armoured cruisers now under construction are ready for sea. Let us put aside technicalities as far as possible, and understand what an armoured or a protected cruiser means. A protected cruiser relies for the defence of its vital parts upon the fact that her machinery, magazines, and so on are situated below a steel deck, inclined at an angle at the stem and stern and at a less angle on each side. The majority of the guns have a protection of their own; some of them are in casemates, but there is nothing to exclude the enemy's fire from the general body of the ship above the protective deck. An armoured cruiser, on the other hand, is provided with a certain amount of vertical armour protection—generally on the water-line—and this is in addition to the protective deck and the local protection of any individual gun. She is supposed to be capable of performing the functions of a cruiser. She has a cruiser's armament; she has presumably the necessary speed for scouting, and for acting as the eyes and ears of a fleet; but, at the same time, she is provided with a certain amount of armour protection, which should render her more than a match for any merely protected cruiser. Somehow or other, however, the armoured cruiser did not find favour in the eyes of the authorities. If we look back with impartial vision, we must admit that the "Warrior" and the "Black Prince"—the original ironclads of the British Navy—were only armoured cruisers; but it is the fashion to date the genesis of the armoured cruiser in our Service from the "Warspite" and "Impérieuse"—vessels which were almost battle-ships in their day—and the "Undaunted" class, which dates from the closing days of the eighties. Let us put the "Warspite" and her sister ship on one side. They were, and are, good fighting ships, and all that can be said against them is that they have a deficiency of speed. The "Undaunted" class—of which the "Aurora," "Orlando," and "Undaunted" are now in the Far East—is to all intents and purposes the last group of our armoured cruisers. They have a very inferior sort of protection, an armament which is, perhaps, not correctly stated in the sources of information usually accessible—*e.g.*, Has the "Undaunted" quick-firing 6-in. guns, as recorded in the *Naval Annual*?—and to all intents and purposes they are vessels which must be regarded as outside the first line of cruisers. Their lack of speed is a determining fault, and the new vessels are to atone for this deficiency. Our first efforts towards a satisfactory armoured cruiser in relation to modern requirements were to be found in the building of the six ships announced in the programme of 1898-99. They are the "Aboukir" and "Cressy," laid down at Fairfield; the "Hogue" and "Eurydalus" at Barrow; and the "Sutlej" and "Bacchante" at Clydebank. Their displacement is, roughly, 12,000 tons; their speed is 21 knots; and they are armed with two 9·2-in. guns and twelve 6-in. quick-firers. All this, however, is in the future; the ships are not yet completed. The 9·2-in. gun seems to be essentially the cruiser gun, and it is not quite easy to see why it has been discarded. It only needs a slender experience of the talk afloat in any ship which carries a 9·2-in. gun—or any ship which ought to do so and does not—to learn the opinion which is entertained as to the value of this gun. (Perhaps this applies rather to the "Monmouth" class than to its two predecessors.) The "Cressy" class of six, which was the initial type of the modern armoured cruiser, has given good results on a displacement of 12,000 tons. Then we heard of "improved 'Cressys,'" which meant an additional displacement of about 2,000 tons, and gave us the "Drake" class, with its nominal speed of 23 knots, and an armament that was only slightly more powerful in its 6-in. quick-firers. Evidently the Admiralty had taken fright at the lack of relation between displacement and power. This, at least, is the conclusion that anyone must draw, for we are now to have a whole fleet of armoured cruisers capable of steaming 23 knots, and of only 9,800 tons displacement, while their armament is to consist entirely of 6-in. quick-firers. These ships bear county names that are famous. There are already ships which bear the names of counties. There is the "Northampton," used as a training-ship, and the "Northumberland," a depôt ship for stokers at Chatham. The classification of ironclads in the days when they were still young was a little uncertain. At any rate, the armoured cruiser is the ship of the moment. One of our illustrations shows Pembroke Dockyard as it appears from Milford Haven, while the other indicates the work on the beginning of a future armoured cruiser. We can see the keel-plate, and the construction has proceeded so far that some of the ribs are in place, and one of the bulkheads has been affixed. It is an instructive peep into the embryo stage of our big ships.



Photos. Copyright. THE GENESIS OF A MODERN VESSEL. "Navy & Army."

The Keel-plate of an Armoured Cruiser, with a Bulkhead and some of the Ribs.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JIM TWELVES TRA'NED MAN AND A·B

BY
W. F. SHANNON
Author of
"THE DEVIATORS"
"THE MESS DECK"
&c. &c. &c.

OF A "SOONER."

"JIM," I said, meeting him a few days after he had told me of the snowstorm and the wreck. "Some more, please, not sad."

"But that's the Navy all over," protested Jim. "Gloom, fore and aft. So if you complain about that we'd best stash these recollects. Because you mustn't think life in the Royal is a joke."

I really had begun to think it was so, from Jim's point of view. However, I hinted that there was a gleam of lightness occasionally.

"Ah! for sublootenants," said Jim, doggedly. "For the boys of England. But not for the lower-deck; not for me. What think I bin at all day?"

"I give it up."

"Tryin' to go to sleep. And they wouldn't let me. Said there was another Jubilee comin' off, and the Navy must practice up to fire more few-dee-jaws. Should you think they was bluffin'?"

"Well, I ——"

"Besides, after a poor Bluejacket's bin creepin', sweepin', and minin', wid lucid intervals of weepin', out at Spithead all night, he deserves to sleep, Jubilees or no Jubilees, don't he?"

"But why are you out this evening then? Why not sleep now?"

"There's a time to sleep and a time to stroll about the town," said Jim, severely. "And to take sleep out of my own time don't compensate me for bein' dished in workin' time. The Adm'alty says we can sleep if we can be spared, and I could very well be spared, and so my cap'ns mostly certifies. But if the skipper won't spare me at the proper time, I shan't spare myself when he would be glad for me to. But I tell ye, I feel as bad about it as that chap what took whisky a' top of oysters—two dozen—bakers' dozens."

We walked a few steps in silence, and then Twelves went on, half to himself. "'Shake me, sir,' says he to the doctor next mornin'. 'Shake me, if you can't believe it. Them transmigrated oysters,' he says, 'if you can call 'em oysters, is petrified into oilskin buttons. You can hear 'em rattlin' about like dominoes, if you'll on'y be so kind as to shake me, sir.' So the physician shook him, and was persuaded—not that he had any doubts—and lushed him up to a refreshin' draught outa' the foretopman's bottle, so's he near died. I once had a stomick ache myself. In the trainin' squadron——"

"That's just what I want to hear about," said I.

"What, aches?"

"No, no. Training squadron."

"When I was in it I was mostly hungry. Because it's like six months gymnaz'um exercise in that squadron, and biscuit is not satisfyin'. Nowadays, I'm never hungry." I looked at Jim in amazement, but he went on calmly, "I can always eat, you understand, but not like then."

"What struck you most in the training squadron, Jim?"

"Bos'n's mate's call-chain. Widout I was to wind'ard of another boy, and then it struck him."

"I mean, what did you notice most?"

"Quartermaster's fist. It was when I was takin' my trick at the wheel on the openin' night, so to speak. I had fust trick in the middle watch—the eye opener."

"Excuse me, Jim. I mean, what was the strangest part of the life now you had fairly put to sea?"

"This very thing; the night watches. You don't have 'em in the brig nor in the 'Saint.' But in the 'Arethusa,' in the squadron, you start the ancient customs of the sea in all their everlastin' freshness. Turn in at nine o'clock, jist close your eyes, and then comes the pipe to turn out—twelve o'clock. I walked on deck very near asleep, and it's no wonder I nodded at the wheel. Likewise, it's no other wonder that the quartermaster belted me. He said he wished keel haulin' was invoked as it used to be. To have boys dipped reg'lar, he went on, was conductive to good manners and discipline, and now they'd knocked it off these feminine times was goin' to the dogs, and the Navy too. And he clumped me agin, and almost sobbed to think of how England was fallin' away owin' to boys' feelin's bein' respected. Oh! there's no doubt them night watches was the great experience. And that's what another chap thought, I reckon—a proper sooner he was."

"'Sooner,' Jim?"

"Sooner. He'd sooner do nothink than anythink else. And he was gen'ly not here, but there, when required. He was a Northo, and made a mistook in joinin' the Service."

Seeing my questioning look, Twelves explained that a Northo is a "Northampton rigger," which signifies a boy who joins the Navy at the age of eighteen or thereabouts. The usual boy enters much younger than that, and consequently looks down on these "unhandy interlollopers." "This boy was starvin', and come aboard the 'Northampton' like a second-class stoker, wid his arms rove into his trousies pockets up to his elbows, and droppin' his shoulders even then so's to git more in. He signed on, and after gittin' his belly full of bread wanted to sign off. He naturally couldn't, and was drafted to us, the 'Arethusa,' moanin' all day and all night agin the hardships of the poor mucko—meanin' hisself."

"'I know why this biscuit is so hard,' says he, the fust meal after he come aboard.

"'So do I,' I says.

"'And why?' says he.

"'So's to make your teeth soft and to keep you from over-eatin'.'

"'No,' he says, solemn. 'No. Improper cookin'.'

"'Not so,' says Malachi. 'The hardiness of this biscuit is due to staliness, and the staliness is caused by old age. Same wid the salt pork. These condiments is seven full years old.'

"'Eight,' says I, nibblin' a bit. 'Eight, or else I'm very much mistook.'

"'I'm not guessin', Jim. It's a remorseful fact that Giberaltar and Malter is victualled for seven years, aint it?'

"'Well, that's the seven years of plenty,' says I. 'Goo on.'

"'Every year one seventh is replaced. What becomes of the provisions which is brought away?'

"'Free breakfasts for the poor,' says I.

"'No. Else they'd complain to Parliament. But you never hear about any complaints. Why? Because that food is served out to the trainin' squadron—to us, who never complains.'

"'What, don't sailors never complain?' says Sooner.

"'Well, no,' says I. 'The fact of it is—— But where did you learn all about this, Mal?'

"'The instructor told me when he seen me makin' a bita' pork bounce like a injerrubber ball. He says it's so's to weed out the rotten constitutions, and also so's the survivors shall enjoy the comparatively fresh biscuit later on.'

"'It's badly cooked in the fust instance,' says Sooner. 'I'm sure of that.'

"'You seems to be authorative on cookin',' says Malachi. 'You best put in for a cook.'

"'It was the chief cook what was hung, if I remember right,' says I, 'and after him came seven years of full rations, which the stooard enjoyed. I should advice the stooard's job, Sooner. No night watches and the best of everythink.'

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"'I reckon these idlers didn't ought to have the luxuries of life, while the poor hard-workin' sailor tries to lose his appetite in dry biscuit and cocoa,' says Mal.

"'Ah!' says Sooner. 'Worse than night watches is no butter. Why, butter is a necessary of life where I come from.'

"I said I wished I was a native of them parts, but 'a cook,' says I, 'has the run of the butter, and sleeps all night.'

"'And has pickles wid his salt pork accordin' to the regulations,' says Mal. 'What kind would you prefer, Sooner?'

"'Walnuts,' says Sooner, his mouth waterin'. 'But is this right about cooks?'

"'Pickled walnuts!' I says. 'You might's well talk about pickled oak trees! Here are you complainin' about the hardness of the seafarin' life and askin' for additional hardships.'

"Sooner looked at me in a disgusted way and said he surmised my education was neglected.

"I said he mustn't go by printed labels and outside appearances, and Malachi said these walnuts was a case of mistaken identity like the red cabbidges. And he winked at me, because it's a standin' joke in the Navy to persuade people that these things don't exist.

"'You don't mean to say you aint seen red cabbidges?' says Sooner.

"'Course not,' says Mal. 'It's agin nature.'

"'Ignorance!' says he. 'Ast anyone.'

"So we referred to the mess, and every boy what knew the joke said there was no such plants, and most of the others couldn't call 'em to mind, outside pickle bottles, so they set quiet.

"Sooner said he'd seen fields of 'em.

"'That's the chemical combustion of light actin' on weak eyes,' says I.

"'Cartloads of 'em goin' to market,' says he.

"'Early mornin'?' I ast.

"'Yes.'

"'The dawn tippin' 'em,' I says. 'Or else you're colour blind. Now what colour would you call that?' and I pointed to some red paint work.

"'Red,' says he.

"'Green,' sung out the mess, for everyone seen what was in the wind.

"So Sooner reckoned he was colour blind. 'Then,' I says, 'you're no use for look-out. You'd mistake the lights. You're designed for a cook, there's no doubt.'

"'Yes. We must reform agin this bad cookin',' says he, 'and the sooner the better. I for one will refuse——'

"At that moment 'Clear lower deck' was piped, so we all scooted, and Sooner followed, meditatin' on the buttered muffins what he was goin' to lush us up to when he was cook.

"The Cap'n had sent for us because he wished for to explain to the ship's comp'ny, and special to the boys what formed the most part of it, that the time was now come when we was at sea, and anythink we may have heard about obedience bein' the root of all happiness we best multiply four times and add it on, and even then we shouldn't be too obedient for him. And he ended off by remarkin' that an officer when he gives an order is actuated by the highest motive power, and is irresistibly right, and the Bluejacket, espeshly if he's a boy, is in all cases unspeakably wrong. 'Yes,' he says, pausin' a second, and I think his eye twinkled. 'Yes, even if the officer's wrong, he's right, so fur as you're concerned. Pipe down.'

"'Howje like that, Sooner?' I says.

"'That may have been sense in the reign of the Christian era,' says Sooner, 'but it won't do for the old age of reason, sich as we are now in. It's like them biscuits, old-fashioned. In the pink blush of the hallucinations of right, the way that Cap'n talks is the way of wrong.'

"'That's the Navy way, chum,' says I.

"'Twelve years of it I've signed on for,' says he. 'I've pawned my soul for twelve mortial years. I'll run, soon as I can. I'll swim ashore.'

"'We're in the middle of the Atlantic now, Sooner.'

"'Ashore you live by the light of reason, wid reasonable bein's,' says he.

"'At sea it's ship biscuit—widout it's duff—and the reasons of other people,' says I.

"'Oh! you do git puddin', then?'

"Sooner took an interest in makin' duff, and that day he helped the cook to mix it. Now it happened that a midshipman came strollin' along the mess-deck as he was mixin', and the small officer stayed to observe. He had never been on the mess-deck before, and Sooner didn't know about these little nippers bein' officers. So when the middy stuck his finger very near into the duff, and says haughty, 'Do you eat that stuff after muckin' it about like that?' Sooner flares up.

"'Do you eat that stuff after muckin' it about like that?'"

"'Here, hands off our duff,' says he.

"'You better be careful,' says brass buttons.

"'What for? Who are you?'

"'I'm an officer.'

"'Oh! are ye? Then you ought to be learnt how to behave.'

"The middy coloured up, but steada beggin' pardon, he remarked that he'd report Sooner for insolence, and went off to do it.

"'Little dirty nose,' says Sooner. 'I s'pose it's all right, though. A kid what has to wear brass buttons round his cuff to keep it clean is sure to be right, every time. If I'm run in over this, and there's justice in the land——'

"'We're at sea, Sooner,' says I.

"'The Cap'n is under the laws of the land,' says he.

"'Not him. He's over the laws of the sea.'

"'Well, I'll appeal to his sense of justice.'

"'I shouldn't go before him too many times to do that,' says I.

"The report was made, but the Cap'n touched up the midshipman in private, I think, about his manners, and Sooner in public, about his, and said he best look out or he would be in for a proper dose of stronaky, and that in the old times he'd a bin hung at the yardarm for mut'ny.

"Sooner surmised that all the Cap'n's talk was bluff, and was pritty careless after that, and reckoned I was wrong about sea justice. And he thought he'd make his own holidays as well as his own duff, and schemed considerable.

"A night or two after he was adrift when his watch mustered, and the Corp'ral of the gangway went to look for him, and found him in the funnel casin', keepin' it warm. And the Corp ral helped him on deck wid a rope s end to circulate him.

"Sooner explained to the officer of the watch that he turned out smart when he heard the pipe at eight bells, but stopped on his way up to get a warm, and didn't hear the little one bell nor the pipe 'Watch to muster.'"

"'Little one bell,' Jim?" I interrupted.

"That's it. Five minutes after the fust pipe. Sooner

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remarked that he was constitutionally cold, and 'was it right,' said he, 'that he should be rope's ended by the Corp'ral before a fair trial?'

"The officer of the watch surmised he was constitutionally tired, and stood him on the quarter-deck for the remainder of the watch, widout answerin' his question. So he done nearly four hours' shiverin', and thought of the glorious times he used to have at home, where he set in the warm and his mother did the work and the weepin', and he considered what he would do wid that ship's Corp'ral if he was king.

"'Cold, Sooner?' says I, as we was relieved and went below.

"'Froze,' says he. 'I wish I was a stoker or a cook.'

"'Why not shove in a request?' says I. 'If I was as miserable as you I'd jump over the side.'

"'Stokin's harder work than sailorin',' says he.

"'Well, cook's mate, then.'

"'I ast the cook about that, and he said I was widout any of the necessary qualifications.'

"'That's bluff, Sooner. There's none required. There was old Seapie Wang, now; he was a cook; he had none. And Ben Slush, he had none. Oh! they're all the same. Aptitude for cookin' and the Cap'n's recommend, and there you are.'

"'No, straight? Is that all?'

"'Every bit, as sure as you're a sooner.'

"'Why, that cook talked as if there was a lot to learn, and as if he was the hardest-worked man in the ship.'

"'Work!' says I. 'Cookin' aint work. It's as easy as sojerin'!'

"'Then I'm on that,' he says. 'I've got about the strongest aptitude for cookin', at that rate, that anyone ever had.'

"He requested to see the Cap'n in a day or two, and put on the green coat—which is as much as to say pretended to be simple—and cracked a lay about how fond he was of cookin', and how he used even as a kid to steal bits of dough and bake 'em on the black-leaded top of the kitchener, and eat 'em, too. And how he used to make 'bonnys' in the fields, and cook potatoes, and eat 'em, too. And a lot of other things.

"The Cap'n was quite interested in wonderin' what this tiredest member of all his ship's comp'ny wanted to tell him this for, and when Sooner delicately observed that he was proud to say therefore that he should be glad to be invested immediately and forthwith as cook's mate, the Cap'n laughed. But he said there was no vacancies.

"'I'm a disappointed man,' says Sooner to me.

"'Boy,' says I.

"'My life henceforward, stripped of all the warmth and luxury I've bin brought up wid, is wasted. Well, I'll do my best to lead a natural life.'

"He cert'nly tried hard, and was nearly always aloft shovellin' sunshine off the foreyard, or 'tween decks flemishin' down sand, and carefully keepin' out of sight, widout he was black-list, and then he couldn't.

"But one day, through this perseverin' laziness, he got that billet of cook's mate, and since then his life is full of sleep and peace. The squadron was at tattics. I was aloft, masthead lookout, and a mountaineous cold job it was. Something went wrong while he was in the midst, and the famed 'Belle Poule,' one of the squadron, came bearin' down on our beam as if she was goin' to come right inboard. I watched her, and I wasn't so much afeard as filled wid curiosity, considerin' which side my mast would tumble over, and whether I should fall aboard her, or be killed by the impact wid the water on the other side. I reckoned it was a sure thing for the mast to go one way or the other, and I clung on wid a mouth full of biscuit, I remember, and stopped chewin', sorter paralysed.

"Down on deck they was in a devil of a tear. The Cap'n sings out sharp 'Port! Hard a-port!' and widout takin' his eye off the 'Belle Poule' says to the Corp'ral, 'Send every soul on deck!'

"The Corp'ral, white as a marine's belt, rushed once round the mess-deck, screamin', so's to drive terror into the hearts of the boys, for every soul to get on deck for his life, and then shinned up for his own, a proper leader. The officers had trouble to calm that watch as they tumbled up wid bulgin' eyes, but at last they got the boys fell in wid the others, excep' some what slid off towards the rattlins.

"For one long minit the ship's comp'ny stood to attention, waitin' for the 'Arethusa' to be cut down. But the 'Belle Poule' jist missed doin' that and cannoned off, smashin' her own bowsprit and carryin' away our lower studdin' sail boom.

"'Pipe down,' says the skipper, calm. 'Where's that ship's Corp'ral?'

"They diskivered him in the water, half a mile astarn, wid Sooner, and sent a boat for him.

"It appeared that when the crusher called the watch below, Sooner was enticin'ly curled up, snoozin', and didn't care to turn out except it was proved to his satisfaction that the case was urgent. The silence done that, and he went to a port to see what was up. He poked his head out at the moment the 'Belle Poule' bashed into us, and the collision bounced him out the port into the open sea. He struck out away from the ship as soon as he come to the surface, for she was swayin' about horrible, and he thought she was goin' down. And there was me at the masthead—— Ever bin at a masthead in a collision?"

Jim knew quite well I hadn't ever been in a collision, and went on without pausing, "That's when you git properly rocked in the cradle of the deep. You're on a pend'lum upsi' down. And all the things happenin' is spread out like a map. There was the 'Belle Poule,' when I was her side, staggerin' off, hurt. And on the other was Sooner, swimmin', and near him the Corp'ral, who'd edged off to the far side of the upper-deck, and bin shot out a gun-port, too. And down below the Cap'n givin' orders prompt, and not sweatin' a bit.

"The Corp'ral and Sooner finally came to the conclusion that the saucy 'Arethusa' still floated, and turned to swim back, and saw each other. And I reckon the Corp'ral blushed. At any rate, Sooner thought he did, whereas he was chokin' and sinkin'. Then Sooner swam to assist him, and held him till the boat picked 'em up.

"No one need 'a' known anythink about how they got over, because it seemed the natural thing for accidents to happen in the excitement, on'y that the Cap'n noticed that ship's Corp'ral a day or two after, and remembered how terror-struck he was, and what a panic he made, and that he wished to say a word to him after it all. So he said, 'Ship's Corp'ral.'

"'Sir.'

"'You're a d——d fool. What do you mean by showin' sich a bad example?'

"'I—it—I thought that boy Knott was suicidin', sir. He'd talked about desertin', sir.'

"'Send that boy to me.'

"So Sooner ranged up. 'How came you with the Corp'ral in the water, boy?' says the Cap'n.

"'I thought the Corp'ral was drowndin', sir,' says Sooner, 'so I forguv him his trespasses wid the rope's end, and closed in wid him.'

"'I see,' says the Cap'n. 'You seem to have bin misguided, both of ye. Where were you, boy, when the collision occurred?'

"'On the mess-deck, sir.'

"'Why weren't you on the upper-deck?'

"'I was near the galley, sir, and didn't hear anythink till the great silence.'

"'What, still in love wid cookin'?' says the Cap'n, smilin'. 'Still nursin' the aptitude?'

"'Still waitin' for the recommend, sir.'

"'How came you in the water?'

"'Passin' an open port, sir, I was collisioned out, and seein' the C'rporal, I reckoned he knew what to do under the circumstances, and followed him.'

"'So you weren't desertin'?' says the Cap'n, for the Corp'ral's benefit.

"'Desertin', sir?'

"'The Corp'ral says you've spoke of it.'

"Sooner hung his head because of the truth of it, and the body-snatcher blushed erysipilas red because of the lie he'd made of it.

"The Cap'n made enquiries then, and found Sooner had really saved the Corp'ral.

"'Very well done, boy,' says the Cap'n at the end. 'Remind me of that recommend if I forget. You can go for'ard now. Ship's Corp'ral!'

"'Sir.'

"'Next time there's a collision I'll close the gunports for you, and don't fall overboard then, else I'll turn you into a marine again. And if a boy picks you up, say thank you in future.'

"The Corp'ral said he would, and the Cap'n made Sooner a cook's mate before long; and now he's fat, and sleeps all night and all the next day. And if you hadn't ast for a happy endin', I'd have gone on to explain that it was that biscuit at the masthead and the water I drunk when I come down guv me the ache I told you of, but I omit that, because it would make this recollect a tragedy, which it aint."

ACCORDING to an Army order recently issued, invalids from stations abroad are to be brought forward for disposal as early as possible. If the principal medical officer, after having inspected them, reports them to be unfit for further service, they will be discharged. If found fit for service, they will be sent as soon as they are convalescent to their respective depôts, except in the case of the Foot Guards, when they will be sent to regimental headquarters, or in the case of infantry of the line, when they will be sent to the home battalion. Convalescents will in no case be placed under canvas. If room is not available in barracks, the necessary accommodation will be provided by placing other soldiers under canvas or in billets. If a home battalion is under canvas, convalescents will be sent to their regimental depôt, instead of being disposed of as if the battalion was in barracks.

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The Closing Scenes of the War.

EASTWARD WITH THE YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

THE closing scenes of the war are witnessing the reappearance of a pristine favourite, which once had fallen into sad disgrace. We refer to the armoured train, which is again patrolling—but well hedged in by a cavalry screen—the railway in the vicinity of towns threatened with a visit from the Boer guerilla chiefs. Nevertheless, the up-to-date armoured train is a very different affair from that of a twelvemonth ago. The disasters at Kraipan and Frere proved that when unsupported on the flanks and unprotected in the rear the armoured train as an aid to scouting is absolutely useless.

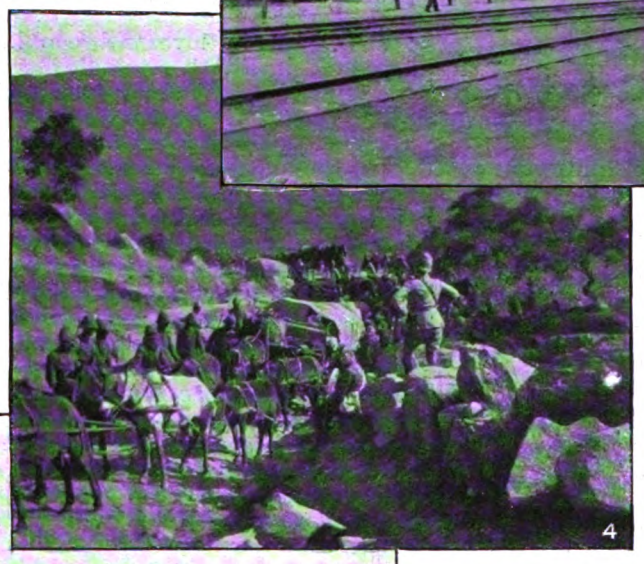
Later on in the war, however, the utility of specially adapted bogie railway trucks, for advancing and retiring guns of some considerable power, became abundantly manifest. The latter, though, can hardly be termed armoured trains, for, very wisely, no attempt has been made to equip these new gun trucks with cumbersome bullet-proof screens to protect the gun detachment, inasmuch as such screens cannot hope to withstand artillery projectiles — indeed, they form an ideal bursting screen for the enemy's shells — while they also form a splendid target to aim at. The successful climax of the heavy gun train, in contradistinction to the armoured train, may be said to have been reached when specially-built bogie trucks, counterweighed with several tons of metal, and provided with clips to catch the sleepers, made their appearance mounting the 9·2-in. gun. The 9·2-in. breech-loading gun, it should be added, weighs 23 tons, throws a projectile of 380-lb., and has an effective range of, at least, 10,000-yds. It speaks volumes for the ingenuity of those responsible for the designing of the railway truck for this heavy and powerful weapon that the recoil difficulty should have been mastered upon a lightly-laid track of only 3-ft. 6-in. gauge. Diatribes relative to the alleged shortcomings of our field artillery, where range, mobility, and rapidity of aimed quick-fire are concerned, have died down since it has been circumstantially reported how of late our gunners have literally maderings round the few remaining members of the Transvaal Staats-Artillerie.

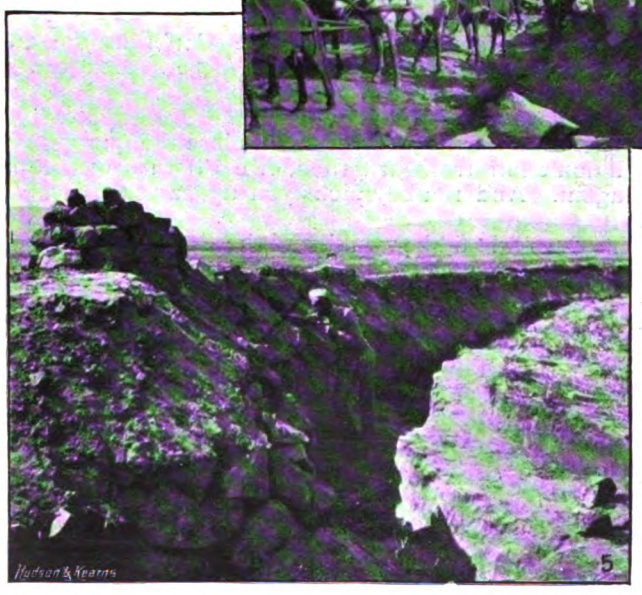
A deal of hasty, ill-judged criticism has been passed relative to the mobility of the British columns sent in pursuit of the split-up Boer armies. Nevertheless, when the true history of the war comes to be written, we believe that the shepherding of the strong commandoes in the Machadodorp district, and the slow, but sure, cornering operations, which drove them in disorganised rabbles to the Portuguese frontier, will rank amongst the most brilliant tactical achievements of modern warfare.

It was along the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay Railway that the Boers, with their Presidents accompanying them, made their last grand, sullen retreat before the columns commanded by Generals Stephenson, Ian Hamilton, and Pole-Carew. This line of railway is punctuated with little wayside stations, whose name-boards will provide future travellers with a host of stirring memories.

First, there is Machadodorp, where, we were told, the hated rooinek would be for ever held at bay; next, Waterval Boven—the village itself is a replica of a Swiss town—where President Kruger halted so long in his shunted special train, while from the Presidential saloon there issued lying manifestoes, bombastic proclamations, and a fall of worthless paper notes. The special train consisted of two saloon carriages, coupled to vans covered with large Red Cross hoods to prevent the train from being fired on.

Then there came a time when Waterval Boven even ceased to be a secure shelter, so that on the night of September 11 the special steamed quietly off, bound for Lourenço Marquez, for Mr. Kruger was fleeing from the country he has ruined. Therefore, as the journey was performed by night, Waterval Boven was the last portion of his erstwhile territory that the ex-President gazed upon. The flight was made none too soon; General Stephenson was close upon his heels, his troops advancing by forced marches along the dismantled track of the railway. During the first week of September this column passed through Waterval Boven, and on September 18 occupied the next station of any importance, viz., Nelspruit. This place is about sixty miles from the Portuguese frontier, and was one of the rather numerous places spoken of as likely to be the scene of the last great Boer resistance. Here waggons and stores were captured, a great find of guns and ammunition fell to us further on, and the Boers retreated to Ressano Garcia, where they destroyed the remainder of their ordnance.





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1—4 View of Waterval Boven, on the Line of Railway to Delagoa Bay. Waterval Boven resembles a Small Swiss Town, and was for some time the Headquarters of ex-President Kruger. 2—In the Track of the Fleeing Foe. Gun-carriage and Limbers and Transport Waggons Belonging to the Boers. Destroyed by them before Retreating from Nelspruit. 3—Nelspruit Railway Station, an Important Junction on the Delagoa Bay Railway. 4—Transport of the 1st Battalion Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment) on the March to Nelspruit. 5—Captain G. Christian, the Adjutant of the 1st Yorkshire Regiment in the Trenches made by the Regiment at Balmoral.

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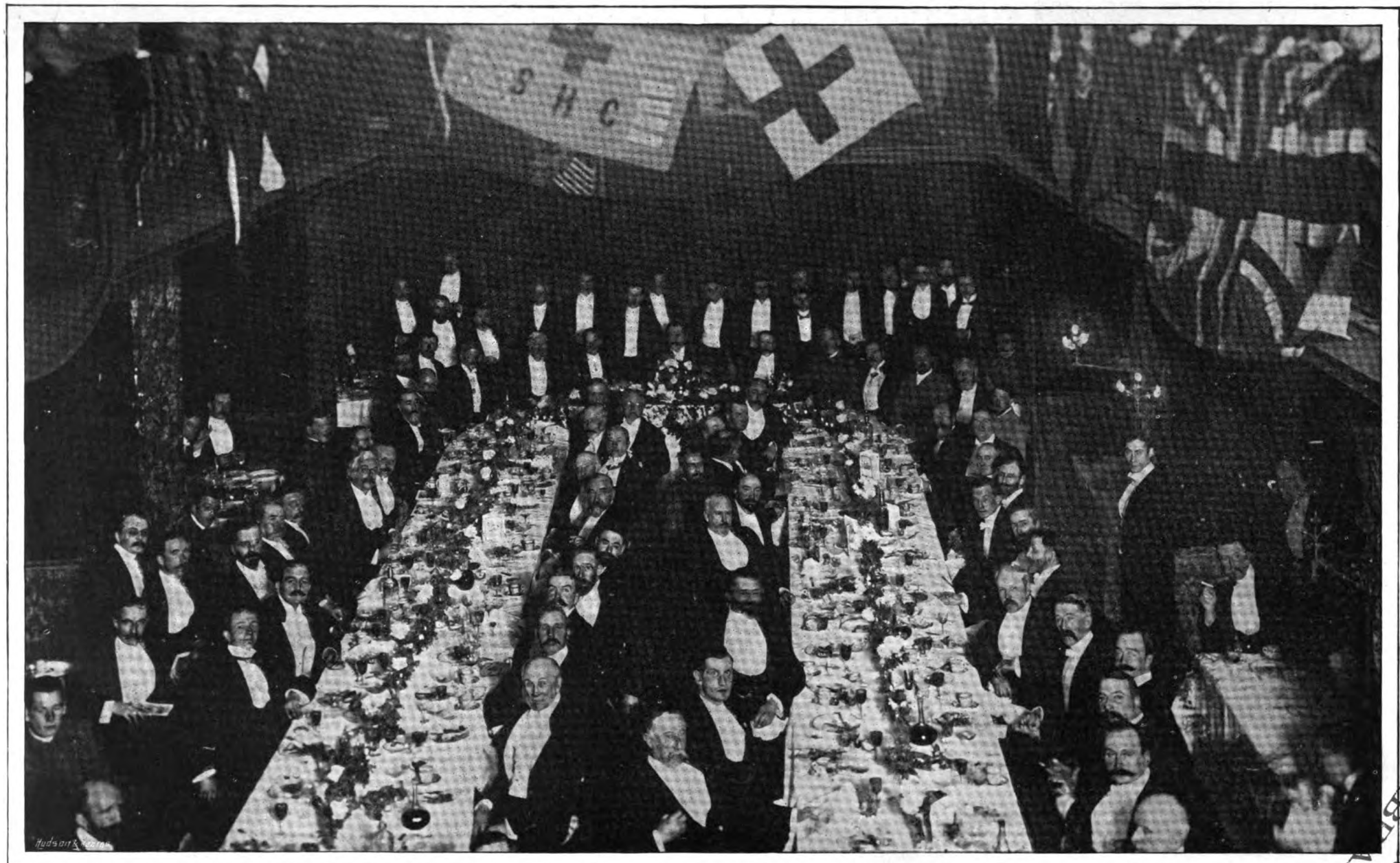
The Return of the Members of the Irish Hospital.



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THE DINNER THAT WELCOMED THE HOME-COMERS.

The Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland did justice to itself when it extended a cordial welcome to Sir William Thomson and his colleagues who had just returned from South Africa. The Lord Lieutenant occupied the chair at the dinner in the museum of the College, and he was able to read a telegram of welcome from the Queen to "Sir William Thomson and the members of Lord Iveagh's Hospital" on their return from "their arduous and valued work in South Africa."

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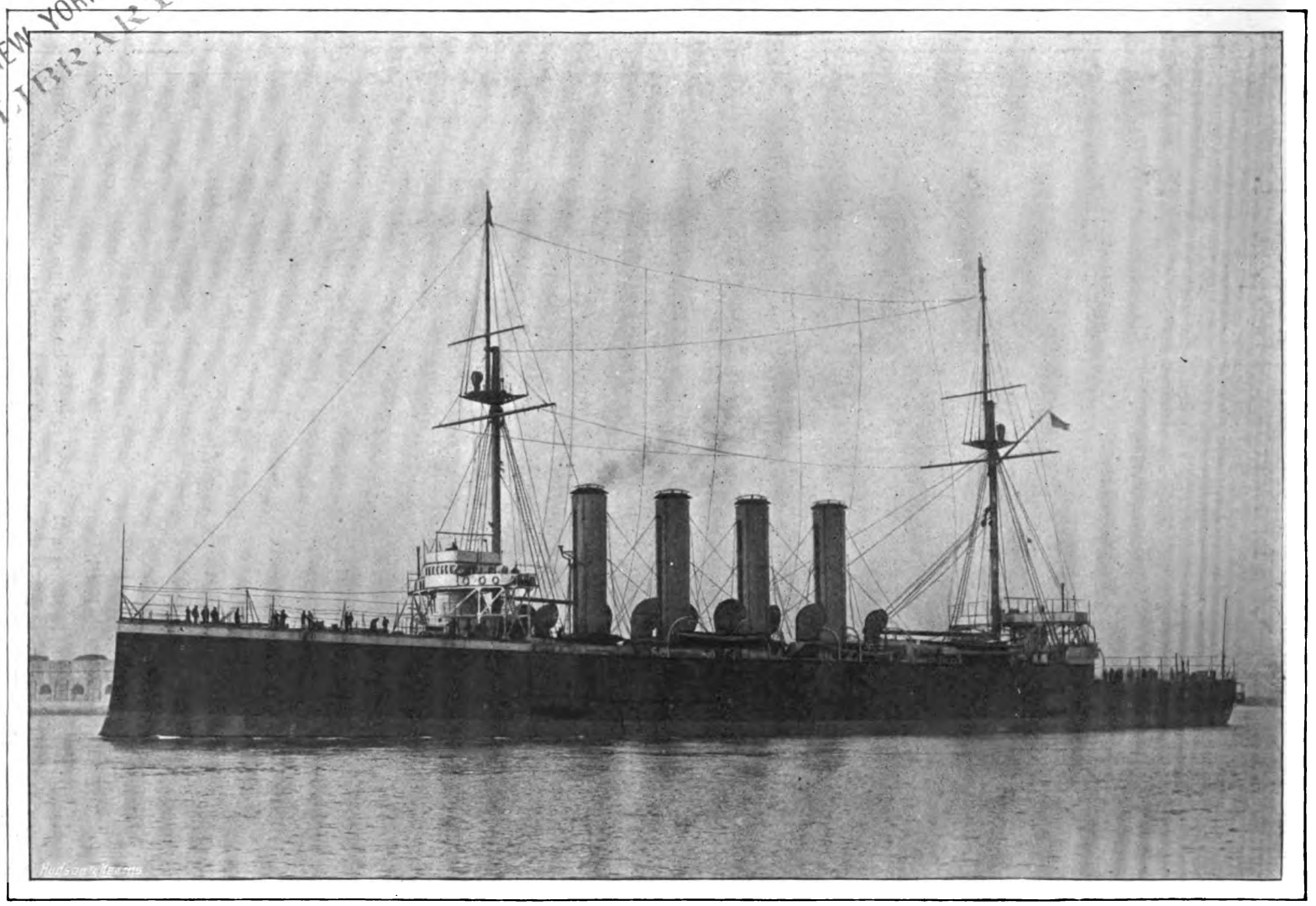
A New First-class Cruiser.



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THE "CRESSY" LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

The "Cressy" is a New First-class Armoured Cruiser Displacing 12,000 Tons. The "Aboukir," "Hogue," "Sutlej," "Eurvalus," and "Hacchante," her Sister Ships, are still on the Building Slips. She is Fitted with the Belleville Type of Water-tube Boilers, and has a Speed under Natural Draught of 21 Knots.

New Colours for the 2nd Norfolk Militia.

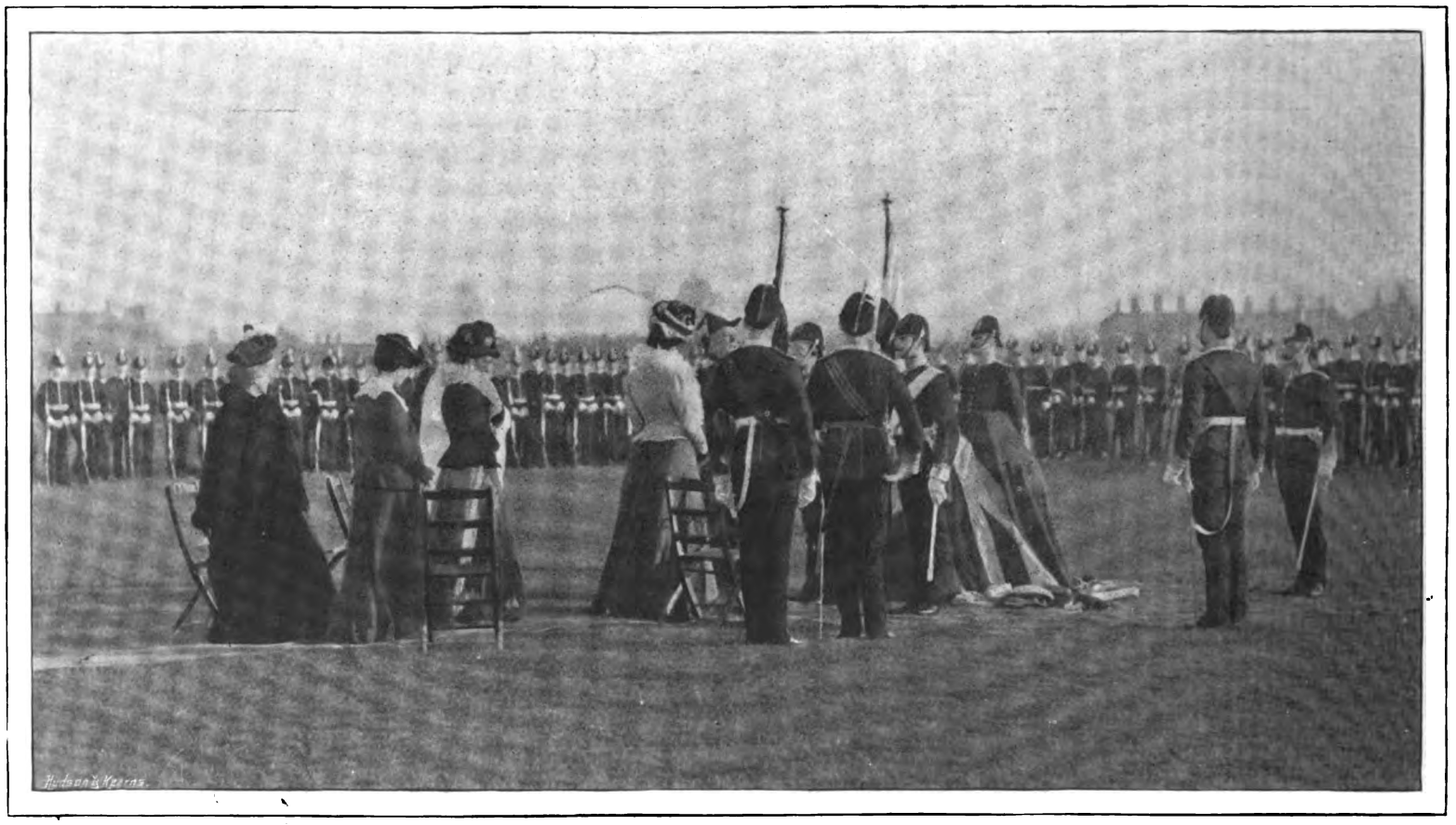

Photo. Copyright. C. Leacock.

THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE PRESENTING THE COLOURS AT ABBEY FIELD, COLCHESTER.

The Countess of Albemarle is the Wife of the Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, who has Just Returned from the Front. The Beautiful and Impressive Ceremony took place on the Abbey Field, Colchester. The Smart and Soldierly Appearance of the Men fully Maintained the High Reputation which Norfolk Men have Won for themselves in Her Majesty's Army.

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The Canadian Visitors.

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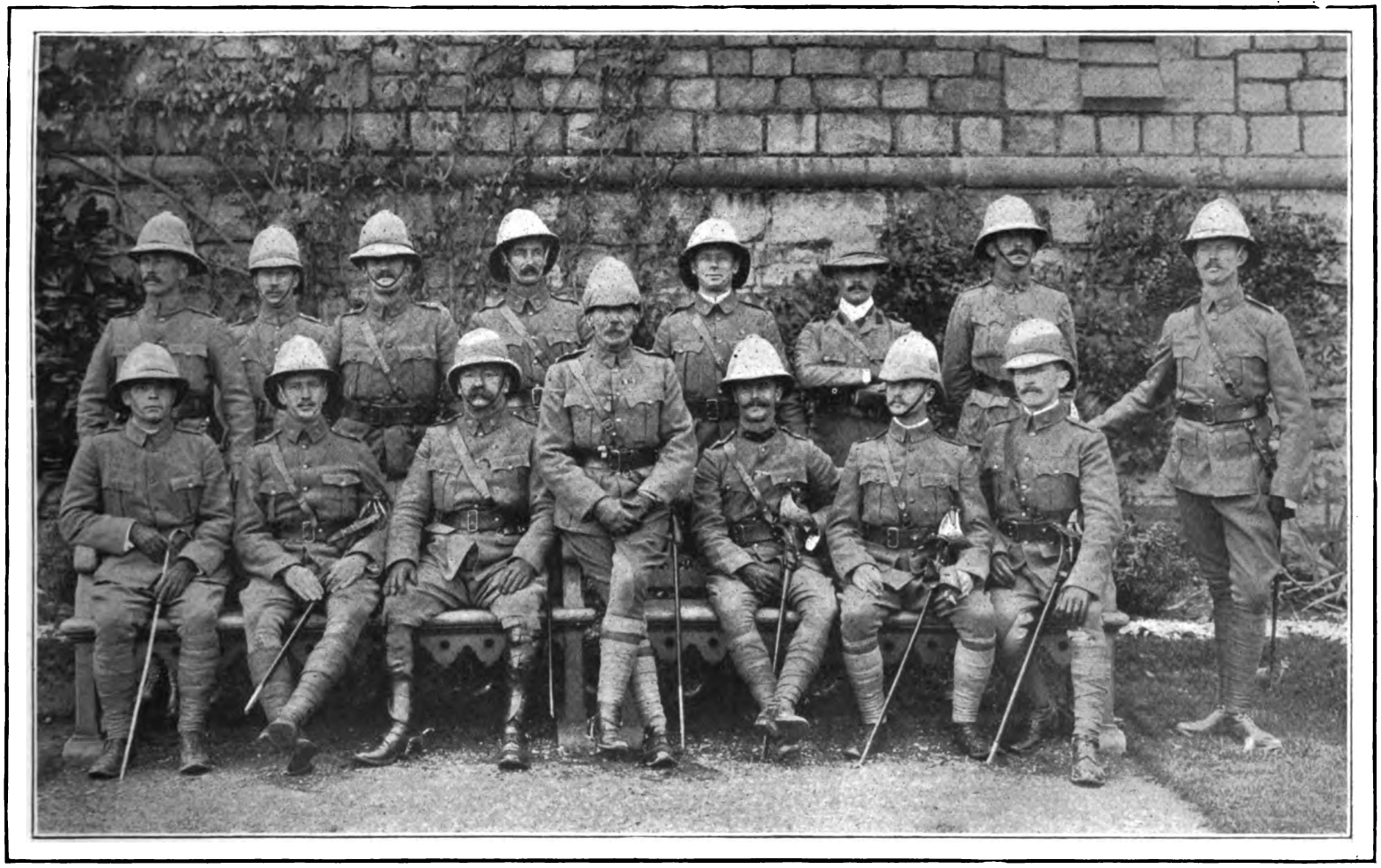
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE MAPLE LEAF CHEERING THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

"I am very glad to see you here to-day, and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadian troops. I wish you all a safe and happy retur to your homes."



Photos. Copyright. *Russell*

"WE HAVE BEEN PROUD TO FIGHT FOR THE FLAG UNDER WHICH WE HOPE THAT WE MAY LIVE ALL OUR LIVES."

The Officers of the Contingentwho were Presented to Her Majesty were: Colonel Otter, Lieut.-Colonel L. Buchan, R.C.R. Infantry, Major S. M. Rogers, 43rd Regt., Surg.-Major E. Fiset, 89th Temiscouata and Rimouski Batt., Capt. A. H. Macdonell, R.C.R. Infantry, Capt. H. E. Burstall, R.C. Artillery, Capt. W. T. Lawless, Governor-General's Foot Guards, the Rev. J. Almond, chaplain, Capt. T. C. Mason, 10th Regt., Lieut. A. E. Swift, 8th Regt., Second Lieut. R. H. M. Temple, 48th Highlanders, Lieut. A. E. Carpenter, R.C.R., Lieut. A. C. Caldwell, Reserve of Officers, Lieut. F. L. Vaux, C.A.M.S., and Lieut. F. D. Lafferty, R.C. Artillery.

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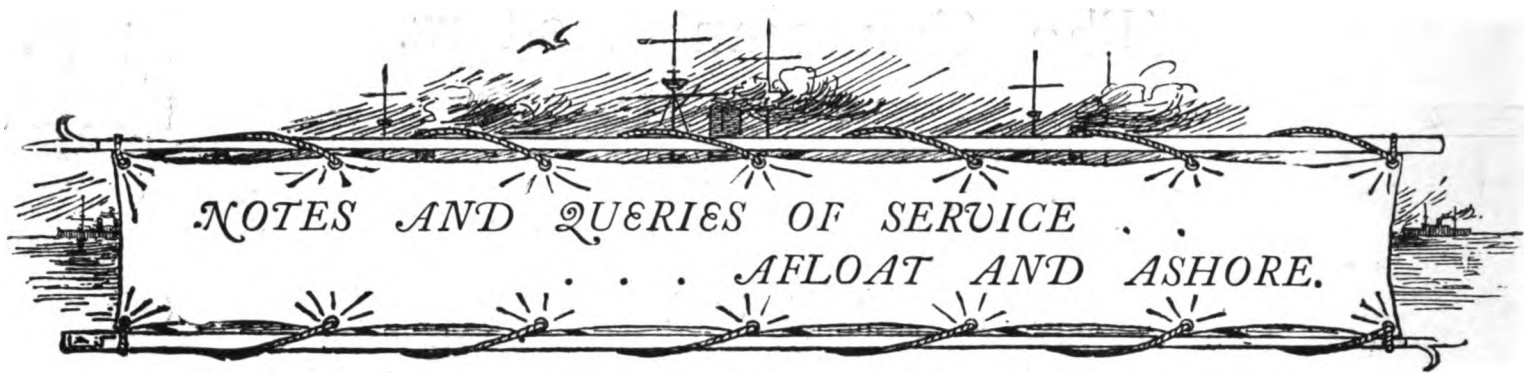

"W. M."—The famous "Shannon" frigate was a 38-gun ship, built at Frindsbury, on the Medway, by a well-known firm of the day, Messrs. Thomas and Joseph Brindley. She was laid down in 1804 and launched in 1806. She came home not long after her fight with the "Chesapeake," and was practically rebuilt between 1815 and 1817. From 1828 to 1832 the "Shannon" served in the West Indies, coming home to pay off at Sheerness in the latter year. That was the ship's only commission after Captain Broke hauled down his pennant in her. In 1814 the ship was, for some reason never known outside the Admiralty, renamed the "St. Lawrence," and served as a receiving hulk at Sheerness until 1859, when she was broken up. Her figure-head and part of her timbers were presented by the Admiralty to Sir George Broke-Middleton, the sole surviving son of Captain Broke. The timbers were made into a pair of lofty gates in the grounds of Broke Hall, Nacton, Suffolk; the figure-head was set up also at Broke Hall. It was shown at the Naval Exhibition of 1891. An interesting painting of the "Shannon" in her last years, as a hulk, by the late Sir John Adye, was shown at the Military Exhibition of 1890. The "Shannon" had four sisters, the "Hussar." "Horatio," "Statira," and "Leonidas," the last survivor of which was the old powder-hulk off Upnor in the Medway, the "Leonidas," which was in existence until a year or two ago.

* * * *

"G. C. B."—It is actually the case that as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army Lord Roberts will be direct successor to General Monk, who was appointed to the chief command at the Restoration in 1660. General Monk held the office as Captain-General from 1660 to 1669. The last to hold that title was the Duke of York, in 1798-99. Prince George of Denmark was appointed in 1702 as Generalissimo. Jeffrey Lord Amherst held office in 1778-82, and again in 1793-98, as General on the Staff. John Earl of Stair was the first Commander-in-Chief, so called, in 1744-46. The Duke of Wellington was also Commander-in-Chief, but his successors were only appointed as Commanding-in-Chief, until November, 1887, when a patent as Commander-in-Chief was granted to the Duke of Cambridge, who held office until 1895, when he was succeeded by Lord Wolseley.

* * * *

"D. W. E."—Ramillies Cove, near Bolt Tail, which you visited during your walking tour last summer, has no actual connection with the Duke of Marlborough's great victory. It was so named from its being the scene of a Naval disaster in the year 1760, when the 90-gun-ship "Ramillies" was wrecked there and nearly all on board perished. A broadside was composed at the time of the disaster, of which the following are the first three verses:

"Seven hundred and twenty brave men had she,
And ninety good guns for to keep her company;
But as we were sailing, to our great surprise,
A terrible storm began to rise.
Oh, the fatal 'Ramillies'!

"The sea look'd fire, and it roll'd mountains high,
Which made our men to weep, and our captain to cry—
'My boys, mind your business, your skill do not spare,
For as long as we've sea-room we've nothing else to fear.'
Oh, the fatal 'Ramillies'!

"In a few minutes after, with a most dreadful shock,
Oh, the fatal 'Ramillies!' she dashed against a rock;
Both Jews and Christians would sadly lament—
Few were the cries when down she went.
Oh, the fatal 'Ramillies'!"

* * * *

"RIFLEMAN."—The conically-shaped bullet first came into use about fifty years ago, and the advantage of this form of bullet over the spherical and oval shapes became immediately apparent. It was invented by General Jacobs, and made excellent practice at 600-yds. and 800-yds., and under the improvements made by Mr. Whitworth to suit his system of rifled guns, became even more effective. As early as 1835 the first step towards its invention had been taken by a Mr. Greener, who produced an oval bullet to take the place of the ball which could not be relied upon to do its work beyond 350-yds. This was offered to the British Government and refused, but in 1852 a Frenchman, M. Minié, who had produced a bullet much on the same principle as Mr. Greener's, was successful in persuading the military authorities to adopt it, and he received for his invention the sum of £20,000.

* * * *

"E. G. B."—The best place to see models of French war-ships, both old and new, is at the Musée de Marine in the Louvre in Paris. The collection is quite as good as that at the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, and, indeed, very little inferior—if at all—to our own big national collection at Greenwich Hospital. The galleries which are on the second floor of the Louvre are open to the public every day, except Monday, after eleven o'clock in the morning, and a very interesting little guide-book to the collection is purchasable in the building. Modern French ironclads are not well represented, certainly; but the earlier set, from the "Gloire," the famous first French ironclad, to the "Amiral Baudin" of 1880, are on view, and are displayed in a very interesting manner.

"FUSILIER."—Concerning the reward to be conferred upon Lord Roberts in acknowledgment of his splendid services in South Africa a great many conjectures have been made. Following precedent, the honours would take the form of a Dukedom and a cash award. It is only in recent years that the custom has been to let a victorious general return home before bestowing on him his greatest rewards; up to the latter end of the century the honours were given as soon as news of a victor's success came to hand. Wellington, for instance, was made Marquess of Wellesley six days after entering Madrid, and Parliament voted him £200,000 for estates. It was in the following year, on May 3, that he got his Dukedom, and Parliament voted him the sum of half a million sterling; at the same time five of his generals were raised to the peerage. For his successful handling of the Indian Mutiny, Sir Colin Campbell was rewarded before he returned to England, being made general, Knight of the Star of India, then just created, and the East India Company voted him the sum of £2,000 a year, and before he came back he was raised to the peerage.

* * * *

"SOUTHERN CROSS."—The Orient liner "Ophir," in which the Duke and Duchess of York are to go out to Australia, is one of the best ships of that fleet, and one of the largest and fastest. She was built two or three years ago, is of 3,223-tons register, 6,900-tons gross, and her displacement at the load-line is 12,362-tons. Her length is 482-ft., beam 53-ft. 6-in., and depth 37-ft. She is fitted with triple expansion engines, working up to 9,500 horse-power. She can do over 16-knots, is a twin screw vessel, and burns 110-tons of coal in twenty-four hours. One peculiarity of the "Ophir's" appearance is the great space between the two funnels—indeed, more than 100-ft. This is due to the arrangement of her boilers which are placed, four in one compartment next the engines, and the remainder, three, some distance away with the coal bunkers between. The "Ophir" has two pole-masts, as, being fitted with twin screws, she is not required by the Board of Trade to carry canvas. What was no doubt a strong recommendation of the ship for the Duchess of York is that the "Ophir" is by reputation a remarkably comfortable ship, being also fitted with deep bilge-keels as a preventive of rolling.

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"MILITIA ARTILLERY."—(1) Militia officers travelling on duty are entitled to travel at Government rates, *i.e.*, three-fourths the ordinary passenger fare. No officer is entitled to any reduction of the ordinary fare unless on duty, though some railway companies, as an act of grace, issue cheap tickets to officers quartered at large stations on their lines. (2) Gold lace belts are always worn with the tunic; never at church parade, which is in "review order." (3) The subjects for the p.s. at Woolwich, for either captains or subalterns, are: Infantry company drill and guard duties; drill with heavy guns, from the 40-pounder upwards, and knowledge of the ammunition for the same; mounting and dismounting heavy ordnance; knotting and use of tackles, etc.; and coast defence. No mathematics are required. We do not think there are any published papers of questions, as most of the examination is conducted practically.

* * * *

"TYNESIDER."—Long before Lord Armstrong's great works at Elswick came into existence the Tyne was a great ship-building centre. Merchantmen, as a fact, of large size, were built on it as far back as 1749; and in all our wars with France, in the Seven Years' War, the American War, and the Napoleonic War, a large number of most successful privateers were built, launched, equipped, and sent forth from the Tyne. The first man-of-war built for the British Government on the Tyne was an afterwards famous frigate, the "Solebay," of 32-guns, launched on September 9, 1763, in the presence of an immense crowd, we are told. Among other notable old Navy men-of-war built on Tyneside were the frigates "Syren," 28 guns, and "Bellona," of 32 guns, both launched in the year 1779; the "Argo," of 44 guns, launched in 1781, and the "Bucephalus," 32, and "Woodlark," 12, both launched in 1800.

* * * *

"BOBBY."—The Metropolitan Police establishment at the dockyards first came into existence in 1860, by virtue of an Act of Parliament passed in August of that year. Under the Act Sir Richard Mayne, the then Chief Commissioner, formed the body out of the Metropolitan Police Force as a special detachment, in five Dockyard Divisions: Woolwich, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham (including Sheerness), and Pembroke. Each division was placed in charge of a superintendent, and the whole force in the general charge of an inspecting superintendent, whose special duty was to go from division to division periodically to see that one uniform system was carried out in all. By the Act the new dockyard police had full powers within the yards, on board ship, and in rivers, harbours, etc. Outside the yards their powers were limited to persons dealing with the property of the Crown, and to those subject to Military or Naval discipline. The first inspecting superintendent was Mr. F. M. Mallalieu, at the time of his appointment superintendent of the Greenwich Division of the Metropolitan Police.

* * * *

"SERREFILE."—Serrefile is a term applied to such officers, non-commissioned officers, and others as ride behind the rear rank. It is unusual for an officer to be a serrefile, as he is required generally to act as squadron, or troop, leader. He would have no special duties as a serrefile.

THE EDITOR.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

THE EAST INDIES STATION.

IF the South-East Coast of America be the best station for small game, the East Indies certainly takes the palm for all-round shooting, for on that station, which includes Burma, Ceylon, India, and Mauritius, as well as the Persian Gulf, every kind of game is to be found, from an elephant to a snipe, all within easy reach of the Naval officer, and often almost within hail of his ship.

Take, for instance, Ceylon, the head-quarters of the Navy being at Trincomalee, where the admiral's house is situated. In the marshes at Tamblegan, large bags of snipe can be made by a moderate shot, and as many as 100 couple have been bagged by a single gun in a day.

The heat at this place is very trying, especially to those who are not young, and for myself I preferred hunting spotted deer (axis) and sambur in the neighbouring forests, where good sport may yet be had, notwithstanding the numerous pot-hunters who slaughter the deer for the sake of their skins and horns.

Herds of these beautiful animals (axis) frequent the low-lying parts of Ceylon, whilst sambur prefer the high lands about the Horton Plains, where they are hunted with foxhounds, under the able management of that fine sportsman and genial companion, Mr. Tom Farr, one of the most popular planters in the island. The hounds are followed on foot, and the stags are killed with the knife when they come to bay in the water, no gun or rifle being permitted. In this way some seventy stags are killed on an average in one season. It is grand sport, but requires a man to be sound in wind and limb to enjoy it to perfection. A good many hounds are annually killed by leopards, and some are lost by falling over precipices. Bears are killed by watching for them at the water holes, and elephants by stalking them in the jungles, but the Ceylon elephants, as a rule, carry no tusks, and the only trophies left for the sportsman are the tail and feet. A licence is required for elephant shooting, but a rogue elephant may be killed when met with, being dangerous and most destructive.

A RIVER-SIDE SHOOTING CAMP.

BEATERS AND SIGNALLERS.

Wild pig are numerous in the island, but are not hunted on horseback as in India, as the country is not suited for pig-sticking. They may be killed with the rifle when feeding in the open glades of the forest in the early morning. In this way I bagged a fine boar with a gallery shot one morning; my companion, Mr. Millett, a well-known shikari at Trincomalee, meanwhile killed an alligator. When our trophies were brought into camp we noticed something sticking out of the alligator's mouth; this proved to be the tail of an unfortunate monkey which the reptile had just devoured.

By 8 a.m. or 9 a.m. the heat is too great for shooting, and all game retires to the deep shade of the forest; it is as well for the sportsman to do likewise, and to go out again from about 4 p.m. till dark.

Peafowl, jungle-fowl, and partridges are fairly plentiful all over the island. I obtained several crates full of the common Indian grey partridge from Bombay, and sent them up to Horton Plains to be turned out, but I

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have not heard if they did well; probably some survived. Trout have been introduced there also and grown to a good size, fish of 6-lb. and over having been killed with fly and minnow, but they are said not to breed well. Rainbow trout have also been introduced, and, as they grow rapidly, will give good sport in a few years. At Nuwara-Eliya, a lovely spot 6,000-ft. above the sea, there is a good hotel and a capital club; the climate resembles that of Scotland, and the scenery is superb, whilst the golf links at this place are second to none in any part of the world.

With a view to introducing fresh blood into the island, I imported several deer from Mauritius and kept them in a paddock in Admiralty House grounds, where they bred and were doing well when I left, but unfortunately they met with an untimely end after my departure from the station. I also kept a few spotted deer, locally called cheetul, but the cheetul stags get very dangerous, and one of them, having gored two of my native servants, had to be turned into venison.

Some good duck and teal shooting is to be had in the

SOME OF OUR PACK.

neighbourhood of Trincomalee, notably at Kantalai, where there is a large tank. Most comfortable quarters are to be found in the rest-house, also food and liquor sufficient for the wants of most sportsmen.

Wild buffalo may be occasionally met with when shooting in the jungles, and an old bull will often charge on sight. They are not, however, to be confounded with the tame water buffalo, which animal has also a decided antipathy to a white man.

I think I have said enough about Ceylon to give an idea of its attractions to a sportsman, though pages might be written on the subject. In other respects the island presents, in the beauty of its scenery, and the hospitality of the planters and other residents, a charm which every Naval officer who has visited it will, I feel sure, endorse.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *and November* 17.]

Crack Shots.

THIS is the season when hardy annuals begin to appear. When the records of bags grow thin, and shooting correspondence has to be kept up at all cost, the schoolboy has a lively time of it. It is then that he first sees himself in print, for, as in every generation before him, there are some things upon which he would rather make a confidant of a total stranger than of his fellow-shooters; hence the hardy annual. One of the species has reared its head once more; this in a letter requiring information as to how little a shooter can "tip" the keeper without being thought close-fisted by Velveteens. One person complains to a newspaper that he has for several years past been obliged to decline invitations because of the burden of servants' tips. Of course this is very provoking, but I can hardly credit the story told by one of these letter-writers. According to it, he had the hardihood to hand a keeper £3, whereupon the head man gave back the coins with the information that he usually "took paper." Worse still, the indignant would-be giver told the story to his host, and was assured that it was "all right," because he paid his keepers very small wages, and expected them to make it up in another way. I suspect this letter-writer to have a gift of imagination, and that he would succeed as a writer of fiction better than as a sporting journalist.

* * * *

Hardy annuals have their uses as well as their abuses, nevertheless. An editor who wrote in his paper such elementary stuff as generally appears in them would be considered by the majority of his readers to be offending them. But there are always new generations who want to learn as much as their fathers know, and for them the irresponsible letter is a blessing in disguise; it gives information that an editor can hardly offer in any other form. But that does not apply to information that is accessible about the practice of giving tips. Of course it really does not matter half as much as he usually thinks what a young sportsman does. If he gives very liberally, the keeper will possibly think he has more money than brains, so that very often they will both be pleased; and if he acts in the reverse manner, Velveteens will excuse him as a beginner who has not learnt the ways of the world.

* * * *

But even better than hardy annuals to the beginner is a reference to Murray's Guide. Those energetic publishers give information on most subjects; and their "Cost of Sport" is, on this question of "tips," based on the actual practice of many of the best-known shooters in the country. This I know for a fact. The author says of certain letters he received: "Not one of them suggests a larger tip than £1 a day for the head-keeper, and even this figure should be earned by a kill of 100 pheasants per gun, or 200 brace of partridges for the whole party. For the second time over the average price is 5s. to the head-keeper, and for moderate days 10s. seems to be regarded as sufficient for the first time over. Some confine themselves to 10s. a day and £2 for five consecutive days. Another would not give more than £3 for a week's good shooting." These are the outside rates suggested. At this time of year many young shooters may be glad to know what really is usual; but the best plan of all is to ask a representative local guest what is the practice of the country. It is preferable, if possible, for all to do as nearly alike as may be; there can be no question then of high tips to secure the best stands when game-keepers post the guns.

* * * *

No records of very big bags have come to hand of late. Lord Henry Bentinck has been shooting at Underley, and on one day at the Warren, Belle Vue, got 569 pheasants, 1,023 rabbits, and 52 wild duck. On another day, shooting at Underley and Mansergh, 1,150 pheasants, 69 hares, and three woodcock were the principal items of the bag. The guns were, besides the host, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Adeane, Mr. Gore, Colonel Rhodes, Sir J. Dickson-Poynder, and Lords Ribblesdale, Kenyon, and St. Oswald.

* * * *

Captain Quinton Dick, at Oakley Park Hall, accounted for 1,300 head in one day lately, when Lord Deerhurst and Prince Victor Duleep Singh were amongst the guns. At Mr. J. A. Miller's, at Bifrons, near Canterbury, a four days' shoot resulted in about 2,800 pheasants, besides other game. A fair Irish bag has been obtained by Mr. Hamilton Stubber over his Moyne shootings, where the bag was 799 pheasants and nine woodcock. The guns on this occasion besides the host were the Marquess of Headfort, Lords Ashbrook, Bandon, and Fermoy, Captains George Poe and Beresford, and Messrs. S. H. Brassey and L. B. Flower.

* * * *

Sir Redvers Buller did some shooting with Mr. Watney at Littlecote, near Hungerford. Sir Redvers has a great respect for the shooting powers of the Boers, and considers that the reason they excel is because their eyes are far better than those of our soldiers. There seems to be a good deal to confirm this view, for it is generally believed that the Boers' greater skill did not show itself at short ranges.

* * * *

Mr. Samson Fox of Grove House, Harrogate, with a party, got 1,200 pheasants at Blairquhan Castle in Scotland in a day and a-half lately, and on the Dacre preserves 464 pheasants. The Duke and Duchess of Montrose have also had a shooting party, but the bag has not come to hand.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM G. MILLS.—If you are referring to the 37-mm. or 1·457 gun, manufactured by Vickers, Son, and Maxim, Limited, it is one of the most remarkable machine-guns made by that company. It weighs about 4-cwt., and is chiefly used in war-ships, though it can be fitted to be used for landing purposes. The length of its bore is 43·5-in. and the total length of the gun 73·75-in. The weight of the charge is 1-oz. 110-gr., that of the projectile 1-lb., and the gun will fire 300 rounds in a minute.

A. R. MACGREGOR.—We think you are under some misapprehension. There are no Volunteer companies of the Army Service Corps. Perhaps you are referring to the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. There is a Scottish company of this corps at Edinburgh, another at Aberdeen, and two at Glasgow. These companies are attached respectively to the companies of the Royal Army Medical Corps serving in the same districts. As far as our knowledge goes there is no prospect of a Volunteer Army Service Corps being organised. Doubtless, if such a scheme were started, Edinburgh would not be long before she raised a company.

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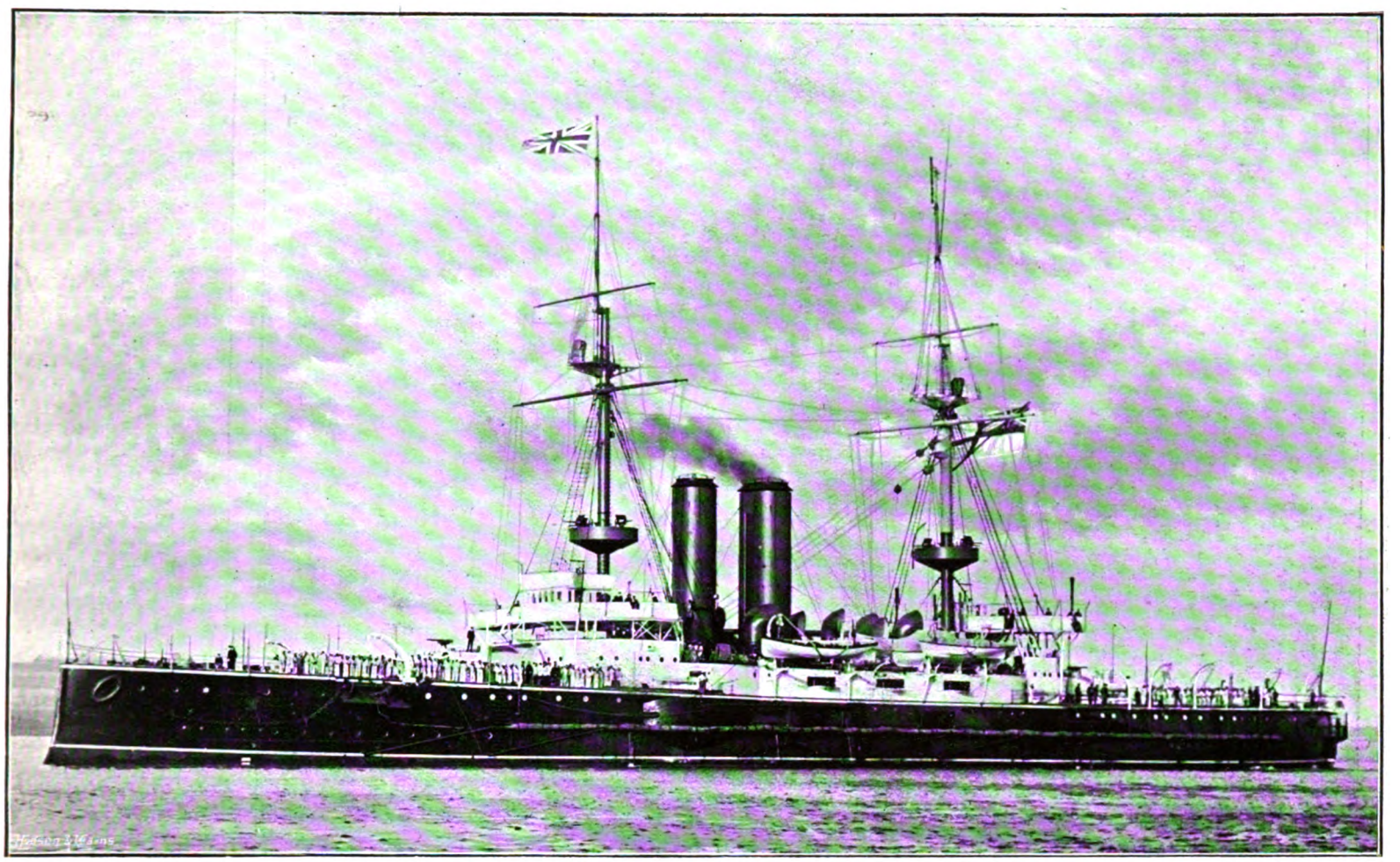
The New Flag-ship of the China Squadron.



THE MOST MODERN BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP IN COMMISSION.

The "Glory," now on her Way to the Far East.

THE battle-ship "Glory," which relieves the "Centurion" on the China station, is the most powerful vessel which has ever been flag-ship in the Far East, and, with the possible exception of the "Victorious," which was lent for a period from the Mediterranean station, the most formidable battle-ship which has ever flown the White Ensign in Chinese waters. Her selection for the post is a tribute to the growing importance of British interests in the Far East. Seventy years ago there was no China station, and there were usually about six ships in the East Indies, of which the most important was the "Southampton," a 52-gun frigate, followed by three 28-gun "donkey" frigates. One of these ships occasionally visited Chinese waters, and in those days Hong-Kong was a mere barren rock, and the anchorage in the Canton River was under Lintin Island. Even within recent years, any old tubs were thought good enough for the work of the China station, and the first time that it was honoured by the presence of a battle-ship was when the "Centurion" was sent out. Her second commission on the station will be ended by the advent of the "Glory," and she has witnessed the growth of the squadron from a rear-admiral's to a vice-admiral's command, and the appointment of a rear-admiral as second in command. She was joined, too, by two other battle-ships—her sister ship the "Barfleur," and the "Goliath," which is a sister to the new flag-ship "Glory." It is universally felt that the squadron is not sufficiently strong in battle-ships for the due protection of British interests, even though it be true that, in the event of this country becoming involved in war, the question of Naval supremacy would not be decided in the Far East. At any rate, the substitution of the "Glory" for the "Centurion"—if, indeed, the latter is to be sent home—will be a distinct gain. The new flag-ship is by more than 2,000 tons the larger vessel, and, with an identical speed, she is far better protected, being armed with four 12-in. wire guns and twelve 6-in. quick-firers, as opposed to four 10-in. guns and ten 4.7-in. quick-firers. Like the ship she succeeds, the "Glory" bears a name which is renowned in British Naval history. In Howe's action off Ushant on the "Glorious First of June," the "Glory" first disabled the "Scipion" and then engaged the "Sans Pareil." She beat her second antagonist, but was too much cut about aloft to be able to take possession of her. The same "Glory" took part in Sir Robert Calder's action in 1805, when she was the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Stirling.

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INDISPENSABLE IN A MAN-OF-WAR.

The Artificers of the "Glory."

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BOUND FOR THE CHINA SEAS—THE OFFICERS OF THE "GLORY."

The officer seated in the centre of the group, with his hands on the midshipman's shoulders, is Captain F. S. Inglefield. On his right is Commander W. B. Fawckner, borne for naviga ing duties. The Chaplain is the Rev. J. H. S. Bailey, B.A., and among the other prominent officers are Commander C. E. E. Carey, on the captain's left, Gunnery-Lieutenant H. Christian, Torpedo-Lieutenant F. L. Attenborough, and Fleet-Engineer D. J. Bennett.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR REDVERS H. BULLER, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., V.C.

We have very great pleasure in publishing the latest portrait of the gallant officer and typical Englishman who relieved Ladysmith at a critical time, and has just received a warm welcome from his countrymen, and particularly from the Devonians, who are so proud of him. The photograph was taken at Crediton, on Sir Redvers Buller's arrival at his native place and country seat.

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ROUND THE WORLD

IT is a trite saying that "the course of true love never did run smooth," and we have now to explain how this paper has become involved in Cupid's wiles. We learn from our Canadian contemporary, the *Empire*, that a copy of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, of July or August last, was found by a gallant Johannesburger lying by an armoured train wrecked by the Boers. There is no report as to what befel its owner, but, for good or ill, it came into the hands of one whose fate it promises to modify profoundly. We published in two issues, of the months named, pictures of two companies of those fair Canadians who formed the "Lady Fusiliers" of St. John, New Brunswick. Many a letter have we received extolling their charms, but the Johannesburger was stirred to deeper feeling by the portrait of one of them, and wrote to the divinity, in terms which have not been disclosed, though the *Empire* says they were extremely complimentary, and expressed the opinion that, if the Canadian girls were as good as the Canadian boys, they were "all right!" He was anxious that the young lady should correspond with him. But here comes in the best part of the story. It is alleged—though we will not plead guilty to the impeachment—that the names had got mixed up under the pictures, so that his letter did not reach the fair one whose picture had attracted him. But he was not left quite disconsolate, for the lady answered his letter, explained the mistake, and offered to help him to locate the right one. A very interesting situation that may be commended to the attention of novelists in quest of ideas. We await the sequel.

Photo. Copyright. *Gill.*

TROOPER AUSTIN FERRAND, COMPTON'S HORSE.

The Foster-brother of the Well-known Dramatist and Authoress, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, joined Compton's Horse at the Outset of the War, and Fell in a Skirmish only a Few Miles from Johannesburg, one more Victim to the Guerilla Warfare which the more Desperate of the Boers are still Continuing. The Deceased Soldier was the Correspondent of this Paper, as is Mentioned Elsewhere.

THERE is some danger, in the enthusiasm that greets the return of troops from South Africa, that the achievements of Colonel Willcocks and his men in Ashanti may be overlooked, though in this paper justice has been done to them. After the crushing defeat of the Ashantis at Abiassu on September 30, unprecedently heavy rains set in for a whole month, which made the paths impassable, and gave enforced rest to troops well-nigh worn out by hardships in that pestilential climate. But it was not gratifying to be shut up in fever-stricken Kumassi with no work to do—each day like the last, too hot to venture out of doors; no books to read, and no mail coming in; many invalided, and others depressed by malaria. Some energetic spirits started cricket with native rubber for a ball and ammunition-boxes for wickets, but play was only possible from a quarter of an hour before sundown until ten minutes after. Then a rifle meeting was started, but this was interrupted by a rumour that the Ashantis had again gathered in force. This proved to be incorrect, but columns were organised and all resistance was brought to an end. Colonel Willcocks and his staff were nearly all of them young men, and some of them untried. But, as is the way with Englishmen in emergencies, they proved equal to all the calls made upon them, and have rendered magnificent service, while the black troops have done splendidly. The loss in rank and file has been 25 per cent., while 28 per cent. of the officers have been either killed or wounded, and 30 per cent. have died from fever or been invalided home. Too much honour cannot be done to these gallant men. But more valuable lives must not be

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

LIEUTENANT E. LAZARE,
Trinidad Field Artillery,

Was One of the First Negro Officers of the West Indian Local Forces to Volunteer for War Service in Ashanti. He was with the Trinidad Contingent which Represented that West Indian Island at the Diamond Jubilee. In Private Life he is a Solicitor and a Prominent Member of Legal Circles in the Island.

Photo. *Lourne & Shepherd, Simla.*

THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA,

A Chieftain of the Eastern Punjab who led the Way in the Raising of the Imperial Service Contingents, and whose State Troops have since more than once Served the Empire. He was One of the Most Noted Sportsmen in India, and his Early Death—he was only Twenty-eight—will be Deeply Deplored.

Photo. *Russell.*

CAPTAIN W. H. FAWKES, A.D.C.,

Vacates the Command of the "Canopus" in the Mediterranean, which he has Held for just a Year, to Return and Take Up the Duties of Private Secretary to the New First Lord of the Admiralty, a Post he also Filled under Mr. Goschen. He is the Senior Captain in the Navy, and is Recognised to be One of the Most Talented.

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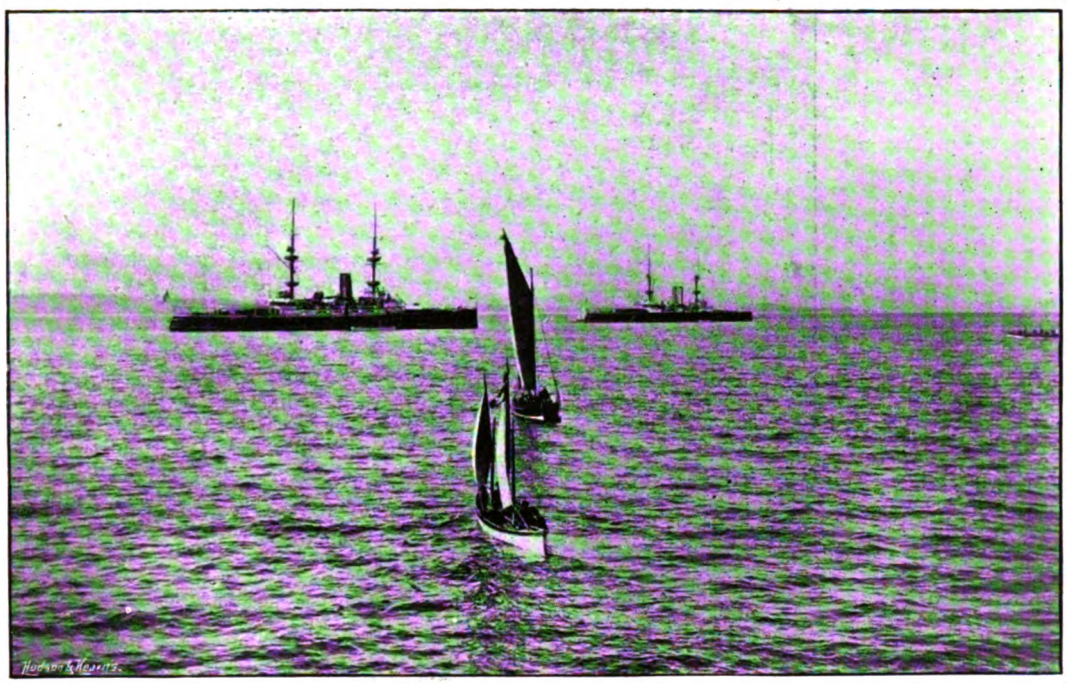
sacrificed. The country must be kept under control and the road to Kumassi be kept open, by compelling the natives to clear it from brushwood for a considerable distance on either side.

THE new autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan is a really fascinating and instructive book, and contains some things which show His Highness to be a far-seeing statesman. He makes incidentally many a thrust at the Indian Government, and against "those short-sighted officials, who are full of boasting and exaggeration of their almighty power and wisdom, and believe that, though God knows much, still they know more." The Amir would like to be permitted to go behind the backs of these gentlemen and of the Government of India, and to establish direct relations with the Home Government by having an ambassador at the Court of St. James's. He says, frankly, that it was with this object he sent his son Nasrullah Khan to England, and that he was more than hurt by the failure of the mission, though he urges his sons and successors not to take any serious offence on account of the refusal. He thinks that Afghanistan should annex all the territory of the independent Pathan tribes, and should form a Triple Alliance with Persia and Turkey, thus securing a footing and a port upon the ocean. In regard to Russia and the Forward Policy, he asks, "How can a small power like Afghanistan, which is like a goat between two lions, or a grain of wheat between two strong mill-stones of the grinding-mill, stand in the midway of the stones without being ground to dust?" Although the Amir deprecates the instability of our frontier policy, the whole tendency of his book is to demonstrate the advantage of a close alliance between England and Afghanistan.

CRUSHING GUERILLA WARFARE.

Our Picture shows the Officers of the 8th Battalion Mounted Infantry now Engaged in Crushing Out the Smouldering Fire of War in South Africa. In the Group are Represented Lieutenant-Colonel Ross of the 8th Battalion, who was Desperately Wounded, and that Lamented Officer Colonel Le Gallais. The Battalions are Formed from Colonial Mounted Levies and the Mounted Infantry Forming part of Every Foot Regiment.

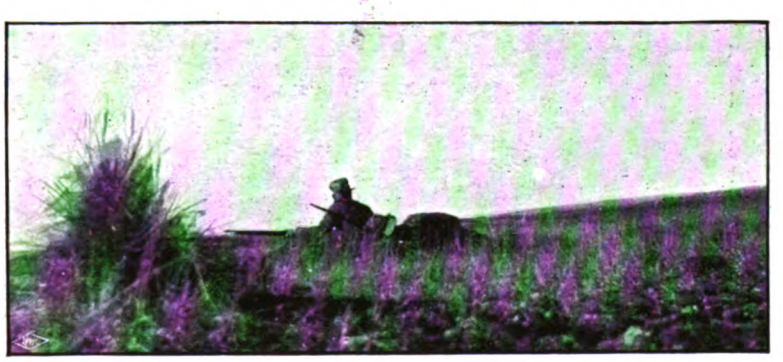
BRITISH shipowners must surely have some misgivings as to the growing rivalry of Germany in the carrying trade. As Mr. Asquith said recently, the same sleepless industry, tenacity of purpose, training and moulding of intelligence for a specific end which have given the German military supremacy and political unity, have enabled him to overtake us in the commercial race, and, if we do not mend our ways, will enable him to outrun us in the industrial contest of the world. The Germans own the fastest steamers in the Atlantic, and a little time ago it would have appeared incredible that they should buy up two important British lines trading in the Far East. They have now marked out the Australian market for invasion by German goods in German bottoms, and they will presently have an excellent service to the Cape both by the Eastern and the Western routes. The German steamship lines enjoy Government subsidies, but it is high time that we should be on the alert if we are to hold our commercial position. It was not without a good deal of sound prescience that the German Emperor declared the future of his country to lie upon the water.



THE CHANNEL SQUADRON REGATTA AT AROSA BAY.

As Readers of the "Navy and Army Illustrated" by now well know, no Training is more Practised, no Sport more Encouraged, than Boat-sailing in the Royal Navy. Our Picture was Taken during the Recent Channel Squadron Regatta in Arosa Bay. The Race is for the Midshipmen's Cup, and was Won in Very Good Style by the Pinnace of the "Resolution," which always Aspires to be the Smartest Ship in the Squadron.

INVALUABLE work has been done by the Cape Police in South Africa, and we are not surprised to learn that that force has in its ranks representatives of all the Colonial troops, while an ex-Cape policemen is a rarity, if not absolutely unknown in other corps. The *Bandolier* is the new organ of the force, and promises to have an energetic and spirited career and to do much to stimulate *esprit de corps*. The first number was published at Kimberley on October 1, and has contributions both grave and gay. From one of the "Stray Shots from Long Cecil" we gather that some pro-Boer had already styled the publication the "Bandy liar," but we are assured that "the fighting editor is in magnificent condition," and, in allusion to the new regimental "drag," which once was an ambulance waggon, that "suggestions that the officers of the Cape Police should use the Scotch Cart or Black Maria would meet with something more than derision." The number has a good deal about the sports, athletics, and theatricals of the corps, with racing notes and a good short story. Hymen, we learn, has now usurped the place of Mars among the men of the Cape Police. The casualties up to the date of publication were two officers and three men, "whilst two more officers were wounded and one man had a miraculous escape." Such is the spirit in which the *Bandolier* opens its campaign.



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

FEELING FOR THE FOE.

Our Picture shows a Sergeant of Brabant's Horse Playing at the Boer Game of Sniping. He is Playing it, however, in an Unwary Fashion, for, instead of being Under Cover, he is Making himself a Prominent Target for any Flanking Boers who might be in the Vicinity. As a Matter of Fact, on the Occasion Illustrated he was Exposed to a Flank Fire, though Luckily he Escaped Scatheless.

SPANISH marriages have played no small part in European history. We were greatly perturbed

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from 1840 to 1846, anent the marriage of Queen Isabella, which at one time seemed to promise another War of the Spanish Succession. The French were exceedingly anxious that Isabella should marry the Duke of Cadiz and her sister the Duc de Montpensier, having in contemplation the eventual succession to the Spanish throne of the children of the latter. The English Government objected, but declined to put forward a candidate, and the marriage was brought about, though Louis Philippe had declared when the Queen visited France in 1845, "that he would never hear of Montpensier's marriage with the Infanta of Spain." Therefore the trouble that has arisen out of the contemplated marriage of the Princess of Asturias with the Neapolitan Prince Charles Bourbon, son of Count Caserta, is not an incident of unaccustomed character. The contention is that a royal marriage is not a purely personal matter, and that the marriage should at least be postponed until the young king comes of age, in May, 1902. It offends many that the Princess, who is heiress presumptive, should be about to marry the son of a Neapolitan pretender who was chief of the staff to Don Carlos during the last Civil War, and Señor Romero Robledo asserts that the Queen Regent herself is opposed to a union which might prejudice the relations of Spain with Italy; and he made some adverse comments upon the training and education of the present king. The debate has caused a great sensation in Madrid, where the intended marriage has, for some time, been an open secret, though it has not yet been officially communicated to the Cortes.

THE death of Austin Ferrand adds one more to the long roll of casualties, which the guerilla warfare in which the campaign is closing has tended so much to increase. His death came doubly hard on those near and dear to him, for it followed on that of a brother who fell in Natal during the earlier stages of the war. He was killed like so many others in that patrol work which is now a chief duty of our troops in South Africa. He was the first to fall in the attack, shot through the head, and his body, together with that of Trooper Hamilton, shot beside him, was conveyed to Johannesburg, and there buried with military honours. A universal favourite in the corps, he had several times distinguished himself by personal bravery, and on no occasion more than on that in which he met his death. Lord Alwyne Compton's corps has done good service, and by none will the loss of one of their best be more regretted. A corporal of the corps, Lord Henley's son, stayed by his side, under heavy fire, until the last. We announce the death of the gallant trooper with particular regret, in which our readers will participate, because he was one of our many correspondents in South Africa, and a number of his contributions have appeared in these pages. He was of a bright and promising character, in many ways gifted, and possessed of the energy, enterprise, and gaiety common to Englishmen. It is sad that such a man should have been cut off in the best of his days, when the real work of the war was over.

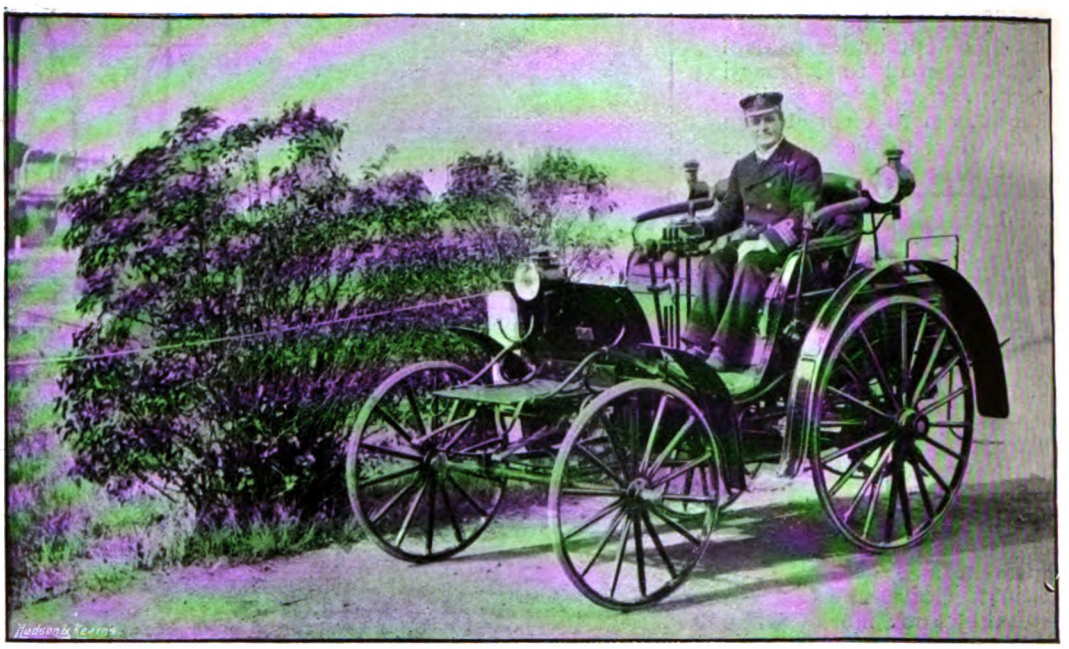

Photo. Copyright. *J. Fuller.*

MOTOR-CARS IN THE NAVY.

When "Bikes" came into Fashion the Navy at once Recognised their Charm and Utility. They are Following Suit with the Motor-car, and the Very Smart One here depicted, Owned by Commander E. H. Grafton, of the Depot-ship "Pembroke," is well known in and around Chatham.

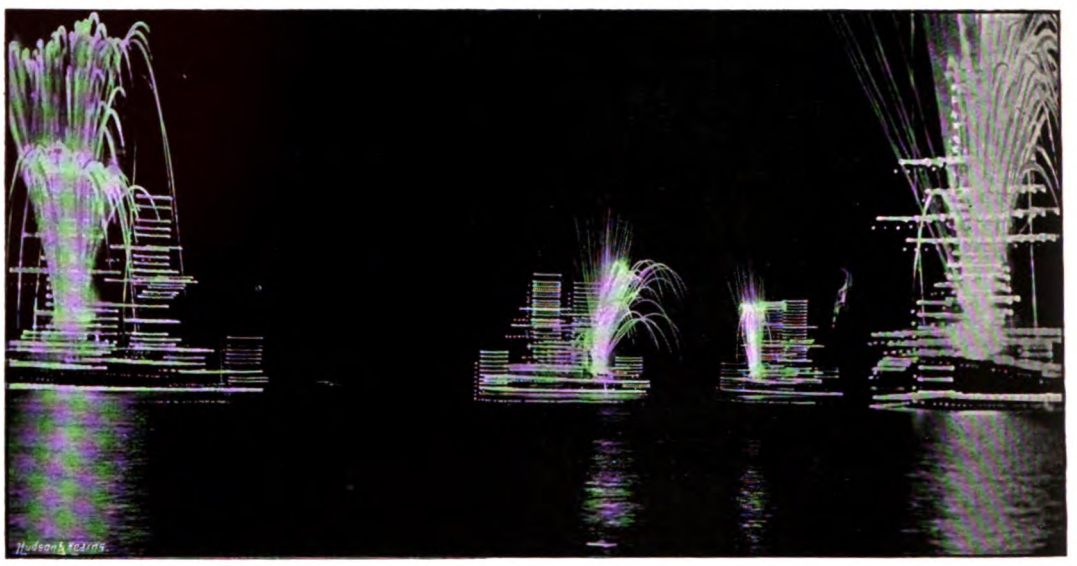

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

NOT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The above was not taken at One of Mr. Brock's Gigantic Displays, nor on the Occasion of Mr. Kruger's Welcome by Our Enthusiastic Friends on the Other Side of the Channel. It is Merely a Portion of the Mediterranean Fleet Illuminating and Giving a Firework Display in Honour of an Illustrious and Royal Visitor.

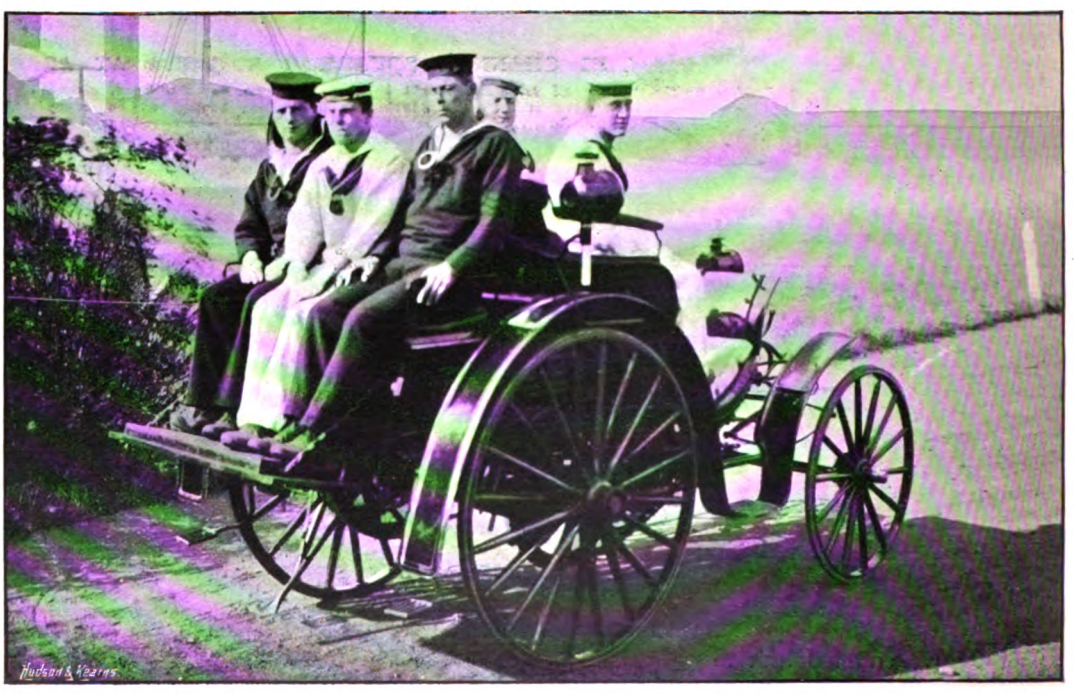

Photo. Copyright. *J. Fuller.*

OUT FOR THE DAY.

With his Usual Aptitude, the Handy Man is Equally at Home whether his Mount be a Horse, a Camel, an Elephant, or a Motor-car. In fact, the Latter Suits him better than any, for if there be a Driver better Fitted than any to take Charge of a Motor-car it should be a Leading Stoker in the Royal Navy. And One is here seen Giving Some of his Shipmates a Run in Commander Grafton's Car.

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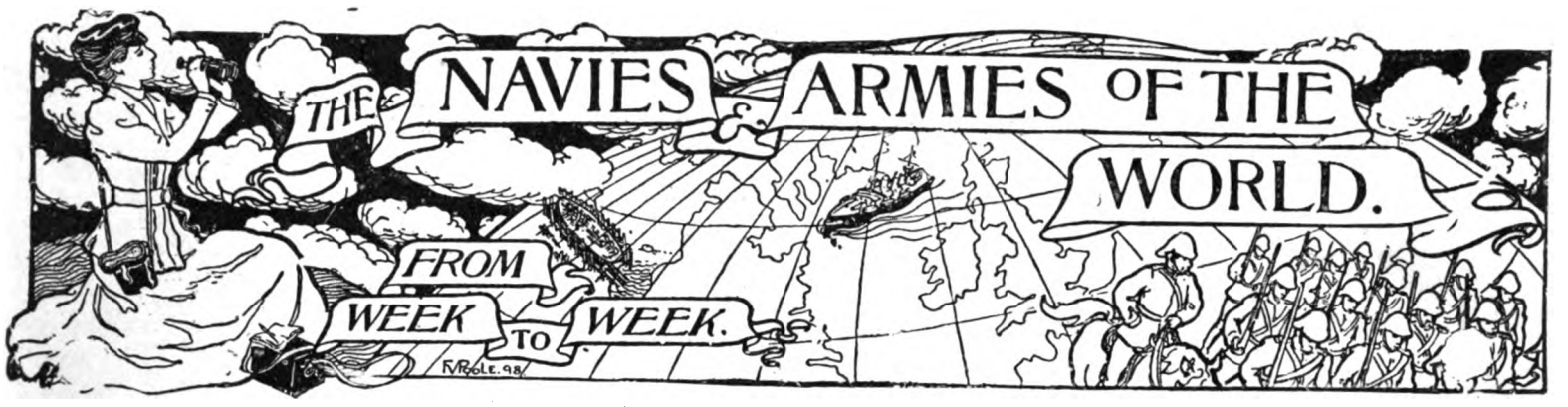

GENERAL MERCIER'S speech is the military, or at any rate the martial, sensation of the past week. It is as well in judging such things to bear one fact in mind, and it is that his eloquence was meant for home consumption. The general has endeavoured to cover the tolerably mean part he played in the Dreyfus affair by a profuse affectation of patriotism, as it is understood by the so-called Nationalist Party in France. These persons are for ever asserting that their country is utterly fallen in the world, and is treated with habitual insolence by her neighbours because the politicians brought into power by the Republic are spiritless and corrupt. Their own ideal of dignity seems to be that the Gallic cock should stand for ever on its own dunghill, crowing defiance at all the world, and should have a fight every now and then with any other chanticleer who crowed back. Frenchmen of that way of thinking have always been numerous in France, and have often been more influential than they are to-day. Their country has to thank them for all the miseries she suffered under Louis XIV., for the disasters at the close of the reign of the great Napoleon, and for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. To-day they appear to be rather in the condition of Giant Pope in "The Pilgrim's Progress," who was so reduced that he could only sit at the mouth of his cave and curse at the passer-by. Still they are strong in some of the constituencies. They got General Mercier into the Senate, and it is they who will have to keep him there. Accordingly he has to talk to please them. It is a common Parliamentary arrangement, and although it is not usual for well-bred people to threaten a neighbour as a mere advertisement to themselves, it must be remembered that the manners of the Nationalist are not good.

* * * *

Of course there is something in the remark made on our side that if General Mercier finds his account in talking like this, it is because numbers of Frenchmen delight in the very notion of doing this country a damage. So there are, and that is a reason for not believing in the possibility of real friendship in international politics between France and Great Britain; but it is no sort of reason for treating the general and his talk about invasion of England as serious. Some of the comment made on his eloquence here seems to me at least very odd. A little of it was decidedly ignorant. It will be remembered that General Mercier committed himself to a remarkable statement about our Naval history. He said that there are many examples of mutiny in our ships before action. It was a most futile observation, to say nothing more, if only because mutiny may be heard of in the past of all armies and fleets. But it was also a most inaccurate one, and might have been turned on him with deadly effect. One of his critics, by way of showing the inaccuracy of the general, observed that there was a mutiny in 1798, caused by the bad treatment of the men. Of course the mutiny year was '97, but the slip did not matter. The obvious answer was that the year of the Breeze at Spithead, and of the mutiny at the Nore, was also the year of Jervis's victory at Cape St. Vincent and of Duncan's victory at Camperdown. Mutiny, as a matter of fact, was common throughout the whole of the later eighteenth century. There was even something very like one in Howe's fleet after the first of June. But the point is that there is no case of a British crew mutinying before action. The men at Spithead offered to take their officers back, and fight under their orders, if the French came out. These outbreaks usually occurred on the return to port, and were provoked by denials of leave, or by failure of the Admiralty to pay wages.

* * * *

The most exasperating part of the comment made on the general's speech is, however, not the failure to punish his bad history; it is the acceptance of his round assertion that an invasion of England is possible as having some weight. You may hear people say that since General Mercier tells us the thing can be done, and Lord Wolseley says so, and Sir Charles Dilke says so, therefore done it can be; and yet nobody is considered bound to believe that the other side of the moon is a peacock's tail simply because three or four members of the Society of Antiquaries choose to assert that it is. You ask for proof; but you do not get it. Lord Wolseley says that the country can be invaded, because the feat was achieved by William III. Well, of course, if the Royal Navy gets behind the Shipwash, and refuses to come out in time because it wishes the invasion to succeed, then we can unquestionably be invaded. As Lord Wolseley has been told fifty times already, that case proves that in certain circumstances an army is of no more use than a fleet, since the soldiers of King James II. went over to the enemy. What Sir Charles Dilke may have said on the subject is not present to my mind. It was probably a quotation of somebody else. As for the worthy French general, we had some example of his intrepidity of asseveration in the course of the Dreyfus case. A keen appreciation of the value of evidence is no quality of his. One would like more than his bare word. We want better security for Sir John than Bardolph.

* * * *

It must be considered as proved by this time that we shall never reach a general agreement on this subject of the possibility of an invasion of England. Of course we know we can be invaded if the Fleet is sufficiently beaten, though whether we would wait for the enemy to land in such a case is another matter. The probability is that we should sue for peace at once. It will also, we presume, not be disputed that the French, or anybody else, could land if we were so demented as to send our fleet to the ends of the earth while our foe was collecting an army of invasion. Also it seems a tenable proposition that the foreigner can land here if we are so ill-advised as to go to sleep, and to allow a foreign army to be put into ships and sent over to our shore without the slightest effort on our part to stop it on the way. But apart from the contingency of defeat, which is always humanly possible, none of these things are likely to happen. What may be called the snap-shot invasion, the sudden dashing across of a French army when we are not looking, is the sort of event which occurs in magazine stories, but not in real life. There is some dispute between nations, some rivalry, something to fight about, before wars take place; in other words, warning is given. Of course it may not be attended to, and then disaster follows; but will the good people who alarm us by fancy pictures of French invasion bursting all of a sudden, explain what can save us if we are sunk into the bottomless pits of sloth and folly?

* * * *

In making reasonable calculations as to the course of future events, we must go on the supposition that human beings will act in a probable way. Of course, you need not do this if you are writing battles of Dorking. Now the probabilities are that, supposing we and the French to be coming to the sticking point, this country would be doing precisely what it did at the time of the Fashoda crisis, that is to say, it would be getting its Fleet ready. The question is, could the country be invaded in the face of that defence? If the thing is possible, will anybody explain how it is to be done? So far, nobody has done so, and if General Mercier has a scheme, the President of the Senate has cruelly deprived us of the chance of hearing it, for the present, at least. We hope, however, that the general will bring it out, say, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. So far, when any one has made the attempt, he has generally sketched some absurd state of things in which the British Fleet is on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope or thereabouts, while the French are shipping their soldiers. One cannot argue with the cheap melodrama of authors who imitate the battle of Dorking; one can only let it alone, and that is perhaps the best course to follow.

* * * *

Yet since we will talk about invasion, we might endeavour to deserve our reputation in the world for common-sense by discussing the probabilities in a common-sense way. If it is thought desirable to follow this surely innocent rule, then the first thing to be done is to bear in mind that the command of the seas round our coast is quite indispensable to us because we must keep the road open for our food supplies, that the work can only be done by ships, and that the ships engaged in doing it are also available to stop snapshot invasions.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Recreating the Navy.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN HOPKINS has seen as much service, both afloat and on shore, as any of our prominent Naval commanders. He has held many important commands, he has been a Naval Lord of the Admiralty, he has had wide experience both on home and foreign stations. He has the reputation of a thorough sailor and a man of remarkable grasp and mental power. When Sir John Hopkins tells us his ideas of Naval progress for the near future, they must be heard with respect and considered with close attention.

The programme which the Admiral sketches out would be bound to attract notice, whoever put it forward. It is so thorough-going and yet so reasonable that it is clearly the result of hard thinking by a mind of exceptional experience and more than ordinary range. At the same time, if we did not know that these "Naval ideas for the coming century" were the ideas of Sir John Hopkins, we might be tempted to think they assumed too readily a need for far-reaching Naval reforms. This is the besetting fault of the well-informed amateur—to fancy that he can always arrange things just a little better than they are arranged already. But when Sir John Hopkins proposes reforms, we may be pretty sure that reforms are necessary, and that, whether we like it or no, they will have to come. The reason why the taxpayer will be inclined not to like it is that most of the Admiral's proposals involve increased expenditure. Like nearly all reformers, he comes before the public crying "Pay! pay! pay!" He adds his voice to those of the many others who surround the Chancellor of the Exchequer, calling upon him, like the daughters of the horseleech, "Give! give!"

Let us see then what Sir John Hopkins proposes in return for our money. In the first place, a sufficient and efficient Naval Reserve. Our present Reserve is neither large enough nor ready enough to take to the sea when the moment comes. What is suggested is that seamen should serve for seventeen or eighteen years, then be passed into the Reserve, and remain liable to be called up until the age of sixty. In addition to this, Royal Dockyard labourers could be trained as firemen, the crews of private yachts might be organised into a brigade, a certain number of policemen and engineers should be induced to go through a gunnery course, and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve should be brought back into favour. All this might be done, no doubt, if the "inducements" offered are large enough.

Before we take these steps, however, we might as well satisfy ourselves that our present Naval force is sufficient to man all our ships. There are those who say it is notoriously deficient. Sir John Hopkins would have officers and men appointed to every ship, whether she be in commission or not, so that all could be put in commission at a moment's notice, and so that the nation might see exactly how far the present strength of the Navy would go if war suddenly broke out and we stood in urgent need of every ship we possess. Mobilisation experiments could then be made frequently and unexpectedly. The Naval Manœuvres in the summer could be supplemented or even superseded by really useful mobilisations at short notice, and we should get an idea of the time that it would take to mobilise in the event of a declaration of war.

One of our principal deficiencies is in our engine-room complements. How would it be to remedy this by teaching Bluejackets to stoke? Sentiment is against it, but sentiment must suffer if it conflicts with practical utility. All but a very few of the men we want in a man-of-war in fighting time must be either working the ship or working the guns. Surely the trained seaman ought to be able to do either at a pinch. Closely connected with this is the suggestion that Bluejackets should receive mechanical training. Everything in a man-of-war is done by machinery, and the seaman should certainly be taught the principles of the power that surrounds him. Another engine-room reform that is bound to come is the granting of executive rank to engineer officers. The powers of the two classes of officers need not clash, for they each have clearly-defined spheres of duty and action. The engineer's duties are purely executive, and the time has come to recognise this fact. No one, of course, would suggest that engineers should take duty on deck, though Sir John Hopkins does look forward to a time when Marines shall qualify as signal officers, and even do duty as officers of the watch.

Next, as to ships and stationary defences. Our smaller cruisers must be built to show cleaner pairs of heels. Speed in vessels of the second-class cruiser type is essential to their value. This we seem to have forgotten; and it ought to be remedied in our future programmes. Sir John Hopkins puts in a word, too, for second-class battle-ships; and he also ventilates a proposal that the Navy should work its own coaling vessels and store-ships with masts and sails. This seems a possible solution of the vexed Naval training question. The demand that Naval officers should be in charge of our coast defences is an old one, but this is a change not to be adopted without grave consideration.

This is the case with many, with most, indeed, of Sir John Hopkins's "Naval ideas." They have all been mooted before by somebody or other. What gives them their importance just now is the fact that one of the most able and experienced of our Admirals should have thought it desirable to bring them to the notice of the nation. It is a bold programme, but a bold reformer is a refreshing novelty in these days of patching and timid pusillanimity. Sir John Hopkins's ideas with regard to the personnel of the Navy are likely to meet with opposition in various quarters, and on many grounds, though probably they will prevail in the end. His proposals which deal with *matériel* are sure to command general assent. His paper deserves close study from all who follow Naval problems with interest. We have before us the great task of strengthening our Naval defence as well as reorganising the Army. It is to men like Sir John Hopkins that we look for practical advice as to how strength may be gained.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 13, 1813.—Battle of St. Pierre. The final contest on the Nive, in which General Hill beat back Soult with a loss of 3,000 men.

December 14, 1859.—Foundation-stone of the Staff College, Sandhurst, laid by the Duke of Cambridge.

December 15, 1803.—Surrender of Gawlighur. 1824.—Burmese stockades at Kokien stormed by Sir A. Campbell. 1899.—Battle of Colenso. Attempt to cross the Tugela frustrated by the Boers.

December 16, 1885.—Defeat of the Arabs at Kosheh, near Wady Halfa, by Colonel Hunter.

December 17, 1778.—Defeat of the French at St. Lucia by General Meadows. 1897.—The Upper Nilt forts taken (North-West Frontier). 1899.—Lord Roberts appointed Commander-in-Chief in South Africa.

December 18, 1845.—Battle of Moodkee. The British, under Sir H. Hardinge, defeated 20,000 Sikhs under Sirdar Tej Singh. Sir Robert Sale was mortally wounded.

December 19, 1813.—Reduction of Fort Niagara. The American garrison surprised and compelled to surrender by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, who was wounded.

December 20, 1880.—Massacre at Bronkhorst Spruit. The 94th Regiment, about 250 strong, under Colonel Anstruther, was fallen upon by a Boer force, and in twenty minutes had lost 120 men, including seven out of eight officers.

DECEMBER 13, 1624.—Lord Howard of Effingham died. 1796.—Capture of the French "Vestale," 36, off Cadiz by the "Terpsichore," 32. 1806.—Action between the "Halcyon," 10, and eight Spanish ships off Cape San Martin. 1808.—Cutting out of the French "Signe," 18, off Martinique, by the boats of the "Circe," 36, "Amaranthe," 18, and "Stork," 10. 1890.—The "Thetis" launched.

December 14, 1775.—Lord Cochrane (Earl of Dundonald) born. 1809.—Capture of the French "Béarnais," 16, off Guadaloupe by the "Melampus," 36. 1814.—Capture of five American gun-boats on Lake Borgne, coast of North America, by the boats of a British squadron.

December 15, 1778.—Action between Admiral Barrington in Cul de Sac, St. Lucia, and a French squadron under Conte D'Estaing. 1824.—Defeat of 200 Burmese war-boats at Pagoda Point by Captain Chads's squadron. 1846.—Hakluyt Society founded. 1886.—The "Narcissus" launched. 1894.—The "Dragon," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

December 16, 1806.—Capture of the French "Elizabeth," 14, by the "Kingfisher," 14. 1895.—The "Hardy," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

December 17, 1809.—Capture of the French "Papillion," 16, by the "Rosamond," 18. 1810.—Action between the "Rinaldo," 10, and four French 16-gun privateers. 1892.—The "Niger" launched. 1896.—The "Crane," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

December 18, 1779.—Action between Captain Hyde Parker's and De la Motte's squadrons. 1809.—Destruction of the French 40-gun frigates "Seine" and "Loire," by a British squadron in the West Indies. 1872.—Sailing of the "Challenger" on deep-sea exploration. 1883.—The "Impérieuse" launched.

December 19, 1783.—Capture of the American "South Carolina," 28, by a British squadron. 1796.—Capture of the Spanish "Sabina," 38, by the British "Minerve," 40 (Commodore Horatio Nelson). 1894.—The "Magnificent" launched.

December 20, 1797.—Capture of the French "Néréide," 36, by the British "Phœbe," 36. 1847.—Captain Marryat died.

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Prince Francis of Teck in South Africa.

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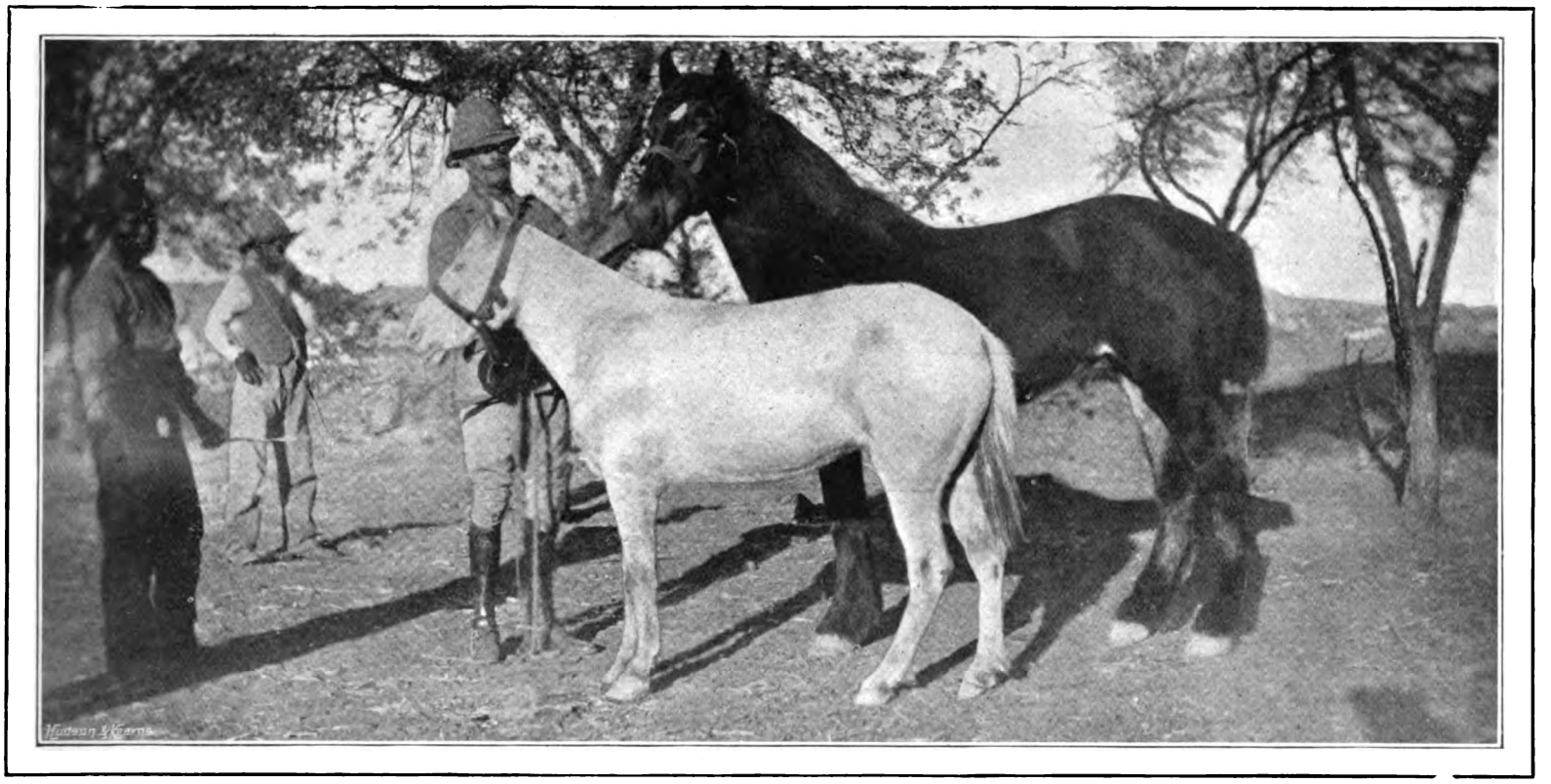
THE STAFF OF No. 1 REMOUNT DEPOT AT PRETORIA.

The Prince is Leaning against the Tree.



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PRINCE FRANCIS AND HIS TWO FAVOURITE HORSES.

The Largest and Smallest of his Remounts.

Captain H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck, who has just returned home from South Africa, has been by turns a Rifleman, Lancer, and Dragoon. The second son of the late Duke, he was born at Kensington Palace in 1870, and educated at Wellington College. In 1887 he received a Queen's cadetship for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. At the close of the Egyptian Campaign in 1898, in which he was present at the Atbara and Khartoum, and mentioned in despatches, Prince Francis was appointed A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding the South-Eastern District, but in July, 1899, took up the post of staff captain on the Remount Establishment in Dublin. In the autumn of 1899 the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, to which he belongs, were ordered to South Africa, whereupon Prince Francis rejoined his regiment. The "Royals" accompanied Lord Roberts in his victorious advance through the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, and played a prominent part in the fighting around Johannesburg and Pretoria. Throughout the long and arduous campaign Prince Francis has ably fulfilled the duties of an ordinary regimental officer with this crack cavalry corps, which proves that he considers such distinguished comradeship superior to the charms of staff appointments, with which soldiers of the "Blood Royal" are generally favoured.

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The Canadians in England.

THE visit of Colonel W. D. Otter and the Canadian troops to this country was far too short to fully gratify their many admirers, who would have been delighted to honour them in any part of England. It would have been pleasant to show these heroes of Paardeberg and of many another engagement more of the old country, but they have been worthily entertained in the metropolis, they have seen our chief Naval port, they have had a peep at Brighton, and they have visited the great commercial port on the Mersey, which they left on Tuesday amid the warmest congratulations and good wishes of Englishmen, who have witnessed their Imperial patriotism, and followed their successive achievements, with mingled gratitude and pride. From every general in the field the colonial troops have won the highest encomiums, and the men of the great Dominion have been specially noted on several memorable occasions Their glorious loyalty has, indeed, been a splendid tribute to the greatness of our Empire. They have sent 3,000 men freely, willingly, and voluntarily to assist in the war, and, as Colonel Otter said at the Canada Club dinner, they have proved that they meant what they said, and it was "a proud moment for him and them when an opportunity was given to Canada to prove that their expressions of loyalty were more than lip-loyalty."

We have already illustrated the arrival of these brave sons of Empire and their visit to the Queen, and we are now very glad to depict some scenes at Whale Island, where they saw many things that interested them in the great gunnery establishment of the Navy. Canadians are now entering the Naval service, and more of them undoubtedly will. Captain Denison, R.N., himself a Canadian, at the dinner referred to, welcomed the opportunity of saying how proud he was when he heard of the way in which his old friend Colonel Otter and his men had advanced to the attack that brought about the surrender of Cronje. About 150 of the Canadians went to Portsmouth, and after visiting in parties the ships under construction, and the "Victory," "Trafalgar," and "Hero," all were conveyed to the torpedo and gunnery schools, where admirable programmes had been arranged for them.

They afterwards inspected the National Gallery, the Houses of Parliament, the great museums, and many other interesting places in the metropolis. They enjoyed their visits to the theatres, where their appearance caused much enthusiasm, and the run to Brighton was an agreeable feature of the proceedings, while the inspection of the wonders of Woolwich was an appropriate complement to the visit to Whale Island.

Londoners saw the last of their popular and genial friends with regret, and the contingent proceeded to Liverpool on Monday, and on the next day left our shores. Their loyalty and patriotism have stirred the hearts of the people, and constituted a new bond of the Empire.

WATCHING THE SEAMEN DRILL AT WHALE ISLAND.
Colonel Otter is Talking to Captain May, C.B., on the Right.

THE VISITORS ARE PRESENT AT GUNNERY TRIALS.
A 9·2-in. Gun being Tested at the Proof Butts.

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BLUEJACKETS ACTING AS GUIDES IN THE DOCKYARD.
The Canadians Inspect Guns Captured at Sebastopol.

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Old Battlefields and Historic Sieges.

EDGEHILL.

SEPTEMBER, 1642, saw the whole of England ablaze with the flames of the Civil War. Until then there were many in the country, rebels as well as Royalists, who fondly hoped that reconciliation between the King and his Parliament was still possible, and that all the horrors of battle and bloodshed would be averted. But now the King's standard was unfurled at Nottingham Castle, and all through the country knights and nobles, freeholders and townsmen, were flocking to his side, or hastening to join one of the many Parliamentary forces scattered throughout the kingdom.

Every man who could hold a musket had thrown in his lot with one or other of the contending parties, leaving his home in the hands of the womenfolk, who in many cases behaved with the greatest heroism, defending their houses or their castles with conspicuous bravery.

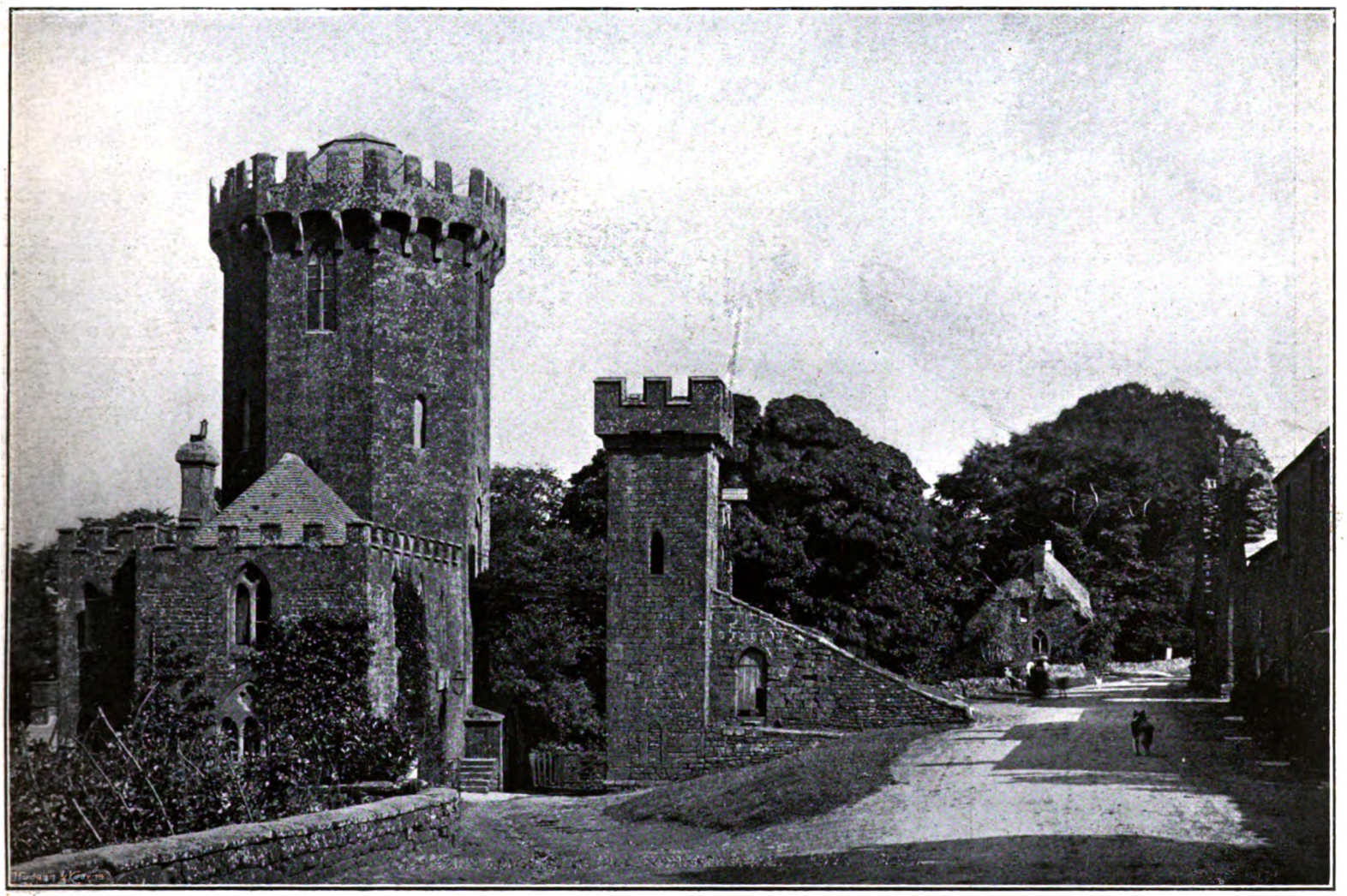
Amongst the most memorable of these courageous women was Mrs. Purefoy, wife of William Purefoy, a member of the House of Commons. She most gallantly defended Caldecot Manor House, in Warwickshire, with a little garrison consisting of her son-in-law and her two daughters, eight men retainers, and four women servants, against Prince Rupert and four hundred Cavaliers, and it was not until the out-buildings were set on fire and the house threatened with destruction that she surrendered, throwing herself on the mercy of the Prince, and claiming the protection of his soldiers.

This Rupert, the renowned leader of the cavalry in the Great Rebellion, was twenty-three years old at the time when, returning from the Palatinate, he was given command of the King's Horse. His character is well described in the words of Henrietta Maria: "He should have someone to advise him," she said to Charles, "for believe me he is yet very young and self-willed. I have had experience of him. He is a person that is capable of doing anything that he is ordered, but he is not to be trusted to take a single step out of his own head." Well had it been for Charles had he remembered this advice of the Queen when, just before Edgehill, he, being overruled by the impetuous nature of his nephew, gave him complete control over the cavalry, and power to act independently of the Earl of Lindsay, General of the Army, from whom Rupert absolutely refused to take an order. This led to the resignation of the brave and loyal Lindsay, and his post as general was handed over to the Earl of Forth, who, however, only bore the name, not the authority, of commander. So the Army was absolutely without any cohesion, divided into separate units, each acting independently of the other.

This, however, is anticipating. In the beginning of September the King was at Nottingham. On the 13th he left that city and proceeded to Shrewsbury, where he remained twenty days. On the 23rd, Chester fell before him, and then, returning to his camp, he heard of the success at Worcester. On October 12 Charles set out on his march southward, and a week later had arrived within four miles of Banbury. This progress of the King, and his refusal to receive a petition from the Parliamentary leader, the Earl of Essex, put the enemy on their mettle. London was in their hands; but it must be garrisoned more strongly. Ten thousand men must be raised, in addition to the train bands, and placed under the command of the Earl of Warwick, whilst Essex and the main army were to come as speedily as possible into touch with the Royalists.

Then it was that Cromwell first came to the fore as a man of ideas and of military talent. His position was but that of a captain of a troop of horse; but he saw the weaknesses of the Parliamentary Army. "Your troops," he said to Hampden, when comparing his soldiers with those of the King, "are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters and such kind of fellows, and their troops are gentlemen's sons and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour and courage and resolution in them? . . . You must get men of spirit, and take not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still." And this spirit that was to be a power in the Army, Cromwell found later in the stern Puritanism which made his Ironsides such a powerful factor in the rebellion.

When the King first moved from Shrewsbury the rival forces were within twenty miles of each other, but it was ten days before they actually approached. "Neither army," says Clarendon, "knew where the other was." On the evening of the 22nd Charles was at Edgcot village, near Banbury, and he dined at Wroxton Abbey. That night he heard from Rupert that Essex was on his track, and had



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THE ROUND HOUSE, EDGEHILL.

The Tower was Built in 1750 to Mark the Spot where the King's Standard was Displayed before the Royalist Army Descended the Hill.

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CÆSAR'S TOWER: WARWICK CASTLE.

Where the Royalist Prisoners were Confined after Edgehill.

The dungeon is at the base of the great tower, which is one of the most remarkable examples of mediæval military architecture in England. Standing beneath its wall, its colossal height is most impressive. The machicolation is very formidable, and the skilful military engineers have contrived the angle of the base in such a manner that their heavy missiles would rebound with terrific force among the assailants below

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reached Kineton, seven miles to the west of the scattered positions occupied by the Royal Army. It was on Rupert's suggestion also that the King on the following morning ordered his troops to occupy Edgehill, a steep ridge of ground that overlooks the surrounding country of Warwickshire.

This was an excellent position if Charles could have stood on the defensive; but, unfortunately, he was not in a position to await an attack. Banbury fortified, Hampden a day's march in his rear, Essex in front of him, he himself in the midst of a hostile country, there was no course open to the King but to descend the hill and give battle to the foe. So, gathering his troops around him, Charles, in his velvet mantle, worn over his armour, his star and garter on his breast, addressed his troops, asserting his Royal authority, "derived from God, whose substitute and supreme governor under Christ I am," and then gave the order to descend the hill.

BROUGHTON CASTLE FROM ACROSS THE MOAT.

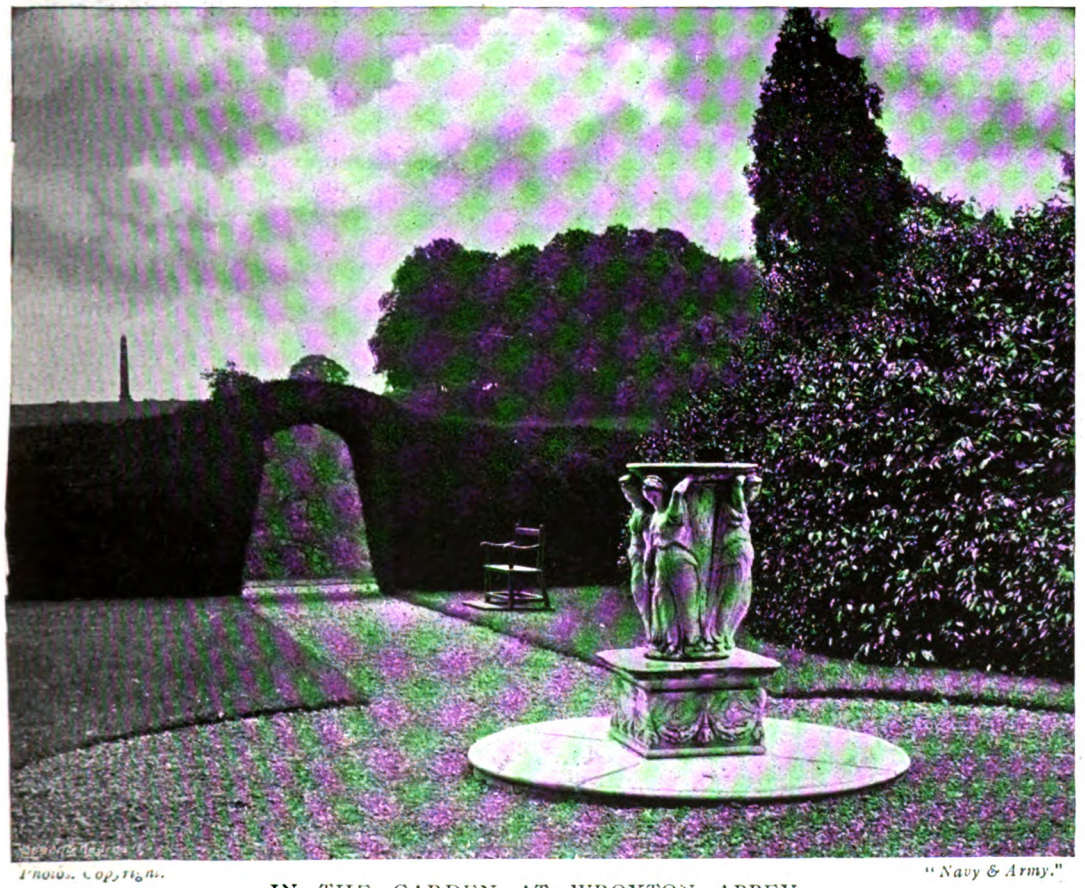
It Belonged to One of the Parliamentary Leaders, Lord Say and Sele, who Slept here the Night before the Battle.

Little doubt existed in the camp but that victory was certain, although there were a few veteran soldiers to whom such confidence was not possible. Amongst these was Sir Jacob Astley, Major-General of the Army, who, putting himself into the hands of God, prayed, "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me," and then marched the army into position.

By two o'clock the rival forces faced each other on the plain, the infantry in the centre, the cavalry on either wing. The battle began with "the great shot exchanged on both sides for the space of an hour or thereabouts. By this time the fight began to engage, and a party of the enemy being sent to line some hedges on our right wing, thereby to beat us from our ground, were repulsed by our dragoons." Then Rupert at the head of his horse charged the Parliament's left wing, knowing full well that there was treason in their midst. "Sir Faithful Fortescue," says Mr. Gardiner, "who had been brought over from Ireland with his troops, had no heart in the Parliamentary cause, and had promised to desert it on the day of battle. At Rupert's approach he and his men wheeled round and joined in the attack upon their former comrades. Shaken by the unexpected desertion, the whole of the Parliamentary cavalry on that side turned and fled." Then Rupert, having no thought for the fortunes of the army he left behind, started in hot pursuit, chasing the enemy to Kineton, where some of his men stayed their wild rush to plunder the baggage they found in the streets.

Meanwhile, Wilmot, commanding the Royalist left, put Feilding's force to flight, and he, equally rash and impetuous as the Prince, started in full pursuit, leaving the Royal Army entirely destitute of cavalry. Two of the King's infantry regiments were then routed and their cannon put out of action. The battle was now in the hands of the Royal Foot Guards, the King's Red Regiment, as they were called. Rallying round the Royal Standard, the brave men fought on valiantly until Sir Edward Verney was killed and the standard taken from his hand, whilst Lindsay, mortally wounded, fell a prisoner into the hands of the enemy. The standard was regained later in the day "by two Royalist officers, who put on the orange scarf of Essex, and demanded the great prize from his secretary, to whom it had been entrusted."

"When Prince Rupert returned from the charge," writes Clarendon, "he found this great alteration in the field, and His Majesty himself with few noblemen and a small retinue about him, and the hope of so glorious a day quite banished." The King "spent the night in the field by such a fire as could be made of the wood and bushes which grew thereabouts"; whilst the Parliamentary Army, says Ludlow, "quartered upon the same ground that the enemy fought on the day before. No man nor horse got any meat that night, and I had touched none since the Saturday before; neither could I find my servant who had my cloak, so that, having nothing to keep me warm but a suit of iron, I was obliged to walk about all night, which proved very cold by reason of a sharp frost."



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IN THE GARDEN AT WROXTON ABBEY.

Where is the Table at which the King Dined the Night before the Battle.

So the night was passed by the opposing armies, and the morning came bringing no renewal of the battle, which had proved so undecisive, although for the moment it gave the King some advantage, for on the 27th Banbury surrendered to him, and on the 29th he entered Oxford. Meanwhile Essex retired with his army to Warwick, whither he had sent Lindsay and other prisoners, who were for the time confined in Cæsar's Tower at the Castle.

Many memorials of such ill-fated guests in this Tower are to be found in the lines written on its walls. Amongst them is clearly seen the inscription, "Master John Smyth, Gunner to His Majestye's Highness: was a prisoner in this place in the year of our Lord 1642, 3, 4, 5." A few simple words like these tell us much; and as we read them we have a vivid picture of this loyal man held here in durance truly vile, wretched and miserable in his inactivity, whilst his comrades were fighting in some of the most vital episodes in the whole history of the nation.

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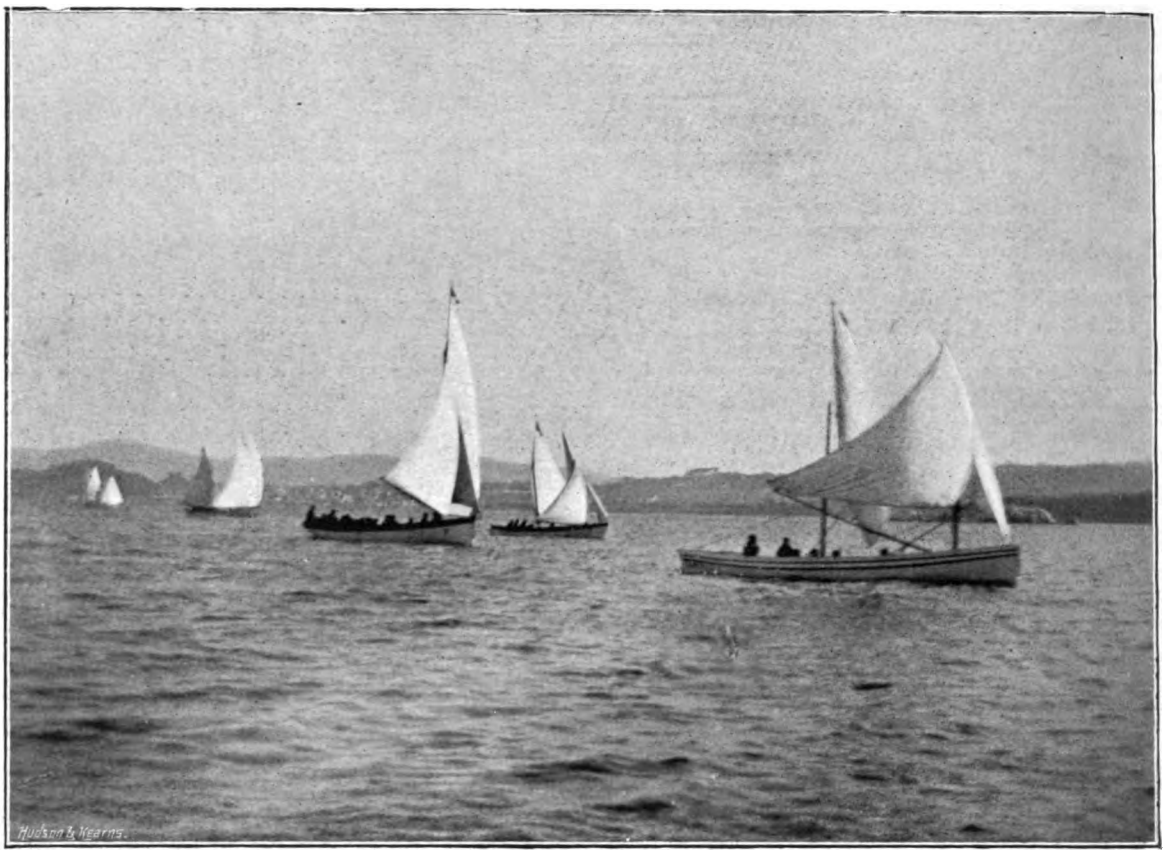
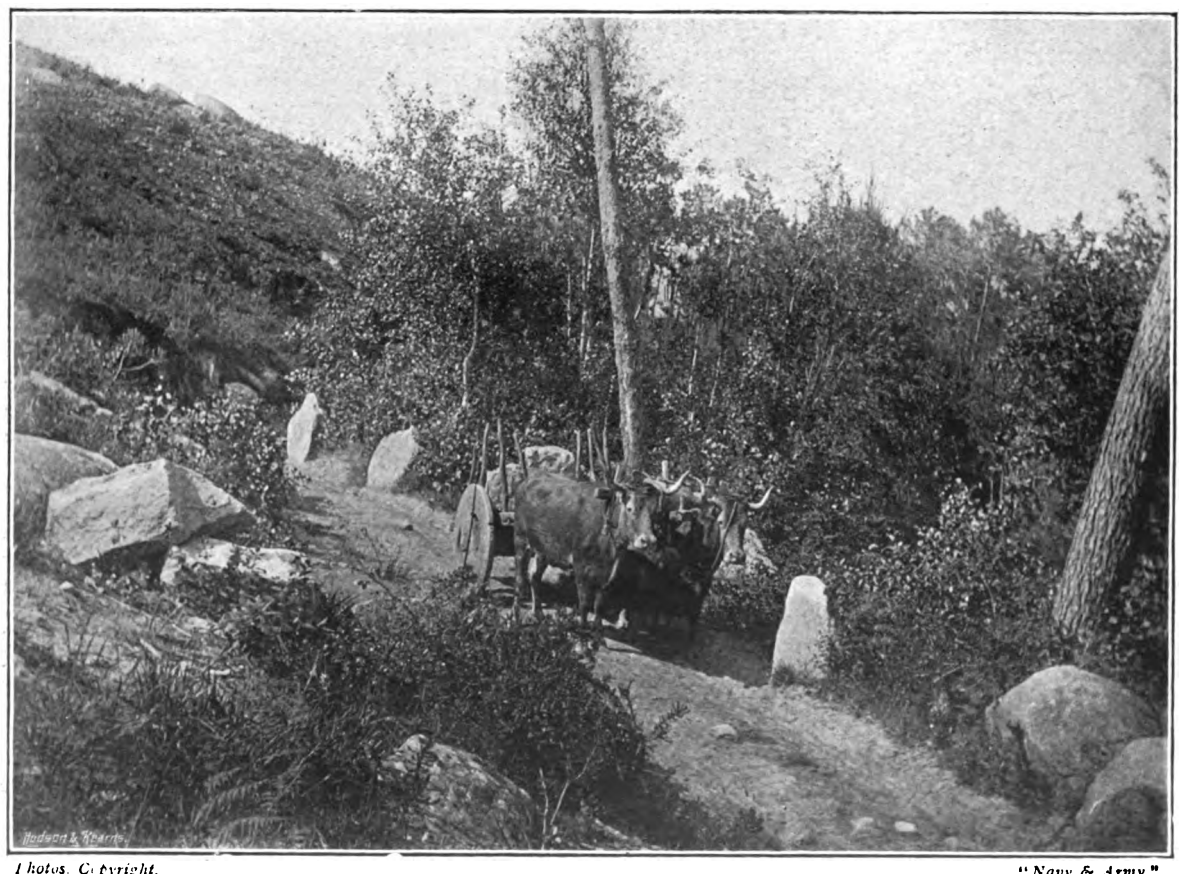
The Annual Cruise of the Channel Squadron.

SOME day, we are told, when hostilities have broken out with some Power or other, or with some combination of Powers, the Channel Squadron will abandon the sea-territory—if so wild an expression may be coined—to which it is attached by its name, and will make all possible speed to join the Mediterranean Squadron somewhere on the other side of Gibraltar. This is a matter of strategy into which it is unnecessary to enter here. Meanwhile, in these piping times of peace in home waters, the Channel Squadron goes quietly on its autumn cruise, and its Commander-in-Chief sees that its training is continuous. It would be invidious to assign any superiority in training—at the present moment, or at any other particular time—to either the Mediterranean or the Channel Squadron. The men who command both are recognised to be in the very forefront of their profession; and each squadron seeks to bring itself as near to perfection as possible in every circumstance that makes for efficiency in warfare. There is probably no conscious rivalry, but no one will be found to deny that the two squadrons are the finest in the world. This is admitted even by our foreign rivals and possible opponents, and British commanders on other stations will regretfully admit that they have not the opportunities which fall to the lot of the Commanders-in-Chief in the Channel and the Mediterranean. Our pictures illustrate some of the incidents in the life of the Channel Squadron in the course of its annual cruise. Sometimes the cruise carries the ships to the other side of Gibraltar; but it almost invariably extends to the coast of Spain, and, in fact, Arosa Bay is nearly as familiar as Plymouth Sound or Spithead, and, to most youngsters, the pilotage of it and its neighbourhood is far better known than is that of the North Sea. Let us hope that some day we may not have to pay for our neglect of the North Sea, its shoals, and its dangers. Our present business, however, is with the Channel Squadron, and Arosa Bay offers the ships a pleasant haven of refuge. The shore incidents are sufficiently familiar to the officers of the squadron, and the place is wild enough. A mile or two inland is the roughest of country, and one of our pictures gives a good idea of the type of steep and narrow ravine, which necessarily implies corresponding hills, along which all traffic has to pass. Still there is sport to be obtained, and this will always be an attraction as long as Britons are Britons. There is shooting, which is good, writes a correspondent, and fishing, whose merits depend upon the point of view of the fisherman, and sometimes upon the water that he has an opportunity of fishing. Every facility, at any rate, is offered to men who care about shooting; for the invariable rule, which has not been departed from this year, is for the Spanish authorities to empower the officers to land armed—which means to take their guns ashore with them. Naturally this does not imply any interference with private rights; but, apart from ordinary sport, good shooting is not at all difficult to obtain by any man who lays himself out for it. These little shooting and fishing excursions into a wild part of the country, after the confined life on shipboard, do men a lot of good. The roads, too, outside the towns are splendid, and cycling is a great diversion, and the railway opens up many interesting places. Then even an ox-drawn cart acquires an interest, because



COMING HOME WITH A FLOWING SHEET.
Lieutenant F. R. Harrold, of the "Pactolus," Winning the Hornby Challenge Cup.



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AN OX-CART IN A RUGGED SPOT.
An Inland Scene in the Vicinity of Arosa Bay.

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for the moment it is something new. Again, Arosa Bay is the scene of the annual regatta of the Channel Squadron, and this is a function to which everyone looks forward with the greatest interest. The rivalry between the different ships is always very keen, more particularly as there are races for boats in "service" rig and others in which "fancy" rigs are allowed. The former designation explains itself, but it must be said that it is permissible to use awnings as spinnakers; whilst "fancy" rigs depend necessarily on the whims, and on the pocket, of the officer who cares to fit a boat at his own expense. Too much cannot be said in praise of boat-sailing. Lads are taught it in the "Britannia" perhaps necessarily in an incomplete fashion, and a suggestion has been made that marks shall be given in subsequent examinations. So far, except in a rudimentary form, it is a hobby and little more. The man who likes it does not merely like it—he is enthusiastic about it. But, then, he is a born boat-sailer, to whom the throb of the tiller, with one eye on the sail to see that he does not get just too close to the wind, and the other eye to windward, to look out for squalls, means for the time being all that is worth living for in the world. Boat-sailing has a charm which stands altogether apart from anything else, and which is perhaps incapable of being appreciated by any but its votaries. Some few years ago, when a French squadron was lying at Spithead, it was not quite pleasant to men who had been brought up in the old school of British boat-sailing to see French boats coming into Portsmouth Harbour under sail, while the boats from our own ships were steam launches and such-like. Utilitarianism was on our side, but the sight caused a nasty taste in the mouth nevertheless. In these days, there is a revival of interest in boat-sailing, which has been very marked in both the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons. As has been already said, Arosa Bay is the chosen scene of the Channel Squadron Regatta, and in this year's contests the little "Pactolus," thanks to Lieutenant F. R. Harrold, one of the best boat-sailers in the Navy, has added to the laurels which she had already won through his endeavours. The ship has a wonderful record of races which have fallen to her share. Lieutenant Harrold won the Hornby Challenge Cup last year. It is a race sailed under fancy rigs and with drop keels. In other words, the boat is specially prepared for the occasion, but it is precisely this possibility of preparation which encourages boat-sailing. This is one aspect of the case. On the other hand, the offer of prizes for service rigs has, perhaps, a more general effect upon the interest of the "ratings." This is an open question, and leaves us with the fact that boat-sailing in any form ought to be encouraged. It brings out nerve and decision of character, and develops just those qualities which are likely to be required in action. Our picture shows Lieutenant Harrold's victory; but two days later—on the intervening day there had been no wind—the race was sailed by service-rigged boats for the Admiral's Cup. There was a good deal of drifting, and Lieutenant Harrold retired, victory finally resting with the galley of the "Furious," steered by Captain Foley. There was a light breeze and it was a galleys' race.

Our third illustration shows a boat being lowered from a ship into the water. This is naturally an everyday incident of life on board a man-of-war, and, as a rule, it occurs without any mishap. Sometimes, however, accidents will happen, and it is not so long since, when one of the ships on the China station was lowering a boat at sea, that the tackle carried away and the boat was capsized. She went to the bottom, and several of her crew were drowned. In that case, however, the boat which was being hoisted out was a steam vessel. In our picture, the boat is obviously a rowing-boat, and some people who have not witnessed the operation will ask not unnaturally why the crew occupy the position in which they are portrayed—why some are standing up and others sitting down; in fact, why any of them are standing up. There is, however, much to do when boats are lowered, both for those in them and for those responsible for the work in the ship, where the commander directs the operation. In harbour the boats are usually lying at the booms, but in open roadsteads and in like situations they are always lowered in the way we depict when there is need for communicating with other ships or the shore. Boat work is a great engine of discipline in the Navy. In both the Mediterranean and the Channel discipline has been more severely enforced than was the case a few years ago. This has been accomplished not by undue stringency, but simply by giving the men more work to do, and accustoming them more and more, in this way, to habits of obedience and of smartness. All this tends to improve the value of a fleet. There is, moreover, as has been already said, a real, if unavowed, competition for the supremacy of efficiency between the Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons, and this emulation, in its turn tends to promote general excellence.

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THE MODERN FASHION OF LOWERING A BOAT.

A Rowing-boat Taking the Water in Arosa Bay.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JIM TWELVES TRA'NED MAN AND A·B

OF A MAD FIRST LIEUTENANT.

BY
W. F. SHANNON
Author of
"THE DEVIATORS"
"THE MESS DECK"
&c.&c.&c.

"I THINK it's time we left these no-class lower-deck reflections," said Jim, "and turned to the ward-room; because people is exceedin' fond of lootenants and adm'als, and don't take any stock of Bluejackets. You can order them by the thousand, like sojers."

"Oh! But, Jim——"

"I say you can. One Bluejacket is jist like another, and the Queen's Regulations reco'nises no distinction."

"But the world does want to know, Jim."

"Well, to-night it shan't. The only things I shall remember to-night is about officers, excep' when I bring in the men accidental. And if I pass disrespectful remarks occasionally, you mustn't think I'm a mutineer, although I don't mind tellin' you in confidence that officers is men, like us muckos, and all sorts of men, too, excep' cowards. No officers in the Navy is that. Still, that aint their fault; we're each as we was born."

"And sometimes a good deal worse," I said, quoting wise Sancho Panza.

"Yes, a true sayin'. Now there was Lootenant Morgen, our Number One in the 'Wagtail.' He was born fat-headed, and he made hisself a terrible sight worse by worryin' us about it. The good officers in the Navy is the intelligence ones, them what spends their time in devisin' evolutions and exercisin' us for war. Lootenant Morgen wasn't one of them. He was one of the bad uns wid no brains, what thinks that the great object of existence in a war-ship is to clean paint and bright work. He had us to rub up even galvanised rails and stanchions, and when we'd got 'em in a half-and-half state he reckoned they wasn't capable of brightness, and they best be covered wid duck, and pipe-clayed. Then they was painted, then sand-papered. It was my fust commission, bar the trainin' squadron, and I reckoned if this was the Navy proper it wasn't worth bein' in.

"The very fust mornin' in the Channel he busted off. Says he sweetly to the Bo's'n, 'When do you propose to scrub decks, Mr. O'Brien?' The Bo's'n looks at him a bit startled. 'They was holy stoned and scrubbed thoroughly this mornin', sir,' says he.

"'Mr. O'Brien,' said the Lootenant, squintin' about the quarter-deck, 'you and me see things different—accordin' to our lights, a' course, accordin' to our lights. But I can distinctly see the grass growin' on this deck. I won't have it, Mr. O'Brien. This ship shall be a pattern, sir.'

"When he'd gone aft, the Bo's'n says to the Carpenter, 'This ship will be a hell, sir, and you can take my word for it.' And the Carpenter said, unless the Cap'n was a strong man and kep' the Lootenant under, that was so.

"Next day Number One had another lap at him, and the Bo's'n said he had personally seen to everything, and was sorry to say he could see nothink wrong.

"'You're short-sighted, Mr. O'Brien; I must get you invalided. Here, take this glass and look for yourself. Personally acquaint yourself wid the state of the ship's deck, Mr. O'Brien. I will not have my quarter-deck a meadow, sir,' says he.

"The Bo's'n swore he could see no dirt, nor grass, nor even mildew.

"'Very well, Mr. O'Brien, very well. I'll turn out myself wid the mornin' watch. The proper place for barnacles and seaweed and other vegetables is below the water-line, outside.'

"He got up when he said, and we had a lovely time—nearly scrubbed the decks away wid hot water and caustic soda. They turned from white to a yellowy brown colour, like rusty iron. He said that was better, that was an improvement on the Vandyck brown they used to be, and if he lived he'd teach the Bo's'n and ship's comp'ny what pure whiteness and cleanliness was. And every day he chased the hands around, and blacklisted 'em by dozens.

"'D——d slave-driver,' says a man one mornin', when he was scrubbin'. He heard him, but couldn't find out who it was.

"'Am I?' says he, 'am I? I will be.' And he dived down and did the transformation scene into a bobtail coat, sea-boots, sou'-wester, and ridin'-whip. 'That's jist what you've drove me to,' says he. 'Scrub! Or I'll run in every mother's son, and scrub away the dog-watches!'

"The Cap'n was a mild man and kep' his cabin, very sick, but he stopped him at that. 'You must be more considerative of the men, Morgen,' says he.

"Number One was disgusted, and carefully demonstrated that Bluejackets was mere swabbers and had no feelin's, no more than stokers or washdeck-buckets. 'Besides, sir,' he says, 'we must keep the ship clean.'

"'Exactly,' says the Cap'n, and went on readin' his book, and preparin' hisself for leavin' for heaven.

"'Exactly,' says the Lootenant, steppin' out on to the poop. 'This is all the thanks I git.'

"Jist by then up creeps a stoker, all in his greasy clothes, on to the upper-deck.

"'What's that?' says Number One, so soon as he could recover from the shock.

"'Stoker fainted, sir,' says the johndy.

"'Take stoker fainted below!' bellowed the Lootenant.

"'Engineer sent him up, sir, t' git a breath of air.'

"'Take him below, I say! Does the Engineer want all the ship?'

"As the stoker went below, Lootenant Morgen turned to walk the poop, mutterin', 'Damme, he's got the stokehole and the engine-room and the bilges. What more does he want? These mechanical men—— Yes?' he says to the Engineer, who'd come on deck to remonstrate. The Engineer said he'd got the Doctor's permission, and he must insist——

"'Off my quarter-deck, sir!' shouted Number One. 'I won't hear a word. Wash that stoker; fumigate him; and send him on deck in swaddlin' clothes at the proper time. Wants air, does he? A bloomin' stoker didn't ought to want air. He must learn to imitate the Phœnix, sir, or the salamander, or Arabian insects of that kind. Greasy stokers on the upper-deck!'

"'Very well, Mr. Morgen,' says the Engineer, 'I shall report the matter to the Cap'n.'

"The Cap'n spoke serious to the Lootenant, and advised him to read up the Queen's Regulations, so's he should know his own powers, and learn the rights of others.

"So he done it, and learned a lot of aggravatin' details about us, sich as the number of stitches that was proper in serge frocks; or that ribbons was to be tied wid a bow over the left ear, wid ends three and four inches long respectively, the short end in front; and one day he mustered bootlaces, and half the ship's comp'ny went in over them. He said the Lords of the Adm'alty had observed wid regret that mohair and other laces not set down in the Regulations was frequently worn by Bluejackets, and the Lords wished him to make us distinctly understand that black leather laces, round in section, wid brasswork tags neatly polished, was uniform, and no other, and the on'y way he could think of to make us distinctly understand was to give us all seven days 10 A. And when we was crossin' the line he mustered comforters, and made us put 'em on, although it was swelterin' hot, to see if we knew how to wear 'em—one turn round the throat wid a half-hitch, and the ends tucked in inside the frock

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"'Well, Eevan' (*i.e.*, Sir Evan MacGregor) 'do write a lot,' said Bill Bromley to me, 'though it's mostly in print, but I never thought he was so partic'lar.'

"'More he is, I don't believe,' I says. 'We aint goin' to beat the enemy by the way we ties our bootlaces and half-hitches our comforters. Why don't he pay more attention to gun-drill and evolutions?'

"'I reckon he aint come to that in the Regulations yet,' says Bromley.

"'There's the sea-boat, too,' I says. 'If anyone falls overboard, the crew aint on hand like they ought to be, and that boat won't be lowered smart.'

"'Oh, he'll reach that soon enough,' says Bill, who was in the sea-boat, 'and he'll be callin' it away all day and all night after that. Don't you worry about that.'

"'Look where you are at collision stations or sail drill,' I says—'all over the ship. You ought to be on the upper-deck all the time.'

"'What do it matter to him if a miserable matlow do git lost?' says Bromley.

"'Nothink,' says I.

"And neither it didn't. One day the Cap'n thought his lungs was improvin', and came on deck, and we had evolutions of all sorts. In the middle of collision stations a man fell overboard. The sentry let go the life-buoy and the sea-boat's crew was called away. But they was below, most of 'em, closin' scuttles and watertight doors.

"The Cox'n was in the Cap'n's cabin wid a couple more, and he heard the pipe, and nipped into the boat wid his life-belt on, and so did they. And for a minute he sat wid the slip line cleared away, while the Cap'n and Number One shouted for any hands that was near to jump in. But it was too late.

"Number One said there was no doubt it was the man's own fault, and that he was too unhandy for a seaman; but the Cap'n told him he ought to be ashamed, and talked till he spit blood, for he was in a tearin' rage wid him, and was carried below, and in a while we heard he was dyin'.

"'For God's sake don't let the Cap'n die,' says the Navigator to the Doctor, 'else we'll have a mut'ny.'

"But he did die. And then everyone drew their breath and set their lips, officers and all, because they felt the storm was goin' to bust.

"As soon as the Cap'n was buried, Number One shipped another ring on his sleeve, and took the Cap'n's cabin, and was king. He had had up the sea-boat's crew for neglect of duty the day after the trouble, and as it's no excuse in the Navy if you don't hear the pipe, he give 'em all seven days' 10 A, them that answered the pipe as well as them that didn't, because he said he'd have no favouritism—that was agin the Regulations. The Cox'n he put in the Cap'n's report, and Bill Bromley too, because Bill appealed agin bein' punished for nothink.

"And now he was Cap'n these two came before him. He had reported them to hisself. He disrated the Cox'n, who was glad to be quit of all responsibility, and then says to Bromley, 'I see the Fust Lootenant reports you for insolence, my man' (because if you appeal agin a punishment before doin' it that's insolence).

"'No, sir,' says Bromley, 'I on'y ast to see the Cap'n when you give me them seven days' 10 A for nothink.'

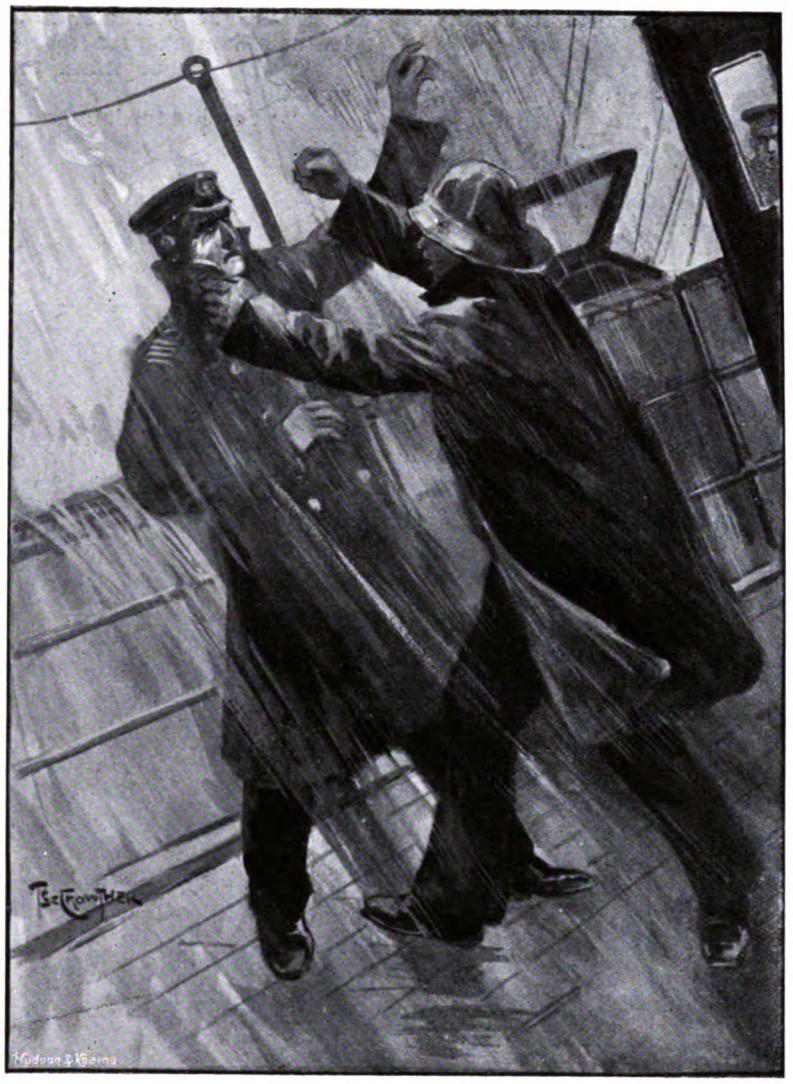
"'That is insubordination and insolence. Do you know that that is a crime in the Navy?'

"'What! Astin' to see the Cap'n, sir?'

"'You call in question the justice of the Fust Lootenant by doin' that,' says Number One.

"'I do indeed,' says Bromley, who was gittin' wild.

"'And you refuse to obey his orders?'



A figure flashed down with the wave.

"Bill didn't say any more then, but on'y looked straight in the Cap'n's eye.

"'Answer me!' says Morgen.

"Bill didn't.

"'Very well. Do fourteen days' cells. Afterwards do your punishment. Master-at-Arms,' says he, 'see that carried out, and then bring him before me for dumb insolence.'

"'Very good, sir,' says the johndy.

"Bromley was marched for'ard, feelin' good about it, and I seen the Navigator speakin' for him to Cap'n Morgen, wid no effect. When the Cap'n wanted another man to be a P.O. instead of the Cox'n of the sea-boat, he couldn't git one. The whole ship's comp'ny refused promotion. So he ordered the senior A.B. to take the ratin', or else he'd run him in for mut'ny.

"He carried on as Fust Lootenant and Cap'n rolled into one, and it worked sublime so fur as he was concerned. He saw defaulters as Number One, and referred 'em on to hisself as Cap'n, so's he could give 'em the maxi'um punishment.

"So the officers knocked off reportin' anybody, and then he took that duty as well. Every day P.O.'s was smashed and fresh men forced to take their places, and all day long he was raisin' hell, and never a marling spike dropped on him, although the ship's comp'ny put up pretty united prayers about that.

"'Why don't the Doctor put him in the list?' says I.

"'Because he's on'y eccentric, not mad,' says an old chap; 'and the Doctor don't want to be luffed in for mut'ny.'

"'He was mad enough to drown Sam Pinkney the other day,' I says.

"'A Bluejacket! a paltry Bluejacket! What's you or me to Mad Morgen? D——n him! There's poor Bill Bromley, too.'

"'But I s'pose the log explains it all to the Adm'als, and they'll see into it,' says I.

"'That's what the log's for,' says he. 'The log never lies, widout the Cap'n's untruthful.'

"'Can't we send a round robin to the officers?' says I.

"'No,' says he; 'they can see he's mad as well as us. But they've got to git a good case to put on paper. We can't help 'em. We can on'y stick it as long as we can.'

"'Well, then, I hope this perishin' ship shakes to pieces very soon,' I says. 'For I can't hold out much longer.'

"It was all over in two more days, though, and we praised the Lord hearty at the next church service. The Navigator was officer of the watch, and the Cap'n had given him strict orders not to alter course widout his permission, although the weather was threatenin'.

"Of a sudden a big roller, wid a tearin' wind, bore down on our beam, and the Navigator altered course to meet it, and sent for the Cap'n, who met the messenger on the companion, because his tell-tale compass had told him what had took place.

"'What's the meanin' of this?' says he to the Navigator.

"The Navigator hoisted his shoulders, and looked round at the approachin' squall.

"'Go below, sir!' yelled Cap'n Morgen. 'Go below, and consider yourself under arrest. Back wid her to her course, Quartermaster! I'll disrate you! There's a complicated mut'ny aboard this ship!'

"'My advice as Navigator is that you alter course to meet the gale, Cap'n Morgen', says the Navigator.

"'Go below, Lootenant Nicolson,' says the Cap'n.

"The wind and sea took us fair abeam, and heeled us over so's we all thought we was gone. But the ship staggered along, the masts nearly tore out of her, and jist held up, for some minits as long as hours.

"'Shall I release the pris'ners, sir?' says the johndy, crawlin' near.

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"'Drown the pris'ners! No!' says he.

"But as the johndy went for'ard he met the Navigator, who told him to do it. Lootenant Nicolson was seein' the other officers, and he soon come on deck wid the Doctor, and their authority to put the Cap'n in the list, and git him off the bridge.

"He was standin' there, clingin' to a stanchion, mutterin' and mutterin' rules and regulations, and every now and then shoutin' to the Quartermaster that he was half a point off his course, which he was, runnin' her off in a sensible way.

"Jist as the Navigator and the Doctor got on deck a tremenjus green sea poured aboard, and 'Bring her back! Luff!' was the last words of Cap'n Morgen, for when that wave passed he was gone, and there was no chance of lowerin' a boat. The ship run before the gale, and in twenty-four hours the wind had gone, and on'y the heavin' sea was left.

"When we was mustered Bill Bromley was missin' too. The johndy said he released him wid the other pris'ners, and ordered them to remain in their messes. The others said he slipped on deck at once. But none of us on deck had seen him, so 'D.D.' was put agin his name.

"And the Adm'alty never knew how mad Lootenant Morgen was, and the papers said he done his dooty to the last. And the Pusser wrote to Bill Bromley's mother, and never mentioned cells. And wid a new Cap'n we soon forgot both, and was happily discontented and comfortable as any other ship's comp'ny.

"But they spin a cuff in the Service about that drownin' now, years and years after it happened, and this is what it is. It's on'y whispered about the mess-decks, you understand and the Adm'als must not know, nor Bill's mother.

"There was two men in the wheelhouse, as usual, when the Cap'n went into the ditch, an A.B. at the wheel and a Quartermaster standin' by, and, as the ship heeled over to that sea, they saw, foggy and imperfect, a figure flash down wid the wave, clutch at the Cap'n, wrench him from his stanchion, and go down wid him into the sea.

"They looked at each other for a second, as if they couldn't believe what they saw. Then the A.B. shouted, 'My God! see that?'

"The Quartermaster could jist hear him over the storm; but he closed his lips and said nothing. But half-an-hour afterwards he bawled, 'Curly, I did see it; a wave took him. D——n good job, too!'

"'But I see——' begins the A.B.

"'If the Adm'alty seen what you seen they might ast questions. Mad Morgen was washed overboard. You think it out. Remember Bill's mother.'

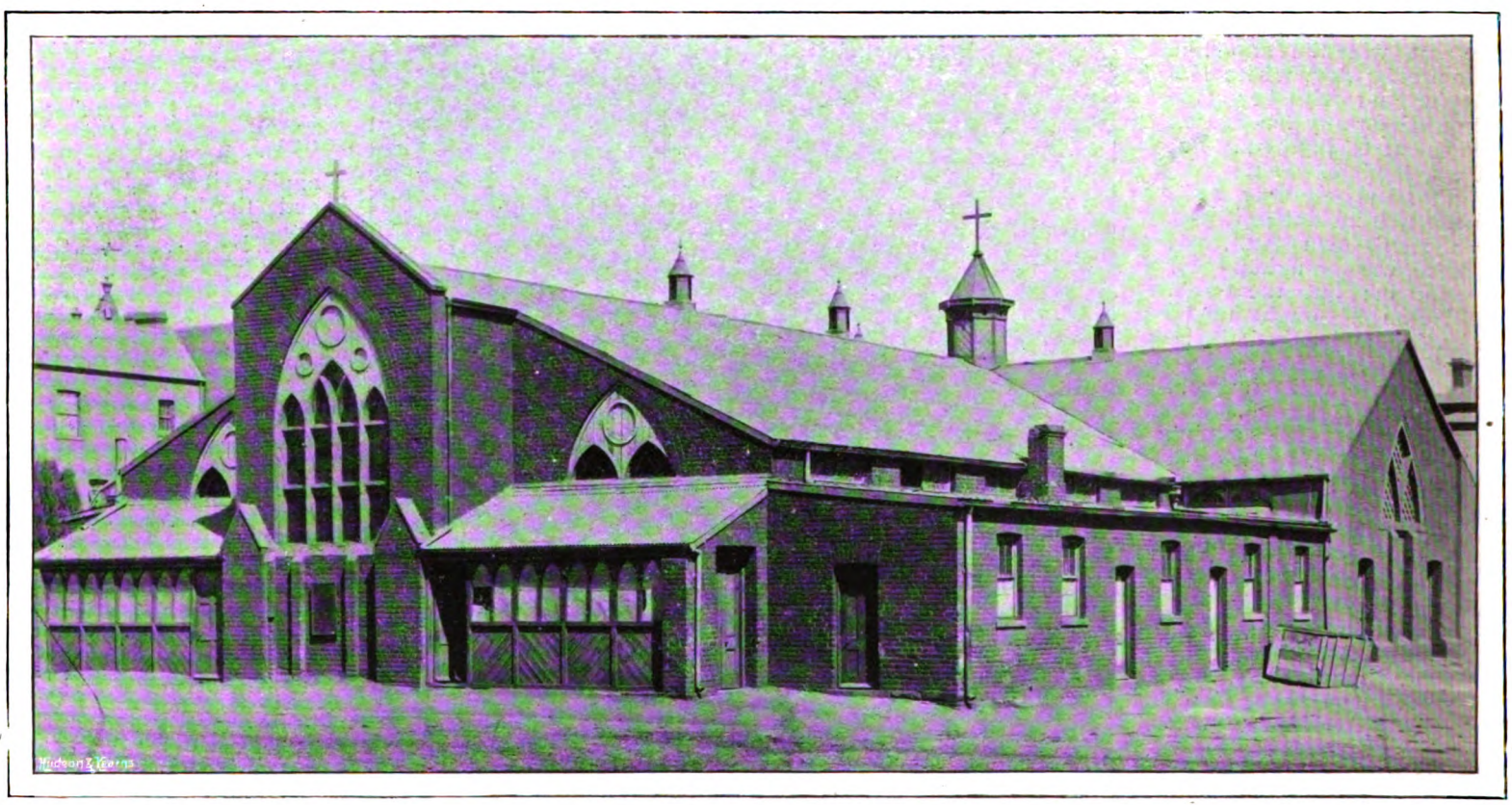
"So Curly thought it out durin' the rest of his trick at the wheel, and, when he come to consider, he couldn't say but what Bill was carried by the wave on to the Cap'n, and had merely tried to save hisself. And as him and the Quartermaster went for'ard he said, 'He was washed overboard. I'll swear to it.'

"'Right you are, Curly. Bill was young, and hadn't learned about bad officers bein' part of the routine.'

"'He was beginnin' to, like all of us, I reckon, though,' says Curly.

"'Yes, but too late, boys, too late,' says the Quartermaster."

The Attempted Assassination of "Bobs."



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ST. MARY'S CHURCH, JOHANNESBURG.

Which the Conspirators had arranged to Destroy.

A DEEP thrill of emotion passed through the hearts of all self-respecting Englishmen when they opened their morning papers of November 28 and read therein Lord Roberts's brief report of another dastardly plot to destroy his life. And all men the Empire over will rejoice that the vigilance of the police frustrated the consummation of the fell deed. In his now familiar laconic fashion Lord Roberts stated the facts, prefacing them with a characteristic explanation of his action in mentioning them at all. It seems that the design of the conspirators was to assassinate the Commander-in-Chief by exploding a mine while he was at service in St. Mary's Church, Johannesburg, an illustration of which is here given.

Such a conception was diabolical in the extreme, and the five Italians, four Greeks, and one Frenchman who have been arrested as the authors of the plot will richly deserve the worst punishment which can be meted out to them.

The only satisfactory element about this new plot is that none of those who have been arrested are Boers. Apparently it cannot be laid to their charge that they have played the game so "low down" as that. They have appreciated, perhaps, the unfailing kindness and courtesy of Lord Roberts to their own kith and kin, and while continuing the hopeless struggle, have done so in a fairly above-board manner. Surely honest and enlightened opinion in Italy, in Greece, and in France will recoil with disgust from the wretches who formed this miserable plot, and will feel nothing but grief and shame for the crime.

These Anarchists, for such they appear to be, have found out a new field for their operations. Who knows but that this attempt upon the life of Britain's foremost military leader was hatched and financed from the Continent. One day the truth may leak out. In the meantime, all malcontents, both in South Africa and on the Continent, must learn through the severest justice that they cannot advance the Boer cause by blowing to pieces our beloved "Bobs."

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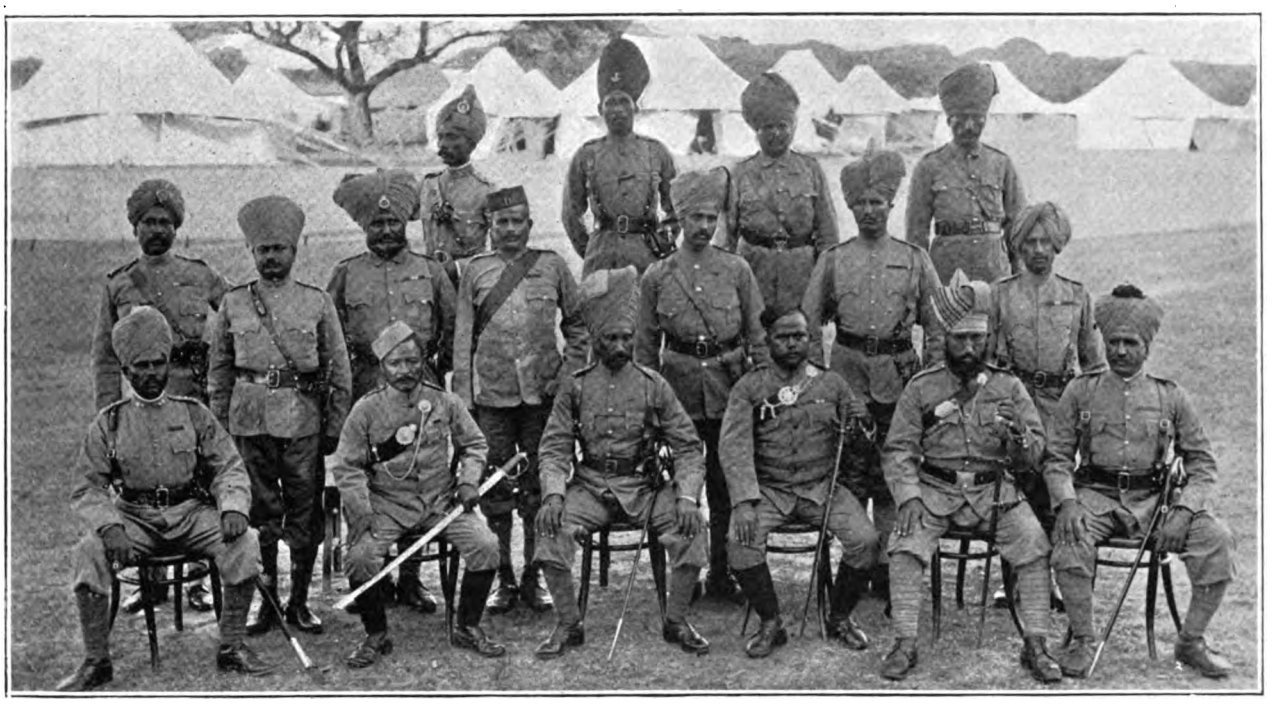
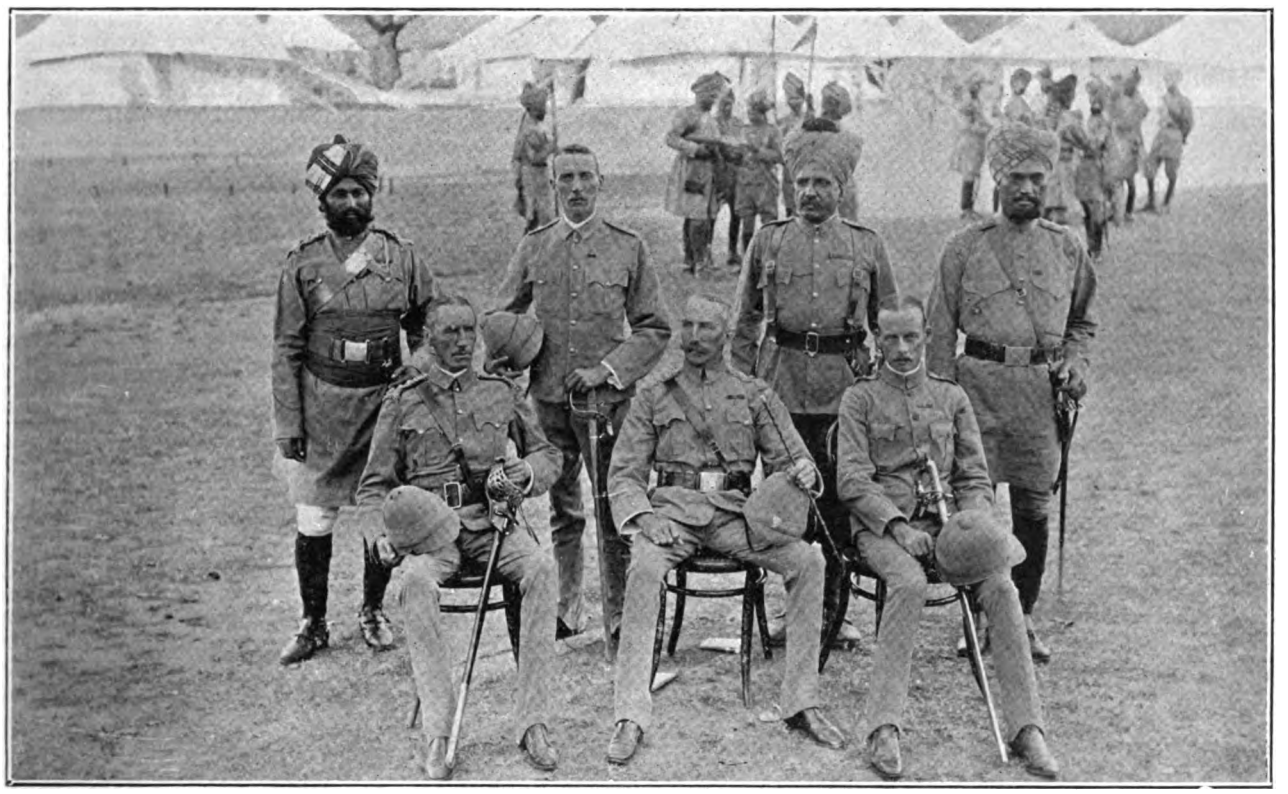
The Imperial Guard for Australia.

THE INDIAN CONTINGENT.

THE NATIVE INFANTRY OFFICERS.



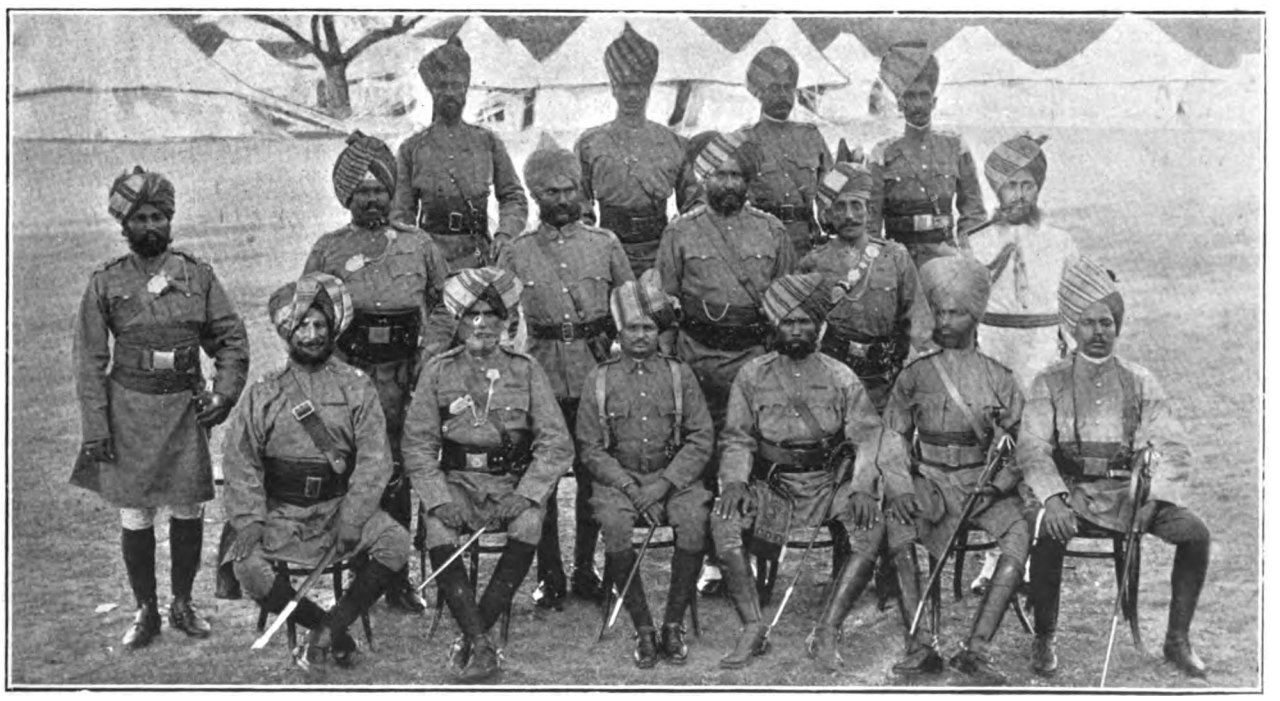


THE STAFF.

Standing—Risaldar Misri Khan, 18th Bengal Lancers, Lieutenant P. F. Pocock, 19th Bombay Infantry, Subadar-Major Chiran ju Lal, 2nd Hyderabad Infantry, Risaldar Maluk Ram, 14th Bengal Lancers.

Sitting — Captain J. Henegan, D.S.O., 1st Burma Gurkha Rifles (Adjutant), Lieutenant-Colonel L. S. Peyton, 14th Bengal Lancers (In Command), Captain H. W. Campbell, 18th Bengal Lancers.

THE NATIVE CAVALRY OFFICERS.



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Military Progress in Portugal.

AND THE VISIT OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON TO LISBON.

THE visit of the Channel Squadron to Lisbon last week was another manifestation of the friendly feelings which actuate the two countries, and the cordial expressions of mutual regard which were a pleasant feature of the banquet at the Palace of the Ajuda were specially gratifying to those who have watched the reviving progress of Portugal. The accomplished king Dom Carlos and his charming consort, the daughter of the late Comte de Paris, have never lost an opportunity of expressing their liking for England and Englishmen. Their portraits are found in the captains' cabins of several ships in the Channel Squadron, where their kindness on the occasion of the last visit of the squadron to the Tagus is certainly not forgotten. The cordial feeling is traditional on both sides, and it is good to remember at such a time that the expeditions of the old Portuguese seamen prepared the way for the development of our trade in unknown lands, that the captains of Prince Henry "the Navigator"—a descendant, be it noted, of English Kings—were the pioneers of our East India Company, and that Portuguese energy in India anticipated our own. Let us, therefore, honour Bartholomew Diaz, who first doubled the "Cape of Storms," and Vasco da Gama, the first European to reach India by sea.

GENERAL L. A. PIMENTEL PINTO.
Portuguese Minister of War.

Numberless have been the occasions on which Portuguese and Englishmen have fought side by side, from the days of John of Gaunt to the present century, when the Portuguese troops, disciplined by Beresford, proved no unworthy allies of Wellington's Englishmen in the Peninsular War. Although the Portuguese Navy is no longer what it was in the days of the great navigators, the Army has lately received a great development, and we are very pleased to be able to add another instalment of admirable military pictures to those which we gave a few weeks ago. The King, who is an accomplished linguist, speaking easily the English, French, German, and Italian languages, is a student and artist, but he is also a proficient in the pursuits of active life. He is a first-rate fencer, rides splendidly, is reputed to be one of the best shots in Europe, and is intensely interested in everything that concerns his Army. His zealous and practical interest in military matters did much to bring about the reorganisation of the forces in October, 1899; and General Pimentel Pinto, the Minister of War, is a most energetic and experienced officer, greatly valued for his administrative capacity. He held the office from February, 1893, to April, 1896, and has lately been called to the royal counsels again.

It is just to the Minister to recognise the excellent manner in which forces have been despatched to Portuguese East Africa, where recent campaigns with the natives have demonstrated the solid sentiments of patriotism which inspire the Portuguese soldier. He suffers privations cheerfully, and has shown excellent military qualities in much hard fighting with the tribesmen, and in quelling the turbulence of the petty king Gongunhana. The Minister of War more recently organised a strong force to watch the Transvaal frontier, and the Portuguese received the surrender of vast quantities of military stores belonging to the Boer army.

The reorganisation of the national forces has been brought about with laudable celerity, and the military legislation has led to a practical transformation of the Army. Many important works have been carried out, great improvements have been introduced into the system of training and the internal organisation, discipline, and military law of the forces, and an excellent medical service has been created, which is very completely equipped, and possesses ambulance waggons and hospital fittings equal to any that are to be found in other armies.

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THE TRAINING OF MILITARY ENGINEERS.
The Corner of a Strong Redoubt.

Our illustrations show some features of the training of Engineers and infantry, and several kinds of guns used by the various branches of the Artillery are depicted. It will be seen that great care is devoted to forming emplacements for heavy guns, and that the Portuguese are well trained in field fortification. The Engineers are under the command of a general, and there are 118 other officers. The active establishment of this branch of the Army con-

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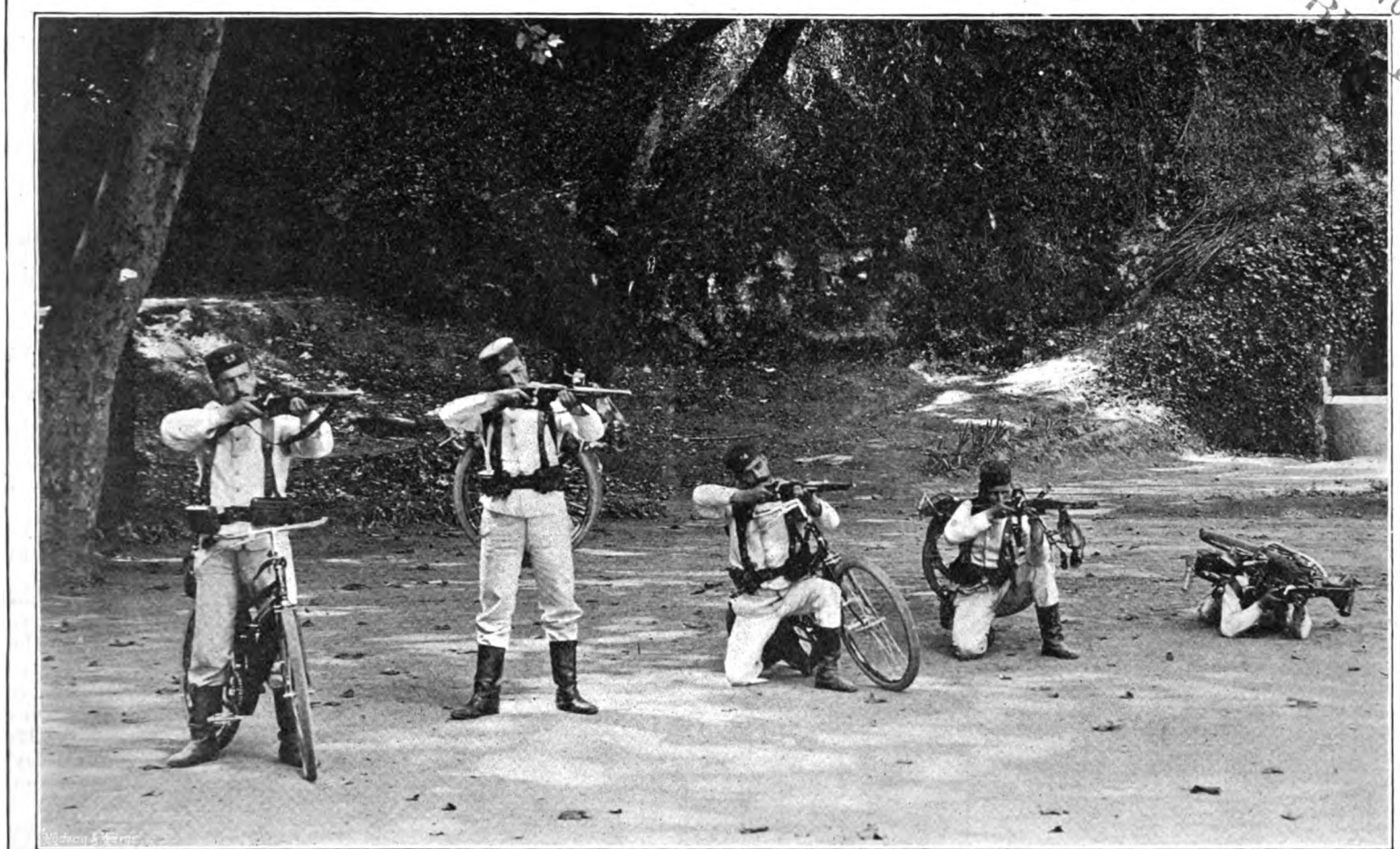
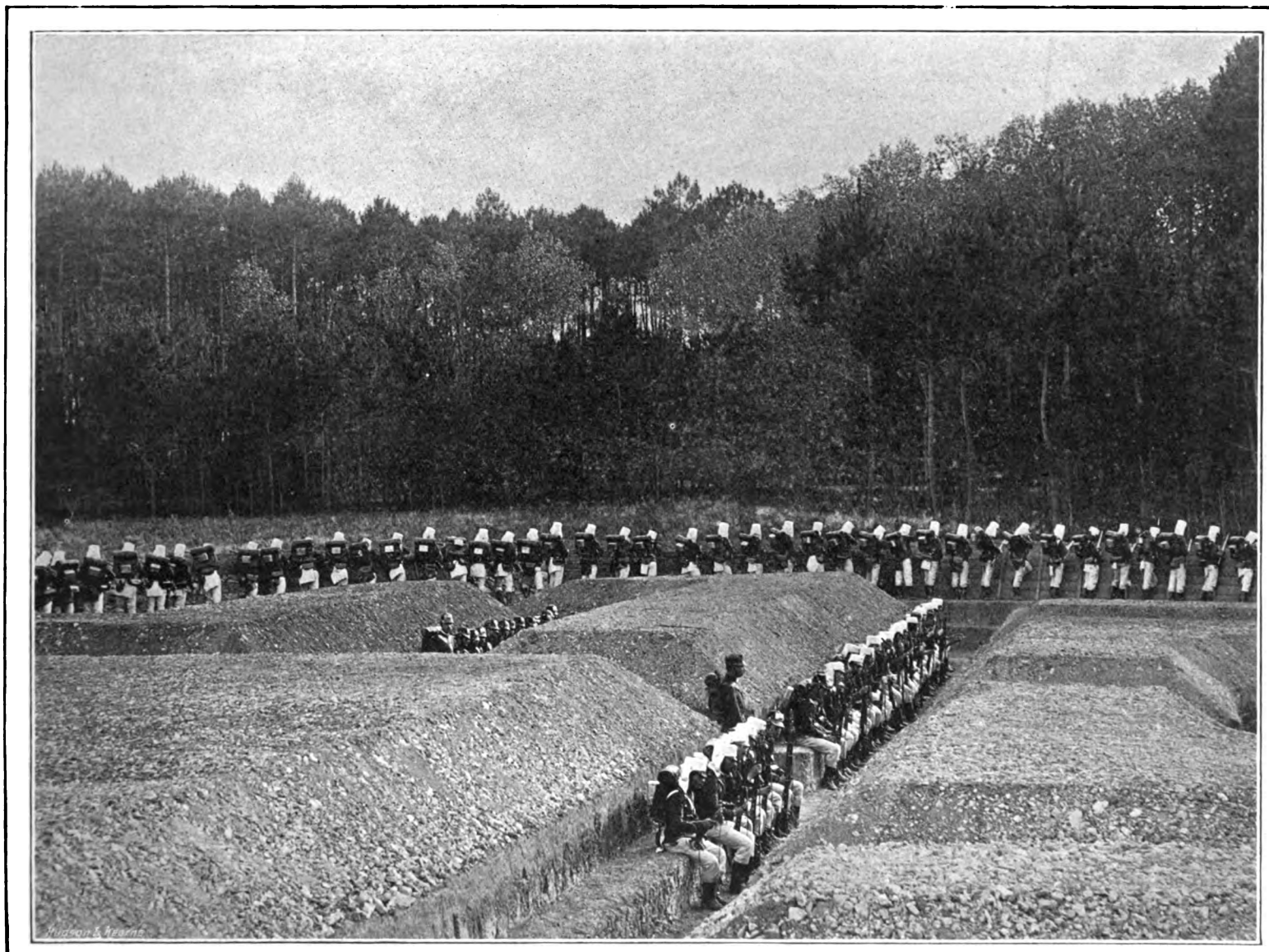


PORTUGUESE CYCLIST INFANTRY.

The Various Positions for Firing.



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THE DEFENCE OF A POSITION.

Field Training of the Infantry School.

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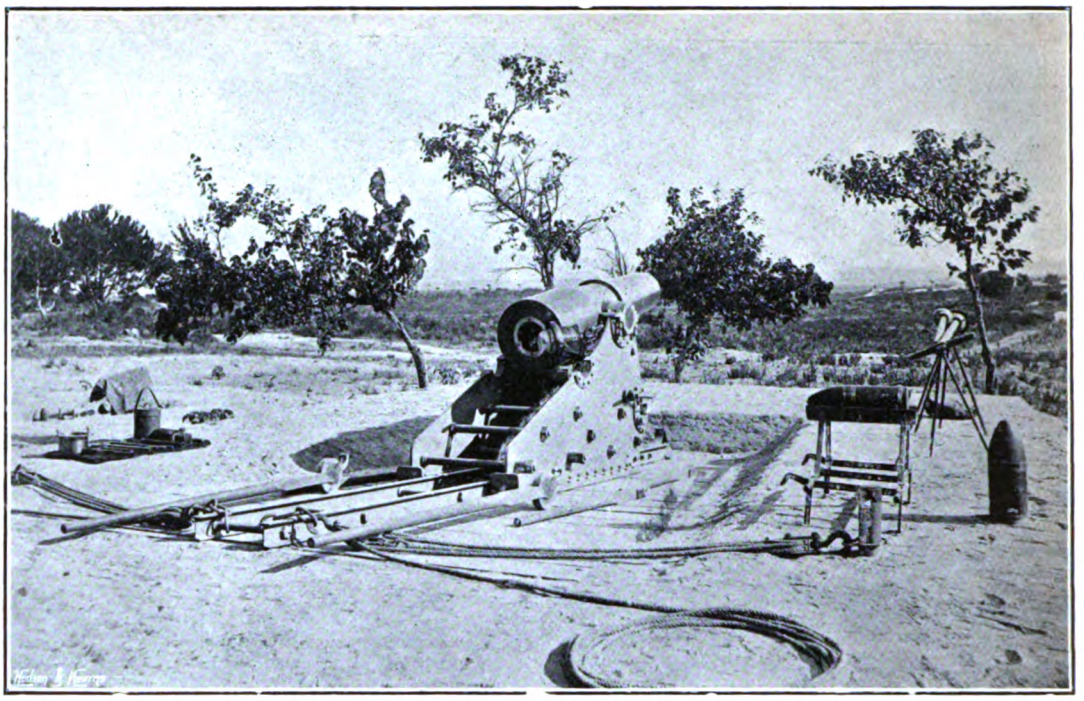
stitutes a regiment of ten companies, of which the first four are sappers, the two following bridge-builders, the seventh telegraphists, the eighth railway troops, and the ninth guides, while the tenth is a depôt company. The men are armed with the Kropatschek carbine, and the officers with swords and revolvers.

Two of our pictures are illustrative of the training of the Portuguese infantry. Evidently this branch of the Army is quite abreast of the times in having cyclist detachments well organised. The Portuguese have already adopted a folding bicycle, analogous to that of Captain Gérard, and the picture shows excellently how it can be carried in the folded state upon the man's back when he is using his rifle. Another picture will suggest the thorough system of field training which has been adopted by the Portuguese. The strength of the infantry upon a peace footing is 21,381, and upon a war footing 123,783, divided among four regiments of chasseurs and 54 of the line.

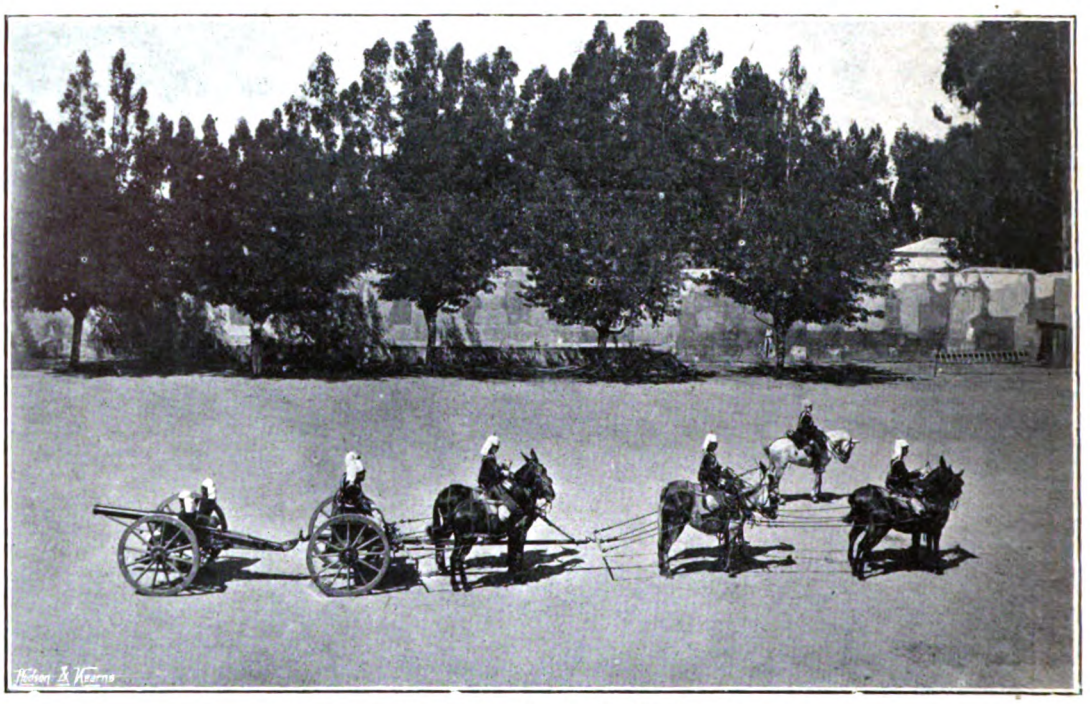
Our other illustrations are all of the Portuguese Artillery. There is a well-equipped arsenal, with a gun foundry and manufactories of arms and of smokeless powder, as well as magazines, all under the charge of the Director-General of the Artillery, whose department is divided into three branches; and there are Artillery inspectorates attached to the headquarters of divisions, and the commands in Madeira and the Azores.

The Portuguese guns are mostly of the Krupp patterns. The mountain batteries have a bronze gun with a steel breech and a calibre of 2·7-in., while the field and horse Artillery have a steel gun of 3·5-in. calibre, although there still exist some old guns, now being replaced. The siege artillery comprises 4·7-in. bronze guns with Krupp breech mechanism, of which we illustrate one in position behind a well-formed breastwork, as well as mortars and howitzers lately under trial. These last are of bronze and have the Canet breech mechanism. Their calibre is 5·9-in. and 8·2-in., and we illustrate one of the latter, showing the open breech and system of mounting. There are also some older bronze rifled muzzle-loaders, but these are being replaced by Krupp 6-in. guns. It may be interesting to add that the coast artillery comprises old Krupp guns of the last-named calibre, and of 11-in., with some smaller modern guns lately received from Essen, whence guns for the Horse Artillery are being procured.

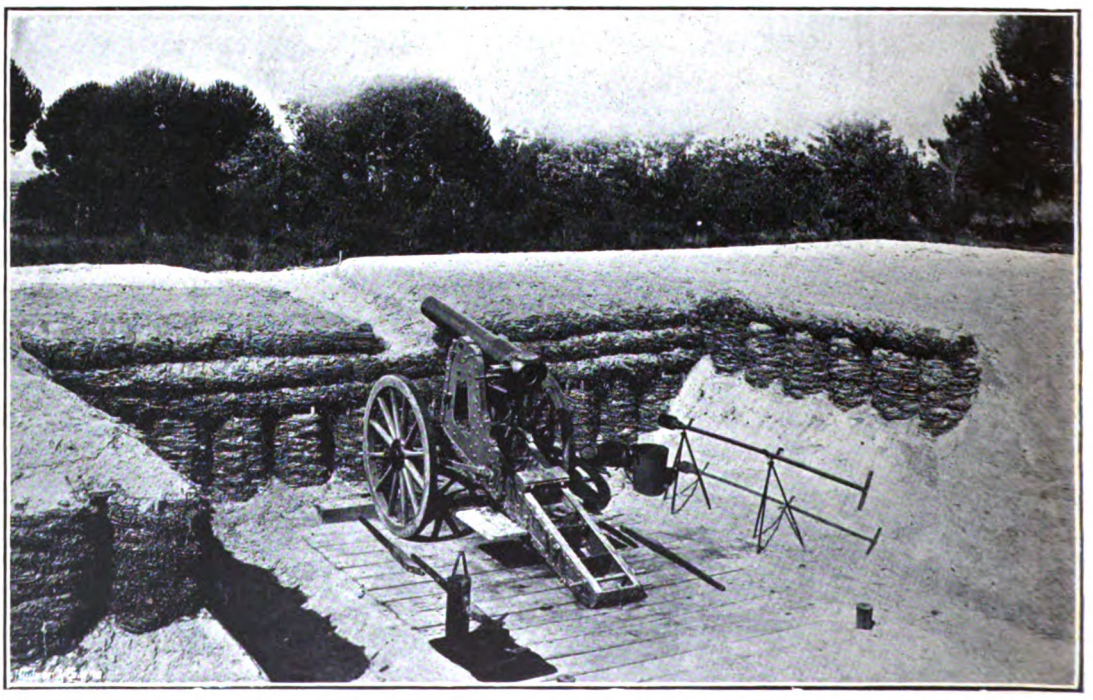
These facts and the accompanying illustrations will convey to our readers an impression of the vigorous manner in which the reorganisation of the Portuguese Army has been carried out. There has lately been a revival of prosperity in the country, and considerable progress has been made in economical and social matters, while commerce, agriculture, and the arts and industries have developed very considerably. It may be hoped with some confidence that, under the enlightened rule of Dom Carlos, Portugal is now entering upon a period of sustained prosperity.



PORTUGUESE FORTRESS ARTILLERY.
The New 8·2-in. Howitzer in Position.



FIELD ARTILLERY IN MARCHING ORDER.
With Special Harness for Mule Draught.



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THE NEW KRUPP 4·7-in. SIEGE GUN.
In a Well-concealed Emplacement.

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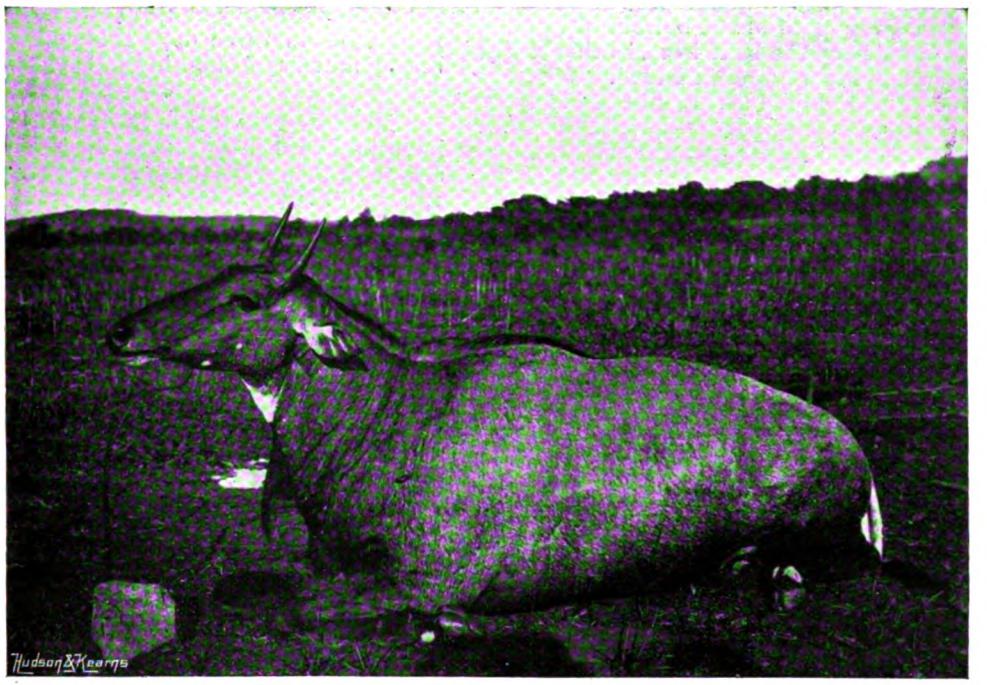
SPORT IN THE ARMY.

I HAVE already alluded to the Indian wolf, and said that a shot at one will probably always be by mere chance. Still, as wolves are not uncommon animals in some parts of India—Forsyth, indeed, describes them as "extremely common" in the Northern Central Provinces, but that was over thirty years ago—it may be desirable to give an anecdote of shooting this animal. As I never saw one myself, I extract the following from "The Highlands of Central India":

"In 1861 I was marching through a small village on the borders of the Damoh district, and accidentally heard that for months past a pair of wolves had carried off a child every few days, from the centre of the village and in broad daylight. No attempt whatever had been made to kill them, though their haunts were perfectly well known, and lay not a quarter of a mile from the village. A shapeless stone representing the goddess Devi, under a neighbouring tree, had instead been daubed with vermilion, and liberally propitiated with cocoanuts and rice! Their plan of attack was uniform and simple. The village stood on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which ran the bed of a stream thickly fringed with grass and bushes. The main street of the village, where children were always at play, ran down the slope of the hill; and while one of the wolves, which was smaller than the other, would ensconce itself among some low bushes between the village and the bottom of the hill, the other would go round to the top, and, watching an opportunity, race down through the street, picking up a child by the way, and making off with it to the thick cover in the nala. At first the people used to pursue, and sometimes made the marauder drop his prey; but, as they said, finding that in that case the companion wolf usually succeeded in carrying off another of the children in the confusion, while the first was usually so injured as to be beyond recovery, they ended, like phlegmatic Hindus as they were, by just letting them take as many of their offspring as they wanted. An infant of a few years old had thus been carried off on the morning of my arrival. It is scarcely credible that I could not at first obtain sufficient beaters to drive the covert where these two atrocious brutes were gorging on their unholy meal. At last a few of the outcast helots who act as village drudges in those parts were induced to take sticks and accompany my horse-keeper with a hog spear, and my Sikh orderly with his sword, through the belt of grass, while I posted myself behind a tree with a double rifle at the other end. In about five minutes the pair of wolves walked leisurely out into an open space within twenty paces of me. They were evidently mother and son, the latter about three-quarters grown, with a reddish-yellow, well-furred coat, and plump appearance; the mother a lean and grizzled hag, with hideous pendant dugs, and slaver dropping from her disgusting jaws. I gave her the benefit of the first barrel, and dropped her with a shot through both her shoulders. The whelp started off, but the second barrel arrested him also with a bullet in the neck; and I watched with satisfaction the struggles of the mother till my man came up with the hog spear, which I defiled by finishing her. In the covert they had come through my men said their lairs in the grass were numerous, and filled with fragments of bones, so that there was little doubt that the brutes thus so happily disposed of had long been perfectly at home in the neighbourhood of these miserable superstitious villagers."



THE NYLGHAI.

The last of the larger carnivoræ of India, and one especially common in the parts now under discussion, is the hyæna. I recollect on one occasion, when we were driving a forest reserve a few miles from Nusseerabad, my subaltern had no less than three chances at hyæna in one beat; and having unsuccessfully discharged both barrels of a brand-new rifle at the first two, he shot the third one dead by landing an Express bullet right in the centre of its forehead—rather a fluke.

On another occasion in the same district I remember the local Tent Club, when on the look-out for pig, having a real sporting gallop after a hyæna. The brute took to the nearest village, and gave no little fun by dodging about the thorn hedges till he was finally speared by a subaltern.

Having before spoken of the Indian lynx, I will give a short account of the killing of one, though, owing to its exceeding rarity, I cannot hold out to the reader much hope of his being able to follow my example. One hot August day — the 14th, to be exact—I drove some jungle-covered hills belonging to the Thakur of Bagsuri, who had given me permission to do so. The covert held nothing but a blue bull, which I see by my shooting diary I missed very badly.

Almost directly after this performance my attention was directed to the dogs accompanying a flock of sheep and goats on the plain beyond. They were furiously baying at some animal which, although showing a bold front, was gradually retiring to a hill between us—a bare ridge, boasting only a few cactus bushes. I had no glass, and if I had had, should probably not have made the animal out, but I saw it was no common one, such as a jackal or hyæna, so I started to run in that direction to cut it off. By this time the dogs had retired; but I pegged along, and finally came right on the beast lying among some cactus bushes and looking very nasty, with its ears flat back to its head. I did not wait to see what it meant doing, however, but just took a quick aim and sent a 12-bore bullet into its chest, ending the matter.

The sambur is the finest and biggest of Indian deer, reaching the height of 14 hands, whereas the swamp deer, the next biggest, never exceeds 12 hands, and is unknown in

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Bombay. Sambur, being very nocturnal animals, do not give much chance to the stalker, and I have only shot them in a running shot after I have myself jumped them, or by driving them with beaters, which is the usual way. Concerning an occurrence of the former kind, Forsyth writes:

"One of these (old stags which never cast their horns) was a very peculiar animal, almost jet black in colour, and with large horns so white as to look almost like a cast pair bleached by the weather. He frequented, during several years I knew him, an open part of the Mona Valley, a good deal resorted to by wood and grass cutters. He never could be found like other stags in the morning, but seemed to lie down before daylight in some strategical position, whence he always managed to effect an escape without being seen till far out of shot. I had never even fired at him, though I had often seen him, when, very early one morning, I was walking over the grassy plain where he was often seen, and some cartmen who were loading hay told me they had seen a stag lie down on the side of a hillock not far off. I made a long circuit to get to the other side of it, and then slowly, inch by inch, and with beating heart, drew myself over the brow. Nothing was to be seen from there, and, with finger on the trigger of my little single Henry, I crawled down the slope. Just then a stick cracked on my left, and looking round I saw the stag running in a crouching, tiger-like fashion along the bottom of a watercourse I had not noticed, but which, doubtlees, had been duly considered in the selection of his position. I had only time for a snap-shot, which caught the top of his shoulder, and heavily lamed him. He could go just a little faster than myself after this, and had frequently to stop. But he always got the start of me when I came up, and thus carried me some four or five miles towards the base of the hills before a very lucky shot at a very long range caught him in the centre of the neck and finished the business."

The usual method of sambur shooting is, as I have already said, driving with beaters. There is, of course, a great similarity between all deer drives, whatever the particular quarry may be, but the following incident, related by Colonel Ward, is curious. "Suddenly I found myself on the very edge of a precipice with a sheer drop of some 400-ft. or 500-ft.; over this poured the little river, its thin volume of water lost in misty spray and blown into innumerable fantastic shapes before it reached the deep pool at the bottom of the gorge; the distance was blurred by the heat haze, so that it was impossible to see how far the ravine extended. This was the Déokoh, or ravine of the gods, looking like a dark chasm running into the bowels of the earth—a weird and wild scene, regarded by the Bhils with superstitious awe, as populated by thousands of evil spirits. Looking down from above, with the afternoon sun throwing the cliffs into heavy shadow, it was easy to understand the awe of the Bhil, and it wanted little imagination to conjure up his evil spirits; in his mind it was an ideal place for a disaster, and until that day I had been quite unable to overcome the reluctance of the Bhils to show me the spot. I think, too, they would have refused at the very last had they not been struck with admiration at a lucky shot made at a charging panther which fell dead at my feet; they thought then they might count with certainty on my procuring for them a welcome addition to their food supply, by shooting some of those fabulous stag sambur with wonderful heads which were said to make their homes in these ravines, and at the same time protect them if we happened on a tiger on the same quest as ourselves—food. There was time to spare for a scramble down into this wild country below our feet, but I sat on, lost in admiring wonder, and even among the Bhils there seemed to be a singular reluctance to move, until one of them found the morning's track of a tiger leading down the hillside; then all was excitement. I was to take up a position in a narrow gorge, the only exit from the ravine, while the Bhils were to climb along the sides and hurl down stones from above. I selected a lovely spot on the edge of the stream, where, hidden in a mass of Osmunda regalis and Jamun bushes, I could see both sides without being seen. The tiger had gone elsewhere, but before I could even hear the beaters, a fine stag sambur, with splendid horns, came quietly along, listening intently every moment or two. About 50-yds. from me he sank down in full view, and lay with his head low on the ground, ready to fly on the least alarm. It was almost the best opportunity I ever had of watching the ways of one of these splendid elks, so close that I could see his every movement. I knew that if there was a tiger or a panther in the ravine the stag would be the first to warn me. I had, therefore, nothing to do but to watch him. He occasionally moved one of his large, wide-spread ears, formed to catch the smallest sound, otherwise he never stirred until the men came over the hill right above him; then he sprang to his feet to bound off, but fell dead, shot through the heart."

SNAFFLE.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3 *and* 17.]

Crack Shots.

IF any sportsman who has lived and shot for the last sixty years were asked in what the principal change in all those years had been, he could not but reply "pheasants." While landowners early in the century were content to kill 300 or 400 pheasants in their coverts, and take them along with other game, using spaniels for the purpose of flushing woodcock or pheasant, their successors now go out as it were to a field-day, in which the pheasant army is obliged by the manœuvres of the well-drilled village army to retreat into various ambuscades laid especially to cut it off. The result is usually that more birds are killed in a day than the same coverts ever afforded in a season before the forties; and instead of the grand total for the year being 300 or 400 head, it is anything between 3,000 and 15,000 birds. If the most modern sportsman were asked wherein the next great change would be, he would probably say in "wild ducks." These birds are harder to kill even than high pheasants; they not only vary their angles of flight more, but they are much harder in the feathers, and fly faster too; they lend themselves to preservation quite as well, and that is where they differ from the other popular birds — grouse and partridges. They are birds which do not injure the best kinds of fish, and the addition of ponds for rainbow or other trout, and for ducks, should make a very great difference to the sporting value of any estate through which a stream of water passes.

* * * *

A recent big bag was that of Lord Ashburton at the Grange in Hampshire. There the partridges amounted in round numbers to 2,000, and this is a greater falling off even than in Lord Leicester's celebrated preserves at Holkham. As everybody knows, Lord Ashburton holds the one, two, and three days' records for a partridge bag in this country, the respective days being November 2, 1897, when there were 1,374 partridges; November 4, 1,458 birds; and next day 701; or 3,533 in the three days; and over the same ground in 1888 in four days there were 4,109 birds killed. At least, that is the figure it has always stood at, although I see that Lord Walsingham, who was there and ought to know, put it in the Badminton Library at 4,076 birds. Mr. Arthur Blyth's bag of 1,861 birds in three days this year is exceeded in two places, but by four days' shooting in each of them.

* * * *

Nothing very great has been done at the pheasants. I have not heard full results from Wilton House, near Salisbury, although I know that on November 27 the party there killed 1,000 high birds in the day.

* * * *

It is strange that our petty covert shooting should have much attraction for Indian Princes, in whose country the bags are so much more imposing, and the excitement so much greater. Nevertheless, the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, having taken the Londesborough shootings, near Selby, has been entertaining a large shooting party, including Lords Lonsdale, Southwell, Savile, and Stavordale, Sir Benjamin Simpson, Mr. Plowden, and Captain Laycock.

* * * *

Lord Auckland has had good shooting in South Devon, when nearly 1,000 pheasants were killed, but with what number of guns and in how many days I do not know. Lord Wenlock's Escrick estate in Yorkshire is rented by Mr. John Menzies, who has had another shooting party there for four days, with a bag of 3,500 head.

* * * *

At Dupplin Castle, Perthshire, in five days, Lords Kinnoull and Dupplin, Sir Robert Montcreiffe, the Master of Sempill, Major Norton, Messrs. Stewart Menzies, Stuart Wortley, Austin Mackenzie, and Algernon Hay killed 3,800 head of game; and in Fifeshire Mr. Edward Balfour, with four guns in four days, got 2,000 pheasants besides other game. I hear also that Mr. Wykeham Martin, at Leeds Castle, with seven guns, killed 1,907 head, but in how many days I do not know; 1,013 of them were pheasants.

* * * *

The first spaniel trials of this season, which were held on November 27 and 28, near Neath, resulted in the victory of a Clumber—the bitch which won both field trials of last season, viz., Beechgrove Bee, belonging to Messrs. Winton Smith and Smith Marriott. She is a very good-looking one from a sportsman's point of view, but not heavy like the show sort.

* * * *

The team stake was won by the lot belonging to Mr. A. T. Williams, who lent his shooting for the occasion. These were Welsh cockers, but also about as unlike the cockers of the dog show as it is possible to think. Other winners were Mr. W. Arkwright, Mr. C. Watts, Mr. B. J. Warwick, and Mr. C. Custance, who brought a good-looking team of Clumbers.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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Science at the Front.

The Electrical Engineers in South Africa.

FOR several years past it has been felt by earnest well-wishers of the Volunteer movement that there was a grand opening for Volunteers in the direction of developing and multiplying the applications of up-to-date science to the art of war. In the Regular Army such work falls almost entirely to the lot of the Royal Engineers, and very admirably it is performed—within certain limitations—by that notable corps. But it goes without saying that in several special branches it is quite possible for Volunteers to reach, if not to overtop, even the Royal Engineer standard. In the particular case of electricity and steam traction, to which these five interesting pictures mainly refer, there are hundreds of Volunteers who have known all that Chatham could teach them years ago, and whom the Royal Engineers would probably be only too thankful to secure as instructors if they could afford to take away such highly-qualified experts from their civilian billets. That the services of these practical men of science should be available for military purposes in time of peace or invasion is a grand tribute to the reality of the Volunteer movement. But patriotism and the true spirit of the nation receive yet finer illustration when we find such priceless ability and experience promptly and freely placed at the disposal of the War Office for the purposes of a foreign war.

A very short time ago there came into existence a special branch of the Royal Engineer Volunteers, known simply as the "Electrical Engineers." The honorary colonel of the corps is that wonderful scientist Lord Kelvin, while the lieutenant-colonel commanding is Colonel R. E. B. Crompton, the head of a great electrical engineering firm, whose works are at Chelmsford, in Essex. Early in the present year Colonel Crompton and his corps, to the number of seventy, volunteered for South Africa, were accepted, and were disembarked at Cape Town at the beginning of April. They were immediately sent to the front, and have since been actively employed, partly on the lines of communication and partly in connection with Lord Roberts's advance on Pretoria. Colonel Crompton himself joined the advance at Smaldeel, beyond the Vet River, on May 4, and took command of No. 1 Section of the corps, which about six weeks later was present when De Wet made a sudden attack upon two construction trains, and very nearly succeeded in capturing thousands of pounds' worth of telegraphic and electrical plant, the loss of which would have most seriously delayed the advance. This took place at Leeuwspruit, about forty miles south of the Vaal, and the scene of the engagement is illustrated by one of our pictures. Another picture shows how the Electrical Engineers protected their paraphernalia, and is doubly interesting from the fact that the officer firing is Colonel Crompton himself.

The work of the corps on the lines of communication is happily exemplified in the picture of Rhenoster Bridge, which was destroyed by the Boers, and replaced in an incredibly short time by the Royal Engineers. In the picture, above the new pier in the background, can be seen the arc lights installed by the Electrical Engineers, which enabled the work to be carried on by night as well as day. The motive power for the dynamos was provided by traction engines, with which the force was amply supplied, and the advantages of the electric light were utilised to the utmost. Some idea of the efficiency of the corps and the quality of their equipment may be gathered from the fact that within two hours of arriving at the railhead the arc lights for working the night shifts would be aglow, and the search-lights would be sweeping the surrounding country as a protection against a sudden attack.

Arrived at Pretoria, the Electrical Engineers did splendid service in unravelling the mysteries of the wires and cables in the forts. To experts these presented no difficulty, and in a very short time the various telegraph, telephone, and lighting systems were mastered. Subsequently the traction engines of the corps were most usefully employed, as is seen in two of the accompanying pictures, in dragging big guns to the top of the hills around Pretoria. Later on, the same "kittles o' steam" were used to carry 130 tons of food and fodder each week to Rustenburg. So admirably was the work performed that Colonel Crompton has been specially sent home to confer with the War Office as to the extended use of the traction engine in warfare, and it cannot be doubted that such invaluable advice as he has to offer will be carefully followed.

This set of illustrations forms an interesting supplement to a series which appeared last April in the Navy and Army Illustrated, and in which photographs were reproduced of the officers and men of the Electrical Engineers, as well as some of the machines they took to South Africa with them. The engine and truck with its electric-light plant there shown has since done excellent service, and the method of communicating through the unwove wire laid by a bicyclist has been used with most satisfactory results.

Photos. Copyright, "Navy & Army."

1—By Night and Day. Arc Lights used in Repairing Rhenoster Bridge. 2—Defending their Gear. How the Electrical Engineers Fought at Leeuwspruit. 3—The Action of Leeuwspruit. The Scene of De Wet's Attack on Two Construction Trains, June 14. 4—Steam Traction for Big Guns. Getting a 6-in. Quick-firer into an Emplacement on Quagga Kop. 5—A Stiff Climb. Steam Traction Engine on Quagga, 1,300 ft. above Pretoria.

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The Home-coming of Volunteer Detachments.

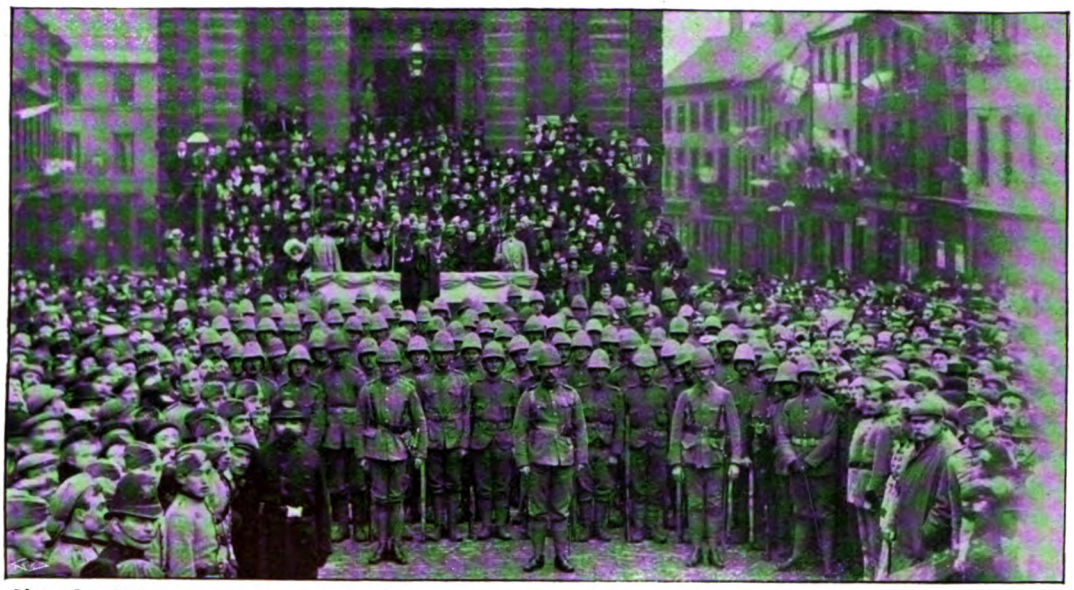

Photo. Copyright. W. Gunn.

BERWICK-ON-TWEED DISPLAYS ITS ENTHUSIASM.

The Return Home of the King's Own Scottish Borderers' Volunteers.

THE Volunteer Force has not always been popular with the Regular Army, nor in its earlier days did it deserve to be regarded with much respect. It was called into being under a popular misapprehension of what was needed. Discipline and training were left out of account, and a great deal was heard of the effect which bodies of riflemen lining the hedgerows would have in checking an invading army. Quite recently, thanks to the peculiar conditions of fighting in South Africa, the same heresy has again made its appearance, but the military knowledge of the nation has so far improved that the error has not made much headway; with such an origin, however, and with such doctrines continually dinned into their ears, it is not surprising that the early Volunteers were content to be "men with muskets," and to regard military training as a very secondary matter. All the more to the credit, therefore, of the innate vitality of the movement, and of the energy of its exponents, is the fact that, little by little, in spite of the official cold shoulder, the Volunteers succeeded in winning respect for the Force, and in adding so greatly to their efficiency and military knowledge as to compel their recognition as an integral part of the active forces of the country. That greater efficiency and higher organisation had not been attained was the fault of the authorities and not of the Volunteers themselves.

It is just a year ago—to be precise, on December 19, 1899—that regulations were issued from the War Office with reference to the employment of Volunteers in South Africa. We were in the darkest days of the war. Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking were still besieged, and, four days before, Sir Redvers Buller had reported the "serious reverse" of Colenso. We know now how grave that reverse was, and its importance was not attenuated by the fact that it had been immediately preceded by Stormberg and Magersfontein. It was at this time, when it had become evident that our forces in South Africa must be materially strengthened and that men were sorely needed, that the War Office issued an appeal for offers of service from the Volunteers. "A carefully-selected company of 110 rank and file, officered by one captain and three subalterns, will be raised (one for each British line battalion serving in, or about to proceed to, South Africa) from the Volunteer battalions of the territorial regiment." These Volunteer companies, we were told, were intended, as a general rule, to take the place in the line battalion of its company serving as mounted infantry. At the same time authorisation was given for the formation of "waiting companies" at home. The response was immediate and significant. It was what might have been anticipated from the keenest fighting race in the world. Men jostled one another in their eagerness to be selected. Of their desire to get to the front, of their courage, there could be no doubt. Were they not Britons? But a few doubted whether the physique of clerks and artisans and such-like—often wholly out of condition from a physical standpoint—would respond to the strain, and whether the knowledge of military work possessed by the men was sufficient to render them valuable soldiers. The answer is to be found in the records of the past twelve months, and in the appearance of the men who have returned from their work in South Africa. The whole thing, indeed, must have been a keen satisfaction to Lord Roberts, who, as he says himself, has "always been a firm believer in Volunteers," and who, when Commander-in-Chief in India, was the first to employ the Calcutta Volunteers on active service. At any rate, Volunteers, both British and Colonial, have graven their work deep in the history of the war. They have borne their share of fighting, of hard knocks, and of hardship with their brethren of the Regular Forces, and time and again they have earned special commendation from the generals under whom they have been serving. It is both natural and proper that, on their return, they should be greeted with the warmest welcome. One of our pictures shows the landing of the company of the Yorkshire Volunteer Engineers (Sheffield), whose work has been exceptionally hard, and the other places on record the enthusiasm with which Berwick-on-Tweed rightly received the returning Volunteers attached to that distinguished regiment the King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Photo. Copyright. Gregory.

A HARD-WORKED GROUP *EN ROUTE* FOR HOME.

The Volunteer Service Company of the Yorkshire (Sheffield) Engineers.

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A POPULAR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND HIS STAFF.

The most important figure in our picture is, of course, Admiral Lord Charles Scott, K.C.B., who has displayed so much ability and tact as Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth. On his left is his flag-captain, Sir Richard Poore, Bart., who has a distinguished war record, and next to him is Staff Paymaster W. Le G. Pullen, the admiral's secretary, who has been fortunate in obtaining consecutive appointments in this capacity. The officer standing on the admiral's right is Flag-Lieutenant the Hon. Lionel J. O. Lambart.

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ROUND THE WORLD

CHRISTMAS finds the country this year in far happier conditions than the Christmas of twelve months ago, and the Old Year—like the old century—sets in glowing glories that did not surround its birth. Just a year ago we were still under the shadow of the terrible "black week," which saw the triple disaster of Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso. The country was chastened by that rude awakening, and a thrill of national strength that gave fresh endeavour, with the arousing of patriotic zeal, passed through the Empire to its furthest bounds. We did not shout "Nous sommes trahis," like the French in 1870, but recognised the magnitude of our task, and resolutely put our shoulders to the wheel. The history of the year 1900 has been in truth a marvellous one. There has been a vastly greater growth of the Imperial spirit and a truer understanding of what the burden of Empire implies. It lays upon us a stupendous task yet to be achieved, but the danger, which a year ago depressed us, has been swept away, and we are now able to congratulate ourselves that peace, if not fully accomplished, is yet assured in South Africa.

Photo. *Knight*

MAJOR-GENERAL C. E. KNOX,

Whose Active Pursuit and Encompassment of De Wet Saved the Cape Colony from a Boer Raid, is a Credit to the "Light Bob" Corps in which he Received his Regimental Training, the Shropshire Light Infantry. He Won his Spurs in South Africa in the Bechuanaland Campaign of 1884-85, and the Knowledge of the Country he then Gained Prepared him for his Splendid Work in the Present Campaign.

THAT there is freedom under the flag every Briton knows, but if demonstration were needed, the Afrikanders and pro-Boers have themselves provided it. The incendiary utterances of Mr. Schreiner, and the shrieks which attended the meeting of the Congress at Worcester, like the agitation that is now proceeding in Afrikander circles in the Cape Colony, would not have been tolerated under any rule but our own. Mr. Kruger has received the empty plaudits of Nationalist sympathisers, but it may be suspected that no one realises better than he how ruthlessly the tactics he has pursued, and that are now being pursued by his supporters in South Africa, would have been

Capt. L. M. D'Aeth, Garrison Adjutant. Col. H. Comerford, M.D., Principal Medical Officer. Col. Benson. Col. E. Lake, R.A. Lieut. L. W. H. Trinkham, A.D.C. to the General in Command.

Col. W. A. Collings, A.A.G. *Major-General Hallam Parr, C.B., C.M.G., Commanding the South-Eastern District.* *Col. H. P. Kirkwood, R.E.* *Col. **E. O. O'Sullivan, Brigade Major, R.A.***

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLAM PARR AND THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF, SOUTH-EASTERN DISTRICT.

*When the Impossible Happens and General Mercier's Ingenious Plan of Invasion comes to be put into Execution, it is to the South-Eastern Military District that our Eyes will be **Anxiously Turned**. We Need not Grow Unduly Anxious, for Major-General Hallam Parr, who has a long South African, Egyptian, and Soudan Record behind him, would **Prove quite equal to the Occasion.***

Photo. Copyright Lambert Weston & Son.

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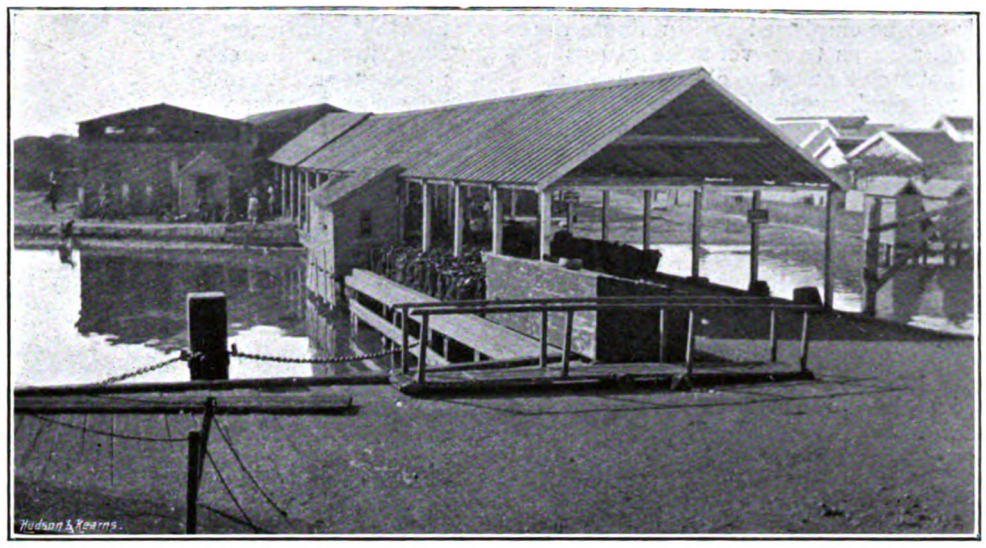
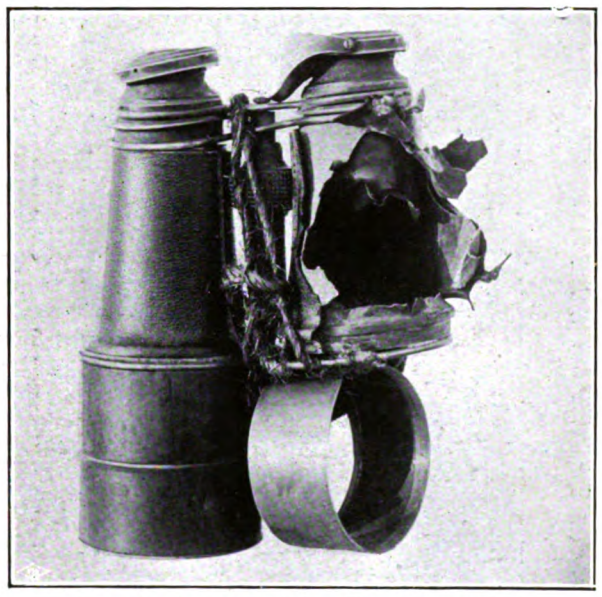
suppressed in any country of Europe. Not an edifying spectacle is that of Mr. Schreiner adding fuel to the flame of inter-racial jealousy by brazen and mendacious statements as to the conduct of the war. It is intolerable that Lord Roberts and Sir Alfred Milner should be insulted and the latter described as a curse to South Africa, and as one who disintegrates the Empire, for every honest man knows that Lord Roberts has conducted the war throughout, if possible, with too much humanity, and it is to the High Commissioner that the work of constructing well-governed colonies out of districts almost ruined by the procedure of the Boers must largely fall. The Government has declared its policy, and that policy is one of generous and liberal character worthy of this great Empire.



A NAVAL BASE IN THE WEST INDIES.

Port Royal, the Naval Station in Jamaica, is the West Indian Base of the North America and West Indies Squadron, and as a Coaling Station would Play no Small Part if we found Ourselves at War. A Senior Captain Flies his Broad Pennant there as Commodore. Our Picture shows part of the Coaling Jetty, and there are also Docking Facilities for the Smaller Classes of War-ships.

GREAT BRITAIN is not the only Power that rejoices at the crushing of the military oligarchy of the Boer States. Portugal is as well pleased as ourselves. She probably never fully realised the great danger incurred by her East African possessions from the presence of her dominant military neighbour, and the visit of the Channel Squadron to Lisbon recently had a special importance. King Carlos expressed in felicitous terms his sense of the long inter-relationship of the two Powers, and the President of the Council aptly remarked that the alliance had its roots in the past, its confirmation in the present, and its importance in the future. Sir Hugh MacDonell responded in significant words, saying that the alliance only required to be revived and confirmed, and that the confirmation was conveyed to Portugal by the presence of the squadron in the Tagus. The Portuguese themselves must be well aware that the old treaties have derived, as he said, strength from late events. There have been misunderstandings with Portugal, but they have been mainly due to the very difficult position in which the Portuguese Government has been placed, and now that she has Great Britain for her neighbour in South Africa, she will feel confidence in the future, and misunderstandings cannot recur. Her Majesty's sympathetic telegram was, in truth, a right acknowledgment and declaration of the cordial and friendly understanding which exists between England and Portugal.



A MEMORIAL OF THE SIEGE OF TIENTSIN.

These Binoculars were Smashed, as is seen in our Picture, by a Shell from a Chinese Gun, whilst the Officer who Owned them was Using them when Engaged in Directing the Fire of a 12-pounder which was being Used to Silence the Fire of the Gun that caused the Damage. The Officer was of course Severely Wounded in the Head and Face, and for Some Days his Life was despaired of, but, happily, he has been able to Return Home, and has Gained Well-earned Promotion.

BUT the freedom of the British flag does not permit the brutalities of guerilla warfare, and the fair play which was demanded at the Afrikander Congress could not imply freedom for plundering raids by forces without commission, composed largely of men who have broken the oath which they had taken. During the American Civil War such bands as have been doing destruction in South Africa, not forming part of an organised army, but raised out of malcontents who had been permitted to return to their homes and avocations, or who had assumed the semblance of peaceful pursuits, were treated summarily as hordes of highway robbers or pirates. The Germans were ruthless in the war with France, and the treatment of the Franctireurs was based upon the assumption that an absolutely distinct line was drawn between soldiers and civilians, and that the civilian who killed without being bound to do so, and thereby wiped out the line of demarcation, could be disarmed only by death. The principles were most clearly stated. "The condition of a prisoner of war does not exist for him; he must be annihilated in the interests of humanity." Those who know the history of recent events in South Africa will cheerfully admit that this principle has been put into practice with the utmost moderation by our generals, and Lord Roberts, now homeward bound, has won golden opinions everywhere.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

AN AMERICAN VISITOR AT MALTA.

The White-painted Steamer seen in the Centre of the Pretty Picture is the United States Cruiser "Dixie," a Converted Merchant Vessel Retained after the War, and now Used for Training Purposes. She is Saluting as she Enters Malta Harbour, her Salute being Returned by the Land Batteries and the Senior Officer's Ship, the "Illustrious."

A GREAT deal has lately been heard about the "Marine Torch," which has been produced by a company at Baltimore City, U.S.A., and was recently tried at Westminster Pier. The instrument consists of a metal cylinder, with a weight at the bottom and an air-chamber at the top, so that it floats upright, and varies in length according to requirements from 3-ft. to 5-ft. The torch is loaded with calcium carbide, from which acetylene gas is instantly generated upon contact with water. The gas then issues from burners at the top of the torch, and may be lighted by a time fuse and metal potassium, or by electricity generated by a specially-constructed battery within the torch, or by a particular device called the "igniter." The torches may be thrown overboard, or may be discharged from special ejectors or guns to a considerable distance. In either case, it is said they will instantly burst into flame, and, if momentarily submerged, will relight on coming to the surface until the gas is exhausted. The invention is extremely ingenious, and seems to have much promise. One suggested use is for protecting ships at sea or at anchor from torpedo attacks by surrounding them with brilliant points of light, which would be less dangerous to them than their own search-lights. The torches may be shot to a distance of two miles, and a complete circle of light could be made.

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Just in the same way they can be employed to illuminate the mouth of a river or a harbour, so as to prevent the egress of torpedo-boats, or again they may be used to get within range of an enemy's ship. A large field for the use of such torches is said to lie in the saving of life at sea, and the illumination of ships wrecked or in danger. The trials at Westminster Pier provided an effective illumination of that part of the embankment, but, of course, more extensive trials will be necessary before all that is said of the torch can be demonstrated.

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WHILE energetic preparations are in hand to penetrate the mysteries of the Antarctic Circle, the Russians are making ready their expedition to the North Pole. There could be no better proof of the powers of endurance of the ice-breaker "Ermack" than her ability to cut her way through the Polar ice to the Pole itself. She has been for some months at Wallsend-on-Tyne undergoing alterations, which have involved the strengthening of the bow and some other changes tending towards increased efficiency, and it is said that the wonderful vessel can now break her way through 20-ft. of ice. Admiral Makaroff, her inventor, has designed her for the work of keeping open Russian ports ice-bound in the winter, and she now leaves the Tyne for Reval, to be employed in cutting passages through the ice at the Baltic ports. If she should answer all expectations, about which there appears to be no doubt, she will leave Spitzbergen for the North Pole next April. Though the idea is Russian, it is very gratifying that the "Ermack" should have been built in a British yard. One or two vessels of the same character have since been laid down in Russia.

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THERE are now only three surviving members of the gallant company of seamen who went out in the last Franklin Search Expedition, and cleared up the mystery that surrounded the fate of the intrepid explorer. That was nearly half a century ago, but Sir Leopold McClintock is still with us, one of the veterans of Arctic exploration. Sir Allen Young and Dr. Walker are the other survivors of the expedition, but Mr. Hampton, one of the crew, died somewhat recently at the age of seventy-seven. The great interest that attended the expedition of Sir John Franklin, the national desire to rescue that gallant officer and his comrades, if rescue were possible, and the unflagging efforts of Lady Franklin, led to the despatch of eighteen expeditions in all, but it remained for the Fox, in 1857, to find the cairn that had been erected by the last survivors of Sir John Franklin's party, and the documents which set at rest the many doubts as to their fate. Now that many minds are turned to Polar exploration the brave explorer will not be forgotten.

Photo. *Montegriffo.*

ON THE NORTH FRONT AT GIBRALTAR.

The Channel Squadron has just Returned from its Southern Cruise, and, as usual, has brought back some Fresh Sporting Laurels. Our Picture was Snapped at the "Rugger" Football Match, Channel Squadron Officers v. Officers of the Gibraltar Garrison. A very Tough Contest Resulted in a Fine Win for the Naval Officers by Three Touchdowns to Nothing. The Navy Plays "Socker," and Plays it Well, but a Good Navy Rugby Team is a very Hard Combination to Beat.

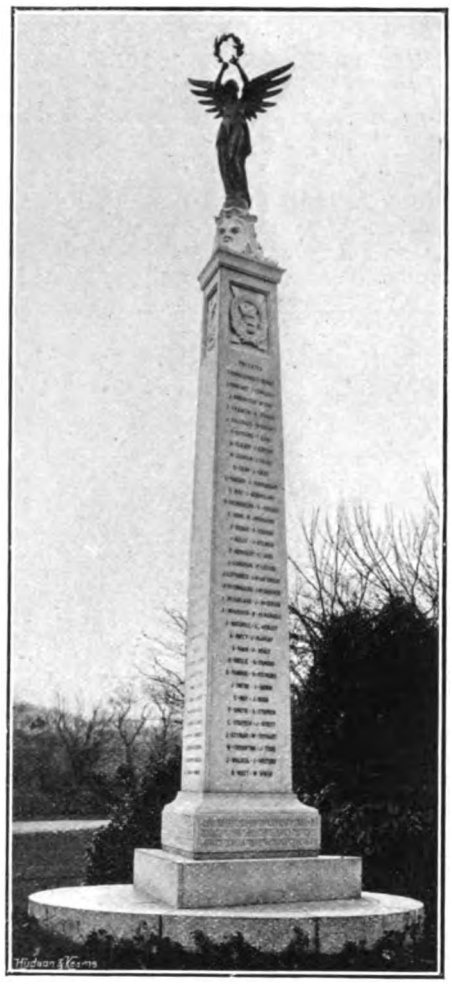

Photo. *Johnstone.*

IN MEMORIAM—GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

The above Beautiful Memorial now Stands in Duthie Park, Aberdeen, Erected by Officers and Men of the "Gay Gordons" to Perpetuate the Memory of their Comrades who have fallen in Recent Campaigns. It was only a few days ago Unveiled, and Formally Presented to the Lord Provost by Colonel Mathias, the Hero of Dargai, now Commanding the Regimental District. Alas! a much Larger Column will be Required to Enumerate the Roll of the Gallant Men who have Added Fresh Lustre to the Laurels of the Grand Old Corps, and whose Bones now Lie under the South African Veldt, in which Country both Battalions—the old 75th and 92nd—have Served throughout the Arduous Campaign.

IT was an odd idea, apparently of some German pedagogue, to put to children of the mature age of from ten to fourteen the question as to whether they would rather be men or women, and why; and still more strange that the same question came to be put to English girls of the same age. It is, perhaps, an indication of national character — although one may suspect that rebellion comes later on — unless they were afraid to utter what they thought, that the placid, blue-eyed, yellow-haired Germans gave perfectly virtuous and correct answers to this portentous question, and that not one of them expressed the wish to be a man. That would have been

Photo. *C. Cozens.*

THE "MAVOURNEEN."

The Prettiest Yacht in the Service, this Smart Little Schooner, with the Sweet Irish Name, has Recently been Purchased by the Admiralty, and a few days ago left Portsmouth for Malta. There she will be at the Disposal of the Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean Station, and not before she was wanted, for up to now there has been no Vessel of her Class at the Admiral's Disposal.

reprehensible. It was quite different with the robust English girls. They showed independence of thought, freedom of expression, a variety of aspirations, and uttered very few discreet sentiments. Thirty-four per cent. of them rebelled against a woman's life, and they dilated upon man's strength, freedom, and glorious possibilities. There was certainly something of English independence and enterprise in what the English girls said, and their opinions were not gleaned from the headlines of copy-books like those of the German *mädschens*.

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THE Americans are considering whether they shall have a Native Army for service in the Philippines. Natives have been employed to some extent against the insurgents in Luzon and in the southern islands, and have done good service in Leyte. But there seems to be an impression that certain tribes wish to use the American flag to get square with their racial enemies. They are not without military virtues, but it is a question whether the Americans know enough of them to make it safe to embody them. Blood is thicker than water in the Philippines as elsewhere, and it is quite possible that trained and armed natives might be ready to rise against the detested white conqueror. This is a matter in which, no doubt, our cousins will proceed with caution. They are pointing out our own experience during the Indian Mutiny as a deterrent from overhaste. They have found the natives in Porto Rico very useful, and there a force is to be maintained.

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THIS month of December will always be memorable in the history of the city of Rome. Never since 1870 has the yellow river marked upon the hydrometer at Ripetta such a height as it attained in the early part of the month. For six centuries at least the rise of Father Tiber has been observed and recorded. His greatest flood was in the year 1558, when he reached the height of nearly 60-ft. The average from 1280 onward was high, but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries better regulation of the stream reduced the danger from floods. In 1870, however, the Tiber marked on the hydrometer a height of 17·22 mètres, which had not been reached for 100 years before, and now the water-mark has been 16·10 mètres, or over 52-ft. The Forum and its remains, which have suffered considerable damage, became a green lagoon; the piazza of the Bocca della Verità, with the Temple of Vesta, was submerged; the Corsini Palace looked like a Venetian edifice; and the Borgo Vecchio, the Borgo Nuovo, and the Borgo S. Spirito, were converted into canals. It is to be feared that the injury suffered by the stones of ancient Rome is irreparable, though happily it is but partial. Great distress was caused among the poor population, while many palaces were evacuated, and the new embankment, erected at a cost of several million lire, was partly destroyed.

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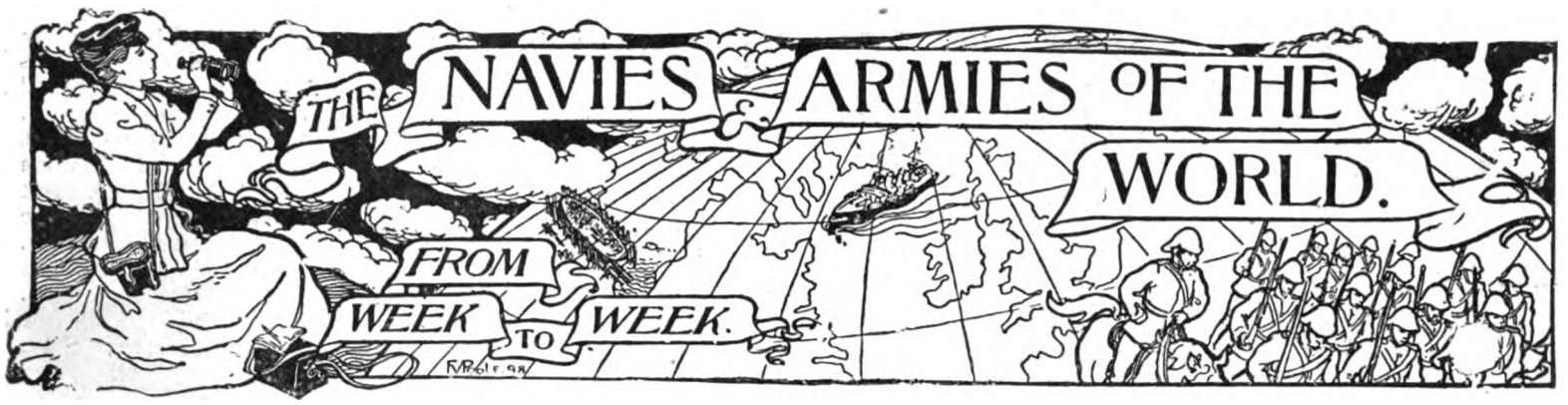

THE very interesting lecture given at the United Service Institution last week by Admiral Sir J. Hopkins was very good hearing, for a reason which may possibly shock some commentators on Naval affairs. Sir J. Hopkins set out what he modestly called "A few Naval ideas for the coming century." The ideas, of course, are concerned with changes and improvements, which is a way of saying that they make up a scheme of reforms. But when an authority is framing a scheme of reformation, the first thing he has to do is to prove that the institution he wishes to alter is in a bad way, and that considerable alterations are required to preserve it from getting worse. But the admiral did not show, or try to show, that anything serious is wrong with the Navy. His proposals touch mainly matters of detail—and some of them have been already accepted, and are in process of being acted upon. It is not to be supposed that Sir John Hopkins deliberately ignored very vital matters. We must take it as certain that he said all he considered absolutely necessary to be said. This being so, we are surely entitled to rest satisfied that nothing very serious is wrong with the British Navy. For the first time in its history it is not visibly "going to the dogs," and this is indeed good hearing.

* * * *

Some of the suggestions made by Sir J. Hopkins and not yet accepted, seem to me to require careful consideration before they are approved. It is, for example, much open to doubt whether the notion of taking 1,000 of the London police as Naval Volunteers, or rather as reserve men, is not simply fantastic. Our police are none too numerous as it is for their ordinary work, and, after our experience of what happened on the return of the C.I.V.'s, it is rash to conclude that war will diminish the need for them. But are we driven to such desperate devices to find men? There is a certain amount of grumbling about the quality of some of the men we get, especially in the engine-room department, but when one thinks of what captains had to put up with in the old time, it sounds very ungrateful. Where are the modern equivalents of the boys from the workhouses, the prisoners from the gaols, the poachers, the "state the case men," the "quota men," who went to make up our crews with a small proportion of prime seamen, the marines, and the foreigners, who volunteered to escape the pontoons? Then Sir J. Hopkins argued for the re-establishment of the Naval Volunteers, and quoted our experience in this South African War. "For," he said, "surely this war, if it has taught us anything, has demonstrated the value of the Volunteer, and I venture to prophesy for our brother in the blue jacket an equal claim for utility (when the time comes) as has been shown by him of the khaki suit, nor can we afford to despise any augmentation of our Reserve on the plea that its worth is doubtful or hasn't been proved."

* * * *

Well, when the Naval Volunteers were disbanded a few years ago, it was on the ground that we could not afford to have partially-trained men in our ships. The Admiralty acted on the advice of Naval officers. Were they wrong? If Sir J. Hopkins is right, they clearly were, which is, by the way, a curious comment on the common contention that we ought to govern the Navy by the advice of Naval officers. It would seem that officers of the year '90 may differ utterly in opinion from those of the year 100. On the whole, I think the authorities who decided to abolish the Naval Volunteers were right. The point was that this corps was expected to serve as a corps, and this would never have done. Of course the individual man who volunteers into a crew, is put into the middle of fully-trained men, and has time to shake down, may, and probably will, prove useful. A corps of amateurs acting by themselves would be a downright nuisance. The South African analogy will not hold water. We have been fighting other "volunteers" for one thing, and were no worse than our opponents in the "contention of armed mobs." But soldier and sailor are very different types. Given bodily strength and very modest intelligence, with a good staff of officers to teach, and a mob of landsmen can be licked into tolerable shape as an army in a few months. It is another thing to teach raw men to be of use in a ship. The interval between the life of the civilian and the soldier is small in comparison with the gulf which separates the existence of all who work on shore from that of those who toil at sea. Sir J. Hopkins himself pleads for more mechanical training for our Bluejackets but if higher technical education is needed even for them, the most elaborately-trained body of men in the world, the deficiencies of any attainable body of volunteers for the part of "our brother in the blue jacket" must be glaring.

* * * *

Again, Sir John Hopkins contends that the command of the defences of our ports should be in the hands of Naval officers, and backs up this expression of opinion by quoting a passage from the late Mr. Stevens's Naval Policy. With all due respect to the memory of Mr. Stevens, the security is not sufficient. There seem to me to be reasons and reasons for not taking this view. To begin with, it is no more unreasonable that the soldier should conduct resistance to attack coming from the sea than that the admiral should command on shore. Nothing is gained by talking about unity of command and its value. That can be got as well by putting the soldier at the head as the sailor, while it is every bit as unnatural to put the soldier under the admiral as to put the sailor under the general. The division which gives the soldier all that is fixed on shore, and the sailor all that floats, is a natural one, simple and easily applied. Confusion comes in the moment you depart from it. A port may have to be defended against an enemy who has landed ten miles off and is attacking from the land. It may have to be defended by troops marched down from the interior. Is the admiral to command them? If so, he is turned into a general. Is he only to command when an attack is made by ships on the sea front, but not if it is made by troops landed to attack from behind? Surely this would be muddle. But there is the case in which the assault is made on both elements at once, as, for instance, when the Allies destroyed the French ships and the Spanish galleons at Vigo in Queen Anne's reign. What is to be done in this case? Is the admiral to be on horseback directing the troops, and also in his flag-ship commanding the defence of the boom? He is not a bird, to be in two places at once.

* * * *

May it not fairly be contended that all this cry for "unity of command" in the defence of ports is mere "French logic"? It provides, that is to say, for coherence on paper, at the expense of making confusion by falling out with "the nature of things." All experience proves that mere attacks on ports from the sea, bombardments, in other words, are the least formidable. They can be, and have been, and always will be, easily enough dealt with by soldiers in batteries. The real danger to a port comes when troops are landed; but that is fighting on shore, which is not the admiral's business. It is not worth while to make large changes in the division of work to meet the former and lesser peril, even if there were nothing else to be said against the proposal. And there is something else. It is just this, that there is quite enough shore billet about the Navy as it is. We do not want to have more. And if once the Navy is charged with the whole defence of the ports, there would be an immense development of the shore billet. It is not only a question of Portsmouth and Plymouth, but of Gibraltar and Malta, of Halifax and Hong-Kong. At fifty places, in fact, we should have a staff of Naval officers fixed on shore doing what is essentially military duty, to the detriment of their professional practice. It would be a triumph of French logic.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *Our readers will be glad to hear that in our issue of January 5 we shall commence the serial publication of a new romance by John Bloundelle-Burton, whose popular novels, "Across the Salt Seas" and "Fortune's my Foe," have already appeared in our columns. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's new story is—appropriately enough for the opening of the New Century—entitled "The Year One," and deals with the year preceding the Reign of Terror, during which was inaugurated the first year of the Republican Calendar. The novel is graphic, pathetic, and thrilling, as well as full of adventure, and should add another success to the author's previous ones.*

The National Value of War.

LAST year, soon after fighting began in South Africa, an episcopal poet asked in verse, "Is war the only thing that hath no good in it?" and proved to his own satisfaction, at any rate, that it certainly had good in it. It was an easy task enough, for even the Quakers, who altogether disapprove of the arbitrament of arms, would hardly contend that there is no soul of goodness in battle and in the stern discipline of a hard-fought campaign. In its effect upon the individual, war is full of advantages. It hardens constitutions, forms characters, and offers opportunities for deeds of valour and self-sacrifice. Boys go into battle and come out men; many a man who has never had a chance of distinguishing himself before returns a hero. Sir Philip Sidney's splendid unselfishness appeals to us with double force, because he showed it on the field of battle. King David's brave captains would never have been able to show in time of peace the devotion they felt for him when they broke through the Philistines' array to fetch the water he craved for; nor would the King have been able to make his noble renunciation and refuse to drink because their lives had been risked to procure it.

But what about the effect of war upon nations? Does it influence them for good or ill? The popular notion is that in all cases a successful war makes a nation stronger, gives it a fresh impulse towards greatness, and unites men of all views by the common bonds of patriotism and pride of race. We are obliged to seek modern instances of this, since it is only in modern times—during the past century and a-half—that peace and not war has been the normal condition of great Powers. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century nations were always either fighting or preparing to fight, or recovering after a war. The early Napoleonic Wars certainly gave France a commanding position; but it is doubtful whether the French nation really gained benefit from them. The Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns strengthened England enormously; we have not ceased to pride ourselves upon them yet. The Franco-German War helped to bring about the unification of Germany, and the liberation of Italy was wrought by wars and bloody revolutions. In these two last cases the spirit of nationality was certainly braced by the breath of the war-god. But did the Russo-Turkish War have any such effect upon the Czar's millions of subjects, or the campaign of 1859 upon the French, or the humbling of Greece upon the Turks?

The truth is that the popular notion mistakes cause for effect. It assumes that war makes a nation strong, whereas it is the strength of a nation which gives it an appetite for war. When a country begins to grow from a small into a great Power, it is like a boy when he feels his muscles hardening and the sap of manhood beginning to run in his veins. It gets into the condition known as "spoiling for a fight." If its rulers are skilled in statecraft, they give it an opportunity of trying its strength in combat, first with a rather weak neighbour (such as Austria was to Prussia), and then with a really formidable foe. Everyone thought France was the equal of Prussia in 1870, and so she ought to have been if her affairs had not been grossly mismanaged. But the wars in such cases are merely incidents in the process of growth. They are like the fights and football matches in which the schoolboy learns of his strength. Countries "on the make" are bound to have wars in our present stage of international relations, and, when they win, they are all the stronger for their experience. But it is a mistake to imagine that all countries which wage even successful wars are permanently bettered by them. The effect that wars have depends upon the circumstances in which they are waged, and the characters of those who wage them. Sometimes a defeated nation may, after a time, be all the stronger for its defeat. Sometimes even a civil war, that fills a land with hatred and sets brother fighting against brother, may leave a golden heritage. Thus it was with the United States, which might never have held together in a close federation if the Civil War had not first divided them into two groups struggling with one another for very life, and next shaped them into one solid nation, persuaded that in unity lay the only source of strength.

The present war bids fair to be looked back upon by future ages as a war that helped to weld together an Empire. One clear gain we have derived from it is the quickened sense of Imperial Unity and of common effort in the Empire's cause that now animates every part of the Queen's dominions. We must not be content with this, however. After the outburst of emotion must come a businesslike settlement of details. Common interests we have, and these must be made clear. The Empire must organise its defences, and must set about some plan, too, for the expression and interchange of the views of all parts on questions in which all are interested. The war has put into our hands a great opportunity. Will the coming century see it used by statesmen and great administrators, or allowed to slip from the nerveless grasp of rulers unfit to rule? Another benefit the war has conferred is that it has awakened us to the necessity of setting our house in order so far as the Army is concerned, and has given us an object-lesson at the same time in the value of sea power. How could we possibly have transported an army to South Africa if we had not exercised an unchallenged supremacy at sea? What further national advantages we shall gain will be apparent in course of time. Lord Salisbury has said that "after these battlefields are over there will be a period of reaction and repose, which is likely to be specially favourable for the cultivation and flourishing of all the arts." Let us hope so, at any rate. And let us not take too gloomy a view of the situation in any of its aspects. If we only succeed in taking advantage of the opportunities which the war throws in our way, it will live in history as one which opened up a fresh era of fame and prosperity for the world-scattered British race.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 21, 1587.—Lord Howard of Effingham appointed Lord High Admiral. 1779.—Capture of the French 32-gun frigates "Blanche" and "Fortunée," and 28-gun corvette "Elise," by Admiral Rowley's squadron. 1799.—Recapture of the "Lady Nelson," 10, by the boats of the "Queen Charlotte" and "Emerald." 1807.—Surrender of the Danish island of St. Thomas, West Indies, to Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane's squadron. 1896.—The "Pactolus" launched.

December 22, 1799.—Admiral Philip Affleck died. 1875.—The "Goliath" training-ship burnt.

December 23, 1787.—The "Bounty" sailed. 1812.—Capture of the American "Hunter," 14, by the "Phœbe," 36. 1863.—The "Achilles" launched. 1884.—Admiral Sir G. Rodney Mundy died.

December 24, 1789.—Wreck of the "Guardian," 38. 1796.—Capture of the French "Justine," 50, by the "Polyphemus," 64. 1805.—Capture of the French "Libre," 40, by the "Egyptienne," 44, and "Loire," 38. 1814.—Vice-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood died.

December 25, 1666.—Capture of a Dutch squadron by Commodore Robert Robinson's squadron off the coast of Norway. 1807.—Surrender of the Danish island of Ste. Croix to Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane.

December 26, 1706.—Destruction of the French "Content," 64, by the "Romney," 50, and "Milford" and "Fowey," frigates. 1799.—Capture of the French "Furet," 14, by the "Viper," 14. 1807.—Madeira taken possession of by a British squadron. 1815.—Capture of Lagos.

December 27, 1742.—Action between the "Pulteney," 16, and two Spanish 12-gun xebecs. 1774.—Commodore John Watson died.

DECEMBER 21, 1791.—The fortress of Severndroog taken by storm. 1808.—Defeat of the French at Sahagun. The 15th Hussars, under Lord Paget, charged 600 French Dragoons and broke them. 1817.—Battle of Maheidpore. Sir Thomas Hislop and Sir John Malcolm defeated the Mahrattas under Holkar.

December 22, 1845.—Battle of Ferozeshah. The Sikhs defeated by Sir Hugh Gough. 1875.—Expedition against Perak. Malays totally defeated by Generals Colborne and Ross. 1897.—The Dervishes driven from El Fasher by the Kassala garrison.

December 23, 1804.—Capture of the Mahratta fortress of Deig. 1879.—Afghans defeated at Sherpur, by Generals Roberts and Gough. 1897.—Fort Ali Musjid, which had been taken by the Afridis in August, reoccupied by the British.

December 24, 1791.—Capture of Ootadroog Fort from the Mahrattas. 1817.—Capture of Nagpore by General Leek.

December 25, 1897.—Advance into the Bazar Valley begun (Tirah Campaign). 1899.—Dordrecht reoccupied by Colonel Dalgety with colonial troops.

December 26, 1808.—Defeat of French cavalry near the Mavorga (Peninsula), by Lord Paget. 1879.—Cabul reoccupied. 1897.—Lundi Kotal reoccupied (Tirah Campaign).

December 27, 1778.—Capture of Savannah by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell.

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The Army of the Czar.

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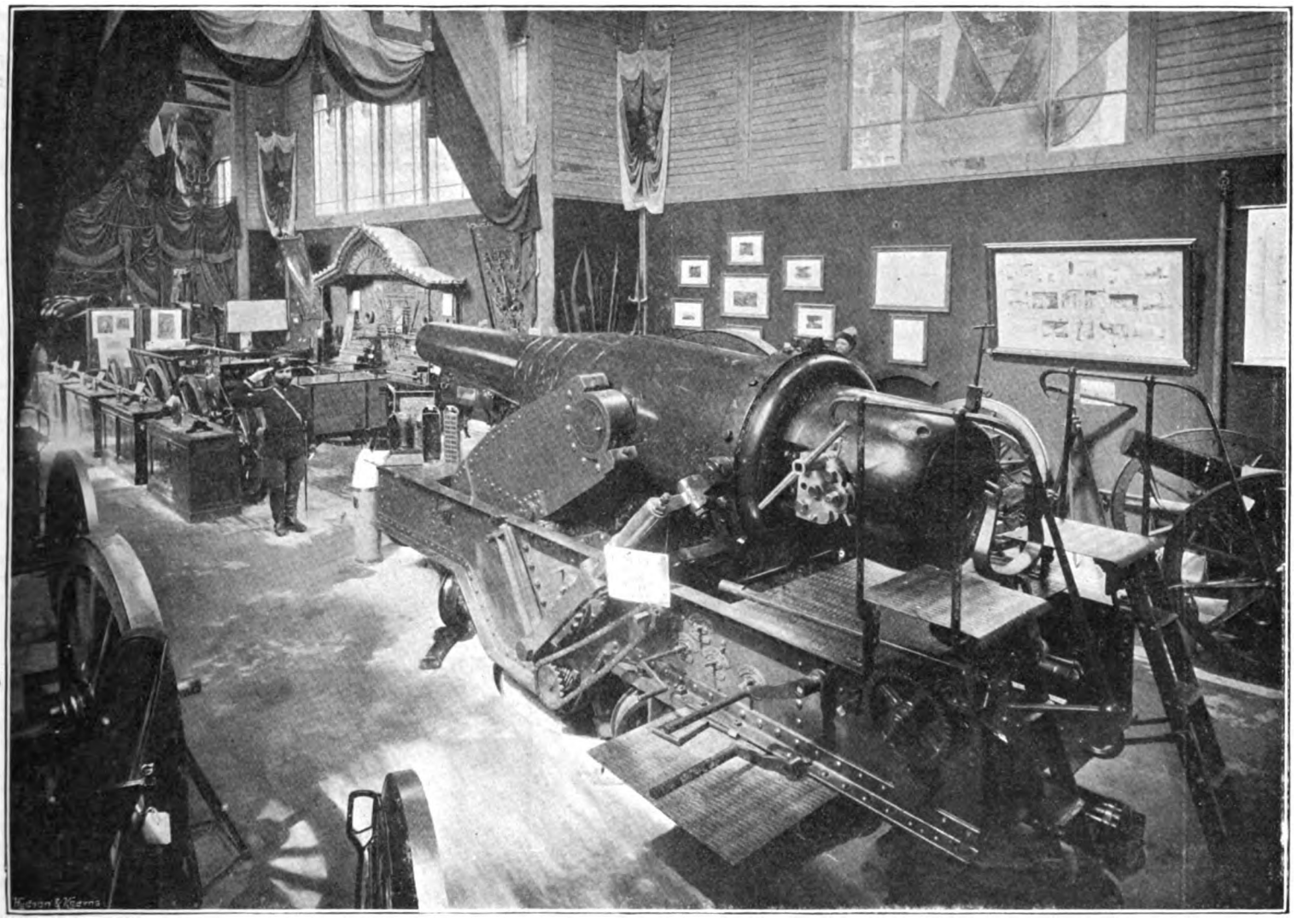
SEEN AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Russian Military Cadet at His Desk.



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IN THE GREAT ARTILLERY PAVILION.

A Department Illustrating the Progress of Russian Ordnance

One of the most noticeable features of the Paris Exhibition was, undoubtedly, the great display of war *materiel* of every description, and Russia had a particularly complete collection. The Russian Artillery pavilion, organised in a very remarkable manner by General Van der Hoven, provided in the smallest possible compass a tangible and graphic history of artillery from the earliest time down to the latest. The principal object of interest was, perhaps, the new 11-in. coast-defence gun, mounted on an automatic hydraulic carriage recently invented by Colonel Durlacher of the Russian Artillery. The force generated by the recoil is so ingeniously utilised that, in case of necessity, two men are sufficient to work the gun, instead of the ten men formerly essential for a weapon of such dimensions. At the other end of the pavilion a model of a Russian military cadet was shown in the attitude that has been adopted by Russian schoolmasters as the best for writing.

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Under the Union Jack in West China.

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THE NAVAL GUARD FROM THE "PIQUE" IN THE UPPER YANG-TSE.

Lieutenant R. E. Chilcott, R.N., Dr. R. Wolfendale, Sixty Bluejackets, and a Maxim Gun.

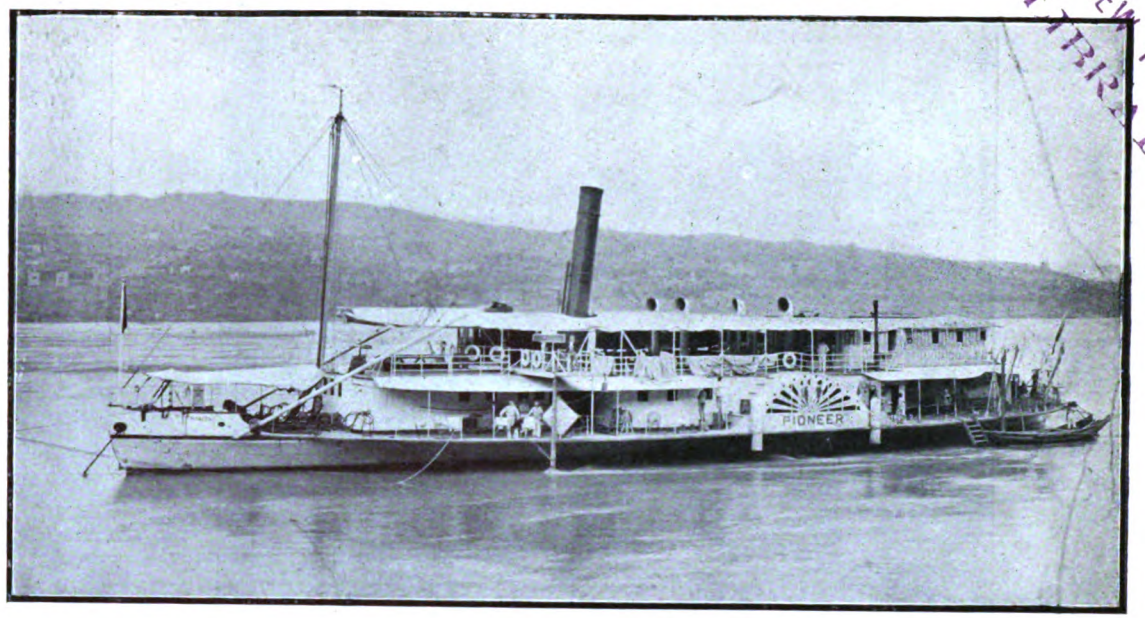

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE YANG-TSE TRADING COMPANY'S S.S. "PIONEER" AT CHUNG-KING.

Chartered as an Armed Gun-boat to Aid Refugees and Protect British Interests.

The Typhoon at Hong-Kong.

Photo. Copyright. *Mee Cheung.*

THE DESTRUCTION AT KOWLOON.

Barracks and Temporary Barracks for the Indian Troops.

Photo. Copyright. *Mee Cheung.*

THE WRECKAGE AT YAUMATA.

The Damage Afloat included the Loss of the Gun-boat "Sandpiper," and many Merchantmen.

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The Highlandmen of Nepaul.

Photo. Copyright. *S. H. Dagg.*

FROM SEAPOY TO SUBAHDAR.

Gurkha Types from Recruit to Senior Native Officer.

THE name Gurkha is familiar to everyone who is possessed of even the most slender acquaintance with the military history of India. To anyone who knows Indian life it conveys a very distinct meaning, and recalls, perhaps, a picture of a battalion of sturdy, soldierly men, well set up, short as we reckon height in this country, but marching with an elastic swinging step that seems to promise endurance. Such regiments are recruited from among the Highlandmen of Nepaul, one of the best of the fighting races of India, and, under the leadership of British officers, they have proved their worth on nearly every battle-field in the great peninsula for more than three-quarters of a century. The men possess those physical qualities which seem to be specially developed by life amid the hills, and they are loyal, staunch, and amenable to discipline. As fighters, too, they possess not only the dash which determines the fortune of the attack, but the stubborn pluck which knows how to endure punishment without becoming demoralised. Perhaps, by the way, the possession of these qualities accounts in no small degree for the frequent recurrence of the names of Gurkha battalions in the history of our Indian wars. We have always been anxious to recruit these hardy hillmen, and there were Gurkha regiments in the British service long before our relations with Nepaul would have justified their existence from the standpoint of international law. It was, indeed, in 1815, while the Nepaulese War was actually in progress, that the services of Gurkhas were first enlisted, four battalions being raised from disbanded Nepaulese troops. The one now known as the 2nd (Prince of Wales's Own) Gurkha (Rifle) Regiment was one of those then formed, its first designation being the Sirmoor Rifles. It was stationed in the first instance at Nahan, in the Sirmoor State—hence its name; but its strength at that time was only five native officers and 138 rank and file. Apparently, however, the authorities had abundant confidence in the men's loyalty to their salt, for the battalion had been in existence hardly six months when it was ordered to take the field with the force destined to invade Nepaul. The invasion, however, did not take place. On the contrary, the force was broken up, and the regiment—to whose two battalions as at present constituted our pictures relate—was sent to Dehra Doon, which was then selected as, and still remains, its station. Three years later the Mahratta War broke out, and the Sirmoor Rifles—which had in the meantime been brought up to their full strength—received their baptism of fire under the British flag.

In 1824 a rebellion broke out in the Saharanpore District, and the battalion was ordered to send 200 men at once to the village of Koonja, where the rebels had fortified themselves. The great thickness and height of the walls rendered breaching and scaling impossible, and the only means of capturing the place seemed to be by smashing in the gate. The battalion accordingly improvised a battering-ram, and led by its gallant commander, Captain Young, rushed at the gate. After desperate efforts an entry was at last effected, the gate being broken in, and the place was captured, not, however, without the loss of six rank and file killed and thirty-one wounded. The enemy lost 174 killed and wounded. The civilian residents of Saharanpore, in recognition of the services of the battalion on this occasion, presented it with a model of a battering-ram, and a ram's head was added to the regimental badge, and is worn to this day on the officers' accoutrements. Two years later the battalion won distinction at the storming of Bhurtpore, but after this it saw no active service for twenty years. When, however, the Sutlej Campaign was entered upon in 1846, the Sirmoor Battalion was again called upon. It took part in the defence of Loodhiana, and in the sanguinary and stubborn battles of Aliwal and Sobraon, in the latter of which it lost 143 killed and wounded out of a total of 600 of all ranks who took part in the action. In the fierce struggles of the Mutiny the battalion gallantly vindicated the trust reposed in it. After taking part in the battles of Bulandshar and Badli-ki-Serai, it formed a part of the force investing Delhi and held the main picquet at Hindu Rao's house. It was under the command of the officer who subsequently became General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B., and

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A GROUP OF GALLANT NEPAULESE LEADERS.

The Gurkha Officers of the Two Battalions of the Sirmoor Rifles.

Photos. Copyright. *S. H. Dagg.*

THE BRITISH OFFICERS OF A DOUBLE-BATTALION GURKHA REGIMENT.

From Left to Right the Officers are: Top Row—Lieutenant S. F. B. Dalrymple Hay, Lieutenant Wigram, Lieutenant Ridgeway, Lieutenant Boileau (Adjutant 1st Battalion), Major D. C. F. Macintyre, Lieutenant Nicholl, Lieutenant Sweet, and Captain H. V. Bradley. Second Row—Lieutenant N. Macpherson, Lieutenant-Colonel F. P. Hutchinson (Commandant 1st Battalion), Lieutenant-Colonel L. M. M. Hall (Commandant 2nd Battalion), Colonel E. A. Travers (Deceased), Captain J. Fisher, and Captain Seby, I.M.S., D.S.O. Third Row—Lieutenant Watt, Lieutenant A. B. Lindsay (Adjutant 2nd Battalion), and Lieutenant Becher.

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was supported by detachments of the 60th Rifles and the Guides. For three months and a-half the little force was under fire morning, noon, and night, and in that time it repelled twenty-six attacks upon its position. Naturally, under such circumstances, it had to record a heavy tale of casualties, losing no less than 327 killed and wounded out of a total of 490. In recognition of its gallant services before Delhi, the regiment was granted a truncheon, and a Gurkha officer, in excess of the usual establishment, was sanctioned by Government to carry the same on parade. Scarlet facings on the uniform, as worn by the 60th Rifles, with whom they were brigaded at Delhi, were also sanctioned in lieu of the black facings hitherto worn. The truncheon, which Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to present to the regiment, was formally presented on parade by Sir Hugh Rose in 1863. In that and the following year the regiment again saw active service, this time against the Mahmunds, and took part in the affair of Shabkadr. On its return in 1864, it was finally decided that Dehra Doon, where it was then quartered, was to be the permanent station of the regiment. In 1868 the 2nd Gurkhas saw field service through the Hazara Campaign and Black Mountain Expedition of that year, and in 1871 the regiment served throughout the Lushai Expedition. In 1877 the battalion took part in the Imperial assemblage at Delhi, and in recognition of its former service at that city it lined the ridge at Hindu Rao's house on the entry of the Viceroy. The following year was a memorable one in British history, and bade fair at one time to be even more eventful than was actually the case. The relations between this country and Russia were strained almost to breaking point, and the unprecedented course was adopted of bringing Indian troops to Malta. Regarding the wisdom of the step widely different opinions have been expressed; but it was too obviously founded upon political considerations for its bearings to be capable of discussion here. At any rate, the Sirmoor Rifles, now become the 2nd Prince of Wales's Own Gurkhas, formed part of the force thus sent to Europe. It returned to India, however, towards the close of the same year, in time to take part in the Afghan Campaign. It shared in the actions around Cabul and in the battle of Candahar, forming part of the force with which Roberts carried out his ever-memorable march.

In February, 1886, a second battalion of the regiment was raised, and was also stationed at Dehra Doon. The lines of the two battalions lie close together, and there is one mess-house for the officers of both battalions. In 1888-89 the 2nd Battalion served throughout the Lushai Expedition, and in 1891 the 1st Battalion formed part of the field force in the Manipur Expedition. The last service of the regiment was in 1897, when both battalions proceeded on field service to the North-West Frontier during the Tirah Expedition. Besides the operations on the Samana, the 1st Battalion took part in the actions of Dargai, Sampagha, and Arhanga Passes, and throughout

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IN THE SERVICE.
Havildar Tekaram Lama, Retired on a Pension.

Photos. Copyright. S. H. Dagg.
A VERY SERVICEABLE-LOOKING LOT.
A Colour Party with Truncheon on Parade.

A PERPETUAL RECORD OF JOINT EFFORT.
A Statuette Presented by the Gordon Highlanders.

the operations in the Waran Valley, against the Chamkannis, and in the Bara Valley. In this campaign the regiment lost three officers killed and one wounded, while 117 native ranks were killed and wounded. Eighteen also died of disease. Throughout the campaign the battalion was commanded by Colonel E. A. Travers, who died at Dehra Doon in November, 1899. It is a striking testimony to the manner in which this fine Gurkha battalion conducted itself during the fighting that the Gordon Highlanders presented to the officers a statuette—which is represented in one of our pictures—in memory of their service together in Tirah, while at the same time presenting the non-commissioned officers and men with a musketry challenge shield.

This, then, is the record of a gallant Gurkha regiment, portraits of whose British and native officers appear among our pictures. Another picture shows how the process of forming such regiments is effected. It gives us a series of Gurkha types, from the unrecruited hillman through the raw recruit to the Gurkha officer, and it shows the uniforms worn. The Gurkha officer in the centre is Honorary Captain Subahdar-Major Judhbir Thapa, Sirdar Bahadur, who was formerly aide-de-camp to the late Sir William Lockhart. But if the regiment with whose career we have thus dealt is typical it is not exceptional. Recruited not only from the Gurkhas, but from the other fighting races of our great Eastern dependency—Rajpoots, Sikhs, Pathans, Baloochis, and others—there are numerous other regiments with a brilliant record of achievements, regiments upon whose loyalty implicit reliance may be placed, and to whom combat is indeed a joy. Led by British officers, whom they love and trust, they are equal to any task which they may be reasonably asked to accomplish, and would be able to give a good account of themselves in an encounter with the best troops that are likely ever to be brought against them.

The Gurkha regiments are indeed in the proud position of *primus inter pares* amongst the finest regiments that the Indian Army possesses. One has only to glance at the picture of the native officers of the regiment to see how well and worthily they have won the position they occupy. There is not one undecorated, and four or five decorations are common. Note also how extremely common is the Order of Merit, and this, be it remembered, is the Victoria Cross of the Indian Army, for it is conferred only for personal gallantry. The Victoria Cross as a decoration is not open to soldiers of the Indian Army other than their European officers, and it is very wisely ordered that it should be so, for if it were within the reach of the native soldier or officer it would tend to diminish the value of that unique Order of Merit which he now prizes so highly. The pick of the Indian Army are its native officers, and in no regiments are the native commissioned ranks better than in the Gurkhas. There are four Gurkha regiments of two battalions each, including that which is illustrated in this article.

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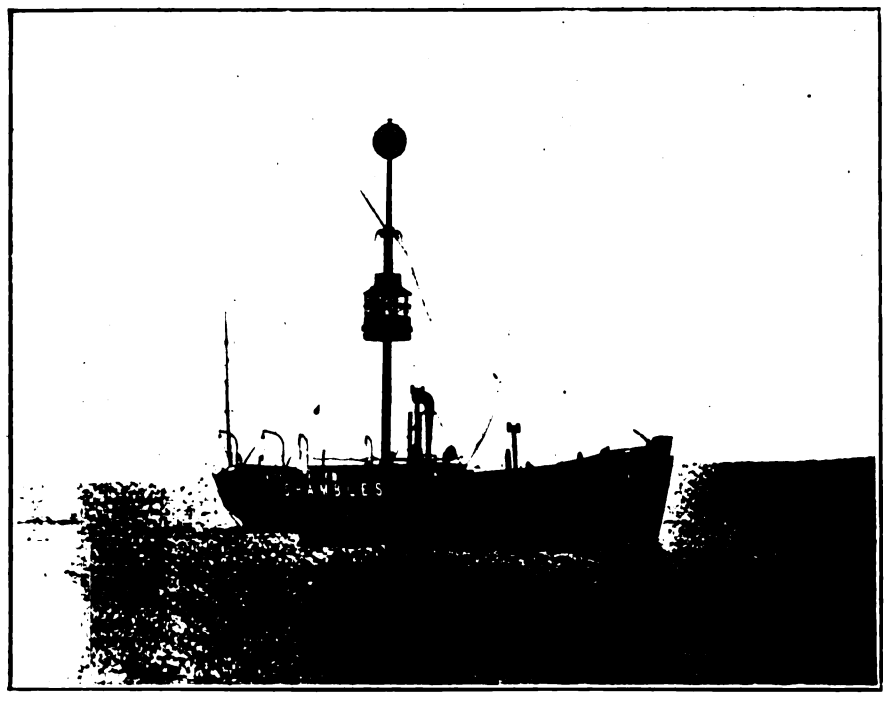
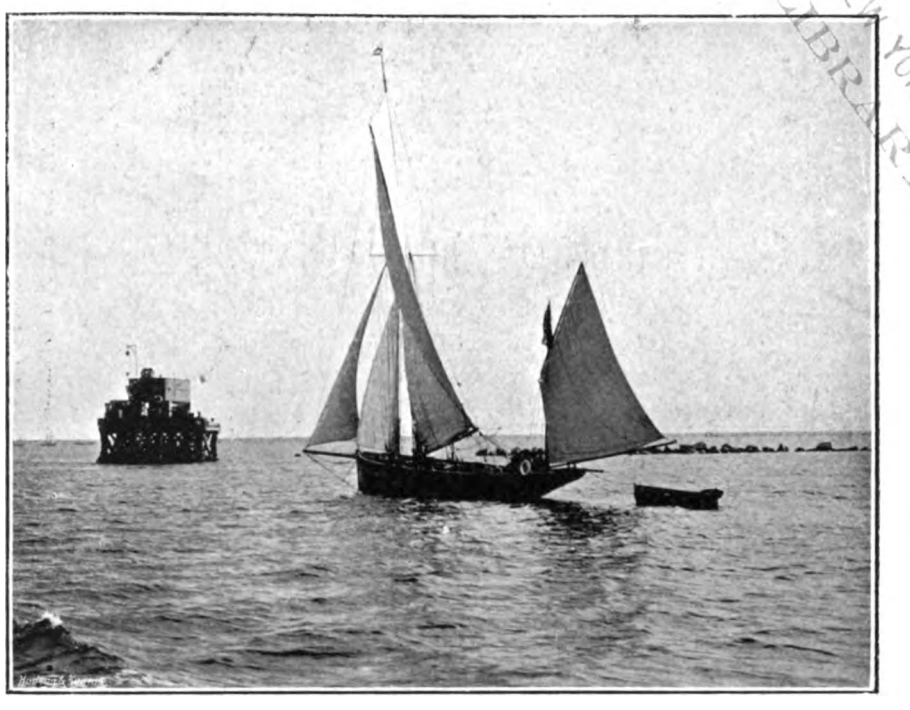
Round about Portland

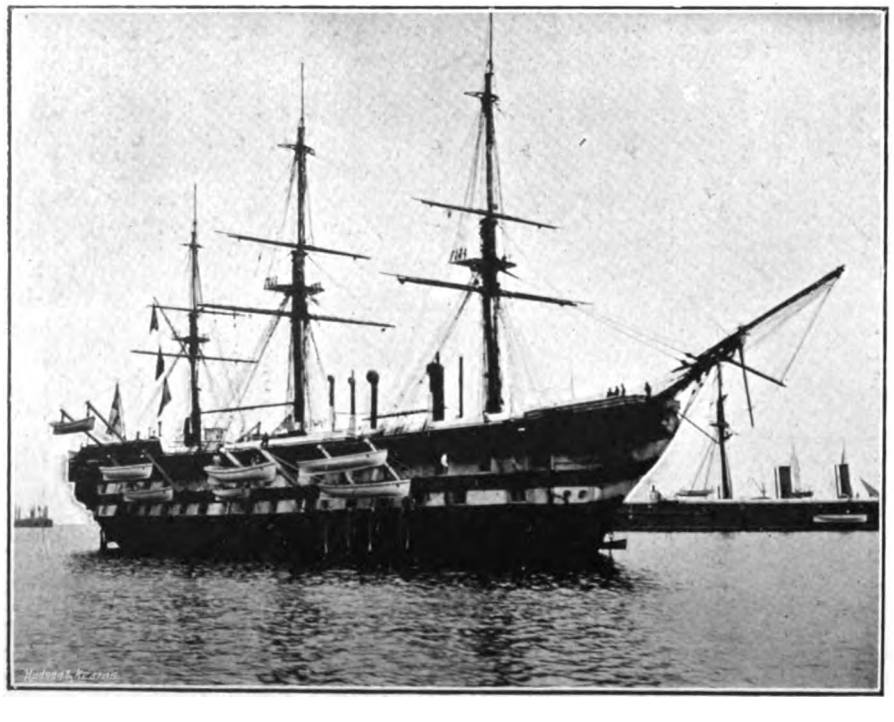


THE SHAMBLES LIGHT-SHIP.
An Outpost of the Protection of Our Coasts.

A TRAINING-BRIG AWAITING A BREEZE.
At the Breathless Close of a Summer's Day.

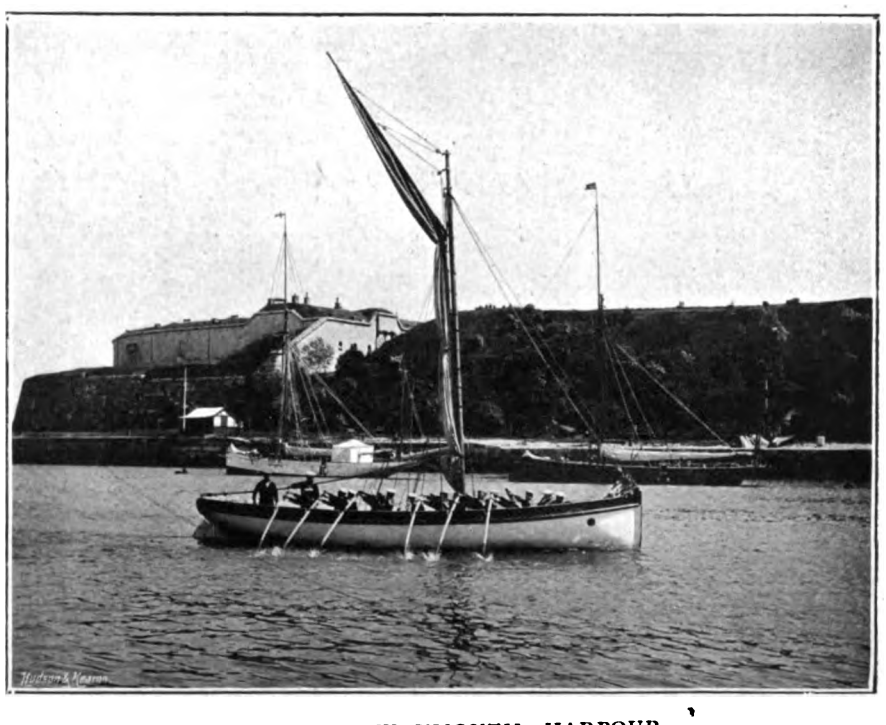


ONE OF THE DOLPHINS.
Points in the New Portland Breakwater.



THE LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP "BOSCAWEN."
In which lads are Trained for their Sea Career.

And Weymouth Harbour.



ENTERING WEYMOUTH HARBOUR.
Lads at Work in a "Boscawen" Cutter.

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In the Black Sea.

THE illness of the Czar of Russia has attracted attention to the Black Sea, on the shores of which lies the little watering-place near which is the Palace of Livadia. Some illustrations we give herewith were taken at Sebastopol when the Russian Imperial yacht "Standart" lay in the harbour for the use of the Emperor and Empress during their stay in the Crimea.

The accommodation on board the "Standart," which includes a portable chapel, is naturally the acme of comfort, and suites of cabins are provided for the Emperor and Empress, the Dowager Empress, the Czarewitch, the Imperial children, Grand Dukes, suite, etc.

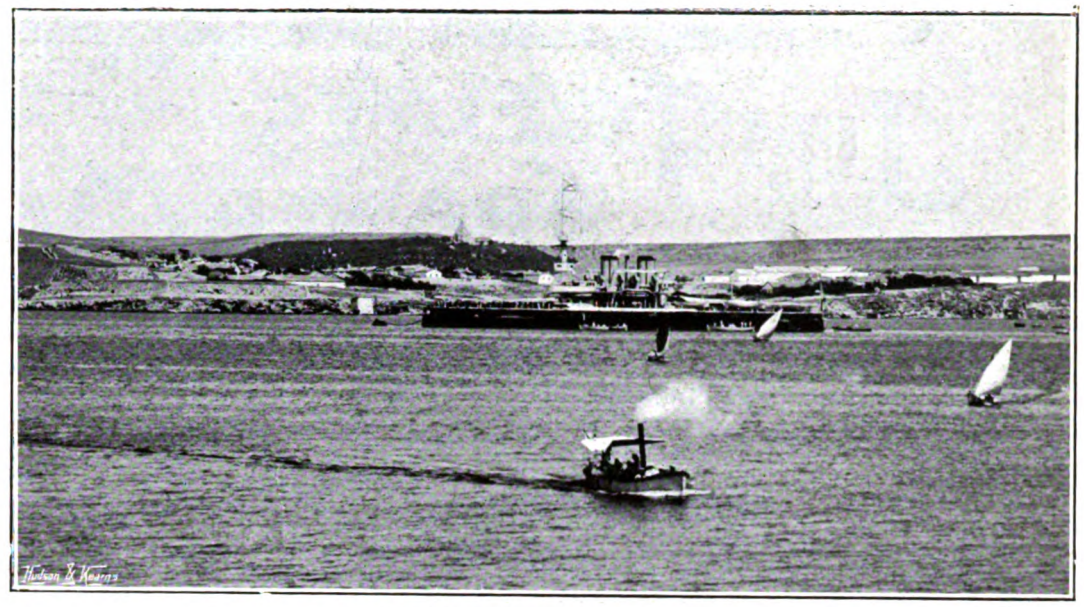
The Imperial apartments are on the main deck, abaft the engine space. The dining saloon and deck sitting and drawing rooms of the Emperor are in the handsome deck-house, which is 100-ft. long, the top forming a spacious promenade deck. On the lower deck aft are the apartments of the Imperial children and suite.

The woodwork of the cabins is of the most costly description, the most valuable woods having been used. For instance, for the Imperial rooms, solid cherry; for the Dowager Empress's rooms, Karelian birch, as also in those of the Grand Dukes; in the Imperial dining-room, ash, in the drawing-room, walnut; in the corridors, oak, bird's-eye maple, and white beech. In the Imperial rooms the walls are covered with pressed leather, cretonne, and silk. Gold ornamentation of every description is conspicuous by its absence, this having been the express wish of the late Emperor Alexander III. The ship is heated with hot water, and the ordinary ventilation is assisted by thirteen fans driven by electro-motors.

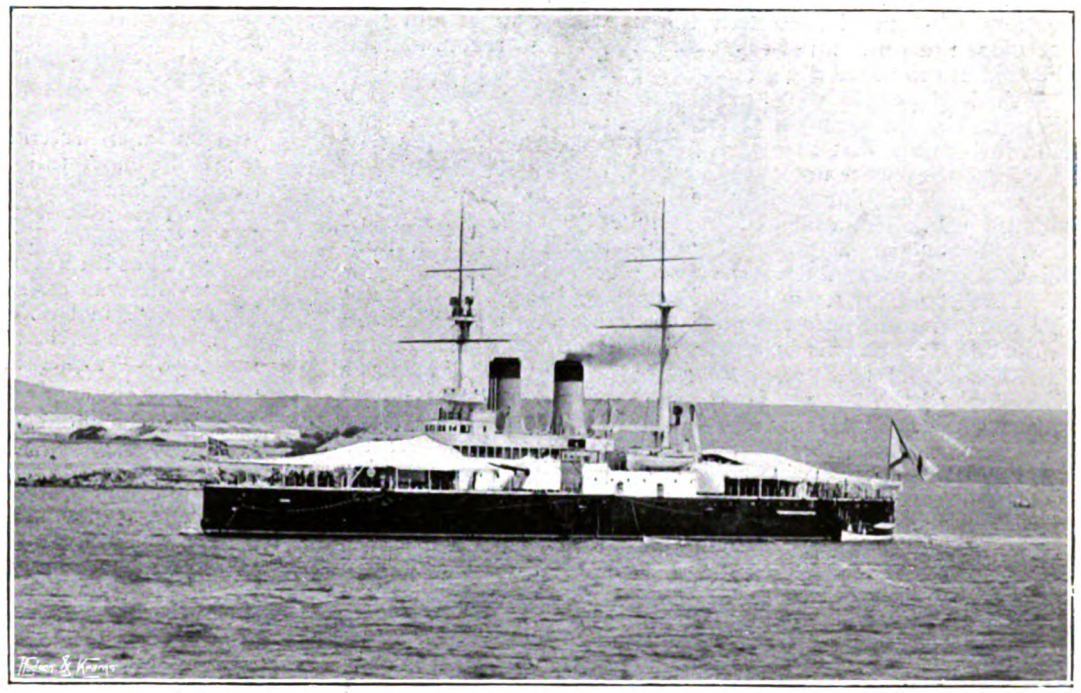
Whenever the Emperor performs a journey by sea, the Imperial yacht is always accompanied by a squadron furnished from the Black Sea Fleet, which, as the years pass on, becomes more and more formidable, and now comprises seven armour-clad battle-ships. In the illustration of Sebastopol Harbour is seen the battle-ship "Dvenadtsat Apostolov" (the Twelve Apostles), a vessel displacing about 12,000 tons, and carrying as her main armament four 12-in. breech-loading guns. Her speed is about 16 knots.

The pyramidal edifice situated on the far shore of the bay, to the left of the man-of-war, is one of the monuments erected in the Bratskoye Cemetery, where lie buried those who fell in the defence of Sebastopol during the great siege.

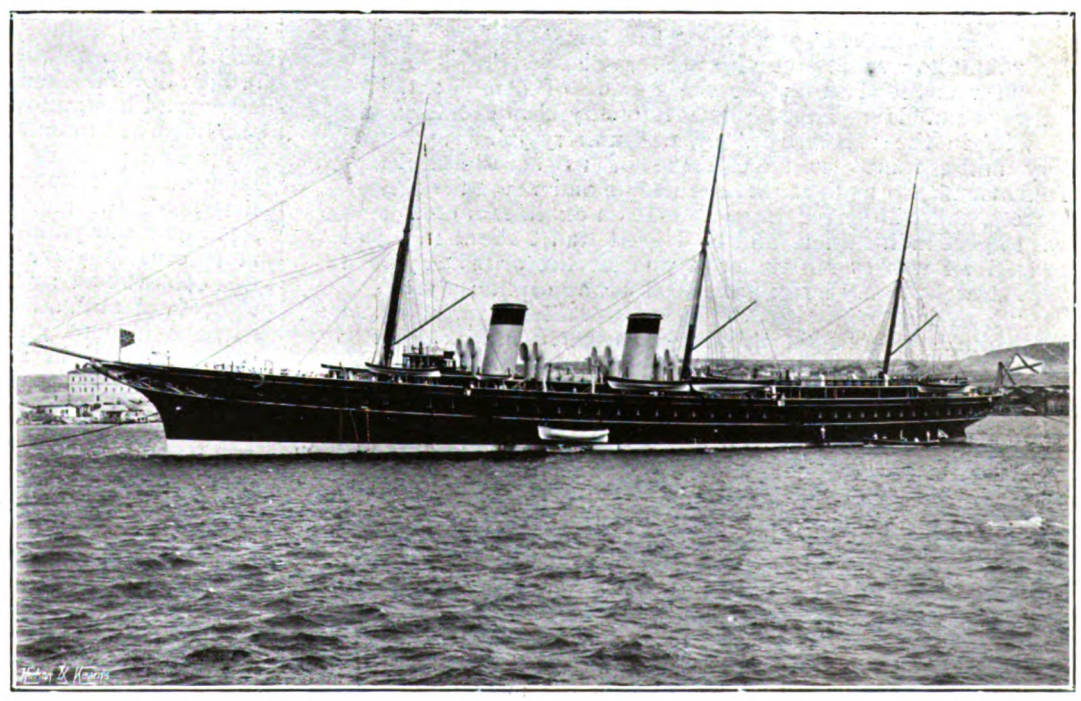
Another Russian armour-clad shown in the illustrations is the battle-ship "Rostislav," which has just been commissioned by the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, brother-in-law of the Czar. The "Rostislav" has a displacement of about 8,000 tons, and is the latest ship to be added to the Black Sea Fleet. She is remarkable for several novel features, and is the most up-to-date and complete vessel of her class in the Russian Navy.



IN SEBASTOPOL HARBOUR.
The Home of the Black Sea Fleet.



A RUSSIAN ARMOUR-CLAD.
The "Rostislav" is the Latest Addition to the Black Sea Fleet.



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THE FLOATING HOME OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.
The Imperial Yacht "Standart."

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JIM TWELVES TRA'NED MAN AND A·B

BY
W. F. SHANNON
Author of
"THE DEVIATORS"
"THE MESS DECK"
&c.&c.&c.

THE TOURNAMENTERS.

LEARNING that Twelves was with the Naval party at the Military Tournament, I dropped in one evening for further recollections. The Bluejackets were in the arena with their field-guns, and as I did not know by which door they would leave, I strolled in the background until I came to a refreshment bar where nine-and-thirty glasses of beer stood ready drawn upon the counter. I kept that bar in view, and asked no questions.

In a few minutes there was a rush and a roar, and the two guns came bounding out of the arena on the heels of the Bluejackets. The guns were flung round broadside on to some horse boxes, so as to imprison two or three horses, and then the seamen gathered round the beer. In reply to certain soldiers, who stated that their horses were wanted and that therefore the guns must be moved, the sailors recommended the soldiers to move the guns themselves.

Curious people went up and touched the bright steel tubes of the guns and asked the seamen if they were real. And it was then that I saw and heard Twelves explaining that of course they were not real, but that, like everything else in the confounded Tournament, they were frauds. "And you mustn't think I'm a blessed Bluejacket," said he, "because I aint. I'm actin' a part. Properly speakin', I'm a non-substantial fabricated dream, and don't you forget it."

Perceiving that my friend was unhappy, I did not approach him until after the cutlass drill, when he had retired to his cubicle. It was on the first floor, and was ornamented with accoutrements. Forty straw palliasses were laid on the floor around the room. In the centre, Twelves and a friend were executing a Dyak war-dance, with bolsters for shields and drawn cutlasses for spears. Some of the other Bluejackets were assisting with war-whoops, and an entirely novel feature was introduced into the performance by each combatant throwing his bolster at the other, the bolster to be caught on the point of the cutlass. When the straw commenced to fall out in large quantities, it was noted that the evolution was injurious to the bolsters, and the game was stopped.

"Ah," said Twelves, seeing me, "I was expectin' you. But don't think we're doin' this because we're happy. It's simply done so as to keep off dull care and to make us thirsty. I wouldn't give anythink for tournamentin' widout it made ye thirsty."

"How comes the Navy to be helping at a military tournament, Jim?"

"So as to make it pay, chum, I reckon."

"And how came you, personally, to assist?"

"I was luffed in on the excitement of a moment, like I always am. Here I was, quietly requalifyin' in gunnery, and reposin' in the 'Excellent,' when Gunnery Jack says they very much wants to have some of us at the Military Tournament, so as to attract the people and make the show a success, and whosoever cared to make a exhibition of hisself, was to give in his name and be d——d smart about it. And he said we was to remember it was for the orphans, which went straight to my heart, because I am an orphan myself.

"Now I surmised that to be a tournamenter would be a check-number, and I shoved in my moniker. And immeejutly and at once I was created one of the chosen people, of which two guns' crews was called. And we was told off to practice up wid the sea-service cutlass and the field-guns all day long. And when the time was come we sailed for London.

"At Waterloo Station some fifin' men and drummers of the sojers met us, and enticed us wid martial music towards their barracks, though we surmised all the time that they was steering a straight course for here—the Agricultural. When the band got near home it sloped off, not invitin' us to dinner, and not leavin' even a drummer-boy for a guide, or a left marker. So we was left lamentin', adrift in London, wid field-guns and cutlasses, and a commisserant waggon, but no compass, no chart, no pilot. But we nailed the natives, and they gave us a course that took us by the most outlandish ways, so's their own street should have a free look at us, like as if we was a circus. And it was boilin' hot, but all the people said, 'See how easy them happy sailors drags them guns. No wonder they took Benin wid no trouble.' By the rollin' thunder, we was sweatin' our insides out! But the Navy always pretends to be easy and cool outside, although it may be chock full of internal sufferin', because on the Navy this kingdom chiefly depends. We was most miserable.

"'This aint like they treated us out at the Cape, is it, Jim?' said Malachi, 'not at that assault-at-arms there.'

"'That it aint,' said I.

"'We was lushed up to a first-class hotel there,' says Malachi, 'and treated proper. And the people met us wid refreshments in the street. They didn't go and send us adrift like this. I'm about as dry as a pot of beer after you've set it down, Jim.'

"I made no answer to Malachi then, because Providence, what had its eye on us, and what we always trusts in, made one of the commisserant horses fall down. He was two hundred yards in rare of us, so we piled arms and left the guns and went back to encourage him to rise. Now on the way was a public, and we all dropped in like one man to see if they kep' a derrick or a cat davit. By the time they found they didn't, that horse had got up of his own accord. So we resumed the march wid the pleasin' feelin' of not bein' quite so thirsty and of havin' been kind to dumb animals, namely, a horse, and we hoped he'd soon fall down again. But he never, and we got here at last, as dry as ever. They allows us a pint o' beer a day here, instead of a tot o' rum, but it aint near enough. Why, when they used to provide beer in the Navy, each man got a gallon a day. A gallon a day, chum! By the big jug and bottle, but the Navy was a glorious place then! And all that liquid was granted to men doin' their ord'n'y day's work, and here we are doin' special and partic'lar work, and has annoyances to put up wid from the sojers, as I shall proceed to enfold.

"You perceive we has no 'ammicks. It aint as if the pongoes don't know we're used to 'ammicks. Leastwise if they don't, the marines coulda told 'em. We can't get a fair sleep on straw pallasses and pillers laid along the deck. And more especially we couldn't at first, because these pallasses was constructed by the sojers wid the stoutest bits of straw they could find, all carefully pointed and stuck end up so as to poke into us and aggravate us. And the pallasses was packed that tight it was like tryin' to sleep on a German sausage, so that by the mornin' we was all on the deck alongside of 'em except we was athwart ships. No wonder sojers cock a chest. It's a proud thing to be able to balance yourself on sich articles in your sleep, like sojers say they do. But we've let the stuffin' out of 'em since and rearranged the straw horizontal, which is as much as to say fore and aft. It was very tryin' that fust night, there's no doubt, and jist as the sun rose, and we was falling off to sleep, a cavalry trumpeter roust us out wid a call what he carried on for half-an-hour. We requested him to stash it, quietly, considerin' the circumstances, and chucked a few boots and accoutrements at him, but he barricaded hisself, and went on some more. It was perfectly clear that he had been commanded to aggravate us, and that the sojers what managed the show was deliberately tryin' to intimidate us, because there was no reason to blow a trumpet like that sojer did. In the Navy we bugle sensible,

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jist a note or two, and then the bugler turns in agin and all hands sleep a bit longer. But this cavalry trumpeter didn't seem to care about sleep, and blew as if he was filled up wid compressed air, till we turned out and chased him.

"Then we fell into ord'n'y routine, since we was up, and started scrubbin' decks, and switched on the fire main to help us to wet 'em. Along comes a sojer officer at the double, wid his eyes stickin' out like hat-pegs, and very near fainted to see so much water.

"'Here! You mustn't do that,' says he; 'we can't have that. There's horses below, and them floors aint watertight like your infernal ships' decks.'

"'Sir,' says I, 'it's necessary for our peace of mind for us to be clean; because it's the nearest we ever git to being godly on the sea—widout we carry a devil-dodger in our complement.'

"'I'm sorry,' says he, 'but you must at once desist.'

"'Will I have to put in a request in writin' to be allowed to wash me hands and face, sir?' says I.

"'You'd better be careful,' says he, 'or you'll be goin' back to your ship with a escort.' And wid that he went away, and we swabbed up, sorrowful.

"'They're determined to crush us into mutiny,' says Malachi.

"'I never in all me born days wanted to scrub decks till this blessed minit,' says another man.

"'Same here,' says Mal. 'If he'd ordered us to *do* it, it woulda been a different thing altogether. Then we could have knocked off easy enough.'

"'We *would*,' says the other man. 'But these sojers never tries to savvy the customs of the sea.'

"'No,' says I, 'they do not; and they're jealous of us bein' here.'

"And so they was. The bandmaster, he'd entered into the treaty wid the other leather necks; and when we ast to be allowed to march into the arena to the tune of the Blue Posts March, he said, 'No, certainly not; he'd got a sight better one than that for us'—as if he knew whether it was better for us. 'Besides,' said he, 'the Blue Posts is stale, and also the military wants it.' So the military has it every performance, and we has a march what brings tears to our eyes, and fills our minds wid thoughts of funerals and accidents, and don't touch our martial souls a trifle. 'Course it makes us think of orphans, so it's a blessin' in disguise, because, owin' to the children, we tries to be humble and courteous to the sojers, and not to seem unhappy and spoil the show. But it takes us all our time to be humble and courteous to the sojers."

"Twelves and a friend were executing a Dyak war-dance."

I told Jim I quite believed that. He was grateful, and proceeded to tell me of the various indignities which every day brought upon the seamen.

"In the matter of victuallin', the sojers' arrangements is selfish and shameful. There's about a thousand big, hungry cavalrymen connected wid this tournament, and they always arrive at the sally-mangy fust. So we wait, because the mess-deck is small, until about the third relief, and then everythink's off, excep' bones; therefore, we go and buy our own dinners. So that, what wid expendin' money on food and drink, and other things, we git no benefit outa this tournament at all. And at teatime they put aside crusts for us, because they think we prefer them, bein' used to ship biscuit.

"But we revived our droopin' selfs of these treatments on the fust public performance, in the final bust up, which is called the melly. When the fight has took place, us Bluejackets has to rush a gun outa the field of battle, all amongst the corpses what lays about the arena, in the set places where they've been told off to die. And very artistic they fall and die, some of 'em, and amongst 'em the cavalry bugler. So, a-purpose to see if his eyes was properly closed, which they ought to be on a dead corpse, we rushed the gun at him. He nipped out the way in quick time, and the aujence was glad, so we done the same to some more. They was all shammin', and all moved. But the sojer managers gave orders that the Naval party must carefully avoid corpses when rollin' guns off fields of battle—in the interests of humanity, they said. But it was all in the general conspiracy to spitefully use us, same as in the matter of the Arab horse."

Twelves paused and sighed.

"In this melly there is a Arab on horseback, and he is told off to be killed, so's the horse can gallop out mournful to carry home the empty saddle to the fam'ly and friends. So I says to Malachi one day, 'Don't you think the aujence would like to see a Bluejacket capture that Arab steed?' And Mal said he reckoned the aujence would cheer like one man to see a Bluejacket try to ride a horse. So I said, 'You surmise I can't ride, then?'

"'I surmise you can ride affectionately wid your arms round his neck,' says he.

"'No, fair and softly, like a cavalryman, Mal, that's how I can ride,' says I.

"'Bluff,' says Malachi.

"Before the next display I ups and seeks out them Arabs—sojers they was, dressed up. Says I to one, 'Who's bossin' this savage tribe?'

"'I have that honna,' says he, very haughty. And he was the sojer officer what was killed twice every day, sure enough.

"'Beg pardon, sir,' says I, salutin' most profound, 'but would you have any objections towards me ridin' your horse out of the arena, like Britannia, the pride of the ocean, triumphant?'

"'Can you ride?' says he.

"'Ast anyone in the Navy, sir,' says I. 'Oh, I'll treat him gentle, sir; not like these spurrin' cavalrymen. And it will be good for the cause, sir, for me to ride, because the people likes to see transcedental effects.'

"'Very well,' says he; 'but be very careful you don't use him rough.'

"'No fear, sir,' says I. 'I aint a roughrider.'

"He cautioned me again to be careful, and I promised most faithful, and then looked up Malachi, and told him about this permission. And at the next melly I kep' my eye liftin' for that horse; but the Arab fell off over by Malachi, and Mal done the low trick of capturin' that horse hisself, so's to git the applause of the multitude. I told him straight what I thought about him when we formed up at the canteen afterwards, and also I told him that permission was granted to me, and me only, because I was careful.

"And some said Mal was right to help the cause at all costs, and some said the horse belonged to me and no other, because the Arab had bequeathed him to me by his last will and testament to ride off the battle-field.

"Next performance I naturally thought all would be well but every man-Jack of us, except the gun party, went for the Arab steed, whether he could ride or not, and we had a fine time buckin' each other off and on, and at last he was rode out of the arena by three Bluejackets, which was as many as he could hold, not to count one haulin' at his tail. And the aujence encored splendid.

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"But that officer got his shirt out, and said he didn't care for his horse to be injured. As if we wanted to injure it. And he cancelled his permission to mount it, widout considerin' the good we was doin' to the orphans. However, we seen how easy it was to ride tame horses, and challenged any six cavalrymen to wrestle wid six of us bareback. And the committee, seein' that this was a way to debase us, said the challenge was honourable enough to be took up by the cavalry. So we had a go at 'em, and, because these cavalrymen despised us, we defeated 'em, and all the papers said it was a put-up job. But it wasn't.

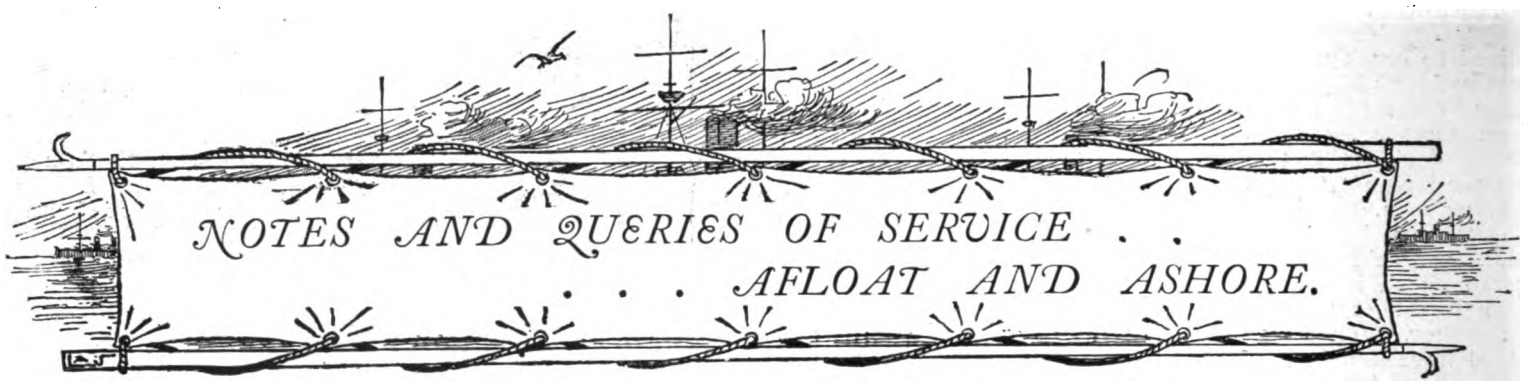
"After that we tried to beat up to do some tent-peggin', because we seen that only wanted practice, and horses, or commisserant mules. We practised up here in this room, wid cutlasses for lances and corks for pegs, and some of us actin' horses; and we had become quite skilful. But the committee won't allow us to do it in the ring; no more they will the singlesticks on horseback, where the riders wear leather fencin' helmets, and tufts of paper to be cut away. There's no doubt we could slash about at them helmets a treat, and the Navy is ready to challenge all the earth at slashin' about, wid or widout preliminary trainin'.

"We have also offered to relieve the Dyaks, and to do the Dyak war-dance, playin' the tom-tom on our cap-boxes, like you seen jist now. There isn't many difficulties about it, even wid our boots and trousies on. And what difficulties there is would vanish wid boots and trousies off. We offered to black ourselfs all over, and to do the thing in Ar style, wid the wild war-whoop, as in nature, like a milk call. But they won't have it, and says we musn't be troublesome. As if we are!

"Nor will they allow us on the buckin' horses, nor in the musical ride, and so we are as you find us, full of misery and trouble."

"Jim," said I, "I came for recollections full of life and happiness. Let us leave the soldiers."

"Yes. Let's go round to the Angel," said Jim, with alacrity.



JAMES MARSH.—You must excuse the delay in answering your query, but it has taken some time to gather all the information you require. In the Australian colonies there are no military police, but I have been able to get the following particulars of the civil police in the different colonies. In New South Wales recruits for the police, mounted and foot, must be under thirty years of age, of good character and sound constitution. The minimum height for the foot police is 5-ft. 9-in., and the maximum weight for the mounted force is 11-st. The pay varies from 6s. per day for probationary constables to 11s. or 12s. per day for detectives. Uniform and quarters, or their equivalent, are provided. All applications for admission to the force should be addressed direct to the Inspector-General of Police, Sydney, New South Wales. Candidates for admission to the Victoria Police must apply at the Police Depôt, Victoria Barracks, St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, at certain advertised dates, and must present personally a written application in their own handwriting. Candidates for the foot police must be over twenty years of age and under thirty years old, and must be at least 5-ft. 9-in. in height, while candidates for the mounted branch must be over twenty years old and under twenty-five, 5-ft. 7-in. high, and not more than 11-st. 7-lb. in weight. Pay varies from 6s. 6d. for constables of under two years' service to 9s. 6d. for first-class sergeants. Sergeants and constables with over ten years' service receive an extra 6d. per day. The period of enlistment is one year, and out of their pay constables must provide themselves with food, clothing, and uniform (helmets and great-coats excepted). An allowance of 6d. per day is made to married sub-officers and married constables living out of barracks, in lieu of quarters, fuel, light, and water, which are free to those in barracks. The police in Queensland are recruited from residents in that colony, and no particulars are to be got in London. The police forces of South Australia and Tasmania are also recruited locally, and no details can be obtained here. Applicants for admission to the police force of Western Australia must apply to the Chief-Inspector of Police in Perth, Western Australia. Candidates for the mounted police must be not less than 5-ft. 10-in. in height, not more than 11½-st. in weight, and must be able to ride well. The height standard in the foot police is 5-ft. 11-in. Candidates if under 6-ft. must have a chest measurement of 38-in., and if over 6-ft. a chest measurement of 39-in. Candidates must be over twenty-one and under thirty years of age, able to read and write, and fit for service mentally, physically, and constitutionally. The rate of pay per diem is as follows: Sergeants, 11s.; corporals, 9s. 6d.; constables, 6s., 7s. 6d., and 8s. 6d., according to service; coxswains, 9s. 6d.; water police, 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.; river police, 7s. 6d.; detective police, 11s. and 12s. Sergeants, corporals, and constables receive free uniform and quarters. Appointments to the water and river police are conferred upon seamen and other suitable men proved to be capable of managing a boat.

* * * *

"BOOKWORM."—No; "draft on Aldgate Pump" has nothing to do with the Navy or the sea. It is an old phrase used in commerce to designate a fraudulent note. "Double lines" is used in reference to the insurance of ships, and arises from the method of entering the loss of a ship in the books at Lloyd's. The word "lubber" has for many centuries been used to designate an awkward man. Hence its application in the Navy to the hole through the top, called the lubber's hole, which awkward climbers can go through instead of over the top by the rigging. Like many words in English, it probably comes from the gipsy language, as they designated the peasantry as "lubbares." Shakespeare uses the expression "lubber" in the sense of unwieldy human size, while Congreve in one of his works says, "How can you name that superannuated lubber?" Dryden, who has come into favour again for quotation purposes since the outbreak of the South African War, says in his "Satire on the Dutch":

"Kenetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did your lubber state mankind bestride."

Curiously enough the term "lout," which is somewhat more contemptuous than "lubber," was derived from the Dutch word *loete*.

"JACK IN OFFICE."—The arguments used by the Admiralty when opposing the introduction of iron to supersede timber, were mainly to the effect that, while wood contracted on being pierced by a shot, and the shot holes could be easily plugged, the holes torn by shot in iron vessels would be very large and could not be plugged at all. It was the experience of the Chinese War that induced so many Naval officers to press for a change from wood to iron, and it was the introduction of the screw propeller that made the change absolutely imperative. The exposed position of the engines and paddle-wheels of paddle vessels made a change to screw propellers desirable. The impossibility of getting a framework at the time sufficiently strong in a wooden ship to withstand the vibration of the screw propeller caused the Admiralty, after many costly experiments, to adopt iron. Mr. Lindsay, in his "History of Merchant Shipping," says the vote for timber in 1861 was the highest on record, amounting to no less than £949,371, and, of course, with the adoption of iron a large portion of this rotted in the dockyards.

* * * *

"RIFLEMAN."—M. Bloch, in his "Factors of War," taking 100 to represent the effectiveness of the rifle of 1871, found the value of the latest French rifle to be 433, the German 474, the American 1,000, and the latest one invented 1,337. In these days, when we have rifles sighted up to 3,000-yds., it is interesting to note that in 1853, on the eve of the Russian War, a writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" said: "The old musket, which seldom carried a ball above 180-yds., and was so irregular in its progress to the object aimed at that the proportion of the enemy killed to the number of bullets propelled was 1 in 3,000, is gradually being superseded by firelocks of an improved construction, which will carry a ball 800-yds." The modern rifle has brought about vast changes, aided as it has been by smokeless powder. It has made artillery more liable to capture, so that it is scarcely possible for another leader in an arduous campaign to make the proud boast of Wellington, that he never lost a gun. In less than six months of the present South African War twenty-six guns changed sides.

* * * *

"SIGNAL MATE."—The history of the introduction of flashing signals into the Navy is shortly comprised in the following account: Up to 1861, in spite of repeated improvements, no satisfactory system of communicating at night had been invented. The night and fog signals were much as they had been for two centuries past. It was then that the late Admiral Colomb came forward with his system of flashing signals, but, though the trials appear to have been successful, the officers reporting on the trials advised against the system. So the Navy continued in the position of being unable to ask a strange vessel her name at night, and equally the latter could not report to the admiral by signal, while fog rendered communication impossible. In 1862 a committee reported in favour of Admiral Colomb's system, but it was not until 1867 that the Admiralty ordered its use in the larger classes of ships, and four years later in all vessels.

* * * *

"SHAMROCK."—The plant sold under this name on St. Patrick's Day is the small yellow trefoil. The word is derived from the Irish "seam rog," otherwise "seamer ogh," which signifies holy trefoil. It is closely akin to the Gaelic "seamrag," the meaning of which is trefoil, or white clover. Its adoption as a national emblem is due to the tradition that St. Patrick, while preaching in Ireland, *circa* 397 A.D., made use of the shamrock as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity, or, as some say, of the three languages in which the sentence on the Cross was written. There are some who trace the emblematic use of the plant to the Persians, basing their surmise on a passage in Herodotus descriptive of the ceremonies of that ancient people. The suggestion, looking at the probable Eastern origin of the Celts, is not an unlikely one.

THE EDITOR.

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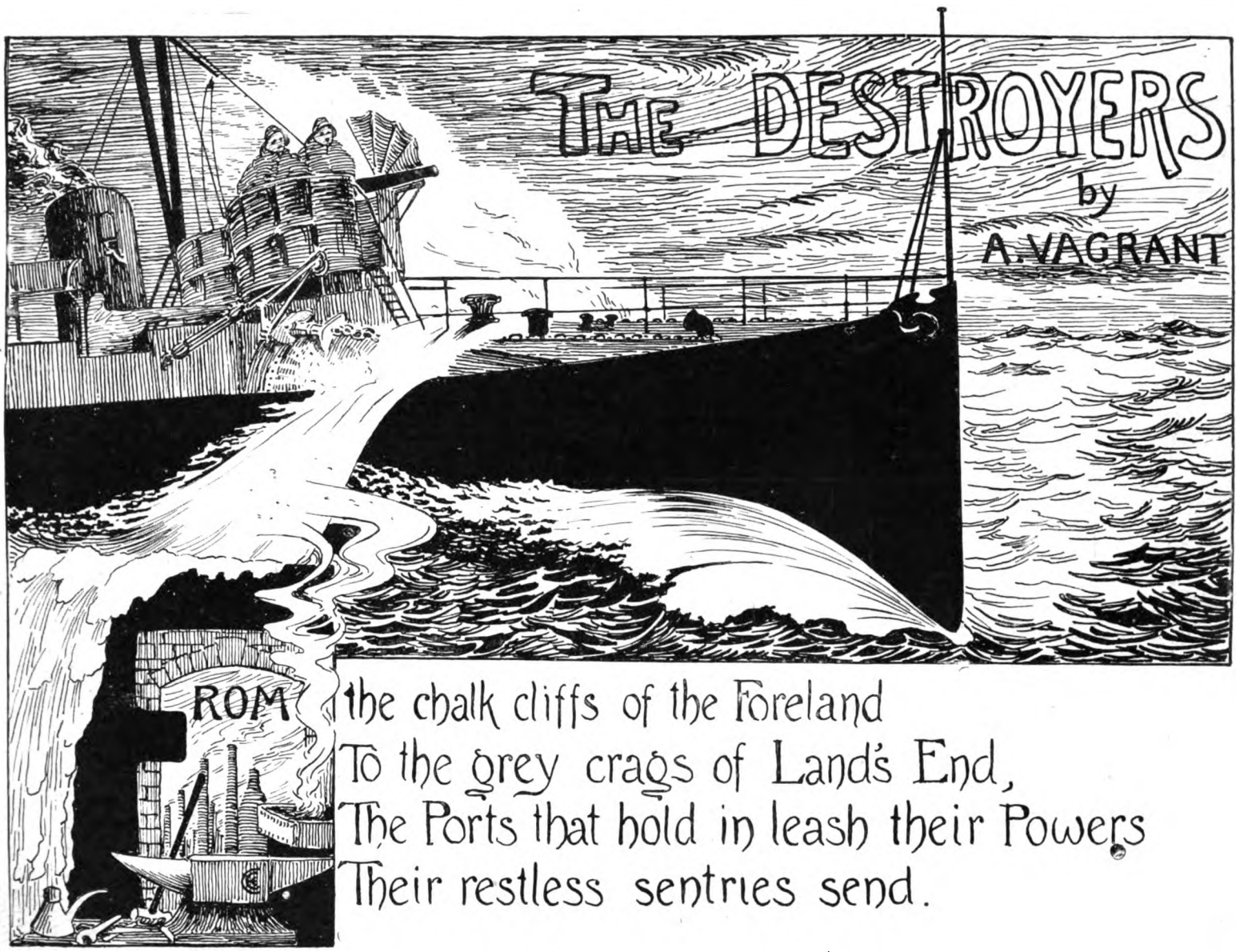

From the chalk cliffs of the Foreland
To the grey crags of Land's End,
The Ports that hold in leash their Powers
Their restless sentries send.

Hellhounds from Vulcan's forges—
  Swifter than locust flights—
Like trespassers in insolence
  Defying Neptune's rights.

By day with reeking smoke plumes
  We put the skies to shame;
In the face of the silent stars by night,
  Vomiting spouts of flame.

Trawler and tramp and liner
  Wonder as we pass by;
The craziest ditcher can spare a scrap
  Of pitiful sympathy.

What of you in your houses,
  Who get your bread from the land;
Who will teach you the lives we lead,
  Lives we hold in our hand?

How do you gauge their mettle,
  Who know that once in a while
The chances are good that something gives
  On the strain of the measured mile?

A box of tricks and conundrums,
  And a youngster's first command.
For crew—in the darksome crannies
  Seventy souls are crammed—

A batch of them—untrained stokers—
  The Chief lets pass from his lips,
In burning words, what he thinks of the craft
  That are neither boats nor ships.

Glitter of polished brasswork
  Adds not a single turn
To the screws of the straining laggard
  Slowly dropping astern.

Water short in our boilers—
  Feed-pumps groaning in vain—
The last raw stoker wishing to God
  He was milking cows again.

Pulling ourselves together,
  Pushing ahead again;
At thirty knots you must trust to luck
  That the works will stand the strain.

When we alter course by the Longships,
  We count, as an average rule,
On a green sea sluicing through the hatch
  To keep the bearings cool.

By tides and fog-banks hoodwinked,
  Screw-blades left on a rock,
By Heaven's Providence favoured,
  We drag ourselves into dock.

A run up to town for the skipper,
  To look at his club in Pall Mall;
While the Chief has his engines pulled to bits,
  To see why they work so well.

What is their place on the proving-day
  When a Nation's points are scored?—
Each but a pawn, to be sacrificed
  For a bigger piece on the board.

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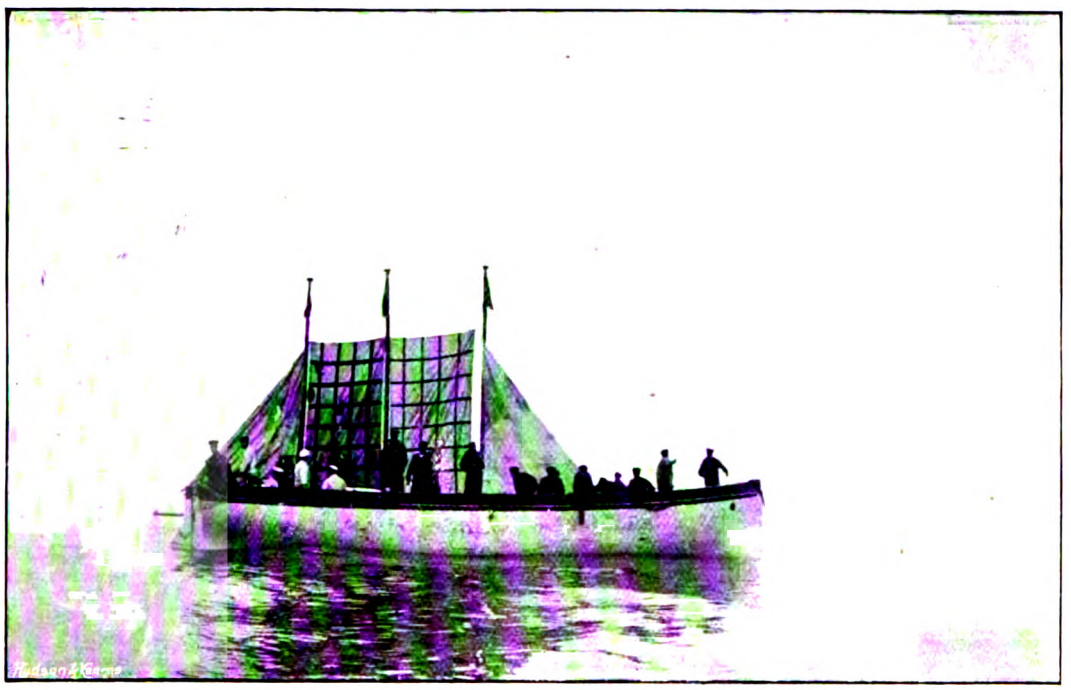
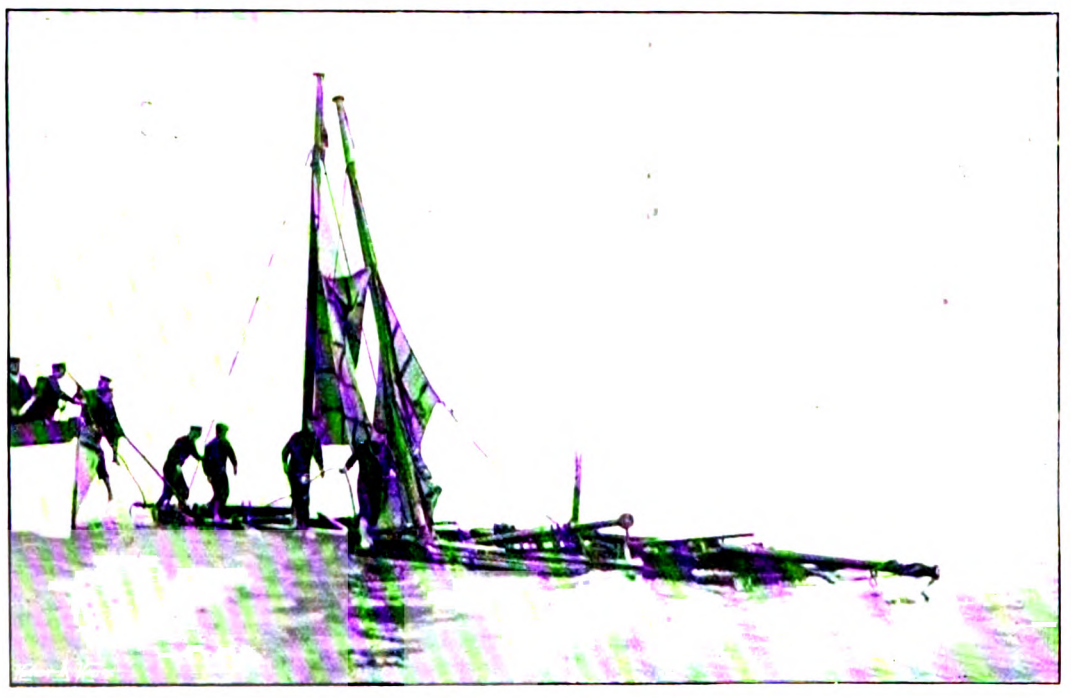
A Record in Target Practice.



THE TARGET LAID OUT FOR PRIZE-FIRING.



STANDING IN NEED OF MUCH REPAIR.

THE TARGET AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRING.

A SHORT time ago a Service contemporary stated, in commenting on the prize-firing of the Channel Squadron, that the "Majestic" had "covered herself with glory, having scored about 50 per cent. of hits with her quick-firers—an achievement which will be hard to beat in any Navy." This was a rather rash statement to make, considering that the second-class cruiser "Scylla" made an average of 80 per cent. of hits in her prize-firing with the historic "four-point-seven."

Captain Percy Scott has brought the method of training guns' crews to a fine art, and as he made the "Scylla" the smartest ship "up the Straits" at gunnery practice, so has he made the "Terrible," which he now commands, the record ship in the Royal Navy for good gunnery. The names of Captain Scott and of the good ship he commands are to-day household words to the public in connection with many recent events, both in South Africa and China, and it is not surprising now to hear of the "Terrible's" performance at target practice. The cruiser carried out her first prize-firing at Wei-hai-Wei a few weeks ago. Although she has been in commission since March, 1898, she had only fired her quarterly target practice three times prior to the occasion with which we are dealing. This was, of course, due to the fact that for the early part of her commission she was undergoing exhaustive steam-trials, and more recently was otherwise occupied on the South African station.

The result of the target practice was phenomenal, for it eclipsed by a very long way all records that have ever been obtained in prize-firing with the 6-in. quick-firer. In the most recent prize-firing that has taken place, the first ship in the Mediterranean Squadron was the "Cæsar," with a total of 50 per cent. of hits to rounds fired. Her record was, however, beaten in the Channel Squadron, for the "Majestic," Sir Harry Rawson's flag-ship, proved to be the best gunnery ship in the home fleet, with a percentage of 52 hits to every 100 rounds fired from the 6-in. weapons. The "Terrible's" remarkable record is very much better than either of these, for in 104 rounds fired from her twelve 6-in. quick-firers, she scored no less than 80 hits, *i.e.*, a percentage of 76·8. Nor was the shooting with the two 9·2-in. guns she carries much inferior to that with the lesser calibre weapon, for out of fifteen rounds fired from the "nine-point-two" nine hits were made, giving a percentage of 60 hits for the heavy weapons. In truth a great record, not in firing from a stationary platform, but from a ship steaming at twelve knots in a seaway, and under the stringent conditions that govern prize-firing in the Royal Navy. Our illustrations depict the target (1) being set up and made ready for firing, (2) the damaged target being repaired, and (3) the derelict target after it was done with. The practice lasted for two days, eight hours each day; the actual time taken in firing was 26-min., and the remainder of the time was spent in repairing the targets. In all eleven new masts were put up and twelve pieces of canvas.

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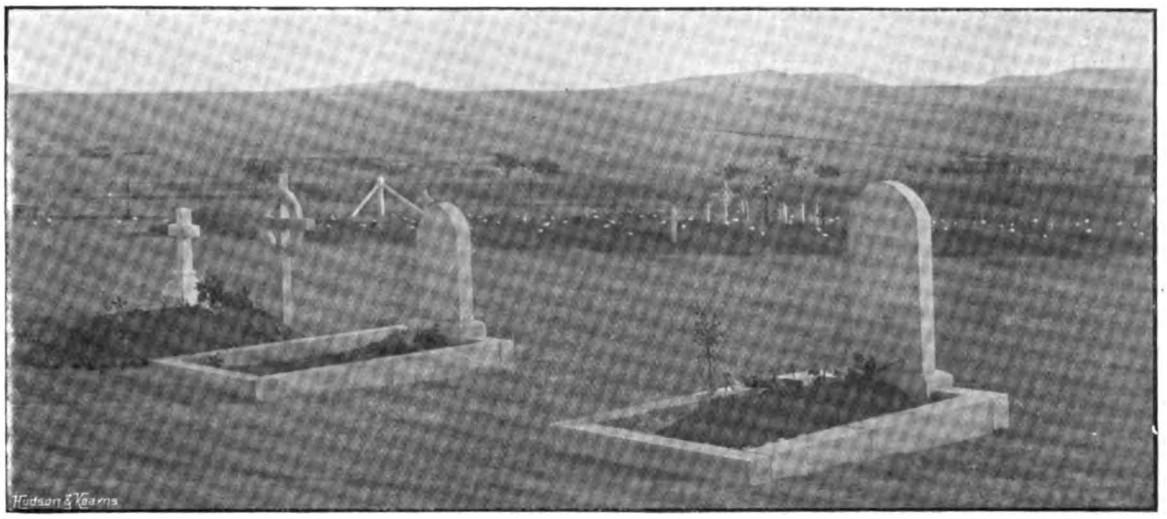
Memorials of Our Dead in South Africa.



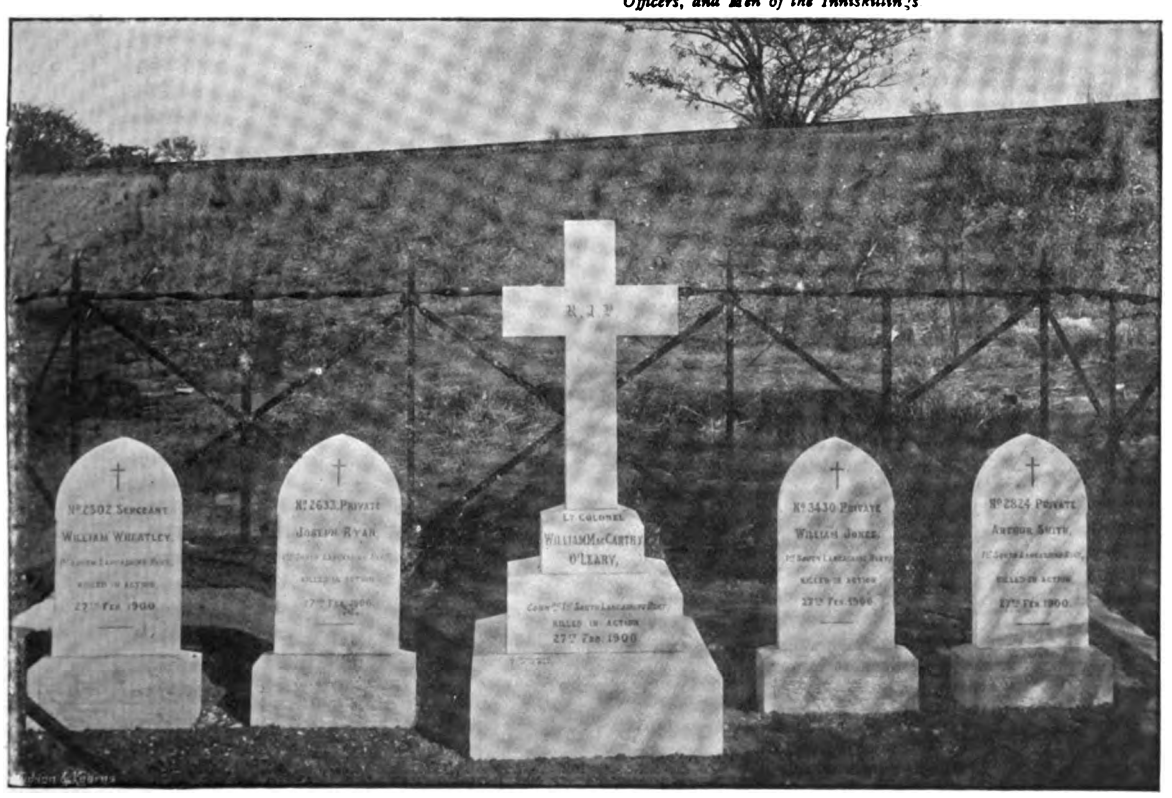
TO THE MEMORY OF TWO GALLANT OFFICERS.
Captain de Rougemont, Killed at Venter's Spruit, and Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. S. Roberts, V.C., Mortally Wounded at Colenso.

IT may be sentimental, but it is none the less a natural and a praiseworthy feeling which causes all of us to desire that some memorial shall mark the place of sepulture of our dead. To sink into a nameless grave is universally regarded as a greater misfortune than the mere fact of dying, and as calculated to inflict additional pangs upon the relatives of those who thus enter into their rest. The risk of such a fate is obviously increased by the surroundings of battle, while at the same time death under such conditions is more than usually hallowed. As the Earl of Selborne well said upon a recent occasion, there can be no more glorious crown to a life well spent than a life given for a friend, and the highest realisation of the sacrifice is when the friend is, first, the one great friend of all, the Queen, and then the millions of our fellow-countrymen, at whose call so many British lives—using the word British in its very widest sense—have been cheerfully laid down in South Africa.

"Not once nor twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

And it is not only fitting but imperative that the memory of those who have fought and fallen for Queen and Empire should be commemorated on the spots where they sleep their last sleep, and that the necessary measures should be taken to avert the decay which awaits neglected memorials, and to render that commemoration perpetual. It is well that this latter provision should be borne in mind for—to our shame as a nation be it said—the country has not always been mindful of the decent maintenance of the graves of those of her sons who have fallen in her defence. The prolonged and deplorable neglect of the places of sepulture of some of those who fell fighting for Britain in the Crimea speaks eloquently upon this point. It must not be repeated, and the appeal of the South African Loyal Women's Guild for monetary help, in order to ensure the due preservation and maintenance of the graves of those British sailors and soldiers and the colonial soldiers who have lost their lives on behalf of Queen and country, has found a ready echo in the national feeling. The Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of York have accorded their patronage to the scheme. As Lady Edward Cecil has written with force and appropriateness, "English men and women will wish to contribute to what must be to many a sacred obligation, and to all an office of reverence and gratitude." With a correct appreciation alike of duty and of national sentiment, the Government has undertaken to fence in the 150 scattered burial grounds, and, if this work is properly performed, there should be no necessity for any expenditure under this head for some considerable time to come. But mere fencing in is not the maintenance of monuments, nor do the officially recognised places of interment represent all those spots in South Africa which circumstances have converted into what we reverently term God's Acres. Money must be spent on locating many of the graves of the fallen, and in seeing that they are enclosed and protected, and the difficulty of accomplishing such a task can be fully grasped only by those who have felt the weird loneliness of the wide uninhabited expanse of the South African veldt. Moreover, there is no time to lose. Every day that passes renders the work more difficult, and there are some graves which will never be found if the work of identification be delayed. Our comprehensive series of pictures gives a graphic idea of the last resting-places of many of our gallant sons of Empire. The first picture shows side by side the graves of Captain de Rougemont, who was killed in action at Venter's Spruit, and Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. S. Roberts, V.C.—the only son of the veteran Field-Marshal—who was mortally wounded while gallantly endeavouring to save the guns at Colenso on the fatal December 15, 1899. That monument of rough-hewn granite on Hart's

THE GRANITE MONUMENT ON HART'S HILL.
In Memory of the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Men of the Inniskillings



Photos. Copyright. *Norwich Brothers*

THE CEMETERY ON PIETER'S HILL.
The Graves of Lieutenant-Colonel O'Leary and Men of the 1st South Lancashire.

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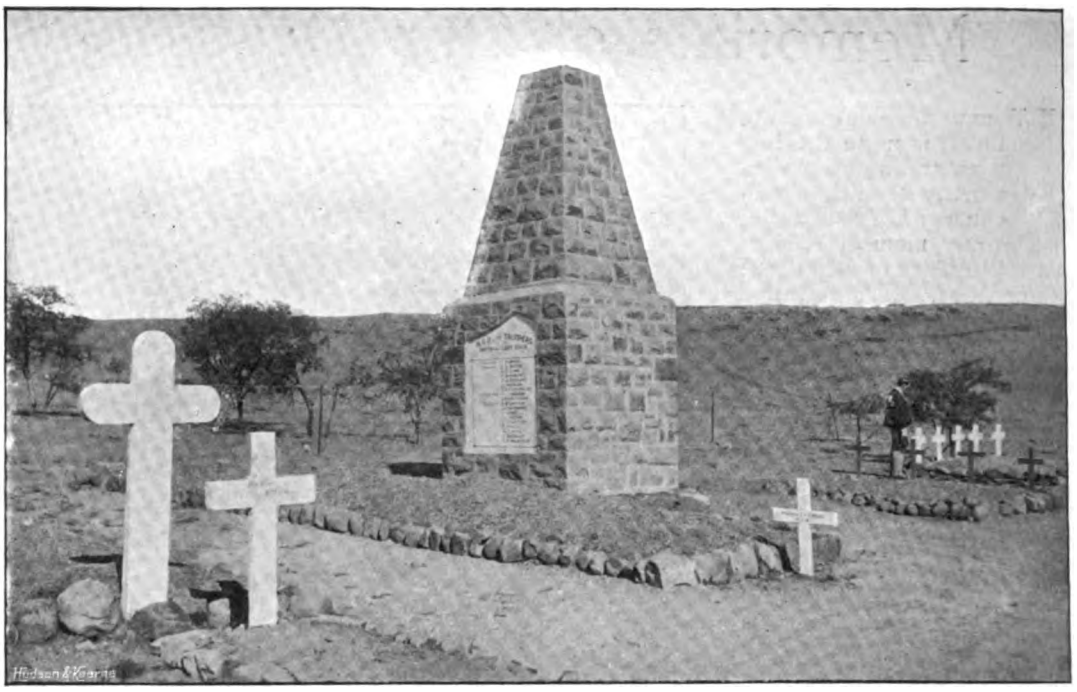
Hill bears testimony to the gallantry—and to the fate—of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 27th Inniskillings, while our view of the cemetery on Pieter's Hill shows the graves of Lieutenant-Colonel W. MacCarthy O'Leary (in the centre), Sergeant William Wheatley, and Privates Joseph Ryan, W. Jones, and Arthur Smith, all of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, and all killed in action on February 27, 1900. The graves on Wagon Hill, Ladysmith, are the burying-places of some of those who fell in the famous siege, and, being near a town, these would perhaps be more likely to be duly cared for than those in more remote districts. Intimately connected with the siege is the monument shown in one of our pictures marking the spot where General Sir William Penn Symons fell on Talana Hill, Dundee.

Our last picture tells a pathetic story of loyal comradeship borne out in death. It represents the place of interment of those killed in action at Faber's Putts, on May 5 last. In the distance is the grave of Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Spence; in the foreground are the resting-places of Troopers Chatterton, Finden, Hall-Hall, and Pochin, of Paget's Horse; while to the right are the monuments of Sergeant-Major F. H. Newdigate, Cape Medical Staff, Private R. Chievely, and Private W. M. Latimer, Royal Canadian Field Artillery, and Corporals Coulston and Barry, and Troopers Orrell, Hackforth, Derbyshire, and Rew, 23rd Company Imperial Yeomanry, and Troopers J. Hindson, J. Wright, R. Day, W. Todd, and P. Grayson, of the 24th Company.

Here, then, we have evidence of the work which already has been done in the way of commemorating those who have died in the war. But, as we have already said, there are other graves which will be lost sight of unless they are quickly located and identified.



A MEMENTO OF THE GREAT SIEGE.
The Monument of Troopers of the Imperial Light Horse on Wagon Hill, Ladysmith.

Photos. Copyright. TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL. *Horwich Brothers.*
The Memorial to General Penn Symons on Talana Hill, Dundee.

Photo. Copyright. IN DEATH THEY ARE NOT DIVIDED. *"Navy & Army."*
Graves at Faber's Putts of Lieutenant-Colonel Spence and Troopers of the Imperial Yeomanry and Paget's Horse.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By VICE-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM R. KENNEDY, K.C.B.

THE EAST INDIES STATION *(continued)*.

IF the reader who has followed these notes will now turn to the map, he will find in lat. 18-deg. S., long. 64-deg. E., a tiny speck, the island of Rodriguez, a dependency of Mauritius, situated some 320 miles from that island.

I lay claim to have been the pioneer of sport in Rodriguez, for though it had occasionally been visited by Her Majesty's ships I never heard of anyone getting any sport there, and yet it is one of the most sporting little islands in the world. Fortunately, it is but little known and seldom visited, owing to its position in the heart of the south-east trade wind and to windward of Mauritius; but a sailing-ship leaving India or Ceylon, if bound to Mauritius, would pass near to it, consequently in going the rounds of the station in the "Boadicea," a sailing frigate with auxiliary steam power, we never failed to drop anchor in the snug harbour of Port Maturin, on the lee side of the island, wherein ships of the largest size may ride secure from every wind. Curiously enough the hurricanes which periodically devastate Mauritius pass clear of Rodriguez.

The island is of volcanic formation, surrounded by coral reefs; it is ten miles long, by about six miles broad, and the highest peak, Mount Simon, is 1,300-ft. above the level of the sea. In general appearance it is mountainous and thickly wooded, with deep ravines running down to the sea.

The lower slopes and the east and west parts are bare of timber, and covered with coarse, yellow grass, interspersed with boulders. Herds of cattle, sheep, and goats find pasturage in the valleys; the soil is rich, and but sparsely cultivated, a little maize, potatoes, and onions only being planted. The inhabitants, of whom there are about 2,000, are mostly fishermen, French creoles from Mauritius, of every shade of colour, from black to nearly pure white.

In the year 1862 a pair of deer were landed from Borneo, and subsequently another pair from Mauritius. These animals, which were a variety of sambur, have increased at a prodigious rate, and it was estimated that at the time of our first visit in 1892 there were 2,000 deer on the island. This was probably a gross exaggeration, and I should imagine that betwen 500 to 1,000 was nearer the mark. At all events, there were plenty for sport, and on our first visit we killed thirty, mostly stags, some of which scaled nearly 20-st.

Besides deer, there are thousands of guinea fowl, indigenous to the island, and a fair sprinkling of the common Indian grey partridge (introduced). On the outlying islets rabbits abound. The sea is alive with every kind of tropical fish, and turtle visit the island in the breeding season.

It will be seen from this that here is a sporting paradise, where officers and men can enjoy themselves and recuperate after the enervating climate of India or Ceylon.

During the winter months, May to September, the climate is perfect and very healthy, the fresh trade wind blows regularly throughout the year, tempering the heat of the sun. Fruits of many kinds thrive abundantly, both cultivated and wild—mangoes, guavas, oranges, limes, citrons, and bananas. In the woods are wild raspberries and chillies. Small patches of sweet potatoes, yams, and maize are cultivated with success, and sugar and tobacco is grown in small quantities.

In Oyster Bay there are some basaltic columns 200-ft. high, and in the interior are some caverns such as may be seen in Bermuda and elsewhere. The island bears evidence of having been upheaved by volcanic agency, but no active volcano exists at the present time. Remains of the dodo have been found in some of the caves, also the stone which the bird always carried in its stomach. A large kind of pigeon called solitaire used to be indigenous on the island, but, like the dodo, is long since extinct. In former times vast numbers of the giant tortoise existed, both on Rodriguez and Mauritius, but the whalers shipped them for food, and no trace of them

A CAVERN IN RODRIGUEZ.

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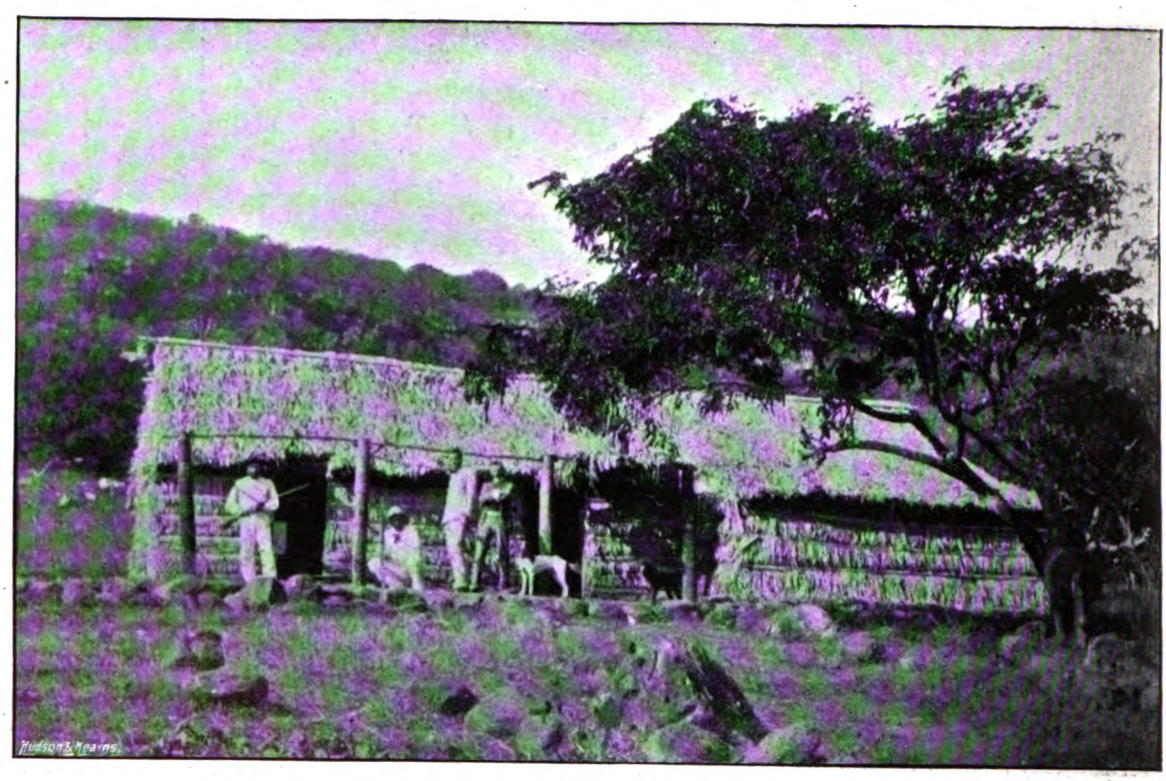
is now to be found. The climate is well suited for deer, which animals find abundant food, water, and shelter in the forests, and, having no enemies but man, there being no tigers or leopards, have increased very rapidly, as I have already shown. They can be killed by stalking or still hunting in the woods, or by driving, the latter being usually preferred. Owing to the density of the forests, it is very difficult to get a shot, and the animals seldom come out in the open; consequently our usual plan was to drive them. The natives, under the able generalship of a man named Numa, a capital shikari, were past-masters at the work. The guns having been posted, they rounded up a large circle of forest and drove the deer to the guns; in this way several fine stags were killed, and the "Boadicea's" men feasted on venison the whole of our stay. Some of these woodland stags carried very fine antlers, others had curiously malformed heads, caused probably by the animals injuring their horns when in the velvet.



A RANCH AT PORT MATURIN, RODRIGUEZ.

In all the heavily-timbered ravines big stags were sure to be lying, especially in Oyster Bay and Diamond Harbour, but the best sport was to be had in Malagash Bay, leading up to a magnificent amphitheatre, a favourite resort for deer; here the country was more open, and it was easier to see them. I killed three good stags in this valley in one day, stalking, with Numa, and missed another as he galloped off, but this was a record. We visited the island four times during my three years on the station, and killed on an average twenty deer each time, leaving a good breeding stock for those who came after us. On our last visit I shipped my friend Tom Farr and several couple of his best hounds from Colombo, intending to have a grand hunt, but it proved a failure, partly on account of the number of deer, each hound taking a line for himself, but also by reason of the rocky nature of the ground, which cut the hounds' feet, so we did nothing with them. This ended our sport in Rodriguez, an island I shall ever remember with delight as one of the few spots on the globe where a poor man may indulge in the glorious sport of deer-stalking unmolested by globe-trotters, poachers, or professional pot-hunters. Long may it remain a sanctuary for the Navy.

Leaving Rodriguez a smart sailing ship will reach Mauritius in twenty-four hours.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August 25, September 8, 22, October 6, 27, November 17, and December 8.*]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

WE have had little cold weather as yet, but it may be as well to remind gunners of the great things which have been done in frost and snow, and may be done again when we have that which is our due. Only a few years ago anyone who talked about getting sport out of wood-pigeons would have been laughed at. Occasionally large quantities of the birds were shot in frost, and particularly when frost was also accompanied by fog. But then much shooting gave little sport, for at such times the wood-pigeon seems to lose its fear of man, and when it is flushed it flies only to settle again directly, and in such a slovenly manner as to require little or no skill to bring to bag; that, however, is the slaughter of the wood-pigeon, and not sport with him. The latter is to be obtained at any time when large flocks of the birds appear, and the quality of the sport is then second to none; but if it is to succeed it must be carried on in a systematic manner.

* * * *

For this purpose it is necessary either to be provided with tame wood-pigeons, to be used in the manner in which duck decoys are employed, or with stuffed birds, the former for choice, for they catch the eyes of the flying birds, which do not always see objects that sit absolutely still like stuffed skins or set-up dead ones. The sport to be had over these live decoys occasionally puts into the shade the orthodox covert shooting, and dwarfs the record of partridges on many an estate. But it is not everybody's sport, for the simple reason that everybody does not know of it, and many of those who have heard of good results are ignorant how to set about it. The plan is to make shelters of a pattern which, while they hide the shooter from the flying birds, do not prevent the swing of the gun; for the man who waits for sitting shots will not make big bags. In snow it has been found quite enough to stand in cover garbed in a white shirt of long proportions, but at other times some protection from the sight of the birds is necessary. Then the more guns engaged the better the sport, and it is in any case necessary to employ a large number of beaters to prevent birds remaining long in coverts where no gun is posted. In this manner the pigeons are constantly kept on the wing, and it is not of much use having guns nearer together than from half to three-quarters of a mile, for it is bad to have the birds disturbed by a "bang" just at the moment when they have noticed the shooter's decoys. A gun at a distance they do not mind. In the Badminton book is recorded the most wonderful shooting I ever heard of, done in just the way described above. In 1894 three men of the name of Sowerby, at Putteridge, near Luton, in Bedfordshire, accounted for 3,199 wood-pigeons in the season. In the following year these three guns, adopting the same tactics, made a record bag for a day, for they killed 445 birds on December 23. Of these Thomas Sowerby killed no less than 220, and I imagine that is a double record, and beats Lord Walsingham's best score at these birds.

* * * *

A couple of distinguished foreigners have been helping Lord Savile to kill his pheasants at Rufford Abbey; one of these is the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, and the other an Austrian, Count Trauttmansdorff. The bag obtained must have rather surprised the latter if it is his first visit, for in his country game does not consist entirely of pheasants. Hares are more plentiful than partridges, and pheasants are comparatively few. Upon some Austrian estates the killing of 12,000 hares in the year, and from 8,000 to 10,000 partridges is not unknown, but the proportion of pheasants is nearly always small. Prince Carl Trauttmansdorff is noted in Austria as a mighty hunter; he has killed within a couple of hundred of 11,000 head of game in a season, he has also exceeded 600 partridges to his own gun in one day, and, besides, has grassed a stag of over 39-st. and bearing twenty points. At Rufford Abbey the party killed 1,100 head in the day.

* * * *

Earlier, Lord Ellesmere's party at Stetchworth, near Newmarket, accounted for 1,953 pheasants, 25 partridges, 37 hares, 21 pigeons, 1 woodcock, 2,041 rabbits, and 8 various, or 4,086 head, for four days and seven guns.

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The "Woodcock" in China.

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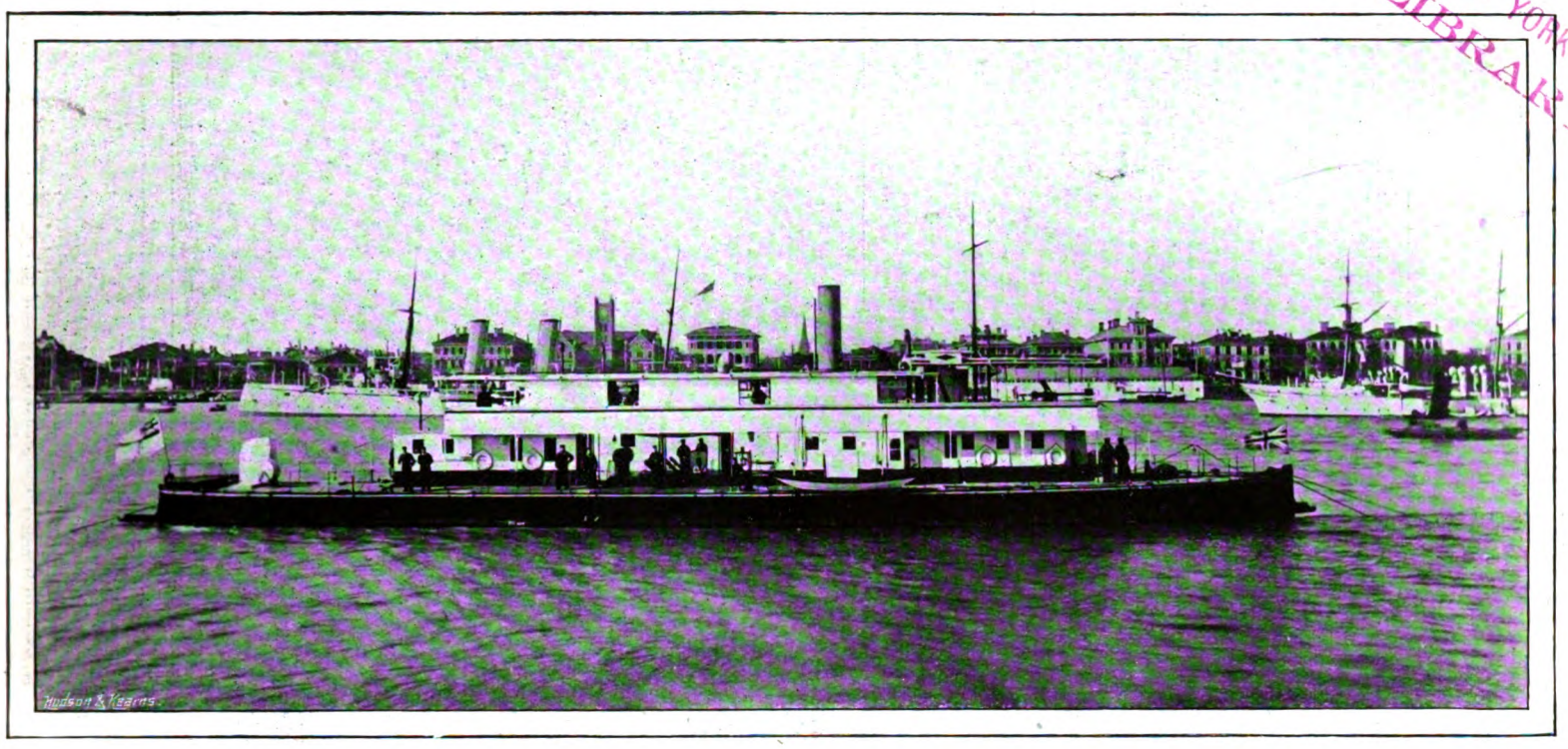
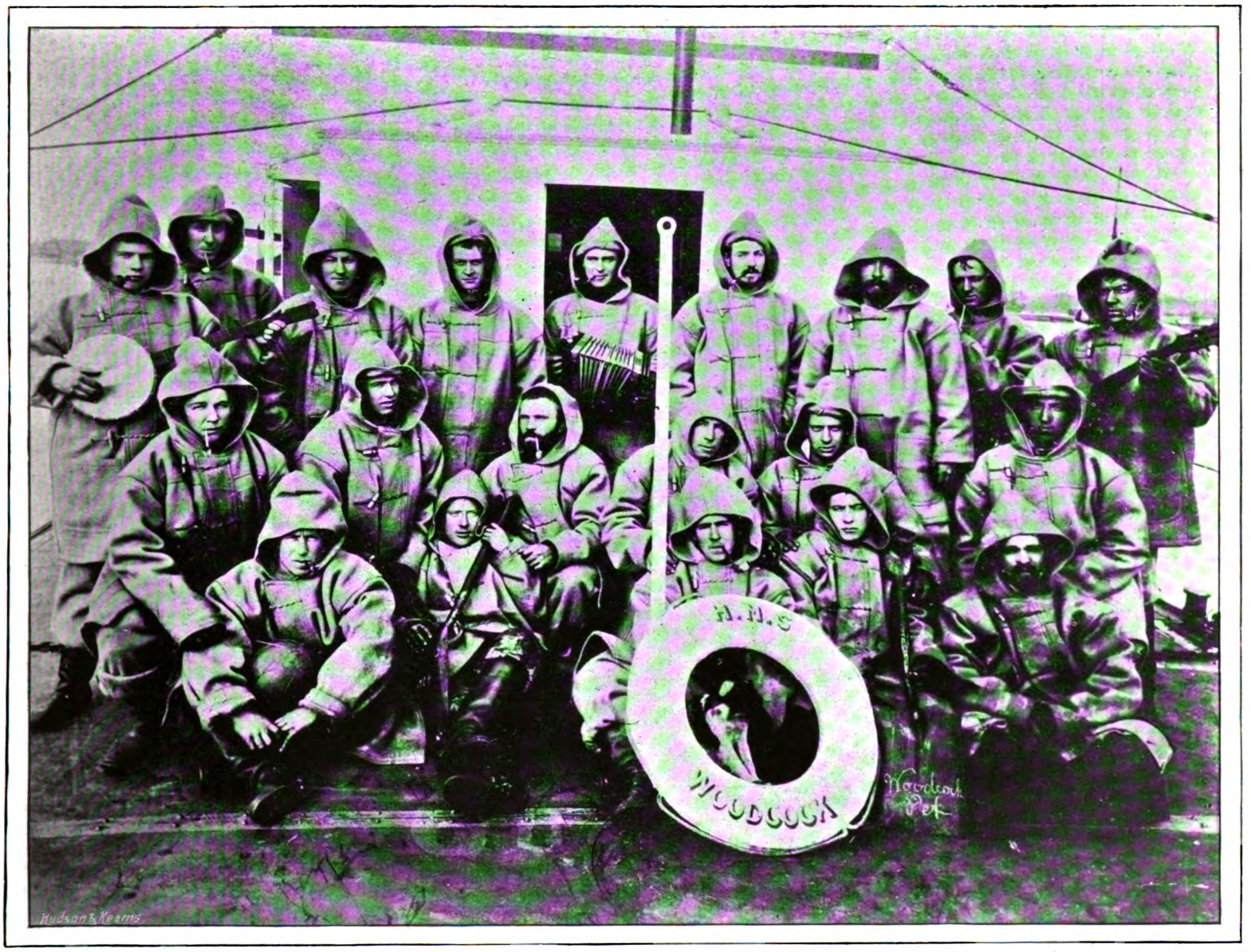


THE GUN-BOAT ON THE YANG-TSE RIVER.

She is a Shallow-draught Screw Steamer for River Service of a Class Much Needed in China.



From Photcs. *By a Naval Officer.*

PART OF THE CREW OF THE "WOODCOCK."

In their "Lammy" Suits, used for Winter Wear.

The "Woodcock" is Specially Built for River Service in China, and has one Sister Ship, the "Woodlark." She has done Good Service on the Station while under the Command of Lieutenant and Commander D. R. Watson. We have given Pictures of Bluejackets in many Different Rigs, including Khaki and Furs, but the Fearnought, or "Lammy," Suits Worn by the "Woodcocks" for Winter are now shown for the First Time.

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Officers of the 2nd East Riding of Yorkshire Volunteer Artillery at Paull Camp, 1900.

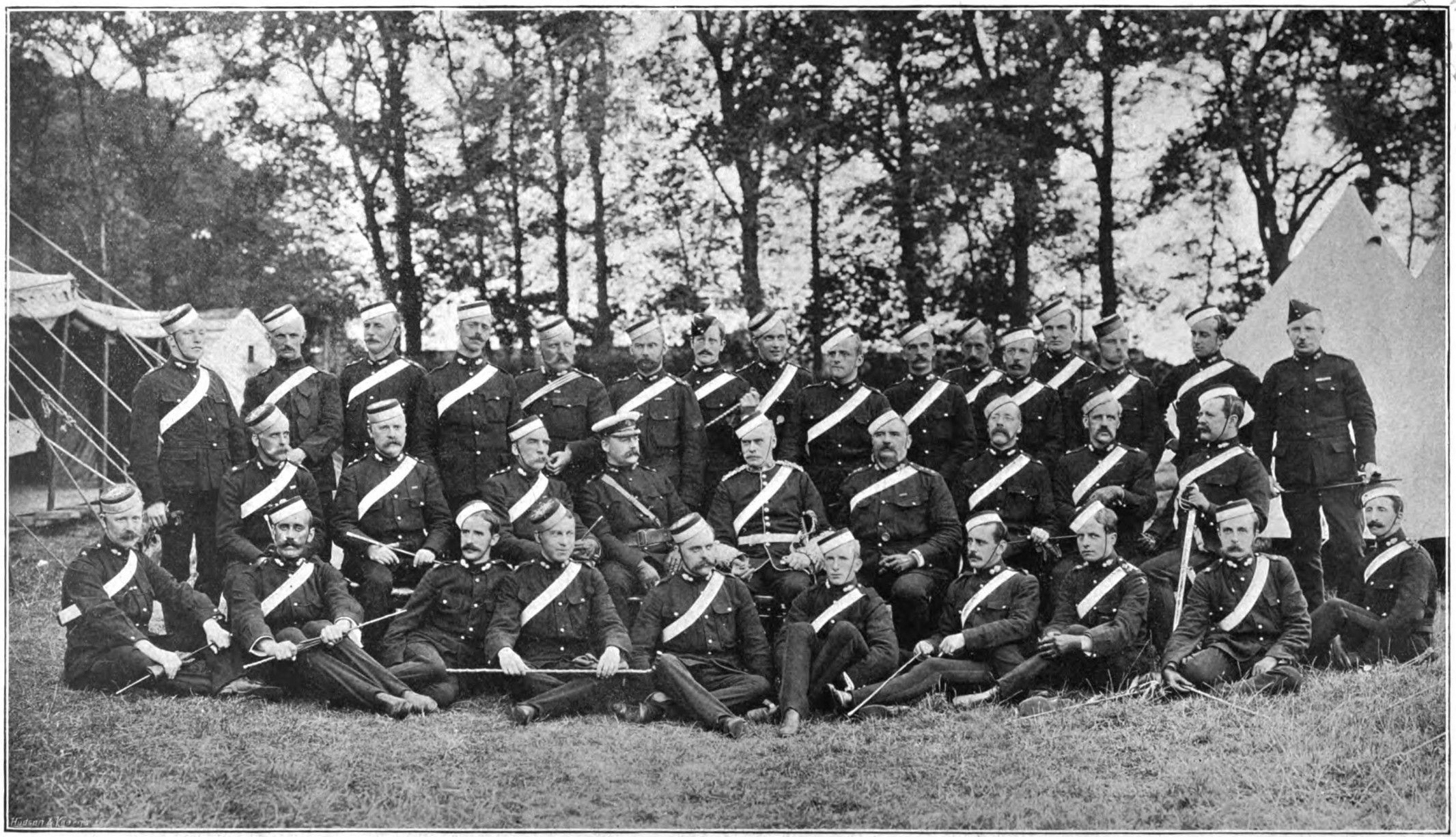

Photo. Copyright. *Turner & Drinkwater.*

Taken from left to right the Officers are: Back Row—Lieut. F. B. Moss-Blundell, Veterinary-Lieut. W. Longhurst, Captain J. Wright-Mason, Second Lieut. H. B. Allen, Surgeon-Captain J. Soutter, Captain C. H. Milburn, Second Lieut. W. H. B. Savile, Captain W. Glossop, Lieut. E. W. H. Henson, Captain A. Wilson, Lieut. R. H. Thorp, Second Lieut. F. Fugill, Lieut. H. Ouston, Captain A. G. Smith, R.A. (Adjutant), Lieut. F. D. Holmes, and Lieut. Newton, R.A. (D.S., Paull).

Middle Row—Major R. E. Johnson, Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Clarke, V.D., Colonel W. L. White, V.D., Colonel Aylmer, R.A., Hon. Colonel the Right Hon. Lord Wenlock, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Lieut.-Colonel Commandant and Colonel H. F. Purdey, V.D., Major J. Travis-Cook, Major H. S. Jacobs, V.D., and Major B. Barton.

Front Row—Lieut. T. Harrison, Second Lieut. F. M. Hamilton, Lieut. A. J. Dosons, Lieut. H. Hall, Quartermaster W. T. Harris, Second Lieut. J. D. White, Major R. W. Gleadow, Captain H. E. Hanson, Lieut. R. Raines, and Captain T. R. Smith.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 204.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1900.

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Photo. Copyright. *Chancellor*

"BOBS."

One Voice, one Joy, one Pride, the Nation's now,
To place her Hero's laurels on his brow.
More puissant "Bayard" there has never been;
Suppressing Self, like British Heroes all,
Broken with grief—he heard his Duty's call.
Soldier of God, his Country, and his Queen.

F. H.-K.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE arrangements made for the reception of Lord Roberts, though they are worthy of the great occasion, cannot express all that Englishmen feel at the home-coming of the good soldier who has done so much for Queen and country. His farewell utterances at Cape Town, informed with the true sense of duty, expressed the fine spirit of a fine soldier and a gallant gentleman. The story of his achievements is so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat it here. His name will rank henceforth among those of our greatest commanders, and he comes home to take up even a weightier task than that which lay before him a year ago. The trouble in South Africa is not yet over, as the disaster to General Clements's force has rudely shown, but Lord Roberts has laid the sure foundations of settled rule, and has thus accomplished a task assigned to him twenty years since, when he arrived at Cape Town to find that peace had been concluded with the Boers—a "peace" which has given a long period of disquiet in South Africa, ending with a war fought to the bitter end with all the character of racial passion. It has always been a characteristic of Lord Roberts to look before him, and take steps to prepare for eventualities. This was the inspiring principle of his policy on the Indian Frontier, where he always advocated measures which would make the tribesmen our friends instead of our enemies. He was not permitted at the time of the earlier Boer War, neither had he the opportunities, to carry out this policy in South Africa, but he has now exercised his great genius to good purpose, and has won the respect even of his enemies. Therefore, a welcome full of heartfelt gratitude and of high admiration is the Field-Marshal's due at the hands of his countrymen. His new duties imply the choosing, without fear or favour, of the right instruments to carry through a great work of organisation.

Photo. *Lafayette.*

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. J. COVER,

Who has been Promoted from a Majority in the Grenadier Guards to Command the 1st Battalion of the Recently raised Irish Guards, has Served throughout his Service of Twenty Years in the First-named Regiment, and was with it through the Egyptian Campaign, and was present both in the Action at Mahuta and the Battle of Tel el-Kebir. He is just Forty, and is a Smart Soldier, Well Chosen for the Important Command he has Received.

WE are induced to draw attention to a curious fatality which attends the name of this paper. Our friends do not always give its title correctly, with the result that much confusion is caused, that correspondence goes astray, and that inconvenience is caused both to us and to our contemporaries. We are pleased to learn that our illustration of the garrison recreation rooms at Gibraltar was approved at the station, but the friendly journal which conveys this information unfortunately describes this paper as *The Army and Navy Illustrated Gazette*. Such a journal does not exist, so that no harm is done; but perhaps our friends will be careful to note what is our correct designation so that mistaken identity may be avoided.

THE recreation rooms at Gibraltar which have led us to make this remark are an admirable institution, second to none of the kind in the military stations abroad. They are managed by a committee of officers under the presidency of Colonel Briggs, with an indefatigable secretary in the person of Captain T. F. Cooper, R.A., and a sub-committee of non-commissioned officers. Everything that a soldier requires, from a little light refreshment to a sea view from the look-out through a telescope, or the advantages of an excellent library, a good billiard-room, or a skittle-alley, is provided. When the fleet is at Gibraltar the institution is well patronised, and on one occasion lately from 400 to 600 suppers were provided nightly. Improvements are contemplated, but as the institution stands it is a first-rate club for the soldier and seaman.

WHEN peace is at length possible in China, and commerce is able to lift its head, there is one point to which attention must be directed. Internal intercommunication in the country, though extremely important, is notoriously slow and imperfect, but that is no reason why Hseng Hsuan Wai, commonly known in Shanghai as Sheng Taotai, should have a monopoly of the Chinese telegraph lines, and should administer them for his own ends in the very unsatisfactory manner that now is usual. It is not at all uncommon for a telegram to take a week to get from Shanghai to Western China. The line is a single one, and is constantly out of order, and the Sheng Taotai takes no adequate steps to secure the efficiency of a service which he starves. This would be a simple reform, but it would be a great help in the development of business in the interior.

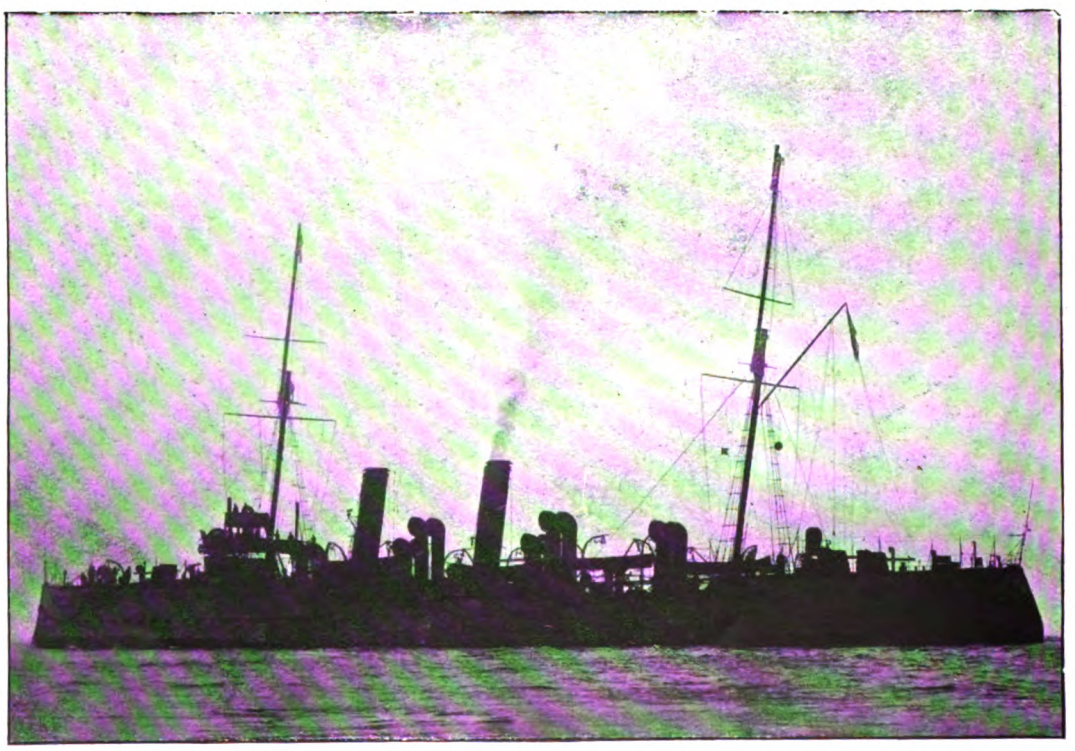

Photo. Copyright. *C. Cozens.*

THE "PANDORA."

This pretty little Cruiser, Illustrated from a Photograph taken as she Steamed Past the Entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, is the Latest Addition to the Third-class Cruisers of the Fleet. She is One of a Class of Eleven Ships of 2,200 tons and a Speed of 20-knots. The "Pelorus," during Two Cruises in which Kipling Gat ered the Materi l for his Fleet in Being, was the First of the Class, and the "Pandora" is the Last. They are a Handy and Useful Class of Vessels.

AN encouraging record is given by Sir Frederick Cardew of the British Colony of Sierra Leone, from the Governorship of which he has just retired. The late Sir David Chalmers, in reporting upon the rising in 1899, decided strongly on the whole against the policy and administration that had been adopted. But the governor was supported

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Photo. *C. Cozens.*

THE MASCOTTE OF THE THIRTEEN POINT-FIVE.

The above shows a Half-section of the Huge Shell Fired from the 67-ton Gun that Forms the Main Armament of many of our Largest Battle-ships. It makes quite a Commodious Sentry-box for the Little Damsel enclosed within, and it would be very Easy to put the other Half on and Send her Whizzing through 35-in. of Wrought Iron, at a Speed of 1,900-ft. per second; nor would she add much to its Weight of 1,250-lb.

with the French in the adjoining territories are perfectly amicable.

THE newly-formed Ladies' Rifle Club called the Newbury and District Ladies' Rifle Club, was opened on Friday afternoon, December 14, by Mrs. A. J. Carstairs, of Welford Park, near Newbury, who has accepted the presidency of the new association. The idea of such a movement originated with Mrs. Carstairs, whose husband, Captain Carstairs, is at present in South Africa, where he is serving with the 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment, Bloemfontein. Ladies' rifle clubs, though novel, are by no means the innovation many people imagine. The Guildford and District Rifle Club has decided to admit lady members, and Lady Pirbright is one of the most interested adherents. There are also other indications of similar organisations being started in different parts of England. In South Berks and North Hants, the districts which the Newbury Ladies' Rifle Club will represent, Mrs. Carstairs found ready co-operation, the idea being warmly taken up by many of the leading and most influential ladies of the district. Lady Sutton, of Benham Park, Mrs. Lionel Barlow, of Prior's Court (wife of the Master of the Craven Hounds), Mrs. E. R. Portal, of Eddington House (wife of the ex-Master of the Hounds), and many others showed great interest. The ready assistance of the Guildhall Rifle Club, Newbury, a flourishing institution, was secured, and this club, being affiliated with the National Rifle Association, and having a membership of over 100, has been able to render great help to the Ladies' Club. The range of the club is that known as the enclosed safety range. It consists of a galvanised steel tube extending for many yards from the firing-room at one end to the target-box at the other, this target-box of course being kept locked. The firing-room is well fitted up, and admirably adapted for its purpose. Firing can go on in any weather, and with a good supply of both natural and artificial light no time limit on practising is imposed—an obvious advantage. A capable and efficient expert instructor has been secured by the engagement of Sergeant-Instructor J. Berry, late of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry. Arrangements have been made by which, should the ladies desire it, shooting can be carried on under the Queen's Bisley Rules, and the three positions, viz., standing, kneeling, and prone, can be utilised. The rifles used are fitted with a Morris tube, and are suitable for novices. It is proposed to have competitions for the ladies, and prizes will be given. The whole arrangement is complete, and the rifle club, being in the heart of the town of Newbury, forms a most convenient centre for the neighbourhood. Already there are many indications that the Ladies' Rifle Club will be a distinct success.

GREAT preparations are being made by a committee in Berlin to celebrate, on January 18, the bi-centenary of the foundation of the kingdom of Prussia. Anniversaries, jubilees, and centenaries are much to the mind of the good Germans, and the German Emperor and King of Prussia supports every movement that can recall the legendary or historical events of his house and kingdom. Frederick I., son of the Great Elector Frederick William, who had greatly extended the Hohenzollern territories, put the kingly crown on his head at Königsberg on January 18, 1701, and this is the event which the Prussians are about to celebrate. Frederick did little to add to the territory his father had acquired, but his successor, Frederick William I., added Pomerania, with vast family domains, and greatly increased the income of his country. He left to his son and successor, Frederick the Great, a state of over 47,000 square miles and 2,500,000 inhabitants. Frederick added Silesia, and as Macaulay puts it, "in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, red men scalped one another by the great lakes of the North-West, and white men fought together on the shores of Coromandel." He shared also in the first partition of Poland, and his son acquired the principalities of Anspach and Baireuth and another slice of Poland, which gave to Prussia a total area of 100,000 square miles and 9,000,000 souls. Although Bonaparte preyed upon Prussia, the Congress of Vienna restored what was lost, and added part of Saxony, the Rhineland, and Swedish Pomerania. Since that time the progress of Prussia has been prodigious, and she has taken the lead in the movement for German unity. The aspirations of 1848 were crushed by outside pressure, and the surrender of Olmütz came to be regarded as an abject surrender. But William I., now officially William "the Great," never forgot the humiliation, and it was the purpose of his life to make Prussia too strong for such another fall. He succeeded in the war of 1866 in lifting her to the hegemony among German people, and the war of 1870 confirmed the triumph. The Prussians have, therefore, good ground for celebrating the work begun in 1701.

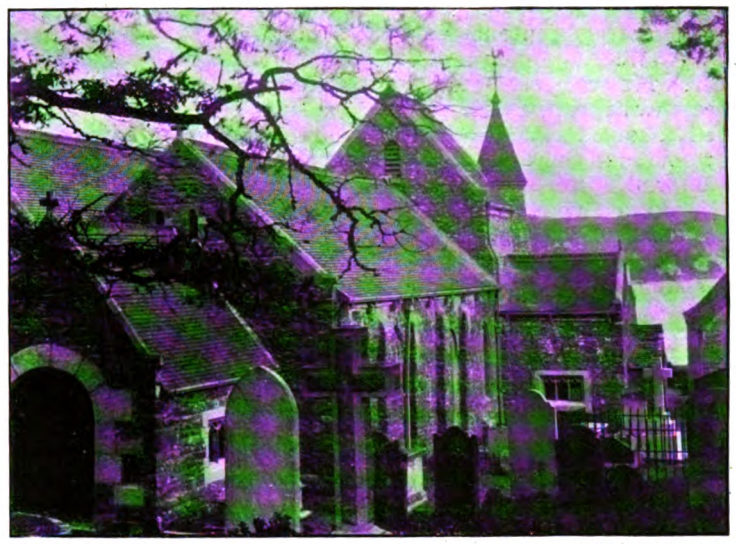

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

ST. BRELADE'S CHURCH, JERSEY.

Where will be Erected the Memorial to Colonel Le Gallais, whose Loss is Equally Mourned in his Native Island and by the British Army, and who Perished in the Hour of a Brilliant Victory. His Home, "La Moye," Crowns the Heights Overlooking the Old Church, which already Contains numerous Memorials of his Family. To these it is Proposed now to add Carved Oak Choir-stalls, and Subscriptions are being Received by the Rev. J. A. Balleine.

IT is greatly to be feared that the new century will not find France rid of the old *affaire*. The unhappy thing lifted its head again before the Christmas recess, and General André proved himself very stout in his determination to repress the business. He is the eighth Minister of War who has recognised the legality of the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus. But here rises a curious point. In the *Journal Officiel* appears no record of the decision of the Rennes court-martial, and in a return for 1899, which gives statistics of treasonable cases, there appears the word "néant." If, then, no one was adjudged guilty

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

MRS. A. J. CARSTAIRS

Is the Originator and First President of the Newly-formed Newbury and District Ladies' Rifle Club. Mrs. Carstairs is the Wife of Captain Carstairs, 3rd Yorkshire Regiment, whose Seat is Welford Park, near Newbury, but who is now on Service in South Africa with his Battalion. In the Formation of the Club Mrs. Carstairs found Ready Assistance from the Leading Ladies in South Berks and North Hants, as also from the Newbury Guildhall Rifle Club, which is Affiliated to the National Rifle Association.

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of treason in 1899, how could Captain Dreyfus have been condemned? In short, the blunder of a clerk, only one of many in connection with this *malheureuse affaire*, has given a fresh opportunity to the enemies of the Government of which they will not be slow to take advantage.

THE new dignity assumed by Prince Nicholas of Montenegro will have no political effect in the Balkan Peninsula. After a reign of forty years, during which he has conferred many benefits on his rude countrymen, he well merits the "Royal Highness." The story goes that he would have made himself a king but for the costliness of maintaining the dignity. One of his daughters is the Queen of Italy, another the Grand Duchess Peter Nikolaievitch, and a third the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, whilst his son Prince Danilo married last year the Duchess Jutta, daughter of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. This last event severely taxed the pecuniary resources of the Prince, whose Civil List is small. The country is poor, and even when Danilo I., who abandoned theocratic power, began his rule in 1851, the Montenegrins were little better than bandits and wandering shepherds, utterly ignorant of arts and sciences. He was assassinated in 1860, and there has been a great awakening under his nephew and successor. But Prince Nicholas has not had an easy life. His father Mirko was very poor, and there are those living who have seen him drive cattle for sale into the market at Cattaro, and the present Prince's mother, who only died five years ago, used to carry faggots from the mountains to vend in the nearest Austrian town. There has been progress, therefore, but the aspirations of Montenegro present some political danger.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

COLONEL CLAUDE FRANCIS AND THE OFFICERS OF THE FIJIAN DEFENCE FORCES.

In Fiji, as will be seen from our Picture, Natives and Europeans alike are "Soldiers of the Queen." The Fiji Volunteer Corps, Wholly Composed of Europeans, was Raised and Organised in 1898-99 by Colonel Francis, and Comprises Four Companies, to which is attached a Cadet Corps of Lads between Fourteen and Eighteen. Colonel Francis came from the British Guiana Police to Organise the Fijian Armed Constabulary in 1897. The Natives who Compose this Fine Body of Men average 5-ft. 9-in. in height.

SOME plain things have been said in a recent article by aged Professor Mommsen to the Dutch. Holland has ceased to be a great Power; the days of William of Orange are gone beyond recall; the country has sunk to the third class; she could not protect Oom Paul. Germany has a growing population and thriving trade; she seeks new markets, and constructs great canals; she has need of ports for her swelling merchandise. "Why not come into the Pan-German fold?" Mommsen does not use these words, but they are what he means. Holland might have become a Federated State of Germany in 1871, but she neglected the opportunity, and now she has only herself to blame for the overthrow of the Boers. With their downfall the Dutch position becomes weaker, and the only chance is to enter the German Zollverein. But the men of Holland do not welcome a suggestion that would seem to weigh in the scale against national independence, and, combined with the resentment that was felt at the rebuff administered to Mr. Kruger by Kaiser Wilhelm, Professor Mommsen's utterance has caused some soreness, which is peculiarly unfortunate at a time when Queen Wilhelmina is about to marry a German Prince. Perhaps, however, that event may have the happy effect of dispelling the little clouds caused by the intrusion of the ex-President into the complex movements of European diplomacy and international relations. The arrival of Oom Paul was notoriously very unwelcome to others besides the German Emperor.

OUR readers will be interested to know that Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Bosworth has been selected to command the recently constituted provisional battalion of the Manchester Regiment at Aldershot. Colonel Bosworth has taken a great part in the useful work of training candidates for the Army, and his appointment is a recognition of his services. It is an excellent thing that those who are concerned with military education should receive such commands.

Photo Copyright. *Hana.*

BY HER MAJESTY'S COMMAND.

The Three Groups here shown are some of Her Majesty's Colonials, who on the date given Visited Windsor and were Received by Her Majesty. The Brave Fellows Expressed a Wish to be Allowed to Send Photographs of their Respective Groups to Her Majesty, whose answer was: "You have forestalled me, for I was just about to order that you should be photographed, grouped in your respective nationalities, and that copies should be sent to me." No wonder that the Men Declared it to be "the proudest day in their lives."

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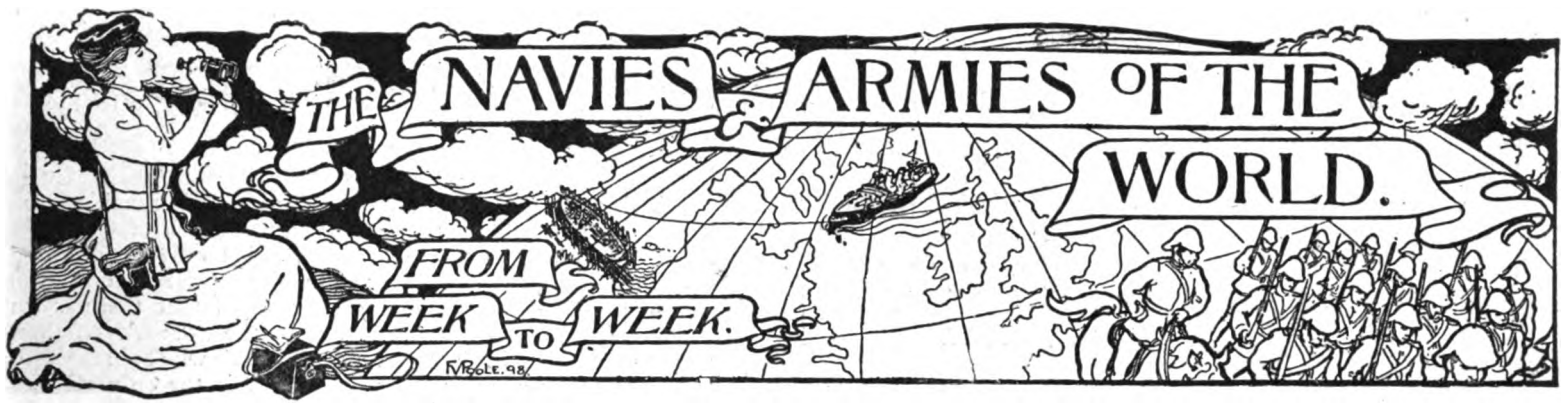

TWELVE months ago we were all thinking, and some of us were writing, about the Christmas of our soldiers in South Africa. Now there is the same subject for thought and comment. The war has dragged on, nor does it appear to be likely to end speedily, though it was officially declared as finished, and there was talk of a thanksgiving service to celebrate the conclusion. Voltaire once recorded, in his jesting way, that both sides sang Te Deum for their success in the same battle, and, indeed, a brief history of such jubilation would lend itself to humorous treatment. I do not know, however, that making jokes on the subject is exactly the proper occupation for an Englishman to-day. There is, on the contrary, a good deal in the spectacle now presented to us which is anything but jocular. In the first place, take the contrast between the degree, and kind, of popular attention paid to the troops in the field last year and this. Then one heard of mountains of plum pudding, oceans of beer, piles of flannel comforts, and what not, all going out for the benefit of the troops. To-day the 210,000, or 220,000, or 230,000 men still campaigning may eat their Christmas dinner of salt horse, or biltong, washed down with water, filtered or otherwise, for aught that most people seem to care. "Thus the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of the veteran's services," wrote Napier at the end of the narrative part of his history of the Peninsular War. We have begun the process of forgetting a little sooner—being too much occupied in thinking of the *tamasha*, or *bombance*, or *gaudeamus*, which we are going to have to our own cheek when Lord Roberts rides through London.

* * * *

The contrast is not very creditable, and seems to give countenance to those who say that the patriotic excitement of last year was a mere affair of emotion. Our soldiers are not less entitled to our affection now than they were then. If anything, they have a better claim, for they have borne the heat by day and the cold by night, the arrow that flieth in the dark and the pestilence that walketh at noontide, for a whole year. We, however, have indulged our sentiments, and have become bored. Another form of excitement is wanted, and so Tommy Atkins may pass his Christmas as quietly as Poll's fancy man. Does the reader remember Poll's fancy man, who was "in the frigate made to sail on Christmas Day, it blowing hard with sleet and snow and hail," and the remarks which Poll made to the Port Admiral? I have probably quoted it before, but it is too applicable to the case not to be used again. Perhaps an adaptation of her chorus may be sung here and there on the veldt, with "British Public" for "Port Admiral:"

"You've got a turkey, I'll be bound,
With which you will be crammed;
I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound!
British Public, you be d——d."

* * * *

And then there is another matter which is not gratifying to contemplate. I touch on it with fear and trembling, lest someone accuse me of being a Little Englander, a pro-Boer, a libeller of my countrymen, and so on. But there is the fact, none the less, and it is this, that within a very few days over 1,000 of our soldiers have been captured by an enemy who is understood to be at the end of his resources, in desperation, totally defeated, reduced to surrender, or whatever other phrase you like to use for the purpose of expressing utter overthrow and subjugation. It was 450 at Dewetsdorp, 555 with 18 officers at Magaliesberg, and fifty or so of Brabant's Horse in the Zastron district. We do not lose them altogether, because the Boers release them, but they are thrown out for a time, and the moral effect is as bad as well can be. Our opponent has the initiative everywhere at the time of writing these lines, and his 10,000 or 15,000 raiders dictate the movements of our fifth or more of a million, or at least of that part of them which is in the "conquered Republics." For this to be the state of things which prevails after a year of success, and an enormous display of force, is not flattering. All our blows seem to go, as the French phrase has it, into the water.

It is said here and there that if we adopted the methods used by other civilised Powers, these repeated "mishaps" would not occur. Well, what does this mean? Are we to adopt the ways of Russia with the Zomud Turcomans and with the Chinese on the Amur? They are most effective, for it is perfectly clear that when you have massacred a whole population it cannot fight you any more. But then you cannot pick and choose in these matters. The methods of civilised nations on the Continent in military affairs are very different from ours. Suppose, for instance, a recent barrack-yard disturbance in a certain Lancer regiment quartered in Ireland had taken place in France, which I presume is to be accepted as a civilised nation, what would have followed? Three or four at least of the noisiest of the rioters would have been shot, and a good score of the others sent to "Biribi." The fact is that the methods of civilised nations, more or less properly so-called, are highly repugnant to us. We shrink from applying them either to our own soldiers or to our enemies, because they offend our sense of what it is right for us to do. Moreover, persons who bluster in this way forget that there are counter methods which can be employed by the other side. If we imitate the practices of the French in their dealings with the Spanish guerrilleros, it is highly probable that the Boers will imitate the dealings of the guerrilleros with the French. They went a good deal beyond taking their arms and uniforms and letting them go. One result would be that our men might be less ready to surrender than they are, but another would pretty certainly be that our soldiers would be nervous on finding themselves in small detachments where they might be overpowered. Thackeray laid it down as a rule that a swindler should never cheat a pal unless he can do it for a big sum and get clean away. *Mutatis mutandis*—this is the principle on which to apply the "methods of civilised nations" in war.

* * * *

There is a curious statement in an article in the *Daily News* of the 17th, founded on another article in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "The Needs of the Navy." "It might be pointed out," so the words run, "that the proper function of a Reserve is to make good the gaps in the fighting line, and not in the first place to make good the line itself." Well, of course this may be pointed out, and it may be very sound doctrine, but it invites an immediate answer, and an enquiry. The answer is that the rule is not acted upon in any European army or navy. A certain number of battalions in the German Army would go into action as they are, but no regiment, as a regiment, would take the field until it was filled up from the reserve. Not a battalion of infantry, troop of horse, or battery of artillery in the French Army would be fit for campaigning till the reserve had filled its ranks. Neither could the French Fleet be ready for sea till it had drawn on the Inscription Maritime. It is the very essence of the modern military system that it causes an army or navy to consist of two classes—the men in training with the colours, and the trained men who are allowed to return home, but are, for a space of years, liable to be recalled at a moment's notice, and the whole force is not complete for war till they are recalled. The first reserve does universally form part of the fighting line, and is not kept back to fill gaps. This may be all wrong, but it is the practice of every European nation, and if we follow it, we are at any rate no worse off than our neighbours. The enquiry to which one would like to have a reply is this: Are we to make it the rule that the British Navy, alone of all the fighting forces in the universe, is to be always on a war footing in peace? It is a problem worth working out. If we are to have a full establishment for the whole Navy always on full pay and on active service, we shall have to keep all the ships always in commission. If not, a great part of our officers and men will spend half their lives or more rusting on dry land. Rich as we are, this nation has not got a Fortunatus purse. And what is our Navy wanted for? To fight the Navies of other nations presumably. But that being so, our needs can be regulated by their powers, and if they have to call their reserves into their fighting line, as is undeniably the case, why not we?

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES, 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *Our readers will be glad to hear that in our issue of January 5 we shall commence the serial publication of a new romance by John Bloundelle-Burton, whose popular novels, "Across the Salt Seas" and "Fortune's my Foe," have already appeared in our columns. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's new story is—appropriately enough for the opening of the New Century—entitled "The Year One," and deals with the year preceding the Reign of Terror, during which was inaugurated the first year of the Republican Calendar. The novel is graphic, pathetic, and thrilling, as well as full of adventure, and should add another success to those the author has previously achieved.*

Peace and War.

CHRISTMAS is the season of gladness. At Christmas-time everyone feels that joy and good cheer ought to be the order of the day, and most of us make an effort to spread comfort and cordiality as widely as we can. But it is this very feeling and this very effort, which makes Christmas also a season for many people of bitter contrasts and sad memories. Amid universal rejoicing sorrow puts on a deeper gloom. Mourners find their griefs harder to bear when they hear of happy gatherings on all sides, and when Christmas brings vividly to remembrance their own happiness of bygone years. The contrast, too, between what may be called the "official" view of Christmas and the misery and want in which we see so many of our fellow-creatures has a painful force. And there is yet another contrast which Christmas emphasises with peculiar power; this is the contrast between the ideals put before the world by the founder of Christianity, whose lowly birth we commemorate this week, and the actual condition of the world nineteen hundred years after that event. What do we see when we look round the world to-day? War in South Africa, war in West Africa, war in East Africa, war in China, war in the Philippines, war in the Dutch East Indies, every nation looking anxiously to the future, all the Powers of Europe taking thought how they can increase their war strength, and several of them making the increase a burden hard to be borne upon the backs of the classes whose poverty reacts upon the whole community with calamitous effect. The hour is as yet far distant when the world will say, with more truth than Shakespeare made Octavius Cæsar say it thirty years before the birth of Christ:

"The time of universal peace is near."

About that period—the date of Antony's defeat at Actium—there undoubtedly was a feeling throughout the Roman world that a new era was at hand. One of the finest passages in Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Herod" indicates this. Herod, unhappy at the popularity of the young high priest Aristobulus, tells how he does,

"Wandering night by night
Among the people of Jerusalem,
I hear a whispering of some new King,
A child that is to sit where I am sitting."

This Child-King is to be the herald of new ideas. When he comes—

"The roaring of war shall cease upon the air,
Falling of tears and all the voices of sorrow,
And he shall take the terror from the grave."

To which Gadias, the soldier, type of the believer in force and nothing but force, replies contemptuously:

"The malady is too old and too long rooted.
The earth ailed from the first; war, pestilence,
Madness, and death are not as ills that she
Contracted, but are in her bones and blood."

Yet Herod is not convinced by Gadias's reasoning. He follows his advice, it is true; but, even while he is making up his mind to further deeds of bloodshed and wrong, his better self puts the question:

"Ah! might there not be
Some power in gentleness we dream not of?"

This passage, which plainly refers to the prevailing sentiment of the generation that preceded the birth of Christ—the sentiment which prepared the world for His doctrine of gentleness and peace—has just as much application to the world of to-day. There are still Herods who feel that there is some better way than war and the justice of the sword, even though they do not follow it. There are still Gadias's who hold that, while human nature remains what it is, might is the only right, and gentle methods nothing but a sign of feebleness. For nineteen hundred years the Christian ideal has been before the world, and we are very little nearer to its realisation than we were before Christ was born. Even the official representatives of Christ's teaching allow this part of it to fall into the background. Indeed, they are so busy fighting amongst themselves that they could not with any good grace counsel peace to others. The retort might well be made to them:

"Who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in brawls?"

What must we conclude then—that the ideal set before us of a world ruled by gentle means, with no resort to force or violence, is an ideal that we must abandon? That we must regard it as a counsel of perfection too wonderful and excellent for us, and content ourselves with the plea that we cannot attain unto it? By no means. All ideals should be counsels of perfection. An ideal capable of attainment can appeal only to a small mind.

"That low man sees a little to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it."

We may feel in our heart of hearts that we can never grasp our ideals.

"Ay, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

It may seem paradoxical for a journal devoted to the interests of the Navy and Army to uphold the ideal of universal peace. Yet it is an ideal that the sailor and the soldier may keep before them always, even while they are, to the outward eye, engaged in trampling it under foot. No one in full possession of his senses imagines that war can be abolished off-hand in the present state of civilisation, any more than he imagines that a man can make himself a perfect character by merely determining to be good. But we all know that a high ideal of conduct has an ennobling effect upon character, even though it cannot be realised. In the same way, if we keep in mind that persuasion is better than force, that gentleness is finer and far more lasting in its effect than violence, we shall, when we are compelled to wage war, wage it in a spirit that will win us the respect of enemies and tend in the long run to further the cause of peace. War, as it has been conducted in South Africa, is terrible enough, but each side can congratulate the other on having fought like men with as much humanity as was possible. The stories that are told of the sacking of Peking suggest that many of the European troops, especially the Russians, were more like devils than men. It is humiliating to hear it stated that British troops took part in the robbery and spoliation. We hope sincerely that the statement is untrue. This was a fitting occasion for us to show, as we have shown in South Africa, that we do follow a high ideal. Brutal rapine is no necessary part of warfare. How can we expect the Chinese to tolerate us or to believe in our religion when they are subject to such revolting barbarities as were permitted in Peking? This is a concrete instance of the need for a high ideal, an example of the good that might have been done by bearing in mind the precepts of gentleness and humanity. Unless the ideal which Christ upheld be kept in view, modern warfare will become a more horrible thing than ancient warfare. By keeping it in view, we shall both strengthen our national character and make war less barbarous, even though we cannot do away with it altogether. The value of an ideal does not lie so much in the hope of its achievement as in the effect which its constant pursuit is bound to have upon the actual in everyday life.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 28, 1808.—Attack of French cavalry at Benevente repulsed by the 10th Hussars.

December 29, 1843.—Battles of Maharajpore and Punniar. The Mahrattas completely overthrown by Sir Hugh Gough at Maharajpore. The enemy lost between 3,000 and 4,000 men. On the same day Major-General Grey defeated the Mahrattas at Punniar.

DECEMBER 28, 1756.—Admiral Watson captured Calcutta. 1793.—Capture of the "Sans Culotte," 20, by the "Blanche," 32. 1797.—Capture of the French "Hazard," 14, by the "Phaeton," 38. 1806.—Capture of the French "Général Blanchard," 16, by the "Favourite," 20.

December 29, 1797.—Capture of the French "Daphne," 20, by the "Anson," 44. 1812.—Capture of the French "Ruse," 16, by the "Royalist," 18. The British "Java" taken by the United States "Constitution."

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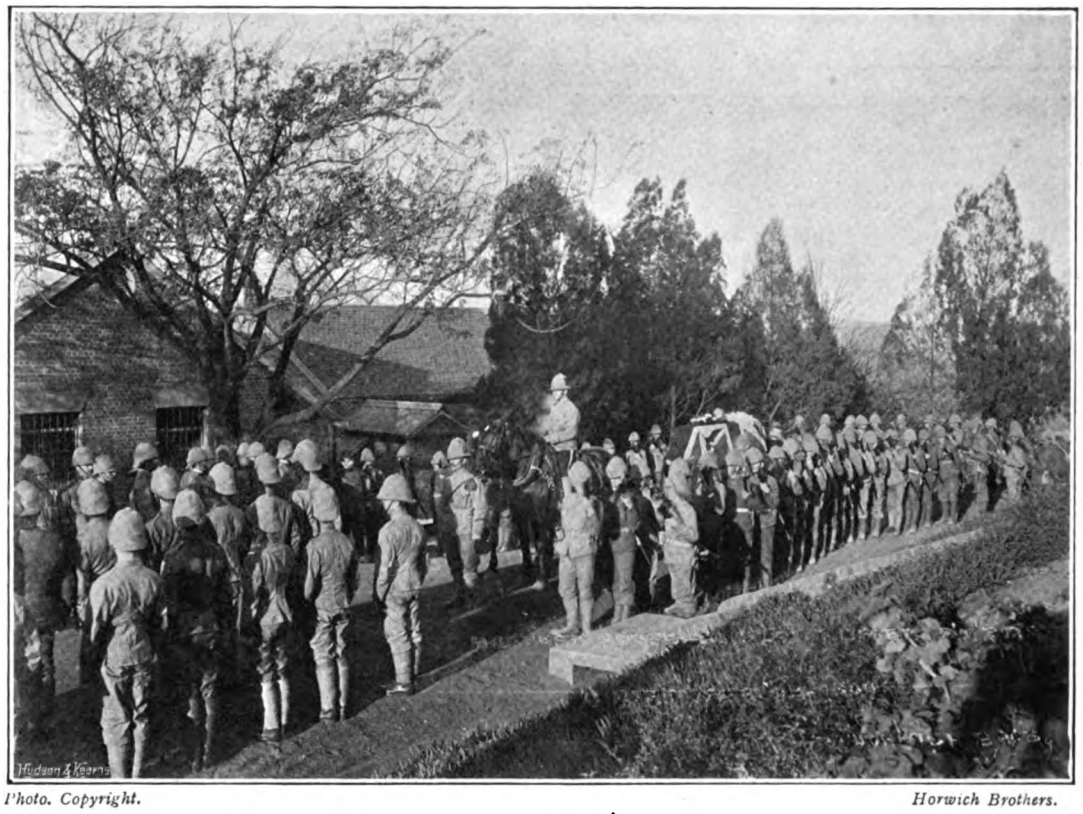
Scenes from South Africa.



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THE LAST SAD RITE UNDER THE UNION FLAG.

A Military Funeral in South Africa.

IT would be of no use to pretend that the present condition of affairs in South Africa is wholly satisfactory. It is not. We could wish that the commandoes of what are now mostly marauders were less energetic, that they met with less support than they appear to do in the outlying farms, and that they approached more nearly to an exhaustion of their supply of ammunition. There was more of organisation in De La Rey's attack on the position held by General Clements than we have lately seen, and the loss was severe, leading to many scenes such as that we depict. The intrepid and resourceful De Wet again, in the direst straits, showed his old qualities, and it is not, unfortunately, to be denied that there has been a considerable recrudescence of warlike activity. Through it all the excellent Basutos have stood firm and true; never rising, but keeping a sharp look-out on their long frontier, which the Boers never ventured to violate, and they well deserved the thanks given to them by Lord Roberts and Sir Godfrey Lagden.

The year on the verge of passing away has been a year of surprises. Colenso, Stormberg, and Magersfontein had found their appropriate answer in the superb strategy which relieved Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, and which removed the tension from which the country was undoubtedly suffering. The Boers had everything on their side—an almost inaccessible country, a friendly populace, and preparations for this particular war which had been in progress for years. It was the consciousness of these advantages on their side which rendered the national rejoicings at the successive relief of various places just a little hysterical, and London perhaps would not willingly see a repetition of "Mafeking night."

Then came the work of crushing the serious opposition of the Boer Army; and the flanking movements of Lord Roberts, so ably carried out by the generals to whom he entrusted the local control, seconded by the advance from Natal of Sir Redvers Buller, who had sternly fought his way into Ladysmith, completed this task. The formal annexation to this country of what is now the Orange River Colony and of the Transvaal followed as a matter of course. Unfortunately, the peace that might have been expected has not been reached. The large stores of ammunition so carefully laid in beforehand in conjunction with the difficulties of the country and the support which the Boers necessarily find from their own immediate relatives—even from their own farms—facilitated isolated attacks upon our men on behalf of a cause which had long become hopeless, and the closing weeks of the year have not been without their unpleasant incidents.

Of course the whole thing can have but one end. If we push it to its uttermost extreme, and assume the maximum of resistance, there must come a time when Boer ammunition will be exhausted. Meantime our men are complaining that they have to fight, not only men who are in mufti—or plain clothes—and whom it is therefore difficult to differentiate from the few Boers who desire to remain at peace, but even an enemy attired in the very uniform of our men, and indistinguishable from them until a volley tells the difference. If this sort of thing goes on, the New Year and new century may see more bloodshed than many anticipated. Men will not allow themselves to be deluded without taking a bitter revenge. The New Year, however, opens on an era of guerilla warfare. The opposition of organised Boer forces is practically at an end. We have to deal with independent efforts which may mean certain successes according as men are drawn to this point or to that, but which will none the less signify the ultimate British victory. This is the prospect before us; irregular fighting, and, of course, ultimate triumph. Thus, in the New Year, have we to face casual struggles, and then will come the question of the co-existence of the British and Dutch races in the conquered land. This is the real difficulty of the future in South Africa. The war must end, and it can only end, in one way. But the two races have to live side by side—let us hope to amalgamate. After all, there is much in common between the British and the Dutch. The difficulty is that the inland Boers are so exceptionally ignorant. If, however, the two races can live side by side, they will grow into one as the years go on. This is the hope of the New Year and the new century, that the Boer will recognise his affinity and cease his fighting. There can, of course, be no doubt as to Britain's course, and the future Federation of South Africa will be only a step towards the grander Federation of the Empire.

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A LOYAL TRIBE LOYALLY THANKED FOR ITS SERVICES.

Lord Roberts and Sir Godfrey Lagden Thanking the Basuto Chiefs.

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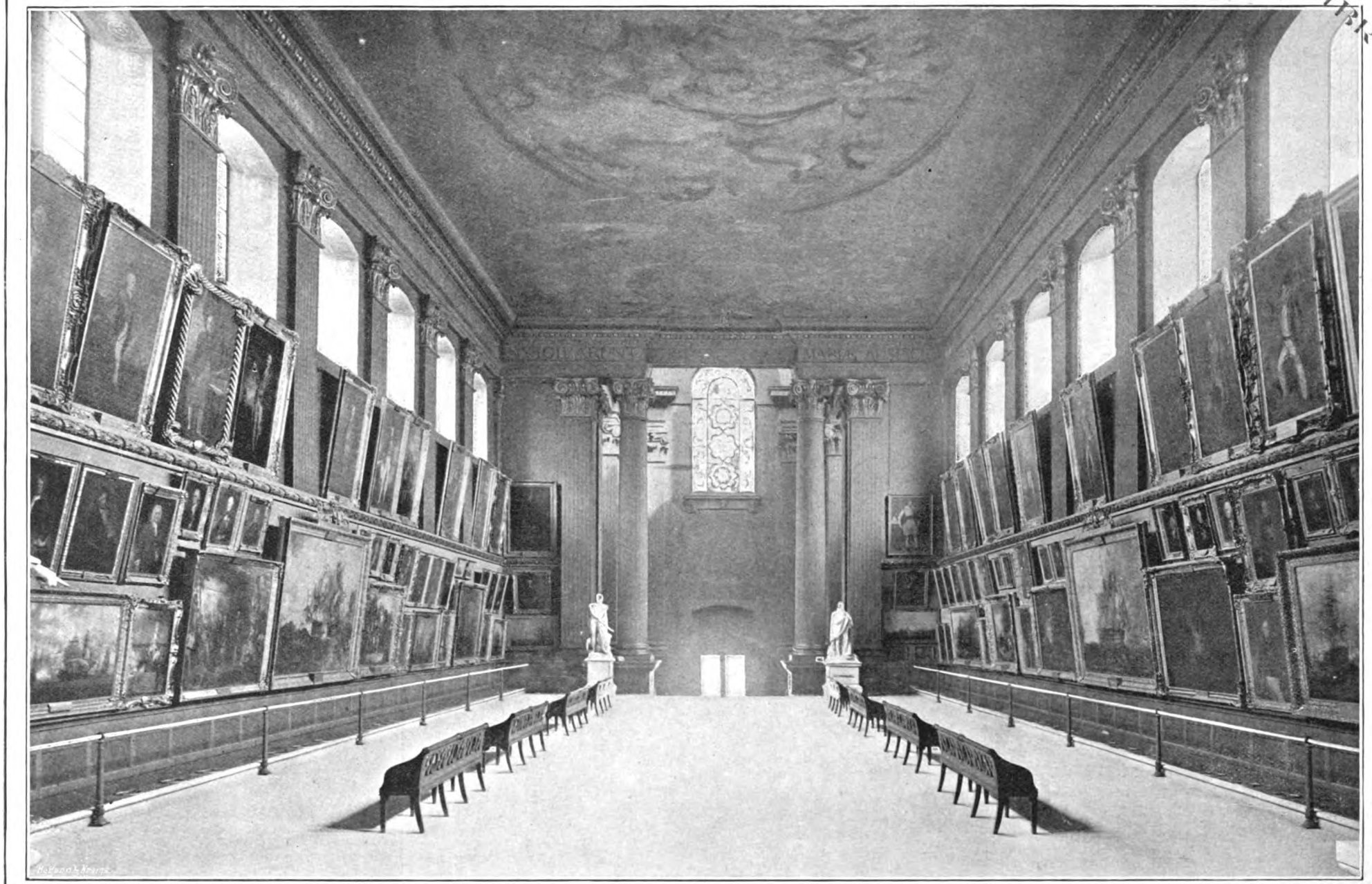

Photo. Copyright. *Elliott & Fry.*

THE PAINTED HALL AT GREENWICH.

Greenwich Hospital is not fully what it ought to be. It should be a great national museum, but too many trophies that might find a place in it are scattered throughout the country. Nevertheless, the Painted Hall contains innumerable portraits and battle scenes, and it was from it that the Nelson relics were stolen. They were contained in a case which stood in a sort of ante-room, and when once this case was opened, it was, of course, easy to abstract the contents.

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THERE have been many greater, more desperate, bloody, and decisive battles than Chalgrove Field, but for personal interest there are none more memorable in the annals of England. For there, in 1643, death came to the man whom the Royalists looked upon as an ambitious, hot-headed rebel, and the Parliamentarians as a determined, courageous patriot, who would risk life and honour for the sake of his country and in support of the cause he had so greatly at heart. "A gentleman of the ancientest extraction in Buckinghamshire, Hampden of Hampden, his fortune large, his natural abilities great," he was one of the strongest men of his unhappy time, and from his first appearance as a young Buckinghamshire squire resolutely refusing to pay benevolences, forced loans, and ship money, till the day of his death he was a power that had to be reckoned with by both friends and foes.

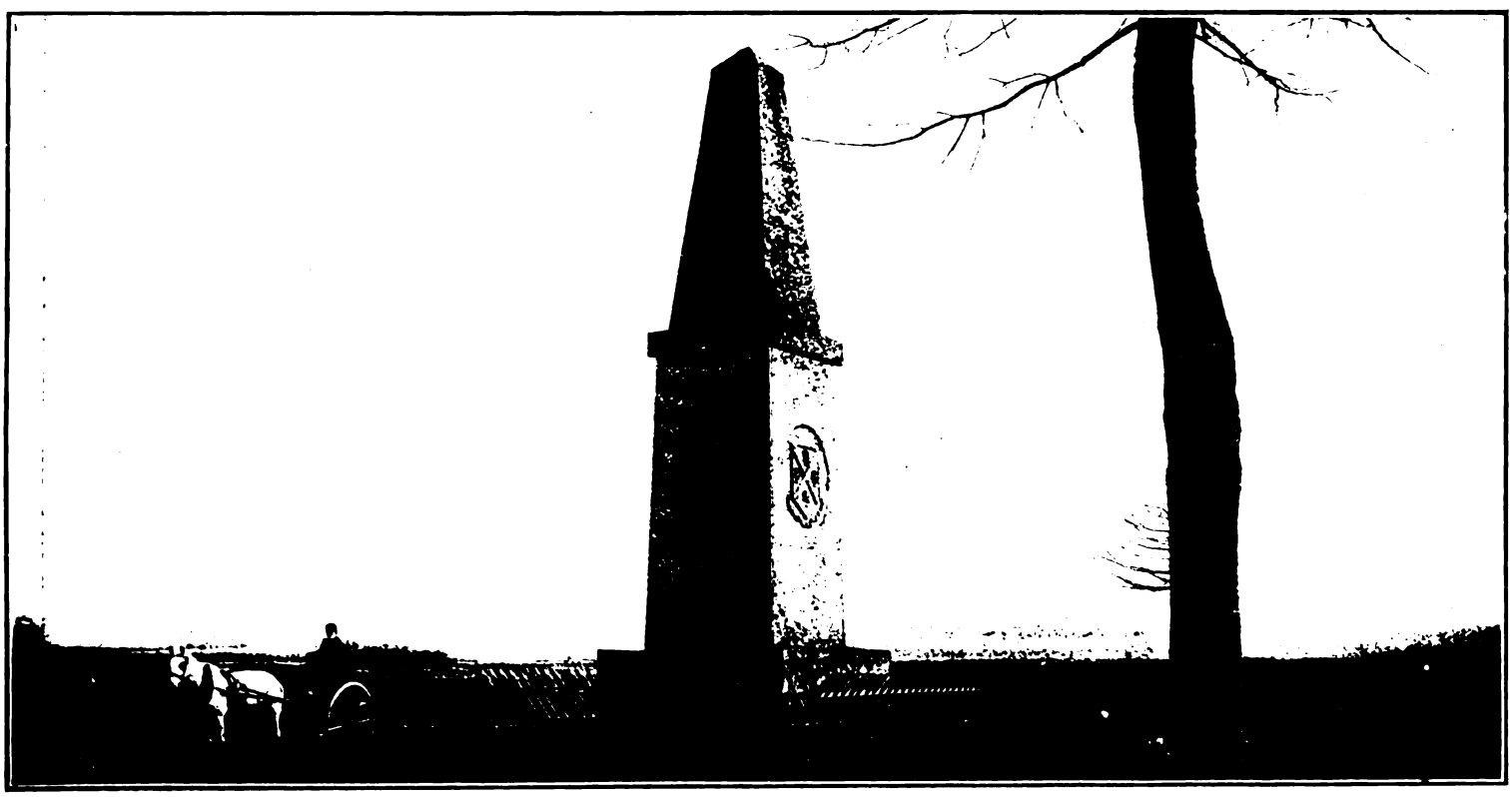
All through the beginning of that year 1643 negotiations for peace had been attempted and had failed. But with the absence of a decisive policy of conciliation on the King's side, and with the strong distrust of His Majesty and a nervous dread of Roman Catholicism on the part of the Parliamentarians, there could never have been great hopes of an understanding. Through the long winter months preparations for an extension of the war were continually going on, whilst the King took up his quarters at Oxford and Rupert laid siege to and captured Reading. Oxford forgot much of its ordinary student life that winter, when the Court and its attendant lords and ladies crowded the place with an altogether alien population. Lady Fanshawe gives a vivid picture of it as seen through these Royalists' eyes. She was not married in those days, and she writes: "My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him to Oxford, where the Court then was, but we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience, for from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street, and from rooms well-furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered; no money, for we were as poor as Job; nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their clothes bags; we had the perpetual discourse of losing and gaining towns and men; at the windows the sad spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sicknesses of other kind, by reason of so many people being packed together, as, I believe, there never was before of that quality; always in want, yet I must needs say that most bore it with a martyr-like cheerfulness. For my own part, I began to think we should all, like Abraham, live in tents all the days of our lives."

Meanwhile Rupert, after subduing Reading, was dashing about the country in his usual daring fashion, raiding this place and that place to get supplies of money, forage, and food.

On June 17, hearing that a convoy with a sum of £21,000 was on the way from Thame to London, he resolved to intercept it. Putting himself at the head of a strong body of horse, he marched out of Oxford, came upon a regiment of dragoons at Postcombe, and almost annihilated them; fell in with a second regiment at Chinnor, and defeated them. At the same time, however, he failed to come in touch with the convoy, so fell back towards Oxford, intending to join forces with his own infantry at Chiselhampton Bridge.

Hampden meanwhile lay with his army in his own country amongst the Chilterns, where he heard news of Rupert's movements. He at once sent word to Essex, offering to put himself at the head of a body of Parliamentary Horse, and to attack the Prince in his rear so as to cut off his retreat. "Whereupon the officers and soldiers freely consented, and showed much cheerfulness that they could have the honour to be led by so noble a captain."

In the early hours of the 19th the two forces came in contact. On a beautiful summer morning, on Chalgrove Field, amidst the young green of the growing corn, Rupert



THE HAMPDEN MEMORIAL.

Erected in the Field in which the Patriot first Mustered the Buckinghamshire Militia.

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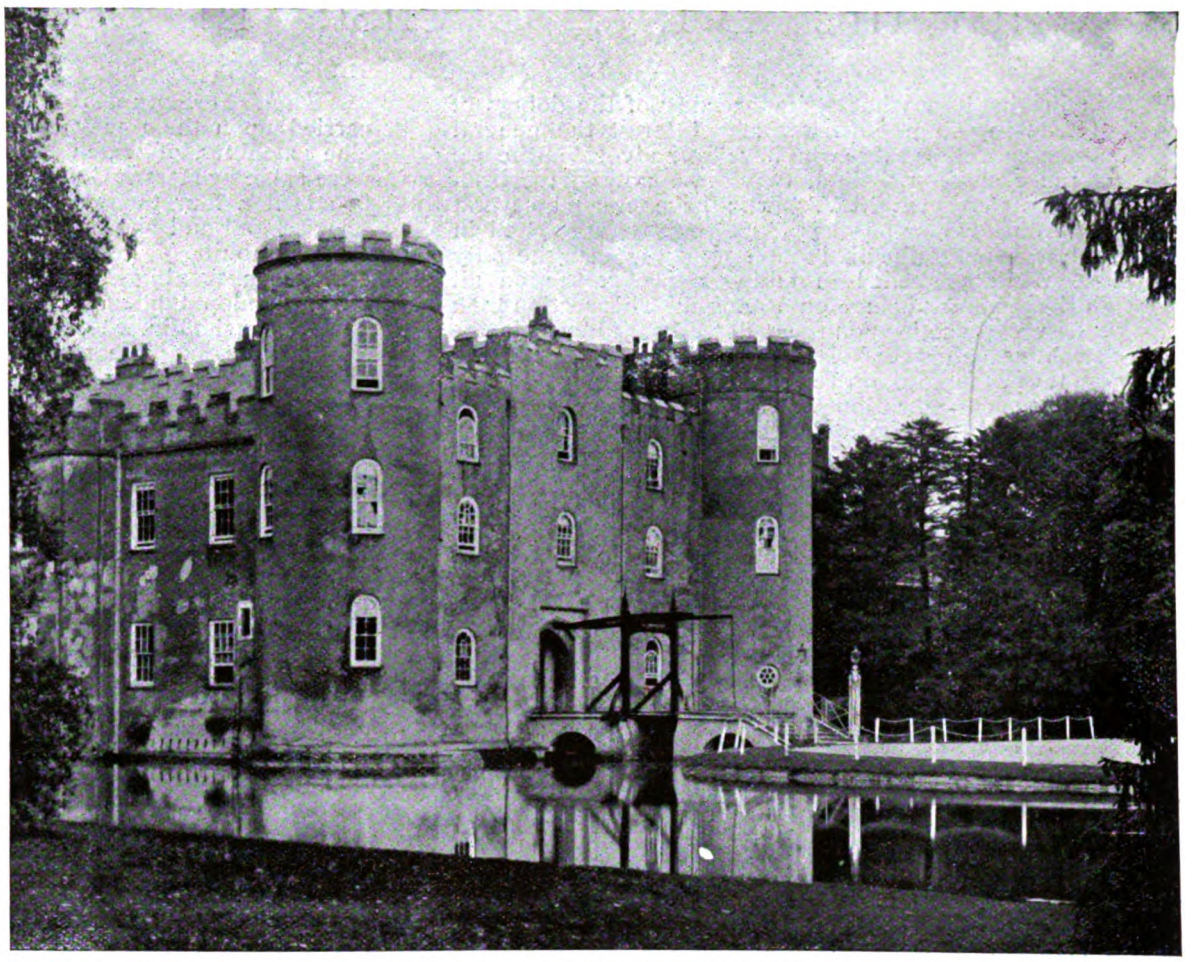
HAMPDEN HOUSE, BUCKS.

The Home of John Hampden (now Belonging to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, his Descendant in the Female Line.

took up his position, ordered the detachment which guarded his prisoners and booty to move on to Chiselhampton Bridge, and at the head of his cavalry turned and faced the foe. Worn out with his long march, he refused to make the attack, but waited impatiently till the enemy advanced. In three separate detachments the Parliamentarians came on. The first, led by Colonel Gunter, was repulsed with terrible slaughter; the second, led by Neale and Percy, fared no better; and then, at last, Hampden with the third rallied the scattered squadrons, and made a fierce attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day; but in his first charge he received his death-blow, being mortally wounded in the shoulder, whilst his arm was shattered by a bullet and hung useless by his side. So great a misfortune to their leader entirely shook the courage of Hampden's men, who had lost so many of their officers killed or taken prisoners on the field that morning, so without attempting further attacks they turned and fled, whilst Rupert, who was not in a position to pursue them, made good his retreat upon Oxford.



SHIRBURN CASTLE.
In the Neighbourhood of Chalgrove Field. Defended by Miss Chamberlain against Fairfax in 1646.

At first there were many who hoped that Hampden's wound was not mortal. It "was more likely to be a badge of honour than any danger of life," they said. But such hopes were too sanguine. From the battle-field he rode away "before the action was done, which he never used to do, with his head hanging down, and resting his hands upon the neck of the horse." He first tried to reach Pyrton (the home of his first wife, Elizabeth Symeon), which lay just across Shirburn Park; but his weakness growing upon him, he made his way to Thame, where in the house of one Ezekiel Browne he lay for six days and then died. "In the first moments of respite from pain," says Whitlock, "he laboured to condense all his dying energies in the work of sending letters of counsel to the Parliament, and this done he devoted the last fleeting hours to his soul, and on the sixth day he departed without any pain at all, as if falling out of a sweet slumber into a deep sleep."

"All the troops," says Lord Nugent, "that could be spared from the quarters round joined to escort the honoured corpse to its last resting-place, once his beloved abode amongst the hills and woods of the Chilterns. They followed him to his grave in the parish church there adjoining his mansion, their arms reversed, drums and ensigns muffled, and their heads uncovered. Thus they marched, singing the ninetieth Psalm as they proceeded to the funeral, the forty-third as they returned."

In 1843 an obelisk was put up to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of Chalgrove Field. There it stands at the corner of the very field in which Hampden first mustered the Buckinghamshire Militia, which also he crossed as in his agony he rode that last time to Thame. On a medallion are inscribed a few lines telling of his death-wound, received as he fought "in defence of the free monarchy and ancient liberties of England."

IN THE GARDEN AT HAMPDEN HOUSE.
Where John Hampden Meditated his Plans for the Parliament.

Chalgrove Field has this special interest in its connection with Hampden, but the whole neighbourhood is full of associations with the great rebellion. Shirburn manor house, near to Wallington, and only one mile from Pyrton, was defended by Miss Chamberlain in 1646 against Fairfax, and as late as 1858 bullets were found flattened and embedded in the stout oak doors; whilst in the little village of Ewelme Rupert frequently took up his quarters in the winter of 1643, when the King was at Oxford; and although the manor house which made his resting-place has entirely disappeared, there are many old houses still standing whose stones, if they had tongues, could tell us many stories of the Civil War.

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With the C.I.V. Cyclists in South Africa.

By A Member of the C.I.V.'s.

IT is in the hope that some account of the doings of cyclists in the present war may interest the general public, as well as those who have ever advocated the use of the cycle in the field, that these notes have been written. To the C.I.V.'s, who have created several records in one way or another since they were enlisted in January last, belongs the distinction of having been the only regiment which succeeded in taking a cyclist section all through the general advance on Pretoria. This section took part in the various actions on the road thither, and was in the final march past after the hoisting of the British flag in the late capital of Oom Paul, on July 6.

Military cycling has long been so intimately connected with Volunteer enterprise, and has been regarded with such favour by Volunteer authorities, that the inclusion of a cyclist section in so comprehensive a Volunteer force as the C.I.V.'s was considered necessary to make the regiment complete. The uncertainty, born of lack of experience, as to the capabilities and scope of cyclists in war-time, must account for the fact that the necessity for such a section was not immediately grasped. A cyclist section was, in fact, necessarily an experiment, and it was largely due to the energy and persistence of Lieutenant Hugh Hole, of the Inns of Court R.V., that the difficulties were overcome, and that it was ultimately decided to make the experiment and to equip a cyclist section of C.I.V.'s. This zealous officer, strong in his belief in the possibilities of cyclists in war, produced and organised a section of eighteen men, all members of his own corps, and offered their services to the Lord Mayor, stipulating only that if they were to go to South Africa, it should be as cyclists, and in that capacity alone. His proposal was only accepted on the understanding that, should no employment be found for the cyclists on their arrival in South Africa, they should return to the ranks. The mere fact that on arrival at the seat of war this question was never raised seems sufficient proof of the utility of the cyclist section, and of the many duties which the regimental and staff authorities called upon it to perform.

As soon as the Mansion House decision was communicated to Lieutenant Hole, the difficult question of equipment had to be considered. The two main uses to which cyclists can be put are, roughly speaking, despatch riding and scouting on mounted infantry lines, and it now became necessary to consider and to decide as to how the men should be equipped. The general consensus of opinion among those most interested, the cyclists themselves, and the military cycling experts who were consulted, was that it would be as despatch riders that the section would prove most useful, in view of the fact that roads were few in South Africa, and that the ground as a whole was very rough. It was, therefore, proposed to arm the men with a Mauser pistol or sporting Lee-Metford, and to mount them upon light machines. This view, however, was not shared by the War Office, and bearing in mind the possibility of a return to the ranks, every man was armed with a Lee-Enfield rifle and bayonet. This involved a heavier machine, and caused the section to be equipped upon the mounted infantry principle. There was some difficulty in getting the machines ready in the week before the "Briton," in which the cyclists had to be ready to sail, was to leave England; but their departure was ultimately deferred until January 20, when they left in the "Ariosto."

The following notes on the bicycles, and the equipment carried upon them, may be of interest to military cyclists. The machines, of which each man was provided with two, were made by Messrs. Gamage of High Holborn, who supplied in addition four tandems, the whole number being painted khaki colour and showing no bright parts. The frames were specially built of heavy-gauge weldless steel tubing, with extra strengthening liners in head and forks and double top bars; Dunlop tandem tyres and rims, filled with Smith's bands; equal 28-in. wheels, with double-butted tangent spokes (tied), and ½-in. pitch roller chain. Each bicycle was fitted with a Turner carrier, fixed over the back wheel, on which to carry great-coat, blankets, and rations in the case of a rider being sent away from the battalion on special duty. The total weight of the machine and kit combined amounted to 90-lb. A distinctive feature of the outfit was the exchange of the Slade-Wallace equipment for the "Rucksac," such as is used by mountaineers in Switzerland and also in the German Army. The "Rucksac" was one of the most valuable portions of kit which the men took out, as it served during the campaign for almost every conceivable purpose. It has been used as a pillow, a bag for the feet on a cold night, and a post-bag; it has conveyed pay for the troops to the value of £1,000 in gold from a Pretoria bank; and it has carried a field telegraph apparatus many miles by night to replace an instrument broken by the Boers. One of our illustrations will show at a glance the manner of wearing the "Rucksac," and the ease with which it may be taken off and put on. So much for the preliminaries. Let us skip the twenty-eight days' voyage in the "Ariosto," and the intervening days at Green Point Camp until the C.I.V.'s arrived at Orange River.

Photo. Copyright. *L. C. Green Wilkinson.*

CROSSING BARBED WIRE.
The First Ride at Orange River.

It was not long before the cyclists had an opportunity of showing their worth. Twelve of their number, together with one corporal, were attached to the troops under General Settle, who was at that time in command of one of the three columns operating against the rebels around Prieska, the whole force being under the command of Lord Kitchener. The cyclists now found plenty of work, and to fit them for duty as despatch riders they were stripped of rifles, bayonets, and heavy kit, and armed with revolvers only. Their duty was from that time forth to keep up communications between the General's headquarters and the nearest telegraph office, the distance on one occasion being 100 miles, between the villages of Draghoender and Uppington.

As soon as the country round Prieska had been cleared of rebels, General Settle's force proceeded 160 miles further north-west, to Uppington and Kenhardt, being at one time no less than 300 miles from the railway. The roads in this district were often terribly deep in sand; thorns—the cyclist's bane—were plentiful on the veldt, and punctures consequently frequent; but the useful expedient of a strip of leather placed between the cover and inner tube greatly improved matters.

In addition to ordinary despatch work, the cyclists were utilised for various duties, of which not the least interesting or exciting were the visits, in pairs, to outlying farms for the purpose of arresting supposed rebels and collecting arms.

During these trips many exciting incidents fell to the lot of the cyclists. On one occasion word was brought to three of the section that three rebels were on their farm, armed with a Winchester repeater, two Martini-Henrys, besides other weapons, and a good supply of ammunition. Off went the

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cyclists to arrest them. When in sight of the house, the attacking party spread out on the veldt, and rode hard at the house from three sides; on reaching it they jumped upon the stoep just in time to present their revolvers in the faces of the rebels, who were making a dash for their arms within the house. They were then placed in their own cart with the captured rifles, and escorted back in triumph to camp—some ten miles away.

On another occasion an arrest was made single-handed. A solitary cyclist was despatched seventy miles from Uppington to arrest the Rev. Mr. Schröder, a prominent rebel agitator. He arrested the reverend gentleman at a prayer-meeting, and returned with him a prisoner; for this action he gained personal praise from Lord Kitchener.

In a country of long distances and bad roads, bicycling is hardly the pleasant exercise it is on the excellent highways of England; when to these two drawbacks is added the fact that the ride has to be performed on a dark and wet night, there is no thought of enjoyment, but only a feeling of downright misery. These were the conditions that a C.I.V. cyclist was called upon to face when despatched with some important message from General Settle to Lord Kitchener's De Aar column, then at Omdraaisvlei. The messenger endeavoured to glean a general idea of the direction from a Kaffir, who, scratching a map upon the sand, told him that the distance was twenty miles, that there was no road, but only a track, and that a Boer patrol had been seen in that direction. Nothing daunted, the despatch rider started off, and being enabled to avoid a party of twenty Boers who were right on his road by the timely assistance of a glimmer of light, finally reached Lord Kitchener in safety at midnight, after making a détour.

Yet another duty was allotted to the cyclists—that of mending telegraph wires. When still at Prieska two of their number were sent out to restore communication with Draghoender. This pair of amateur Royal Engineers, without any previous experience of the work they were required to perform, succeeded in repairing the break in the wire, and satisfactorily restored telegraphic communication.

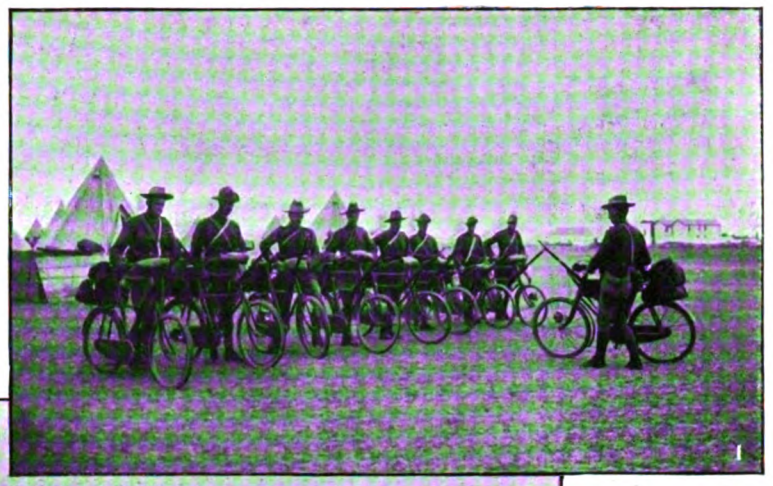
When the rebellion in these parts had been stamped out, the cyclist section returned to rejoin the C.I.V.'s who were with the 21st Brigade in the general advance upon Pretoria in May, and were continually employed as orderlies attached to the staffs of the various generals, being sent back to guide convoys or to take despatches to the field telegraph which followed up the advancing forces.

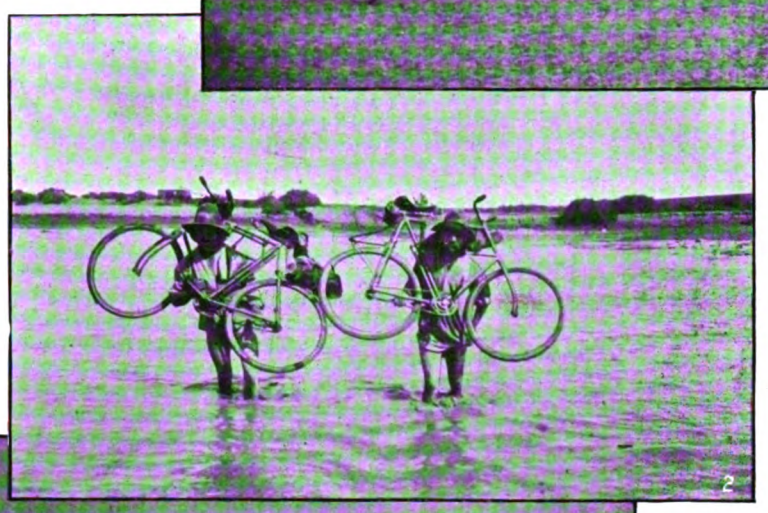
During the general actions which took place during the forward march the cyclists were scattered amongst the advancing companies, ready to ride off either to the general for orders, or to bring up stretcher-bearers or ammunition. As they rode over the veldt, when everyone else was lying down for cover, they offered a tempting mark to the Boers. Luckily, however, not one was hit; the only result was the shooting away of one man's chain.

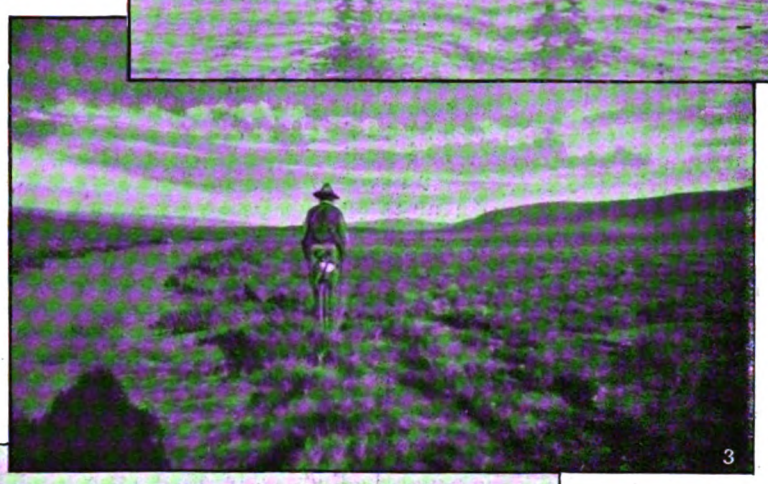
After the capture of Pretoria, and the occupation of Heidelburg by Ian Hamilton, the cyclists were utilised to carry a regular post between the latter place and Johannesburg—a distance of thirty-five miles—until communication was restored by train.

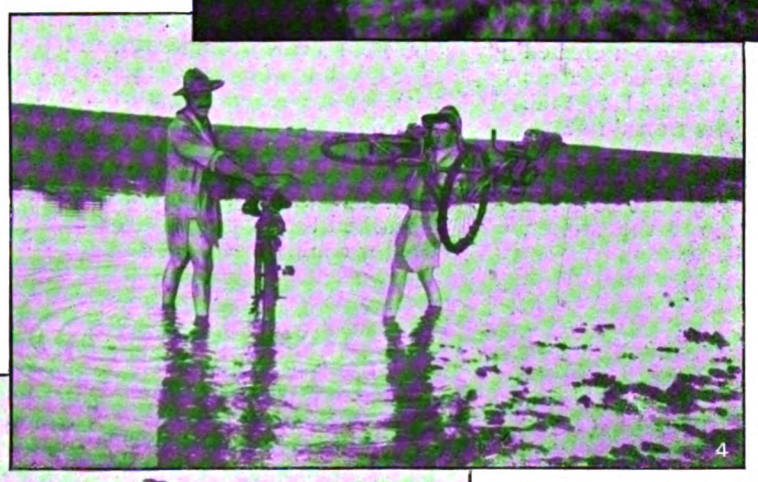
It would have been surprising if, with all the long distances the cyclists had to cover, no misfortune had attended them. Two of them were, in fact, captured by the redoubtable De Wet, during the occupation of Heilbron by the C.I.V.'s, when carrying despatches to Lindley; one was able to tear up his despatch, and the other hid his in the tube of his handle bar. Though the men were held prisoners for fourteen days, and the machines were taken by De Wet, the despatch was never discovered.

Many pages might be covered with such adventures as these, which occurred from time to time, but space forbids. It is sufficient justification of the experiment to say that duties have been found for cyclists to such an extent that the men returned have each covered between 2,000 and 3,000 miles on duty, and more than one of them riding the same machine on which he started from the Cape, while others have been able to obtain their reserve machines. But no man has ever been without a machine to ride when required for duty, and this in a country where roads are of the very roughest description.









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1—A Parade with Full Kit at Cape Town. 2—Crossing the Brak or Salt] River on the Prieska Expedition. 3—A Cyclist has to Ride Over the Veldt, owing to Sandy Roads. (The cycles are very different in appearance from those which left London last January; gear cases, mud guards, brakes, thorn catchers, rifle buckets, lamp brackets, and lamps, all have been discarded as unnecessary. Transport for regiments was so curtailed that there was no chance of carrying any of the large number of spare parts—tyres, etc.—with which the section was supplied, save such as the enthusiastic wheelers carried on their own persons; oil, for instance, soon gave out, and many machines ran for months on dry bearings with apparently little damage. The machines and tyres, in short, were a surprise to their riders, and a credit to their manufacturers.) 4—Crossing a Spruit of Deep Mud, which so Clogged the Machines that the Wheels and Chains Refused to Revolve. 5—The Mayor of Cape Town Examining Cycles and Equipment at the End of the Journey. The Man in the Foreground is Wearing the "Rucksac."

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JIM TWELVES TRA'NED MAN AND A·B

BY
W. F. SHANNON
Author of
"THE DEVIATORS"
"THE MESS DECK"
&c.&c.&c.

OF A MEDICAL PRECEDENT.

ON our way to the "Angel" I asked Twelves about those glasses of beer. Why thirty-nine when there were forty Bluejackets?

"Teetot'ler in party," said Twelves.

"There are teetotalers in the Navy, then?"

"One in my last ship; but he didn't drink because his wife drunk too much, so he don't properly count. But there aint many altogether, owin' to the melancholy endin' off of some of the early pioneers, before the doctors understood 'em."

We reached the "Angel" at that moment, and, over his amber ale, I tried to turn the conversation away from the subject. Twelves persisted in turning it back, and dwelt upon the melancholy ending off. I urged that it was time for a merry tale, and reminded him that in all his yarns people died. He just said, "Well, people in the Navy do die," and went straight ahead.

"And this chap died right enough. He was a stoker, in the time of paddle-wheels, wid ev'ry opportoonity of gittin' thirsty, down among them coals; and he yewsta be proud because he was the on'y stoker in the Navy what never allowed hisself to drink beer or to enjoy hisself in any way whatsomever. And he said that if you was careful like that you couldn't possibly git the fever.

"But one day, at Zanzibar, as the ship's comp'ny was tumblin' into the boats to go aboard after general leaf, he come down, led by some of his messmates, and was piled into the boat speechless. We surmised that he'd broke out at last, and was goin' to cause sorra to Miss Whatname, because he was one of her shinin' lights.

"But his friends, stokers they was, a'course, smuggled him aboard and for'ard, and thought they'd done him a good turn. But when he comes round a bit later, he suggested that what he wanted was to see the Doctor. A'course his friends tried to persuade him not to; but they had to take him to the sick-bay at last, he bein' of a perseverin' nature. And the Doctor come to see him special, because he was so persistent. He give him one look in the eye, and says, careless-like: 'You mus' drink less, my man.'

"'Never tasted beer in me life, sir,' says the stoker, speakin' as if it was sinful to even think of it.

"'Then you've missed a treat. Give him two ounces of auxil'ary mixture,' says the Doctor to the sick-bay stooard, thinkin' the stoker was takin' him out for a hoist.

"'I consider all alcollic liquors is poison, and I aint never tasted 'em, sir,' says the stoker; 'so it aint them what's the matter wid me.'

"The Doctor was took aback. He was one of the old sort, what surmised that everythink, from the snuffles to a broken leg, happened through preventible causes, which is as much as to say through drinkin', or smokin', or blasphemin', and was to be cured wid salts or black draught.

"He stared at the stoker as if he wasn't sure he heard right, and then he bore up again and said, like as if it was a clincher, 'Then knock off the pipe.' And he turned to go, whilst the poultice-mixer ranged alongside wid the draught.

"The stoker lifted hisself up, and shouted a whisper after the Doctor to tell him that he never smoked a filthy pipe in his life neither. The Doctor stopped, and his ears stuck out as if he'd heard somethink shockin'. He frowned, and considered whether he'd put the stoker in the report for makin' use of mutinous and insultin' expressions. But he was a good-natured officer, and so he said, very scornful: 'What's that—never smoked nor never drunk in your life? What kind of a seaman are you? You appear to me to have missed your opportoonities, and to have wasted your life.'

"But at the same time he reckoned there was somethink gone properly wrong wid the man, and so he felt him all over, and made him say ninety-nine till further orders, and breathe deep; and then he stood off and looked at him contemplative, and ast him what his gran'mother died of. The stoker told him she wasn't dead yet; so then he got aggrawated, and said that that wasn't no information to go on, and left the sick-bay, tellin' the stooard to belay the draught, and sayin' he'd be back soon. He popped his head back in a minute to ast the stoker if he ever used profane langwidge, and when the stoker said he never, the Doctor used some, very soft, and went away agin.

"He didn't come back for half-an-hour, nor for an hour, and the stoker spent the time in gittin' worse, so that at last the stooard went to remind the doctor. He was stowed away in his cabin porin' over big medicine books, tryin' his hardest to find what to do wid teetotal stokers when they went sick, and no previous death in the fam'ly, and in all the examples so fur there was none to meet it. So he give orders for the sick-bay man to entice the stoker to hang on whilst he read a few pages further.

"Before he found the place the stoker sent in his number, which made the Doctor properly angry. He slammed his book wid a ward-room oath, and swore he wouldn't never take sich trouble wid a malinger agin, but that for the future he'd treat each case on its merits, wid a glass straight outa the foretopman's bottle (black draught), and more especially if he was a stoker.

"The Engineer soon heard about this, and he said he'd treat his own stokers for the future. And the Sub.-Lootenant remarked that if any of the ship's comp'ny went sick, and the Doctor couldn't fathom what was the matter at one look, he was welcome to pass over the books to him, because he could read quicker'n any physician, and would very soon find the page what detailed the symptoms, and mark it for him.

"So the Doctor said he'd have no difficulty in treatin' either of them officers if they'd care to fall sick; but they answered up prompt that they'd die fust.

"'Will ye?' says he. 'I'll take d——d good care you don't. That stoker never oughta been passed into the Service. He had a unsound constitution to start wid, and no doctor can do anythink wid that; besides, he was one of these teetot'lers, and you aint got no grounds to go on wid them.'

"Now the Engineer was a abstainer hisself, and he said it was a well-known fact that you had more grounds to go on wid them sorta people than wid the other sort.

"And the Doctor said it was not so, because if a man drunk beer, and smoked, and lived a Christian life, his heart was in the right place, and all you had to do was to keep it there and counteract the bubbly. Whereas if a man never even swore, let alone the other things, what was there to counteract?

"So the Sub. and the Engineer said that doctorin' was easy if that was what they called professional skill.

"'Professional skill be flummaxed,' says the Doctor. 'My books,' says he, 'was devised in the days when men drank beer, and when there was no sich thing as teetot'lers, and until the Adm'alty provides me wid revised instructions, all men shall be treated wid the mixture as before.'

"'I been in the list meeself,' said the Engineer, 'and I was treated from the appendix.'

"'Was ye?' says the Doctor, as if he didn't care. 'What page in the appendix?'

"'There you pawl me,' says the Engineer.

"'You teetot'lers gives a lot a trouble,' says the Doctor.

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'Any man what gits a disease by peculiar ideas oughta be left alone to cure hisself.'

"'That's what the stoker died of,' says the Sub.-Lootenant.

"The Doctor never answered a word; but he very soon sneaked off, feelin' anxious about the appendix, because it was a serious matter for him if the Adm'alty had laid down rules for recoverin' teetotal stokers what he had neglected to make hisself familiar wid.

"The Engineer strolled along to see him later on. The Doctor was in his shirt-sleeves, wid a glass and bottle alongside him, and a t'bacca pooch alongside them. In front of him was spread out a fat book, and he was gatherin' in the pages at the rate of knots, his eyes stickin' out like hat-pegs through the t'bacca smoke.

"'Found anythink bearin' on it?' says the Engineer, coughin'.

"'You go away,' says the Doctor.

"'Can I do anythink for ye? Shall I start readin' backwards from the last page? I can read Chinese,' says the Engineer.

"'Go away,' says the Doctor. 'Go and stop the engines. Go and tell everyone to speak soft, because I'm at private study, and there's a thousand pages in my sight, and all small print. Shove off.'

"So the Engineer went away, and no one seen the Doctor till the ward-room dinner time, and then he was kept pritty miserable, thinkin', wid the help of the Engineer and all the officers, of court-martials. They told him they'd all been teetot'lers at odd times, and was always treated from the appendix, and always recovered.

"'Yes,' says the Engineer, very sorrowful, 'it's a pity I didn't inform you about the appendix earlier. He was a very good stoker.'

"'We'll do our part,' said the Fust Lootenant. 'We'll bury him properly.'

"'I'd do as much for you or any of ye,' said the Doctor.

"'We'll carry him ashore, Doctor, and put him where he can be found if necessary, and we'll have a headstone detailin' the misunderstandin'.'

"The ship was by this time well outa Zanzibar Harbour, steamin' across to Pemba Island, where the Cap'n was on a visit to the Consul's mate, and the Fust Lootenant was in charge. He was in earnest about the buryin' ashore, bein' naturally tender to inanimate objects, sich as teetotal stokers. But there was no cimit'ries on Pemba Island, nor beer, nor any civilised thing, except the Consul's mate and the Cap'n, and the Doctor reminded the Lootenant about this, and that a man shoved under the earth outside a cimit'ry didn't stand any more chance than if he was dropped overboard in the open sea.

"Number One said that in his opinion he did.

"So the Doctor said then, as medical officer of the ship, he really must recommend that the corpse was buried at once, because in that sultry climate it was contagious very soon.

"And the Lootenant said that as executive power of the ship he didn't care a button about contagiousness, but he did care about the health of the men under him, and——"

"'Jis' so,' says the Doctor. 'And the sooner he's outa the ship the better for the health of the men under you.'

"'I shall want to know what any of the men dies of,' goes on Number One. 'I'll have a pos' mortem on each of 'em. And I'll have a pos' mortem on this stoker to start wid.'

"The Doctor said there was no need; he was already satisfied about the cause of death, and it was failure of the heart's action, aggravated by carelessness in the matter of not drinkin'.

"The Fust Lootenant said he didn't think the surest way was to guess extempoar like that, but to pos' mortem, and he must insist on a detailed report on the corpse.

"'You don't know what it is you're orderin' me to do,' says the Doctor. 'This hot weather aint the time to conduct pos' mortems, I can tell ye. Unless you want me to corpse too.'

"The Lootenant roused up at that, and said he might corpse and be damned. There was his orders. So the Doctor didn't argue any more, but after dinner got his medicine book and went to his cabin, because he thought it was easier to find out the cause of death if he knew the book a bit better.

"He sat till past midnight tryin' to read the appendix, and cuss the Fust Lootenant, and condemn the stoker all at the same time. And he sat on well into the middle watch, drinkin' and smokin' and studyin' the appendix, all alone. And gradually he left off studyin' and jist sat thinkin' and drinkin'. And there came a time when he laid his head on his desk and went to sleep.

"It was very near the mornin' watch when he woke up, and seen the stoker at the cabin door, salootin.' The Doctor stared at him, not quite recollectin' things, and then says, 'What's the matter wid you, disturbin' me at my studies at the time a' night?'

"'I couldn't rest, sir, after the lies I told you.'

"The Doctor scowled at him. 'Told me you was dead, didn't you?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Someone did.'

"'Not me, sir.'

"'Well, what d'ye want?'

"'I smoked a cigarette once, sir, and had half a pint once, sir.'

"'Go to the devil,' says the Doctor, layin' his head down agin. He never woke up till the anchor was bein' let go in Pemba Bay. And then he strolled on deck and complained to Number One that he'd got a headache through overstudy, and the rattlin' of the cable.

"Number One was busy jist then preparin' for the Cap'n comin' off, and said, 'Have you held that inquest?'

"'Not yet,' says the Doctor, off hand.

"'Very well,' says Number One, 'I shall report the matter.'

"And he did. The Cap'n was sorry to hear about the stoker bein' dead, because they was short of stokers, and he very soon spoke to the Doctor and told him he was carried so's to keep people alive, but if he let 'em die jist as soon as they fancied they would, then he'd best leave the Navy.

"'Who's dead, sir?' says the Doctor.

"'A stoker, so I understand,' says the Cap'n.

"'That's the Fust Lootenant,' says the Physician. 'There's no stoker dead. There was one nearly dead. But we've pulled him through, sir. I aint had my clo'es off all night.' And he looked as virtuous as a young parzon.

"So the Cap'n reprimanded Number One for not bein' cognisan' of the state of the ship.

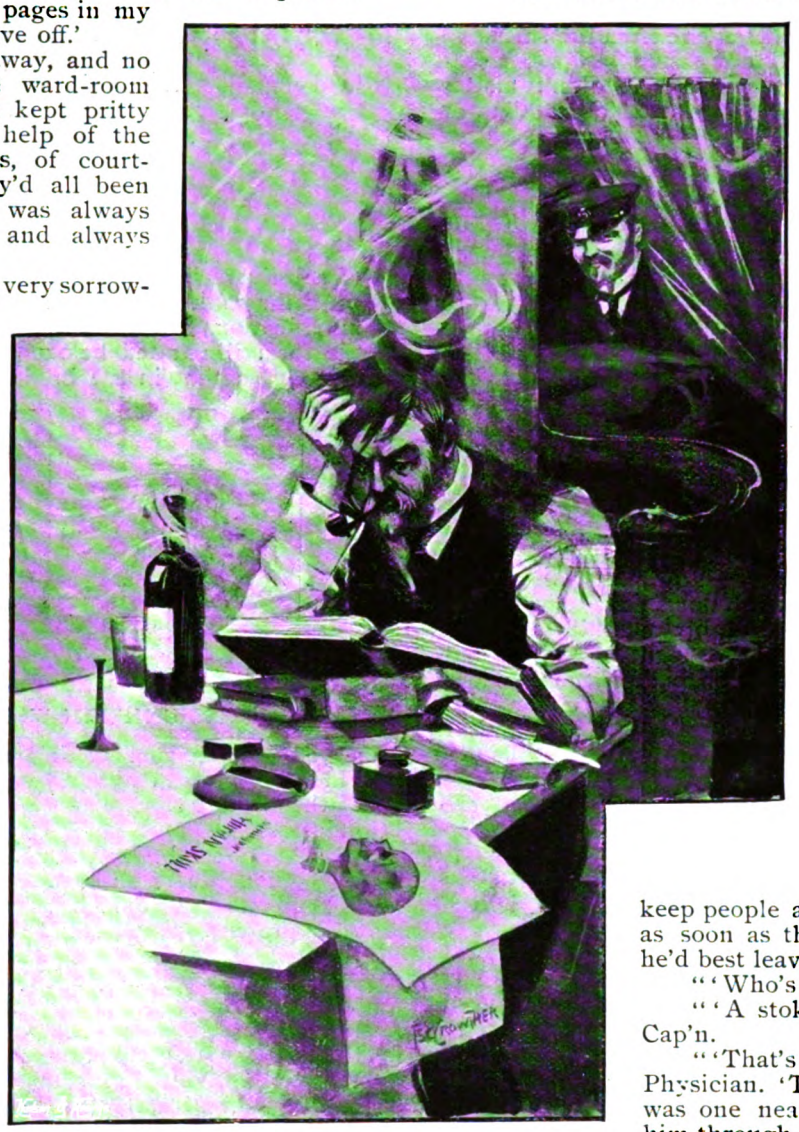
"And Number One said that the stoker had been dead, and that if the Doctor had obeyed orders and pos' mortemed him, he'd be dead still and the cause of death certified.

"And the Cap'n says it appears to him that he can't leave the ship for five minutes widout the incompetence of his officers showin' itself, and the Doctor and the Fust Lootenant had best go and look at the stoker both together, and decide between theirselves whether he was or was not dead.

"So they went, and Number One came back in a little while and said, 'He is dead, sir, like I told you.'

"So the Cap'n went hisself, and the stoker was dead agin, there was no doubt. And the Doctor, who had been so happy after the dream he'd had, was there starin' at the body, half daft. And the Cap'n told him that he wanted to know definitely whether the stoker was or was not deceased and dead, and if he was dead to explain his reasons for lettin' him be dead. Because, wid all the resources what the Adm'alty provided for savin' life, there was no reason why anyone should die.

"The Doctor went to study the stoker close once more,



"Found anythink bearin' on it?"

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and then said that appearances cert'nly pointed to him havin' passed away, but that wid teetot'lers, it was his experience, you never knew, and he would prefer to wait for a day or two to give his verdict.

"So the Cap'n put the Doctor under arrest straight off, and went to his cabin to draft out a report to the Adm'ral about him havin' partook of intoxicatin' liquors to that extent that he was unable to perform his dooty, viz., to certify whether a man, that is to say, a stoker, was dead or alive.

"And the Doctor's defence was that in any ordn'y case he knoo well enough whether a man, even a stoker, was alive or dead, and that his certificates was all V.G. for ability, and that so long as he'd used salts and senna, wid discretionary powers of black draught, he'd got on all right. And that his fault was in tryin' to be more careful than was at all necessary, and botherin' his head like as if he was a shore Doctor. For which he threw himself on the mercy of the court.

"So the Inspectors of Hospitals, they all takes up this case for a precedent, and looks into it and takes evidence, excep' the stokers, and they says that undoubtedly, if the stoker had been treated accordin' to the simple rules of medicines, laid down his life woulda been saved, and the Doctor must be reprimanded for departure from the rules and tryin' to think for hisself.

"And they said that for the future it didn't matter whether a man said he was a vegetator as well a teetot'ler, or a profane swearer, he was to be treated jist like any other Christian.

"But a'course this was on'y private instructions for the doctors. What the lower-deck knoo was that if you was a teetot'ler you was likely to die off like the stoker before the Doctor recovered hisself. And so the lower-deck to this day takes care not to be teetot'lers, always and exceptin' very special cases like the man wid a wife I spoke of before.

"And is there any healthier men than Navy men? Any stronger men? No. And, therefore, it's all owin' to the good drink they git ashore and the good doctorin' they git aboard. And so here's to Epsom salts and Navy doctors," and Twelves emptied his glass.

"And the stoker," said Twelves, as we went out, "was buried at sea. And I reckon I shall be buried at sea."

"And before that will you give me some more recollections, Jim?" I said.

"No," said Twelves. "It's a dog's life, this bein' a trained man and A.B. And I won't recollect about it any more. I'll be a tram conductor. Then I'll recollect things about conductin' trams for ye. Because, mind you, a tram conductor sees a choice sight more life than what a Bluejacket do."

"Then you'll never be buried at sea, Jim," I said.

"I'm not so partic'lar as all that," said Twelves; "there's always the river. But look at the privileges. Every night in a four-poster. And on'y holes to punch in tickets. And thirty bob a week. It's a lord's life."

Badges of Rank in the Army.

IT will probably be generally conceded that, in the interests of discipline, every individual in an Army above the rank of private should have some distinguishing mark or insignia by which his status can be easily and readily recognised.

As far as the warrant and non-commissioned ranks of our Army are concerned, it may fairly be claimed that this is the case; but with the commissioned ranks it is otherwise, and it is maintained that the present system is defective both on account of the small size of the badges of rank and the position in which they are worn. To take a common enough example: A sentry in a large garrison town knows of course that he must present arms to every field-officer passing his post. He sees a youngish officer with one small badge on his shoulder-strap approaching, and probably puts him down as a subaltern. Not till that officer comes right up to him, and probably not even then if he happens to be mounted, does the sentry discover him to be a major, and consequently entitled to a present. If the officer happens to be wearing his tunic, the difficulty is increased, as the silver badge on the gold shoulder cord hardly shows up at all That the arrangement of silver on gold is in doubtful taste and bad heraldry are matters of minor importance. Again, it is often difficult for officer and soldier alike to distinguish a second lieutenant, and officers themselves have frequently a difficulty in recognising one another's rank in khaki. Now there is little doubt that the sleeve is the place *par excellence* for displaying the rank of the wearer in clear and unmistakable terms. This is sufficiently demonstrated by the Royal Navy, who have a great reputation for practical common-sense, and whose sleeve badges of rank are familiar to most of us. Other devices—crowns, stars anchors, etc—are indeed worn on the epaulette, but are unnecessary for determining the rank of the wearer. If further examples were wanting, the fact that all foreign Navies of any importance have modelled their rank badges upon ours might be adduced.

Departmental.

The last edition of the Dress Regulations has introduced some useful reforms, and it is probably the precursor of others. Amongst these it is urged that no more necessary nor useful change could be made than a rearrangement of officers' badges of rank, upon a system which would enable a recruit to learn to recognise them by the time he is dismissed squad drill. Such a system should fulfil the condition of being conspicuous as well as that of uniformity; the former by transferring the place of display to the sleeve, the latter by the introduction of a universal pattern, different for each rank, but identical, rank for rank throughout the Service, or with only slight modifications for different corps. Such a system might take the form illustrated below. It will be seen that it is based directly on that in use in the Navy, which it follows as far

FULL-DRESS UNIFORM WITH SLASH; RANK AS BEFORE.

as possible, but from which it is yet sufficiently distinct. Three kinds of lace are employed—¼-in., ½-in., and 1½-in., distinctive of the three classes of rank, *i.e.*, general, field, and company officers.

The second lieutenant's distinction being perpetuated throughout every rank, the expense of alteration from one rank to another would be practically nil, compared to what it is at present. The second lieutenant's badge consists of a ring and knot of ½-in. lace immediately above the cuff, which is of the facing colour of the regiment or corps. Other rings are added below it upon the cuff according to rank. The top ring carries a simple knot—that shown in the illustration is the well-known "crow's-foot—which, if required, might vary for corps. Departments could be distinguished by a plain figure-of-eight twist, or, as in the Navy, by straight rings only, the tunic or full-dress coat sleeve to have a slash of the facing colour, edged with lace according to class of rank. Badges on the tunic and undress cloth or serge to be of gold lace; in khaki and on the great-coat in red, or, as an alternative, worn on a smaller scale on broad shoulder-straps. The above is merely an outline of a suggested reform which, it is thought, would render the recognition of Army rank throughout the Service a matter of ease and certainty, which is by no means the case at present. Many of the details might doubtless be improved upon, but the adoption of a system based upon these or similar lines would soon become familiar to the eye, and would be beneficial to the Service in the long run.

UNDRESS UNIFORM—SLEEVE BADGES.

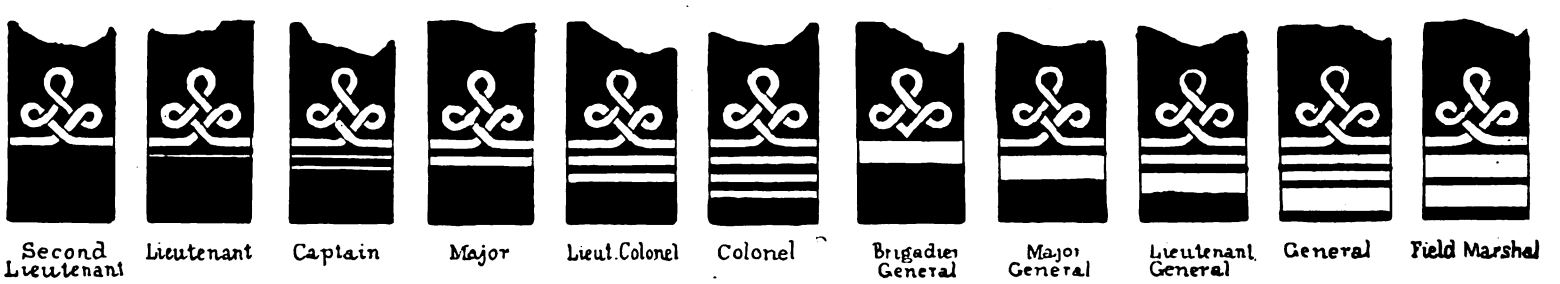

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Photo Copyright. *"Navy and Army."*

A PORTUGUESE OUTPOST IN THE FAR EAST.

Macao is one of the few remaining remnants of those great possessions in the Far East which were once under the sway of Portugal. Our picture shows a portion of the Public Gardens. Opposite to us in the picture is the important building in which are the quarters of the garrison, while on the right is the Band House erected by Governor Amaral, and the house on the left is a private residence.

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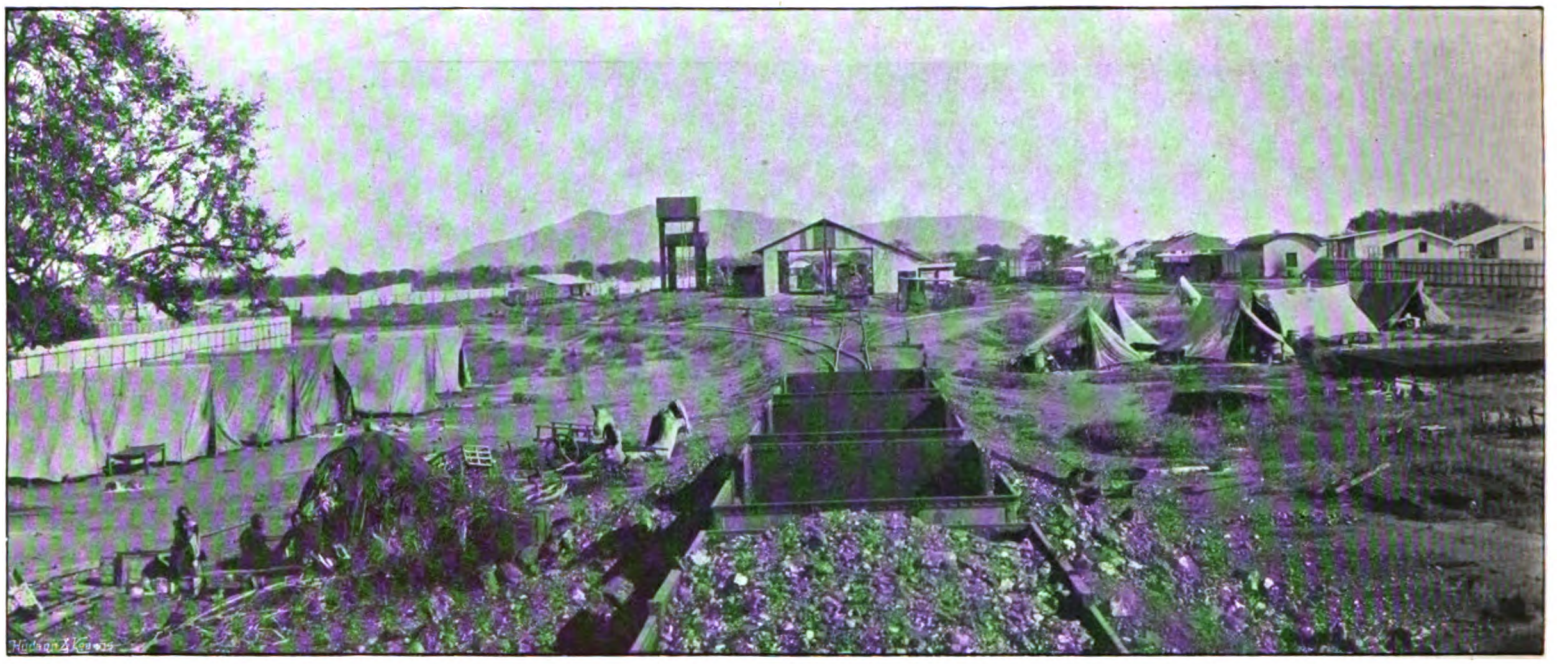
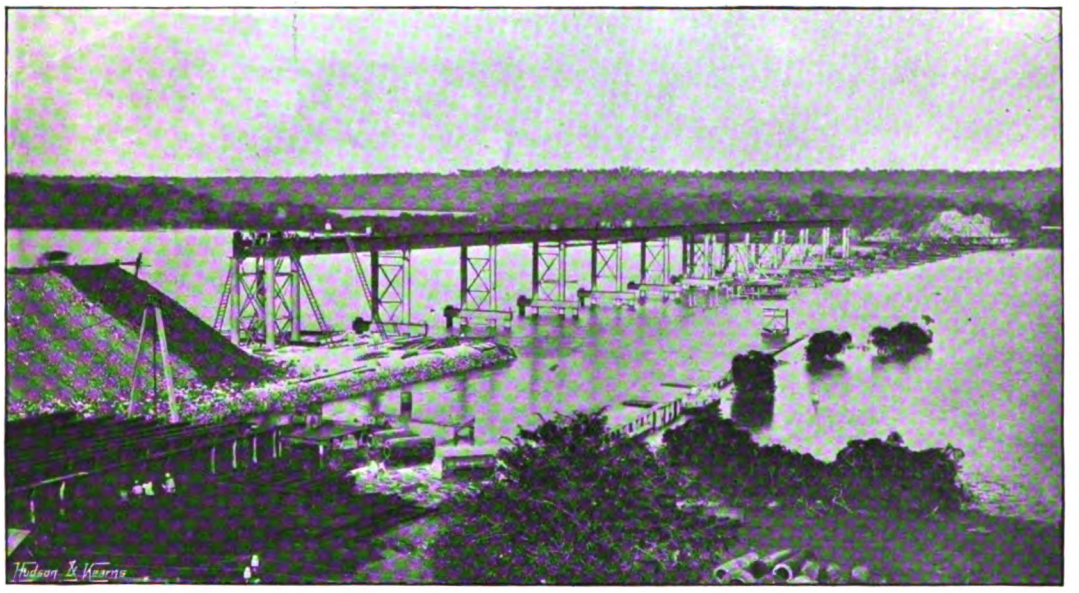
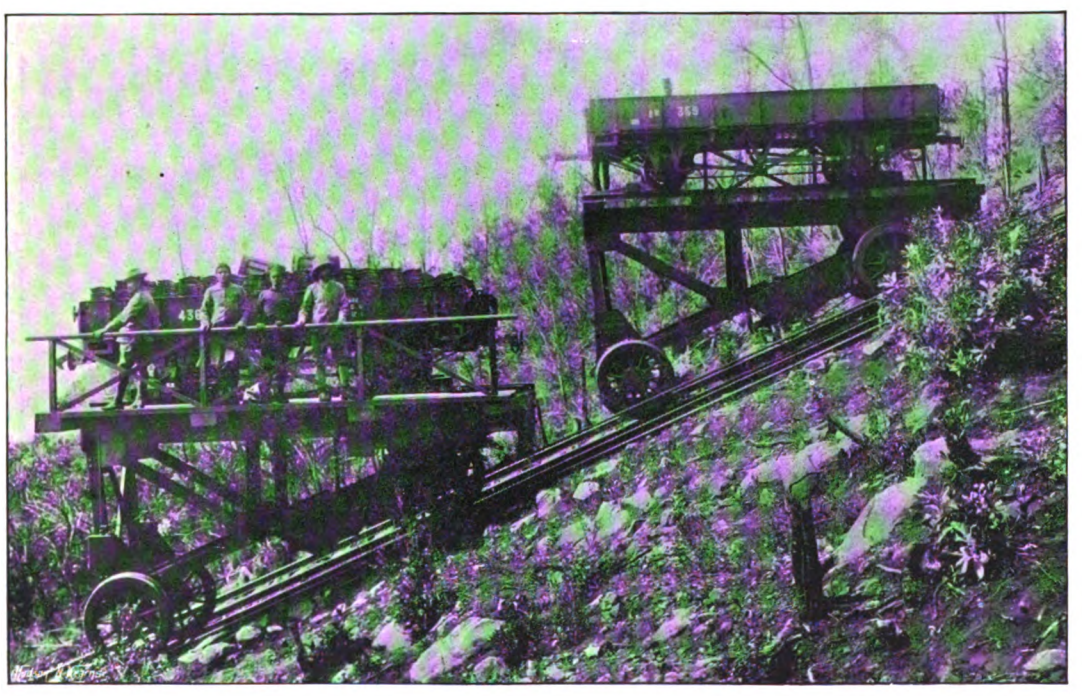
Pushing the Iron Horse



THE STATION YARD AT THE IMPORTANT POSITION OF MAKINDU.



THE FIRST ENGINEERING DIFFICULTY.
The Macopi Bridge, Connecting Mombasa Island and the Mainland.



ASCENDING THE KIKUYU ESCARPMENT.
By Means of Steel-rope Haulage Provisionally Employed.

THE statement that another batch of thirty-four bridges, requiring more than 8,000 tons of steel, has been ordered for the Uganda Railway, and the news to hand by a recent mail from East Africa that "through bookings of all descriptions" are in operation from Mombasa to Nakuru, bring home to us the fact that this great line will at no distant date become a *fait accompli*. Some weeks ago it was possible to step into your carriage at the coast and—travelling at more or less speed, as weather, natives, and wild animals might decree—alight on the shores of the Salt Lake of Nakuru, having travelled by the iron horse for a distance of 450 miles into the very heart of Africa. From Nakuru to Port Florence, the terminus of the line, is a further distance of 130 miles, making the total length of rail from coast to lake 580 miles.

The first engineering difficulty, encountered within two miles of the terminus, was the crossing of the Macopi Straits—about a third of a mile wide—dividing the Mombasa Island from the mainland. The magnificent bridge which spans this stretch of water is shown in process of construction in the illustration, but it has long since been completed. Originally it was suggested that this arm of the sea should be crossed by an embankment, but as the strait has a depth in parts of 14-ft. at high water, with, at times, a 4-knot tide, this was found impracticable. Before the station of Makindu is reached the train has to ascend an altitude of 3,300-ft. This important point on the railway is 207 miles from the coast terminus, and the station, with its glistening line of rails and its rows of carriages and sidings, has been described by the British Commissioner as being like an English Bletchley or Basingstoke. A hundred and forty miles further on is the Kikuyu escarpment, having an altitude of nearly 8,000-ft. With one exception, that of the Mau summit, which is 500-ft. higher, this is the highest point on the line.

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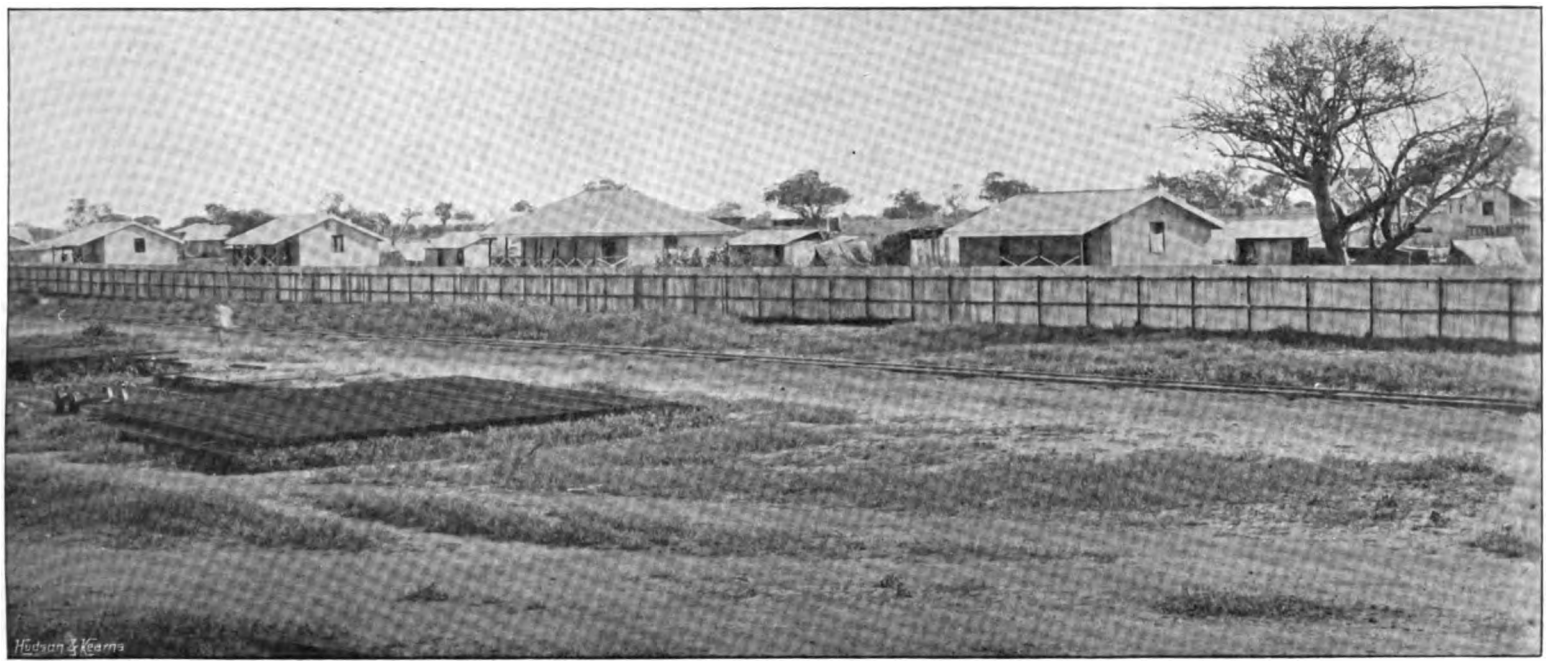
Into the Dark Continent.



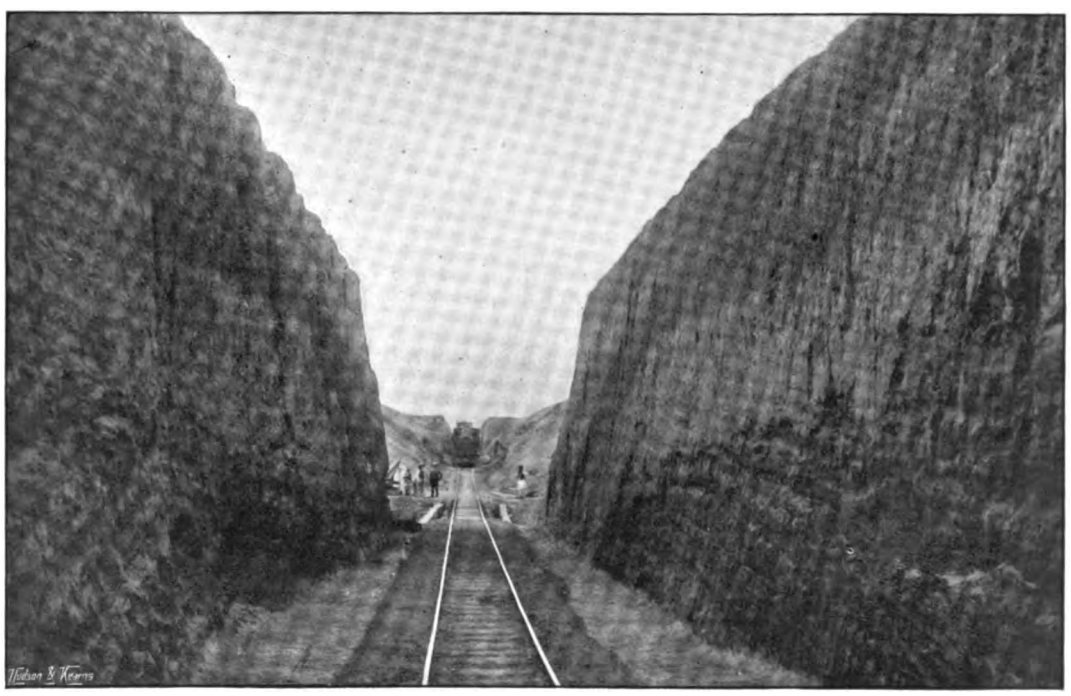
DESCRIBED AS THE BLETCHLEY OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

The escarpment station is about thirty-five miles beyond Nairobi, the headquarters of the line, and in this distance the train has to climb a gradient of something like 1 in 100. The view from this summit is truly magnificent, and embraces the snow-capped peaks of Kenia and Kilima N'jaro.

Pending the construction of the permanent line on this section, a temporary steel rope system of carriers has been organised, so that weighted trucks from the summit can pull up trucks from the base of the incline with the assistance of hauling power. After topping the Kikuyu summit there is a sharp drop of nearly 1,000-ft. into Kidong. One of our illustrations shows a beautiful natural cutting on this portion of the line, and presents a sharp contrast to the view of Morandat River cutting. This last picture is within quite a short distance of the rail-head.

During the past few months the Nandi region, between the rail-head and the lake, has been disturbed by the people there, who have amused themselves by carrying off about sixty miles of the advance telegraph line, which had been pushed on ahead of the railway to the Government headquarters in Uganda, and by attacking passing caravans. Small expeditions were sent out against them, and although, according to latest advices, some portion of the road to Uganda is still blocked, Sir Harry Johnstone telegraphs that the trouble is over. In any case, there is no reason to fear that this will to any extent delay the progress of this important branch of the great British Trans-African line. According to intelligence just to hand, various columns were still out scouring the Nandi country in September (the latest mail date). Since the receipt of the Commissioner's despatch announcing that the trouble was practically over the Nandi succeeded in rushing a camp at night-time, and in the fight Dr. Sherlock was killed and Lieutenant Henderson severely wounded. The Wa-Nandi succeeded, too, in recapturing a quantity of their cattle.

A NATURAL CUTTING IN THE KIDONG VALLEY.
Below the Elevated Summit of the Kikuyu Range.



THE CUTTING AT THE MORANDAT RIVER.
At the Approach to the Uganda Rail-head.

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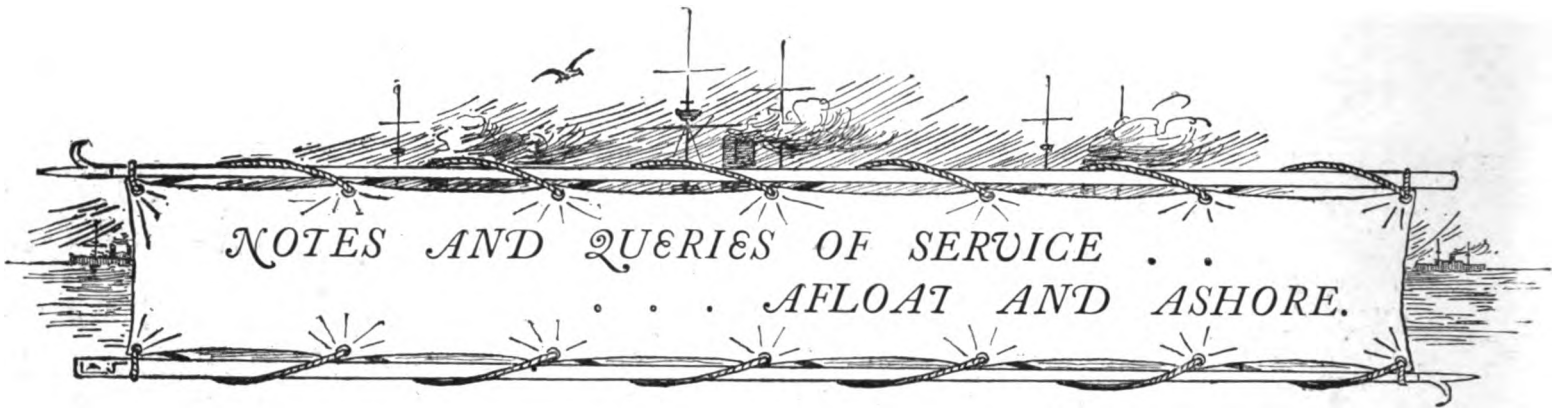

J. FROST.—On making enquiries at the offices of the Agent-General for the Cape of Good Hope, I was informed that recruiting for the Cape Mounted Rifles was suspended, and that the Agent-General had no information as to when it was likely to be resumed. Owing to the war the local forces are well up to their strength, and have no need to recruit in London. Indeed, there seems every prospect of a long period elapsing before enlistment for Cape forces will again be invited in this country. All enquiries about these forces should be addressed to the Agent-General for the Cape of Good Hope, 112, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

* * * *

"A READER OF THE 'NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.'"—The medal granted for the campaign which ended in the capture of Omdurman bears the Queen's head on the obverse, and on the reverse is a figure of Victory seated upon the British and Egyptian flags, with the word "Sudan" at her feet. The ribbon is black and yellow, divided by a thin red stripe. The Khedive had a medal struck for the Soudan Campaign of 1896, and the medal was awarded with the following clasps: Atbara, Khartoum, Abu Hamed, and Gedaref. Clasps also belonging to this medal are: Firket, Halfa, Dongola, and Soudan, 1897. There is no clasp bearing the word "Omdurman."

* * * *

"M."—The Ashanti medal, originally granted in 1874, was again made use of in 1892 to reward the troops that took part in the various operations in Central Africa and on the East and West Coasts in the period 1887-92, and a large number of clasps have since been added to it, a considerable proportion of which have been for Naval brigades landed for punitive purposes. In these cases the ribbon is as for Ashanti, viz., yellow with black borders and two narrow black stripes. The medal has the usual obverse, the Queen's head, and on the reverse British soldiers fighting savages in a forest. Exactly the same medal was issued to reward the forces engaged in East and Central Africa, 1891-94, but with a distinctive ribbon, three equal stripes of terra-cotta, white, and black. This is held to make it a distinctive grant, and it can be worn with the other medal—the first time that a ribbon alone has been made use of to distinguish the service for which a medal has been granted.

* * * *

"W. J. M."—The ribbon to which you refer as worn by Lord Edward Cecil is not that of a medal but of a decoration, the Distinguished Service Order. It is a gold cross enamelled white, and on one side is a green laurel wreath having within it the Imperial crown in gold on red enamel; on the other side within a similar wreath, and on a similar ground, is the cypher V.R.I. The ribbon is red, edged with blue, and 1in. in width, whereas the usual medal ribbon is 1¼in. Pray do not apologise. I am always glad to help my colonial friends. I cannot, however, find space now to answer all your many queries, but I hope shortly to print an article on medals which will tell you all you want to know.

* * * *

"A DEVON VICAR."—To become a member of the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors, your son must join one of the Naval Dockyards as a shipwright's apprentice, or else join the Royal Naval Engineers' Training College at Keyham, Devonport, as an engineer student. The age for an engineer student is from fourteen to seventeen, for a shipwright's apprentice from fourteen to sixteen. Examinations for shipwright's and other Naval Dockyard apprentices are held periodically; anyone of British birth may compete. As only two engineer students a year are allowed to join the Corps of Constructors, there is very little chance of joining that way. An engineer student's expenses amount to about £65 a year. For details of information it is best to write to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

* * * *

"WIDOWS' PENSIONS, INDIAN ARMY."—Claims to widows' pensions, and compassionate allowances to the families of officers of the Indian Army, are treated under the Royal Warrant regulating such claims for the British forces. Under the Warrant now in force the widow of a general officer receives £120 a year, and each daughter £20 yearly to twenty-one years of age or marriage. These amounts are increased to £180 and £25 respectively if the officer died from illness incident to active service; and to about double and £30 if the officer was killed in action or died of wounds. Families of officers of the Indian Army are also entitled to pensions from the Indian Military Service Family Pension Fund, to which all such officers must subscribe. The amounts for the family of an officer in receipt of colonel's allowances are: for the widow £160 a year, and each daughter over twenty-one years of age £45 yearly till marriage. The pension from either source to a widow who remarries ceases during coverture.

* * * *

"UNIFORMS OF BRITISH REGIMENTS AT WATERLOO."—There is probably no book giving a complete account of the uniforms worn at this period; the information would have to be obtained from prints and pictures, such as Lady Butler's "Quatre Bras" and "Roll Call." Many of the regimental histories have coloured plates of the uniforms worn at different periods. "Records and Badges of the British Army," published by Gale and Polden, Aldershot, gives a good deal of information about the uniforms and badges of the various regiments, and the changes made from time to time; it has also several illustrations, several of them coloured. There are probably a good many books in the library of the Royal United Service Institution from which information on this point could be gathered.

"RESERVE REGIMENTS OF CAVALRY."—Four regiments, called respectively the Reserve Regiments of Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, Hussars, and Lancers, were formed this spring of ex-soldiers who had served not less than three years, and between twenty-two and fifty-five years of age, and who were invited by Her Majesty to re-enlist for one year's service at home. The establishment fixed for each regiment is approximately the same as for a cavalry regiment on the lower establishment. Men were enlisted for the regiment corresponding to the one in which their former service had been. The uniforms are almost the same as those of the ordinary regiments of the same class, with special badges, lace, buttons, etc.

* * * *

"R. N. R."—No doubt for good and sufficient reasons the Australian liner "Ophir" has been chosen to take the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia, though there are some splendid vessels on the list of subsidised merchant cruisers. Of late years two mail steamers have been commissioned for Naval service with Naval crews. The "Moor," belonging to the Union Line, was commissioned and armed for service during the Zulu War, and the "Oregon," a Cunard liner, for service during Naval manœuvres. On board the "Oregon" a smart piece of work was performed by the Liverpool Dock authorities. As the inspecting Naval officer came on board to "fake up" the ship, he told the captain of the "Oregon" that the mainmast must be fitted with a platform and semaphore. The captain answered, "Very good," and whispered something to a dock official. The inspection only lasted about an hour, as the Admiralty knew all about the ship's capacity. On leaving the ship the inspector said, "How about the mast?" The answer was, "The mast is now lying on the jetty, and if you will give us the measurements the work shall be executed without delay." A telegram was sent to the flag-ship at Queenstown, the measures obtained, and that night the "Oregon" had her mast afloat, with platform and semaphore fixed and fit for use.

* * * *

"KHAKI."—It is no doubt to the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 that you refer. This will always remain remarkable for the number of future great military leaders who took part in it, for in addition to Lord Wolseley, whose reputation was then of course assured, many officers, whose names have recently been much mentioned in connection with the South African Campaign, served under him in subordinate capacities. Lord Kitchener commanded the Egyptian Cavalry, then a very small body; General Buller acted as Chief of the Staff; General French served with the 19th Hussars; and General White was a lieutenant-colonel. Besides these, Generals Chermside, Featherstonhaugh, Hart, Hunter, Rundle, and Smith-Dorrien, who have all been in South Africa, served in the Nile Expedition as junior officers. The Ashanti War of 1873 had also many future leaders engaged in it.

* * * *

"NOGO."—Yes, it is on record that the 2nd Life Guards once turned out with all their brilliant metal accoutrements and arms covered in blacking, but the fact is not generally known. The occasion of this unique circumstance was during the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain a good many years ago, and the cause the late General Sir Frederick Marshall. He was one of the first officers to recognise that flashing uniforms courted disaster on the battlefield, and was in a measure a pioneer of khaki. He was commanding three regiments of Household Cavalry on the occasion mentioned, and noticed that the polished helmets, cuirasses, and swords of the Life Guards betrayed their presence to the enemy. On the following day, acting on his instructions, the 2nd Life Guards turned out with swords, helmets, and cuirasses covered with a coating of blacking, to the great astonishment of the Commander-in-Chief and distinguished foreign officers who were present with him.

* * * *

"MEDICO."—There have been cases of excessive mortality in warships even in recent times from causes other than war. In the Black Sea operations the British Fleet was at sea in a comparatively healthy state, when in a single day the "Britannia" lost fifty men, and in three days 112 men, from cholera, the disease being confined to the lower deck. "The ships of the squadron," says Brereton, in his pamphlet on the "British Fleet in the Black Sea," "were cleaned and fumigated, and thenceforward the cholera disappeared from on board." The "Ville de Paris" lost 140 men, the "Montebello" 230, and the "Britannia" had a total loss of 120 men on this occasion. Ships have several times been delayed by influenza epidemics, and the "Undaunted" at Hong-Kong had nearly one-third of her crew on one occasion down with malarial fever.

* * * *

"T. A."—The term "bringing money" used to be applied to the system of recruiting by which anyone who brought in a recruit to the station was given money. It was abolished because the business became largely monopolised by professional touts, who waited outside the gates of the barracks for the young fellows who were going in to enlist, and then persuaded the would-be recruits to allow them to appear as the bringers. The bringer's reward was then taken by the tout or shared with the recruit, according to the nature of the bargain. At the time of its abolition bringing money was paid at the rate of 5s. per recruit for a linesman and 2s. 6d. for a militiaman. As regards bounties to men joining the colours, I believe the highest ever paid by the Government was in 1808, when as much as £40 was paid.

THE EDITOR.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

BOMBAY.

THERE is yet another way of killing sambur, practised in the lower spurs of the Himalayas. This is by making a kar (salt-lick), and, when the marks prove that the deer resort to it, sitting up over it at night. General Macintyre thus describes it: "We reached the kar a little after sunset. As the sport was unfavourable for firing from the ground, Jeetoo had constructed a machan in a tree about 20-yds. from the kar hole. From the fresh marks around this it was evident the stag had paid it a visit the night before, and as there would be a bright moon I thought matters looked very promising.

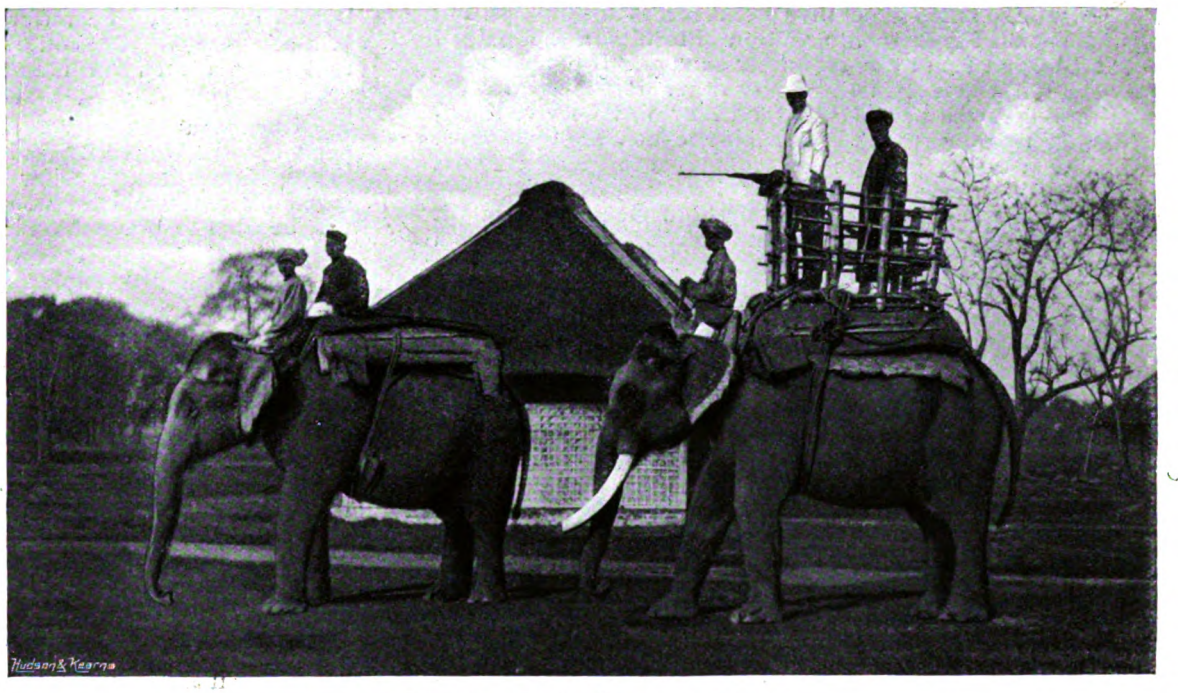
"We had soon arranged our blankets in the machan, and settled ourselves there pretty comfortably—in fact, so much so on my part that, after watching for several hours, I fell fast asleep. Such was not the case, however, with my trusty old companion, who had evidently been keeping his eyes, and his ears also, notwithstanding their deafness, wide open, for I was awakened by his giving me a gentle shake. How long I had slept I had no idea, but when I awoke the moon had risen high, and threw her broad, tranquil light over the forests sloping away down below, and into the deep, misty valleys that lay one beyond another like mighty trenches between us and the distant rampart of perpetual snow, rising dim and irregular along the horizon. The night was bitterly cold, and so calm and still that one might have heard the fall of a leaf. I could hear my heart beating as I lay there, hardly daring to draw breath lest it might disturb the silence. No one but a sportsman can appreciate the feelings of a moment like this.

"Suddenly a loud sound broke the profound stillness, and was so startling from its unexpected proximity that it almost brought my beating heart into my mouth. It was the short alarm note of the stag, and was followed by several impatient stamps of the hoof. These signs were unpropitious, and, I feared, indicative of his having either winded or heard us. However, I lay there motionless, straining my eyes in the direction of the kar, in momentary expectation of his emerging from behind one of the patches of tall brushwood which grew close around. The loud, short bellow was repeated at intervals, accompanied by stamping, which grew more and more distant, and at length ceased entirely. There was no longer any doubt about it—the beast had detected us, and there was now little hope of seeing him that night, or in all probability for several to come."

In the foothills of the Himalayas the sambur is known as the gerow, and some sportsmen even write of it as a different animal, but this is absurd.

"Nilghai are not shikar," I once heard a young subaltern, who probably had never himself shot anything bigger than a hare, remark; but, in spite of the "appalling knowledge of youth," I shall own to having had very good fun out of blue bull myself, and recommend him to the attention of the young shikari. Not the least of his virtues, however, in my opinion, is his meat, for a corned round of nilghai is, in my opinion, the best of all Indian venison. I say "in my opinion," for Forsyth and others speak contemptuously of the meat. It may be that, by hitting upon the idea of corning it, I have proved a benefactor to future generations of Anglo-Indians. At any rate, there is plenty of it, for a blue bull is as big as a Jersey cow, which, indeed, it superficially resembles. For this reason sportsmen should be careful not to kill them in native territory, although they are a sad pest to the cultivator there.

Nilghai disregard the heat of the sun more than most Indian animals, and may be stalked and shot at midday. Very often, however, they are found in broken ground covered with thorn bushes, and there they must be driven. In such cases it is well to have a horse and hog-spear at hand, and with luck a good run may result. The following incident of this kind happened to myself a good many years ago. "At last I saw a dark object appear at the top of the pass before me. I was, of course, invisible, being hidden by a clump of jungle. Slowly it descended the hillside, and finally, as it heard the beaters behind, broke into a trot, keeping along the side of the main hill. It was a blue bull; it passed me at about 60-yds. I fired and hit it, but it went on slowly. Again I fired and it fell, but got up and went on slowly. A third time I fired, anathematising the popgun I had in my hand. Again I hit it, and after going a few yards it collapsed. My attention was now directed to a hyena which was stealing round the hill to my left. I tried to get a shot, but the cunning brute dodged from bush to bush. Meanwhile I heard shouts behind, and to my disgust saw two natives where the bull had fallen, and the bull himself just disappearing over the hill. I waited till the beat was over, and then went towards the natives, who, it seemed, had gone to look at the bull. By doing this they had moved him, and he had gone on. I need hardly say a wounded animal should never be disturbed in this way by



A Hunting Party Ready to Start.

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an unarmed man. They summon up, as it were, a reserve of vital force from somewhere, and go on a mile, whereas if left to themselves for a quarter of an hour or so, they rarely move again.

"On this occasion, anyhow, the bull was gone, and the shikari, as usual, seemed to have no idea what to do. How I longed for my Cingalese trackers. To make matters worse, a heavy storm came on, which would, of course, obliterate all tracks of the blood. When the storm was over we resumed our beat in the hope of finding the bull. We entered upon a long tract of low jungle running along the base of the hills. For a long time we saw nothing, till at last I called up my horse, to ride back to where I had fired, and where my trap was waiting. Just at the minute, in a deep hollow full of thorn trees, up jumped a bull. I only got a snap-shot with both barrels, but heard one bullet at least strike. The bull left the jungle, and, jumping the boundary wall like a hunter, galloped across the plain. I ran down to where he had gone, and saw blood where he had jumped the wall. Luckily my horse was there, and I jumped on his back. The bull had got a good long start, and was heading for a jungle-covered hill not a mile and a-half away. Fortunately I knew the country on this side, so rode as hard as my Arab could lay legs to ground, not after the bull, but towards the hill. My manœuvre was successful. As I neared the hill I saw the bull on my right, and he saw me; as I expected, he changed his direction, and now made for a lofty range straight before us, but several miles away.

"Bar accidents" I had him now. I pulled the game little bay together and gradually gained on the 'chase,' to use a nautical expression. The going, which had been simply awful at first, improved as we went. In a couple of miles was within easy range, and felt tempted to get off and fire. But the Arab was new to the work, and, worse still, I had only the cartridges in the rifle. So I determined to stick to him, and in a few minutes more I was alongside. Dropping the reins on to my left arm, I raised the rifle and fired. No result at first, but presently the bull pulled up rather suddenly. I held off a bit, thinking I might get a charge, but the poor brute only shook his head threateningly. A gush of blood came from his mouth, his knees tottered, he was down, and in a minute my knife was in his throat.

"Imagine my surprise to find that tthis was the same bull after all. Besides two trifling wounds, he had one in the ribs, and another through the head not much below the eyes. Either of these would have been fatal with the 12-bore. As it was, he had lived an hour, and then galloped some three miles without apparent difficulty. This was, indeed, a scathing commentary on the Express with hollow bullet. I never fired at a nylghai again except with a 12-bore."

I think I have now fairly exhausted the question of the game to be found in the Bombay Presidency. Of the home districts nearer Bombay itself I have, however, not spoken. In the immediate vicinity of a large town nobody, of course, would look for sport—at least, except such as the Bombay Hounds provide. Madame Blavatsky certainly claimed to have seen a tiger at Matheran, but a seer of this kind has, no doubt, special facilities. Further away, however, towards the Ghauts and down the coast, most jungle game may be met with. At last we cross the boundary, and enter a real paradise for gunners, the Central Provinces, but these I must leave for another week.

SNAFFLE.

(*To be continued.*)

Previous articles of this series appeared on September 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *and December* 15.]

Crack Shots, by "Single Trigger."

I REALLY am afraid that the spaniel trials will prove too much for the spaniel men, unless they soon make an alteration in their methods. They will prove that there is only one spaniel in all the country, for at four consecutive trials, ranging over two years, it has always been Beechgrove Bee first. It is past belief that any one dog can really be so much better than all the rest as this implies, and for this reason I seek an explanation of results in the method of judging, and I find it there surely enough. If judges think they can tell which spaniel, or any other dog, is the best by hunting dogs separately, I am afraid they only deceive themselves. What they can tell is which is the most highly broken. It is like a circus performance compared to getting across country. The circus horse is always far and away the best broken, but not necessarily the most useful. Generally it might be said that the circus horse is not built for getting across a country; but the judges at dog trials have not even that guide to help them, for all that one set of the spaniel people know about the build of spaniels is denied, with equal force, by another equally large number of the admirers of the breed. At the trials at Neath, Mr. Williams won with a nice team of Welsh cockers because there was a rule that the same dogs could not win in each of the stakes, and so Beechgrove Bee for once stood down; but in the absence of such a rule at Clumber Park, this nice little spaniel, of the sort which takes its name from the scene of action, won all three stakes.

* * * *

Now I would say no word against this if I could feel that reputation had nothing to do with it, but I cannot. You cannot beat Beechgrove Bee in breaking, nor Alexander, her trainer, so that with her reputation it has become an attempt to beat perfection. That is why I want to see dogs run together in spaniel trials, as they are in pointer and setter and greyhound trials; there is no such thing as perfection in the natural qualities, of which "nose" stands first by common consent. That is always comparative, and it is just the one point that nothing but actual comparison on the same game, at the same time and place, can ever assist one to form a good opinion upon. I have a high opinion of the sporting knowledge of some of the judges at these events, and I am sure they will not mind my saying that verdicts given without true comparison being possible are not worth more than the money value they represent. I would not take my own opinion in the circumstances in which they judged, and we all know how we value the opinions formed by ourselves. I cannot say more than that.

* * * *

Mr. A. E. Butter, who is a very successful field-trial dog owner, is just back from North Alaska, where he has been to get the big sheep of the country, and, I believe, bears also. Mr. Butter started for Alaska the moment he came back from Somaliland last July, where he added considerably to an already big game score. It was he who some years ago shot and presented to the British Museum an albino caribou from British Columbia and his bag from Somaliland, curiously enough, included an albino Topi antelope, which is on view at Mr. Rowland Ward's in Piccadilly. But his bag was also a big one, as with his companions, Messrs. W. F. Whitehouse and J. J. Harrison, he obtained elephant, giraffe, waterbuck, kudu, hippopotamus, oryx, Thompson's and Grant's gazelles, bushbuck, reedbuck, Sœmmerring's gazelle, bushbuck, and Waller's gazelle. The route taken was through Somaliland to Abyssinia, then south, and to Mombassa on the coast.

* * * *

I hear that the only herd of bison belonging to a private person in the United States is for sale. That which is kept in the Game Park in New York is said to be drawn from seven different strains of blood; thus the managers think they will be able to prevent undue inbreeding and deterioration.

* * * *

I understand that Lord Ardilaun, who lately became the purchaser of the Muckross Estate, is anxious to let it. It is a wonderful place for woodcocks. Indeed, I think it was the only place in all Ireland that had a better record for woodcocks than Ashford, Lord Ardilaun's other shooting estate. The latter holds the record—the modern record, at least—for a day's shooting, as 205 birds were killed there; but the former has the space for providing many good days in the season, and one gun is said to have killed there seventy-five couple in one day. That was Lord Wemyss.

* * * *

It is quite untrue to report, as some of the papers have been informing their readers, that the Scotch proprietors have done badly this year with their grouse-shooting rents, owing to the war. They never did better, but the deer forests have not gone off so well as they might have done; but, then, they never do. There is a limit to the demand for dwarf red deer, and that is really what the Scotch forests supply. The improvement in ocean travelling will eventually kill the deer-stalking fashion. Even now the best head Scotland can provide is not worth a quarter as much, in the estimation of sportsmen, as a fair Kodo or a moderate Ovis Poli head.

* * * *

There has been more good shooting in the North of England at Wentworth Castle. Mr. T. C. Vernon Wentworth's party of guns consisted of the Duke of Atholl, Earls Mansfield and Wharncliffe, Lord William Cecil, and Captain Bruce Wentworth. The game shot was mostly pheasants, except in the warren on the fourth day, when 2,273 rabbits and 120 pheasants formed the bag. For the rest, the days averaged nearly 1,000 pheasants, which is good enough anywhere; thus: Tuesday, Walker Wood, 1,001 pheasants, 2 hares, 4 partridges, 1 woodcock, 411 rabbits, and 28 wild duck; Wednesday, on the Wombwell Estate, 1,018 pheasants, 57 hares, 2 woodcock, 2 partridges, and 54 rabbits; and on Thursday, 957 pheasants, 3 hares, 7 wild duck, and 9 partridges were killed.

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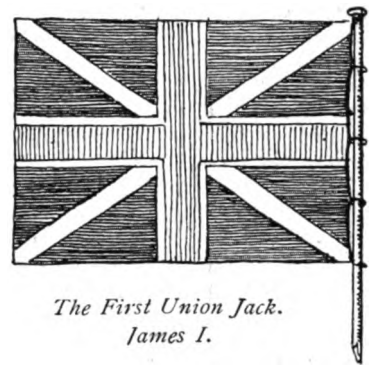
Under Many Flags.

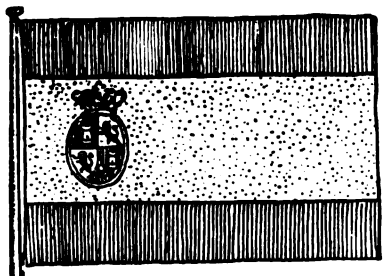
By MAJOR C. FIELD, R.M.L.I.

THE use of standards, or "flags," as we now more generally call them, in battle dates back to times of the most remote antiquity. It is believed that the earliest example was the body of an animal held aloft on a spear-point by the ancient Egyptians. The eagles of the Romans and their various other ensigns are historical, while it is stated that their barbarian opponents, who assailed the empire on all sides, very generally adopted the dragon* as their emblem. The earliest banners were usually hung from a cross-rod, suspended like a ship's yard from the pole, but the Moors, when they invaded Europe in 711, introduced the modern form of flag proper as distinguished from the banner.

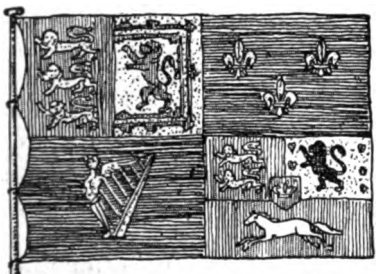
The subdivisions of nations and tribes were so minute after the break-up of the Roman Empire that standards were legion, and only a few stand out from the ruck, such as the famous Oriflamme of Dagobert, or the celebrated raven standard of the Danes which was captured by the English in 878. Alfred the Great, who has been styled the father of the English Navy, probably used the dragon standard in his ships, but when, at the Conquest, this was superseded by the two lions of Normandy, the use of the latter standard was probably not so universal, because for hundreds of years the Navy was rather a feudal than a Royal force like Alfred's. As such—although in a fleet of any size the ship of the Commander-in-Chief would carry the Royal insignia on her banners and sails, either because the King commanded in person, or because the "Admiral" was acting as his direct representative—the variety of pennons and banners displayed would be enormous. Each knight who commanded a vessel would display his own pennon, or, if he were a knight banneret, his square banner, while the ships from the various Cinque Ports, which formed such an important portion of our earlier Naval forces, would naturally sail under the colours of the towns to which they belonged, and very likely displayed, in addition, the general flag of the organisation "3 lions dimidiated with sterns of ships."



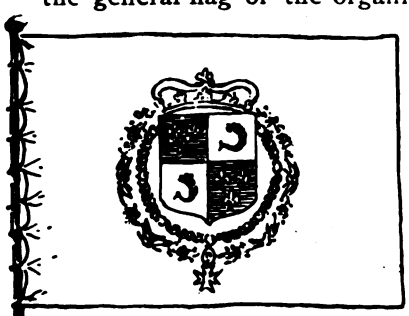
The First Union Jack. James I.



Spanish Ensign, as Established 1785.



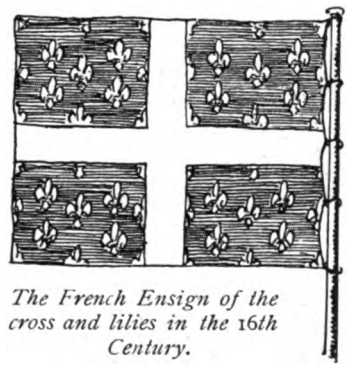
British Royal Standard at the Commencement of the Present Century.



French Ensign, 1705.

But Richard I., of crusading memory, would appear to have taken a considerable interest in the development of Naval affairs, and in his time the use of the Royal—or as they may, perhaps, by that time be considered, National — Arms became much more universal in the Navy. The two golden lions were increased to three, and it has been stated by some authorities that he also introduced the St. George's Cross, still the distinctive flag of the Royal Navy. This, it is thought, was derived from the white red-crossed surtouts or "jacks" worn by the English crusaders to distinguish them from their foreign allies. The French crusaders, for instance, were dressed in blue jacks with white crosses, and, as in England, this design was soon adopted as a national banner or "jack." So that these rival jacks were very likely present in considerable numbers at the battles of the Damme, on the canal near Bruges; at the great victory of Hubert de Burgh, governor of Dover Castle, over a French fleet of much superior force commanded by the dreaded sea-captain Eustace the Monk in 1217, and, again, some years later, at the desperate fight in mid-channel, when the French were once more totally routed. In the last-mentioned fight the blue lily-starred banner of St. Louis most probably figured prominently on the defeated side. In 1345, the year preceding the great victory of Sluys, it is recorded that 160 "pencils," "pennoncels," or pennants, as we should now call them, were specially ordered for the fleet, and also distinctive banners for the various ships. This shows that the matter of colours was receiving attention, and that a certain organisation and uniformity was aimed at. Each ship when so equipped would be like one of our regiments of the present day with its Queen's, or national, and its regimental colour. It seems a pity that these distinctive flags should have died out in the Navy. They were emblazoned with designs emblematical of the ship's name, very frequently that of a saint.

The Dutch Flag of the 17th Century.



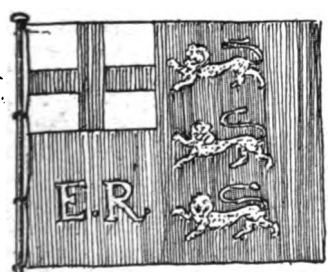
The French Ensign of the cross and lilies in the 16th Century.

At Sluys, where Edward III. commanded in person and displayed his banners upon the cog "Thomas," these new pennants fluttered victoriously over the English soldiers and seamen as they drove their opponents in utter rout into the sea, earning for their Royal admiral the proud title of "King of the Sea." He also claimed to be King of France, and so quartered the French lilies with the English lions on his standard, where they remained till the present century. Another three years, and our red-crossed pennants and lion banners were unfurled against the castles of Castile which waved from the masts and staves of the forty-four "great carracks" of Spain, off Winchelsea on August 29, 1349. Once more our colours carried victory with them.

Spanish Ensign, 1780.

Henry V. had a very large fleet of war-vessels, as also had his great subject the Earl of Warwick. The men-of-war were beginning to increase in size, and an innumerable quantity of banners and flags were carried, besides which the big main-sail also served to display the King's or some great baron's insignia. Thus it is on record that the cog "John" carried "a royal banner, two streamers emblematical of the Trinity and of Our Lady, eight guidons—viz., the Trinity, Our Lady, St. Edward, St. George, a swan, ostrich feathers, and two of the Royal Arms." There were also eight similar and,

Spanish Ensign at Armada.



The Elizabethan Ensign.

* *The Dragon Standard.*—The almost world-wide adoption of this fabulous monster as a badge is very remarkable. Even now it is the Chinese ensign and the crest of Wales. The supporters of the Arms of the City of London are dragons; the dragon appears in our coinage. It also, in one form or another, appears in the arms of numerous cities abroad; for instance, Brussels and St. Malo. Harold fought under the Great Dragon of Wessex at Hastings, and in the Great Seal of Lord Howard of Effingham the figure of a dragon is perched on the taffrail of the ship there represented. Innumerable other instances might be quoted.

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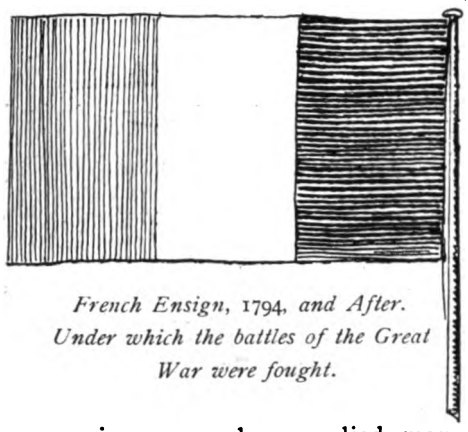
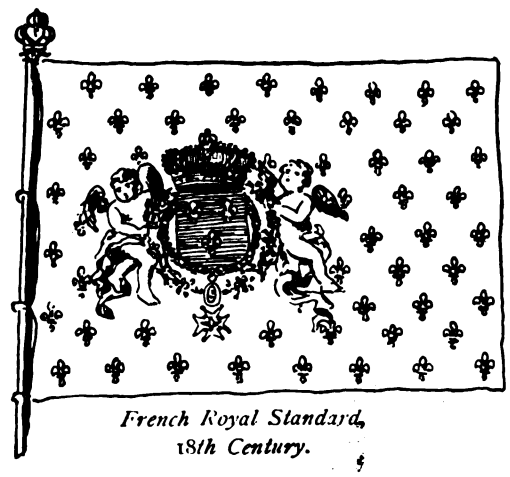


French Ensign, 1794, and After. Under which the battles of the Great War were fought.

probably, larger flags, called "standards," and one "banner of council." Probably the two saints' banners were the St. George's Cross and the golden cross on a blue ground of St. Edward. The "swan" was a favourite badge of the King, and the "ostrich feathers" of his father and, also, of his son. These Royal badges, adopted according to the whim or fancy of successive monarchs, supplied many names to the Royal Navy,* and as it seems that a set of new ones did not render their predecessors obsolete, the number of decorative banners of this kind tended to increase fast up to the time of the Armada, after which they were discarded.

At this time French ships, while still wearing in all probability the blue flag or banner with golden fleurs-de-lis, and, possibly, during their reigns, the red standards of Charles VII. and Louis XII.,† wore also the admiral's banner. Thus, in the fourteenth century, they would wear the golden eagle on a red ground of the famous Jean de Vienne, and later, in 1545, the red colours with a cross vair which belonged to the Admiral Anne d'Annebault. In a picture of the French ship, "La Grande Louise," in 1500, the arms of the admiral are emblazoned on the big mainsail, while an enormous forked pennant of great width covered with fleurs-de-lis reaches like a paying-off pennant from the truck, or rather maintop (then much the same thing), to the water-line. But in an old drawing of the fight between the "Regent"—the first ship built at Woolwich—and the "Cordeliere," off Brest in 1512—when both caught fire and blew up—the latter, commanded by the famous Primauguet, or Portsmoguer, or Piers Morgan as he is variously called, flies swallow-tailed pennons, white with a black or dark blue cross, except on her foremast, where the cross also forks and divides the two streamers by dark lines. The "Regent," Sir Thomas Knevyt's command, flies the St. George's swallow-tailed pennons everywhere. There are indications, also, that a blue flag with the fleur-de-lis and a white cross, a species of combination of the two older types we have before mentioned, was in use by the French about this period.



French Royal Standard, 18th Century.

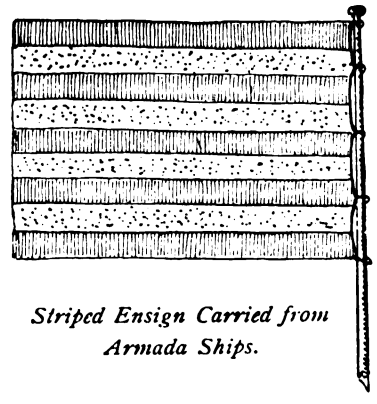
These flags, with that of D'Annebault, were most likely flown by the French expedition against the Isle of Wight in 1545, which is principally remembered from the capsizing and sinking of the "Mary Rose," one of our largest men-of-war. The English ships of this period wore, besides the St. George's Cross and the Royal Arms, the green and white colours of the Tudors. Thus the pennant had the St. George's Cross next the mast, while the fly was half green and half white.‡ A white and green-striped ensign was often carried at the stern. As an instance of the usual colours carried, there is a drawing of the "Subtile," a galley of this period, in the British Museum, in which she carries the following flags: At her masthead, yardarm, and aftermost ensign staff, a pennon as above described; on another staff just before the latter, a double Royal Ensign, that is, one in which the quarterings are eight instead of four; and on either gunwale, seven small flags as follows: A flag with the initials "R.H." (Rex Henricus), three with the St. George's Cross next the staff and a white fly, two with two white and two green horizontal stripes, and one with the letter "H" and a fleur-de-lis.

Dutch Ensign. The well-known flag of the Netherlands.

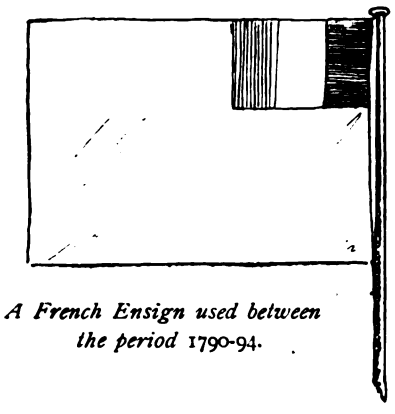
The Dutch Ensign as worn at Camperdown.

At the battles with the Armada in 1588 it would appear that a great number of different flags and colours were displayed by both sides. The Spaniards flew at the foretop mast-head of Medina Sidonia's flagship, a special Royal Standard, in which the Imperial Arms were displayed in combination with figures of our Lord and the Virgin. But the greater number of the Spanish ships, probably, in fact, the whole, carried the red raguled saltire on a white ground—a Burgundian ensign—which had been introduced by the Emperor Charles V., and seems to have been adopted as the national ensign. In addition, many are shown with a horizontally-striped flag on another ensign staff, probably the red and golden "barras longas" of Barcelona, from which the present Spanish colours are derived. This practice of carrying two ensign staves, one on either quarter, seems to have been common to both fleets, as the English are depicted carrying two ensigns in the same way, one generally a striped one, probably the Tudor white and green, and the other some combination of the St. George's Cross.

Lord Howard of Effingham, the English admiral, carried the Royal Standard of the lions and lilies at the main of the "Ark Royal," or "Ark Ralegh," as his ship was called. Other Elizabethan ensigns which were probably present during the glorious defeat of the would-be invaders were the St. George's ensign, sometimes plain, as in a jack, and sometimes cantoned on a green and white-striped or on a red ground. The red ground in some cases had the three golden lions passant of the English Arms in the fly, with the initials "E. R." below the cross. Possibly this is the "Glorious *Semper eadem*, the banner of our pride," referred to by Macaulay in his stirring poem, for Elizabeth, when she adopted a personal badge in the shape of a Phœnix, added her initials and the above motto. Another red ensign has three sun-rays streaming from below the cross, and two of these appear in the upper corner next the staff of a St. George's jack.§ These may probably be traced back to the Rose en Soleil badge of Edward IV., the sunburst of Edward III., and the crowned sun with two anchors of Richard Lion Heart. In the great seal of Lord Howard as Lord High Admiral, a large swallow-tailed pennant is shown flying from the maintop of a ship, with the Royal Arms next the hoist, and lions, fleurs-de-lis, roses, and other badges in the fly. The St. George's flag is hoisted to the mizen-yard.



Striped Ensign Carried from Armada Ships.



A French Ensign used between the period 1790-94.

Admiral's Flag during the Commonwealth.

* *Ship's Names Derived from Royal Badges.*—"Antelope," "Bull," "Falcon," "Dragon," "Rose in the Sun," "Hawthorn," "Moon," etc.

† *Banner of Louis XII.*—It is recorded that the "Bordelaice" in 1514 carried standards bearing the arms and colours of the king, "red and yellow."

‡ *The St. George's Pennant.*—The green and white of the Tudor pennants gave way in 1627 to red, white, and blue arranged horizontally, thus producing what is now known as the "Church pendant," being always hoisted when the ship's company are at prayers. In 1805 this was known as the "English pendant," according to a signal book of that date in my possession. The "Church pendant" of that date, on the same authority, was provided with a short cross-piece, like a banner, and ended in two tails, one red and one blue. Otherwise it was the same as now.

§ *Sun-rays.*—Almost an identical colour, except that the ground is blue, is a second captain's colour of a foot regiment of about 1680, now in the museum of the R.U.S.I. The sun-rays were a special badge of the House of York ("the Glorious Sun of York"). We find them in the colours of the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment, 1664.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 205.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1901.

Photo. Copyright *G. Lekegian & Co., Cairo.*

OMDURMAN AND SOUTH AFRICA.

Looking back, one may almost be surprised to find General Lord Kitchener where he is. For a long time it looked as if the gallant officer was more likely to distinguish himself as a decipherer of Hittite inscriptions than as a leader of men. His chance came when he was started on the work of reorganising the Egyptian Army after Arabi's defeat. Then opportunities brought rapid promotion, and the country applauded the selection of the victor of Omdurman to be Lord Roberts's Chief of the Staff. He is now Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, and the nation expects much from him.

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ROUND THE WORLD

GREATER is the enthusiasm which greets the Commander-in-Chief returned from South Africa than that which met the Duke of Wellington when he came back to England at the close of the military occupation of France just before the Christmas of 1818. The conditions have changed entirely since then. Wellington returned, like Lord Roberts, to enter a new sphere of energy and influence. He was to be Master-General of the Ordnance, with a seat in the Cabinet, and he had a strong detestation of what he called "factious opposition to the Government," the voice of which should be stilled to-day. We recognise much in common in the character of the two leaders—both of them soldiers of generous sentiments and kindly ideas. If it had not been for the influence of Wellington, Napoleon would have been shot, and he it was who interfered to protect the public buildings of Paris. Just in the same way has Lord Roberts safeguarded all that could be protected in the subdued South African Republics. But, as was Wellington's case, Lord Roberts has received no credit for leniency among the men he has defeated. Attempts were made upon the lives of both these great soldiers in the capitals which they occupied, and both escaped the assassin's hand. But Lord Roberts has come back to find an England vastly changed from that which Wellington saw. Then the spirit of revolution was spreading among the lower ranks, and horse or sheep stealing, or the theft of the value of five shillings from a shop, was still a capital offence. Nor was there in the upper classes anything to counteract the evil tendencies, and the old King still lived, but was only the empty husk of his former self. Now, happily, our gracious Queen, beloved by her people throughout the world, welcomes the good soldier, and from every quarter rises the voice of an Imperial patriotism, of which Lord Roberts himself is the best living exemplar. High honour is justly his due.

Photo. "Navy & Army."

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA

Is the Daring Boer Leader who, in Conjunction with De Wet and Delarey, has been Carrying on that Desultory and Useless Guerilla Campaign that has so Unduly Prolonged the War. A very Typical Boer, Commandant General Botha became Joubert's Successor, and rose at a bound to the Full Confidence of his Fellow-countrymen.

SPEAKING of faction against the Government, it may be well to remark that this is not the time to set up impossible standards or hold out counsels of perfection. The battered figure of Cæsar's wife may now be laid to rest, for it is nonsense to hope to place a Minister in a position in which, in no possible circumstances, could he act corruptly or escape the slanderous tongue. Instead of looking for the impossible, the nation and its Ministers must bend all their efforts to the accomplishment of a vast work of military administration and creation. It is not only the Imperial Army, so called, which we have to look to; there are the forces of the colonies also to be embodied in our organisation. How shall these be constituted? What is the place of the Yeomanry and Volunteers in the Imperial plan? We must know, in short, what the Army is for, in order that we may direct our policy well. Else must our military forces remain disorganised, and in that parlous state wherein the French Navy lingers, maintained for no well-understood purpose or plan.

AN excellent thought with which to enter the Twentieth Century is of the splendid and successful manner in which the Australian Commonwealth has been created, an organisation which will receive its crown and completion when the Duke of York, representing Her Majesty, opens the first Federal Parliament of the new State. The enthusiasm which greeted Lord Hopetoun, when he landed at Sydney in December, was expressive of the high hopes that beat in the hearts of Australian citizens. The moment is one of supreme importance for the Empire, because Federal Australia is destined, with growing prosperity, to become one of the brightest jewels in the Imperial crown. The blood of many Australians has been shed upon South African battlefields, and the knowledge of the mutual sacrifices which have been cheerfully borne by many, is a strengthening bond of the indissoluble tie which binds Australia to the Mother Country and to the other members of the Empire. Every Englishman and every colonial patriot will follow with the deepest interest the fortunes of the new Commonwealth, which enters upon its life as a nation with high hopes and with real certainties.

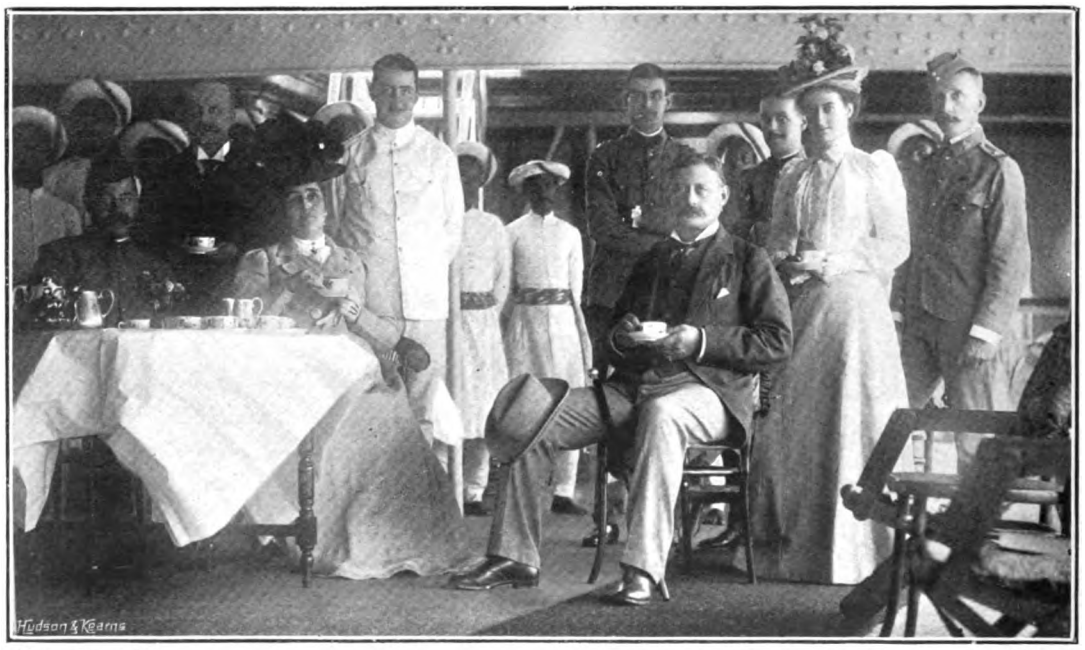

Photo. Copyright. Mee Cheung.

ON THE DECK OF A HOSPITAL-SHIP.

Our Picture was taken on Board the "Gwalior," which is now doing the Useful Work of a Hospital-ship at Wei-hai-Wei. It was taken at Hong-Kong, and the Figure in the Centre of the Group is Sir H. A. Blake, G.C.M.G., the Governor of this Crown Colony, whilst Lady Blake is Seated at the Tea-table. The Officer on the Right of the Picture, Wearing a Field-service Cap and Dressed in Uniform, is Lieutenant-Colonel Crofts, in Medical Charge. When the China Trouble began, Colonel Crofts was Medical Officer to H.H. Maharaja Sindhia, G.C.S.I., whose Munificence has Provided the Ship, and after whose State and Capital she is Named. Colonel Crofts is an Officer of Wide Experience, and has seen much Service in Afghanistan, in Egypt, and on the North-West Frontier.

THERE are some who think in South Africa that it would have been an excellent thing if General Baden-Powell had visited England at the height of his popularity after the relief of Mafeking. They assure us that his personality and his individual magnetism would have exercised such an influence throughout the country that 10,000 good men and true would

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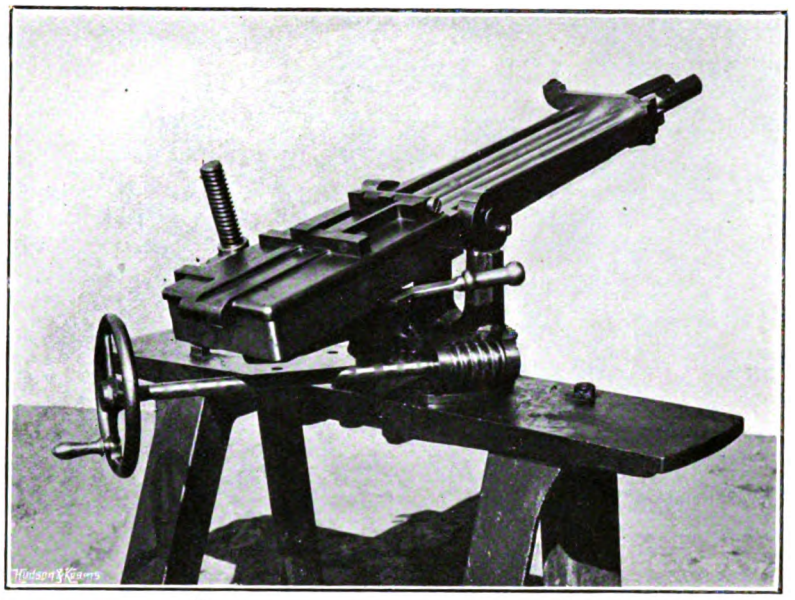
have been recruited for the South African Constabulary. That is quite possible, but meanwhile the Government does not propose to enlist more than 5,000 in this country, and about 17,000 candidates have presented themselves. They are all to be single men, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, who are both practised horsemen and marksmen. The test established for those who have already gone out was very severe, but so anxious are the authorities to have only men of known qualities and endurance, that a further test takes place on landing before their final acceptance. If they are found deficient they will be sent back, and they will receive no pay until they are finally enrolled. If these conditions are exacted, "B.-P.'s Police" should be one of the finest forces that ever took up arms.

THE creation of this force may be taken as a sign that there can be no real conciliation with the Boers, or, at least, with the extreme section of them. When Mr. Kruger left, Krugerism, properly so called, came to an end, and the German - Hollander clique broke up. But still the resistance remains, and this is no more than should have been expected. Something may be allowed for the presence of mercenaries—men who, in many cases, have made their own countries too hot to hold them—but the broad fact remains that large numbers of true Boers are still under arms. The whole history of the Boer people should have led us to expect what is happening. When they were dissatisfied with British rule in Cape Colony they would not tolerate it, but trekked away to new lands unknown to white men. They carved out a destiny of their own, and in their terrific contests with Dingwiswayo, Chaka, and Dingaan, they poured out their life blood in defence of what they had won, living under arms for the protection of their women and children, and of all they possessed, from the sudden inroads of the savage. Men who have created a state through hardship and sacrifice of this kind do not readily abandon it. The Boer people are, as a whole, ignorant and retrograde, and strongly opposed to modern progress, but the history of the Great Trek and of the sanguinary struggles with the Zulus is an inspiration to them, and accounts for the resistance they maintain. None the less, opposition must be crushed, and we look to Lord Kitchener and his experienced lieutenants—

A WEST INDIAN LION.

The "Lion of Gun Hill" is one of the best-known Objects near Bridgetown, the Port and Capital of Barbados. It is really almost a Natural Curiosity, for the Rock always Bore some Resemblance to a Lion, and an Officer who was Stationed there in 1868, and had a Pretty Talent in Sculpture, Completed the Resemblance, and by the Aid of his Artistic Chisel Converted the Rock into the Striking Statue shown in our Picture.



A TURKISH POM-POM.

As will be seen from the above Picture, the Ottoman Empire can Manufacture some of its Own Ordnance, although—as we Know to Our Cost, for the Orders that might have come to this Country have gone to Germany—the Great Bulk of it is Purchased Abroad. The 1-pounder Quick-firer here shown was Made Entirely in His Imperial Ottoman Majesty's Arsenal at Constantinople, and a Very Creditable Piece of Gun Construction it is.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

UNDER THE STORMBERG.

It is from the Lofty Hill here shown that the Terrible Disaster which the Force under General Gatacre Sustained, just about a Year Ago, takes its Name. This Important Position—there is a Railway Junction here that is also Named after the Hill—is now Held by the 3rd Leinsters—the Old King's County Militia Rifles—and the Battalion has Amused its Leisure Hours by Decorating the Rugged Sides of the Hill with the Badge of the Regiment, a Prince of Wales's Plume. This is Built of Stone from the Veldt and Mountain-side, and is 3-ft. in Height. The Length of the Whole is 125-ft. The Length of the Feather is 93-ft., and the Breadth 78-ft.

and, perhaps, chief among them General Baden-Powell—to put an end to the present trouble.

THERE is still breathing-time for us; the avalanche will not descend upon us yet! Lanessan is on our side! We have paid agents who go out between the Quai d'Orsay and the Rue Royale proclaiming aloud that we are invulnerable! "France lies under the shameful yoke of a Cabinet which knows no guarantee but fear, and no safeguard but prostration!" It will readily be supposed that these things were not said in England. They have been said on the banks of the Seine by a Nationalist organ—one of many which delight in denouncing the powers that be. Times are sadly out of joint, according to these papers, in which it is possible for General Mercier to be attacked in the very Senate of which he is a member. The scene when he made his notorious proposal is described as truly worthy of history, and one which does not want tragic grandeur, while Mercier himself has risen to the ranks of the proudest citizens who can be honoured by a free democracy! "He has propounded the greatest question of the century"—this remark was made in the century just closed—"and has struck a powerful blow at perfidious Albion, which could no longer, but for the present Ministry, humiliate France by her arrogant demands, her boastful intolerance, and her odious insolence! England can be attacked at home; she knows the danger, and feels that she is condemned to an effort absolutely disproportionate to the resources and the powers even of 'the tyrants of the world!'" This is the kind of inflammatory nonsense which has been inspired by General Mercier and his friends.

THE excited feelings which have been caused in the United States by the agitation in favour of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and of a complete transformation of the Hay-Pauncefote Convention, are not a good sign. Great bitterness has been shown, which reminds us of the spirit which prevailed at the time of the Venezuelan Boundary dispute, when there were those in America quite ready to provoke a war with this country. There is too much good sense on both sides of the Atlantic for any serious dispute. But the Senate has chosen to act in a most unfriendly and even uncivil way. It offers

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also a rebuff to Mr. McKinley, and embodies a new proposition which it will be difficult to admit. The President is an old Parliamentary hand, and when Congress reassembles, in a fortnight's time, there will be less than two months of the Session to run, for both Session and Congress expire on March 4. A great deal of business has to be transacted, and it would be quite possible, seeing that no closure exists, to fill the time with talk, and leave the settlement of the Nicaragua Canal question to the new Congress, which will not meet until the end of the year. By that time more sober counsels may have prevailed.

IN the affairs of China, it is interesting to note that Prince Ukhtomsky has returned, having completed his mission, and that Li Hung Chang lately addressed a telegram expressing "the gratitude of China to Russia for permitting China to resume the civil government of Manchuria." Since Russia committed the massacre of the Chinese at Blagovestchensk, annexed the Chinese bank of the Amur, and isstill in military occupation of one of the most valuable Chinese provinces, as well as of Niu-Chwang, the Leao-Tong Peninsula, the railway traversing the province, the Chinese railway north of the great wall, and of every strategical point from Moukden to the Corean border, this gratitude of China can only be regarded as a blind to cover the practical occupation of Manchuria as a Russian Protectorate. While we have been indulging in diplomatic intercourse, the Russians have gained practical advantages of the highest importance to themselves and of somewhat serious significance for us.

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb*

A PRETTY PICTURE AND A PRETTY PIECE OF WORK.

This Exquisitely Clear Illustration, with the Lovely Grand Harbour of Valetta for a Background, shows an Anchor being got Inboard on the "Rupert," the Little Single turretted Battle-ship that does Duty as Port Guard-ship at Alexandria. The "Rupert" has just had a Refit at Malta Dockyard, and this completed, she is Shipping the Big Anchor from One of the Dockyard Lighters. A Temporary Derrick had to be Rigged to Swing the Anchor Up to the "Rupert's" Deck, and then it was taken in Charge by the Ship's Derrick and Swung to its Place on the "Anchor Bill," as the Place where the Anchor is Stowed is Called.

THE Belgian officer, Colonel Fivé, who returned to Liège last month, had an adventurous journey through North China and across the Gobi Desert. His commission from the Congo State was to explore, from the point of view of commercial and industrial resources, the provinces of Chili, Ho-Nan, Shen-si, Kansu, and Su-chuan, and the region of Lake Koko-Nor. The object of King Leopold is to find new outlets for commercial energy. The story that Koko-Nor is disappearing gradually is confirmed by Colonel Fivé. It is situated at a great altitude, and is entirely closed in by great mountains, and its area diminishes owing to the fact that the affluents do not bring sufficient water to compensate for evaporation, and it, therefore, grows more salt. The lake has a magnificent aspect, being deep blue in colour, while the neighbouring mountains are often covered with snow. On an island is a temple, where some Lamas live with their troops of goats, and subsist upon the charity of pilgrims. From Koko-Nor Colonel Fivé followed almost the route of the Russian explorer Prjevalski, returning by the Gobi Desert, which is destitute of trees or shrubs, extremely dry, intensely hot in the summer, and very cold in the winter. The terrible solitude of the journey seems to have depressed the spirits of Colonel Fivé and his companions, but he has accomplished a successful task, though we have not heard what commercial advantages are likely to accrue to Belgium or the Congo State.

THE tour which Lord Curzon brought to an end at Calcutta before Christmas, was very remarkable and important in several ways, and is to be succeeded by a period of hard and urgent work. The Viceroy visited the famous temple of Somnauth, associated with the legendary exploits of Mahmoud of Ghazni, he surveyed the great Jain temples of Kathiawar, the ruins of the ancient Mahommedan capital of Bijapur, and the caves of Karli near Poona, he walked amid the evidences of Portuguese splendour at Goa, he visited the famous hall of a thousand pillars at Madura, the great rock fort at Trichinopoly, and the vast southern temple at Tanjore, and he traversed the heroic ground of Seringapatam. There will doubtless be a bill for the preservation of ancient monuments, and already officers and officials are warned not to buy the spoils of ancient temples offered for sale in Indian bazaars. There was brought before Lord Curzon the need for greater irrigation works and the extension of railways, and the rivers are to be harnessed for the production of electric power. The cordite factory near Ootacamund is to be driven by this means, and probably also the new gun-carriage factory at Jubbulpore. Difficult problems connected with defence will have to be boldly faced. The native Press will cry aloud against greater expenditure, but it is all-important that the troops should be supplied with the finest arms that can be produced, and in order that this may be done, a vast outlay is necessary. This is one of the greatest preoccupations of the Indian Government. Lord Curzon has now had ample time and abundant opportunity to survey the great dependency, and is the man to carry through the work. There must be no failure to complete in every detail the preparations for Indian defence, and the Viceroy has returned to Calcutta to undertake the onerous duty.

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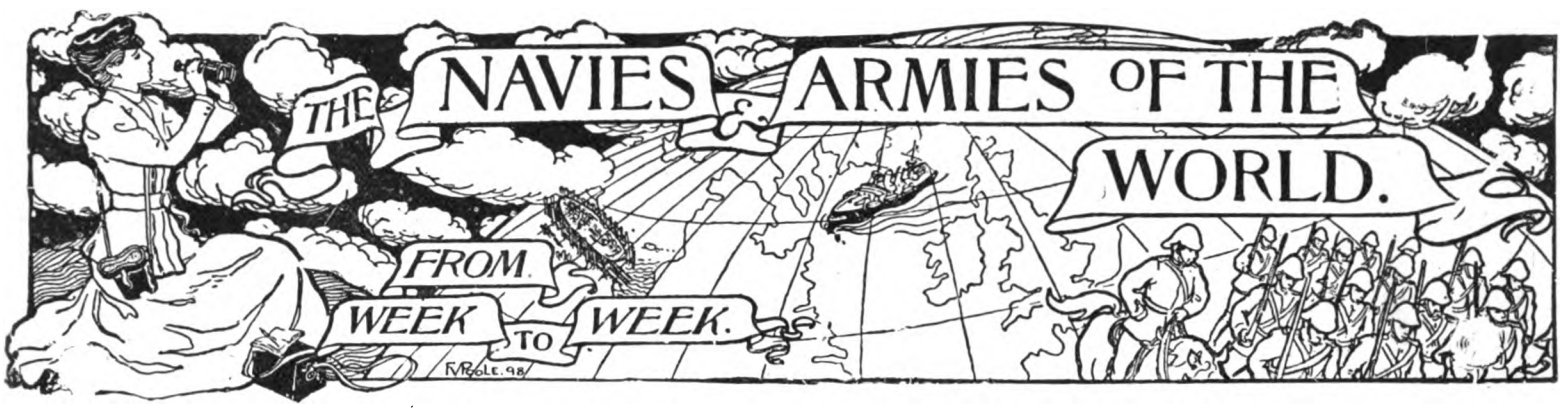

WE have come to a new year, and have to see what it brings in its hands. That it comes bringing its sheaves with it, we know, for this must be the case. But the question is, what are they? We can as yet only guess, though it is a probable opinion that they will not be altogether pleasant. Twelve months ago we were rather gloomily contemplating the wreck of certain excessive hopes. Our soldiers had mostly sailed to South Africa in the firm conviction that there would be little fighting and that they would be in Pretoria by Christmas. They found that there was a good deal of fighting, and though some of them got to Pretoria by the date fixed, it was not exactly in the way contemplated. We had a good deal to make good and to correct, and we were setting about the duty imposed not without a certain indignant disgust at the way in which the nature of things had disregarded our clear claim to have everything our own way, but hopefully, and with the well-grounded conviction that if we only exerted ourselves properly the needful could be done. It has been achieved in a considerable measure, and now we have to see how the triumph leaves us standing. No war is done when it is done—there are always its consequences to be dealt with; and our case in South Africa is very far from being an exception to the rule.

* * * *

The political results and troubles of the South African War do not concern us here—and it would be an advantage if the military results could equally be left aside. But they obviously cannot, seeing that our chosen subjects are the British Navy and Army. Yet it would be much more convenient to be able to leave the whole matter alone, and that for one simple reason. This is that the subject seems to be, from what one can read about it, in an extraordinary muddle. One thing only is clear, namely, that in the opinion of many among us the British Army is all wrong in everything, except personal courage, from top to bottom, and that something truly drastic and revolutionary must be done, and that quickly, or else the day of doom will instantly supervene. Because we have not succeeded either very rapidly, or, as it must be confessed, with much brilliancy of personal superiority, in getting the better of a very peculiar enemy fighting in circumstances known and familiar to himself, there is seemingly a widespread conviction that the sun of England's glory is about to set for ever, and that the tramp of invading hosts may be heard any day in the neighbourhood of Coventry. I say seemingly, because one is not bound to take all this excited rhetoric at its own valuation. Nine hundred and ninety-nine level-headed men go about their lawful avocations quietly, while the thousandth writes insanely to the papers. Of course, he makes more noise than all the others put together, but after all he is only the tenth part of one per cent.

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Nevertheless, there is some justification for outcry, and the outcry is loud and persistent. The result will be, and ought to be, some overhauling of our military household, some washing of our dirty linen, as Napoleon called the process, and that is not pleasant. It amounts to a confession that we have bungled, and that some of us have behaved badly, or that at any rate it looks very much as if we had. After the rather complacent talk about the natural superiority of Englishmen, and more especially the quite unparalleled virtues of the British soldier and his officer, which had been rather common for a few years past, this is a "cooling card," as our Elizabethan ancestors would have said; or, in more modern phrase, it is a slap in the face, or a douche of cold water—very wholesome experiences at times, but not agreeable. There must obviously be enquiry and examination. To judge by recent events reported in the papers, to which it is not necessary to do more than allude, the unpleasant work is beginning. If so, the proper course for the country is to leave the competent authorities to conduct the painful investigation, and for its own part to wait for the results of the enquiry before deciding that some wholesale change of organisation is needed in the Army.

Allowing that we have failed in South Africa, does the fault lie in the organisation of the Army, or is it to be found elsewhere? That is the question which does not appear to be widely asked. It has certainly not suggested itself to the well-meaning persons who are calling out for a conscription. In what way would conscription have saved us from our miscalculations in South Africa? The nation at large, including its Army officers, and that ubiquitous omniscient being the man in the street, who was particularly loud on the point, was pleased to take it for granted that the Boers were absurd, blustering, cowardly fellows, who would be instantly disposed of so soon as "Stalky and Co." came flourishing along in their magnificent way. Well, we were all wrong—all, for the few who thought differently could not get a hearing, and were even too frightened even to try for one, so that they were for all practical purposes as if they did not exist. It was an utter mistake, but would it not have been made even if we had enjoyed the advantages of a conscription? The French had conscription when Napoleon went to Egypt, when he tried to seize Spain, when he invaded Russia, and when they went light-heartedly into their war with Germany. Yet on all these occasions the miscalculation was gross. Why should conscription prove an infallible charm for us? It is not from want of men that we have suffered.

* * * *

Every now and then a phrase or word of some sort takes the public fancy, and is repeated right and left. Conscription is one of them. How absurdly it is used may be seen in the papers daily, and nowhere more fully than in the astounding remark that it would reform our "Hooligans." What idea of Hooligans, or of military service, or of conscription, can there be in the minds of people who talk like this? The rabble of that name is composed of boys in the slums of great towns who have not come to the age of military service, and are in a great percentage of cases physically unfit. Then, wherever there is a conscription the criminal class is rigorously excluded, and very properly. The honest men revolt against being called upon to herd with criminals, and the officers, who can get the pick of the population, refuse to be plagued with the scum. This is the case even where military service is supposed to be universal; it would certainly be made the rule here. At the very time that people talk in this fashion, they speak of military service as an honour. It requires some subtlety of mind to see the honour of passing a part of your life in a reformatory for prigs (criminal prigs, of course, not academic) and rowdies. No; if we are to have a conscription, the first rule made for it will have to be the rigid exclusion of the criminal scum.

* * * *

And what do we want the conscription for? We have found plenty of men for the war in South Africa. The answer, when you get one, is always that we want the men to fight an invader. So that, after all the talk about Sea Power, and our throwing up of caps over the Navy, the first odd result of this war is to destroy our confidence in the Navy. When we write the thing out it looks nearly idiotic—but there it is. Yet it would puzzle the most ingenious of men to show reason why the difficulty we have found in mastering 30,000 or 40,000 obstinate well-armed partisan fighters, halfway round the world, in a vast, thinly-inhabited country, which they know thoroughly and we do not, proves that a French or German army could be carried across the North Sea or the Channel. Of course it proves nothing of the sort. That France or Germany has not attacked us during the last year does go to prove that they have no intention of attacking us at all, and so far is a reason against having a conscription or a big home Army. All this outcry for a conscription is the result of a mere hysterical desire to see something big going on. It is that, and, in a less degree, it and all the rest of the clamour for reorganisation is unconsciously or consciously a very useful device for smothering the awkward question whether our failures have not simply been due to individual errors, which cannot be investigated without causing annoyance to particular persons.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is on sale throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and may be obtained at all railway and other bookstalls.*

The Commonwealth of Australia.

ON New Year's Day a new nation came into existence. This may sound like bombast, but it is a strictly accurate way of stating the effect of the Australian Commonwealth Act. The Australians up to the present have been members of scattered colonies—New South Welsh, Victorians, South Australians, Queenslanders, Tasmanians, and Western Australians. Now they are members of a great confederation. It is not much more than a hundred years since the United States joined together to form a similar Commonwealth, and since the Americans became a nation. The marvellous activity they have shown in the course of those hundred years has placed them in the forefront of the great Powers of the world. A large part of this activity is due to the Union. If they had continued to exist as a group of scattered communities, their destiny would have been very different. What we have seen on the continent of North America we may see on the continent of Australia. Our Australian cousins have much of the virile energy that characterises the American. Now that Federation has at last given to them as a nation a prominent position among the races that are ruling the earth, this energy will gain a fresh impetus. As an independent State, Australia would certainly make rapid progress towards a leading place in the Council of Nations. As a partner in the British Empire her future is even more safely assured, assuming always that the Empire is governed in the interests of the Imperial whole and of humanity at large, not in the interests of any particular unit or of any individual policy not fully approved by the voices of all the partners.

To make sure of the permanence of the Imperial Bond is the task that lies before the statesmen of the Empire. To centralise such business as affects the relations of the Empire with the world at large, and to decentralise all local affairs, is, stating the problem in the broadest possible terms, the work that cries out for accomplishment at the dawn of the Twentieth Century. Every part of the Empire must manage its own concerns. No part of the Empire can be allowed the exclusive management of those concerns which affect the whole—negotiations with foreign Powers, questions of defence, commercial arrangements applicable to all British settlements. Such matters ought to be dealt with by an Imperial Council, which might sit alternately in Great Britain, in Australia, in Canada, in South Africa when in course of time we have a federation of states under the British flag there as well; perhaps, too, in India. This would only be carrying a little further the principle upon which Australian Federation is based. The Legislatures of the six colonies remain to deal with local affairs. To the Federal Parliament will be left questions affecting Australia as a whole. If such an arrangement is found to be necessary in one of the States which compose the Empire, how much more must it be required for the good government of the Empire itself.

It would be a great advantage if this vast question of the relations between the component parts of the British World-State could be kept out of the arena of party politics. At the same time, it is impossible to withhold an expression of admiration for the courage and political ability shown by the Hon. T. A. Brassey in his letter touching a "Policy on which all Liberals may unite." If the responsible leaders of the Liberal Party seize the idea which Mr. Brassey offers to them, they will go a long way towards that rehabilitation and reformation of the party which everyone, whatever be political opinions, is anxious to see. It is a great opportunity to take the lead in educating popular opinion on a very important question. Posterity will feel respect for the party which first has the statesmanlike foresight or the political acumen (call it which you will) to assimilate into its creed this far-reaching reform in the Imperial constitution. Upon it may depend the very existence of the Empire. The colonies have now reached a stage of development in which they cannot any longer be looked upon as children for whose safety the Mother Country must continue to provide. Were it only on account of the problem of Imperial Defence, some form of Imperial Parliament would be a pressing need. The colonies are now grown up, and must help to defend themselves. But as soon as they are asked to contribute to a common fund, they will very naturally say that they expect to have a voice in the disposition of the fund. "If you want us to help," they would say, "you must call us to your councils."

Another of the points on which Mr. Brassey dwells has a peculiar force for us in Great Britain. At present Parliament is so much occupied with the affairs of the Empire as a whole that our local affairs get scant attention. There are a number of matters which we should like to have settled, matters which really have an effect upon our comfort and our well-being as a nation, such as the better housing of the poor, the proper incidence of taxation, or the systematising of our inchoate schemes of primary and secondary education. These stand over from session to session, and, while we see the colonies passing from one social reform to another, and doing their best to humanise and rationalise their systems of government, we lag behind, occupied exclusively with the large questions which ought to be settled by a Parliament representing the Empire as a whole. Every man and every woman who feels it a duty to understand the problems of the age in which we live, ought to think out these points for themselves. Voting is a duty as well as a privilege, and no one can vote intelligently unless he knows exactly what he is voting for and also why.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"ALURED."—The first Commander-in-Chief of the standing Army was George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. By his commission, dated August 3, 1660, he was styled "Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief" of all forces in the three kingdoms and the territories thereunto belonging; but he was also sometimes known by the title he bore before the Restoration—the "Lord-General." The Duke of Monmouth succeeded to the office in 1678, but the title of Commander-in-Chief was dropped, and he was denominated Captain-General. Suspected of treason, he was deprived of his office in the following year. After that there was no renewal of the office for some years, both James II. and William III. taking upon themselves to direct the affairs of the Army. Marlborough was the third Commander-in-Chief.

* * * *

JAMES MARSH.—Applicants for engagement in the Canadian North-West Mounted Police Force must apply personally at the headquarters, Regina. They must be between the ages of twenty-two and forty, active, able-bodied men of sound constitution, and must produce certificates of exemplary character. They must, according to regulations, be able to read or write either the English or French language, must understand the care and management of horses, and be able to ride well. The term of engagement is for five years. The pay of a constable is 50-c. per day for the first year, and good conduct pay of 5-c. per day is added each year, so that a constable's pay in his fifth year is 70-c. per day. Staff-sergeants receive 1-dol. to 1-dol. 50-c. per day, and other non-commissioned officers 85-c. to 1-dol. per day. Members of the force are supplied with free rations, a free kit on joining, and periodical issues during the term of service. Extra pay is allowed to a limited number of blacksmiths, carpenters, and other artisans. Married men are not engaged. The minimum height is 5-ft. 8-in., chest measurement 35-in., and weight 175-lb. If an applicant possesses the necessary qualifications he is employed on probation for two months, at the end of which he is either engaged for five years or discharged as being unsuited for the service.

* * * *

"CAPTAIN" (Newhaven).—No extensive history of the Volunteer Force has yet, as far as we are aware, been published, although the records of individual corps have in many cases been compiled in an attractive form. You will find some valuable historical information relating to a considerable number of corps in "Our Citizen Army," by Callum Beg, published as three special numbers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. "The Story of the Volunteer Movement from 1859 to 1900" has been well told in a little book by W. H. Blanch, and published by Messrs. John Blanch and Sons, gunmakers, London. You will find in "The C.I.V." (published at this office, price 1s.) some interesting facts, not only relating to that distinguished corps, but also to the Train Bands of the City, the Honourable Artillery Company, and the Volunteer Force that existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

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FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

"'E's a little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs;
But it keeps us outer Clink—
Don't it, Bobs?
So we will not complain,
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again—
Blue-light Bobs.

"If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead,
Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart o' lead
Outer Bobs.
'E's been at it *fifty* years,
An' amassin' souveneers
In the way o' slugs an' spears—
Aint yer, Bobs?

"Then 'ere's to Bobs-Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket-Wellin'ton an' '*arder*—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This aint no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed
Bless yer, Bobs!'

From a Stereoscopic Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, London. Copyright, 1900.

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THE NEW YORK WORLD

Lord Roberts Leaving South Africa.

Photos. Copyright.

Lord Roberts Passing Through Adderley Street.

"Navy & Army"

The Field-Marshal's Escort of Brabant's Horse.

SCENES AT THE RECEPTION IN CAPE TOWN.

Photo. Copyright.

W. Goldsbrough & Son, Port Elizabeth.

LORD ROBERTS AT PORT ELIZABETH.

Entering the Grounds of the Grand Hotel, Fifteen of "Algoa's Fairest Daughters" Formed an Archway of Palms over his Head.

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The Royal Army Clothing Factory.—I.

By F. G. ENGELBACH.

THE recent inclusion of the Royal Army Clothing Factory in the command of the Director-General of Ordnance is one of the important changes which have taken place in the War Office in recent years. For the first time since the abolition of the post of Master-General of the Ordnance, the final responsibility for the manufacture, inspection, and supply of all warlike stores rests with a military officer of high rank, General Sir Henry Brackenbury. To remedy the abuses which were rampant in Crimean days the present department was organised, and until recently was administered by the Director of Clothing, who was responsible to the Financial Secretary of the War Office. It has now been decided to place the supply of clothing on a similar footing to that of other warlike stores, and to completely separate the three branches which the Clothing Department has always comprised, viz., Manufacture, Inspection, and Store and Supply. The appointment of Director of Clothing has been abolished, and an officer placed in charge of each of the three branches.

AT THE ENTRANCE.
The Royal Army Clothing Factory.

The Clothing Department as a whole covers an area of seven acres, and provides employment for more than 2,000 persons. Of these by far the largest portion are engaged in the manufacture of clothing in the factory. This establishment employs nearly 1,700 hands, almost all of whom are women, admitted between the ages of fourteen and thirty-five. The wage bill of the factory amounts to considerably over £70,000 per annum, and the value of the materials made up in the year to over £200,000.

Probably no other similar department in the world caters for such a variety of customers as does the Royal Army Clothing Department. Our world-wide Empire enlists its sons for its local defence, and hence have men of every shade of colouring in the human race to look to Pimlico for their clothing. Every piece of soap, every razor, every "housewife" used in the Army, from one end of the Empire to the other, passes through the careful hands of the Clothing Department. Glance at the figures, and their magnitude is appalling! In the year 1897-98 55,525 tunics, 151,777 serge frocks, 18,811 jackets, 10,454 waistcoats, 196,329 pairs of trousers, and 47,000 pairs of pantaloons, trews, and breeches were turned out, besides coats, capes, and necessaries innumerable. Now turn to their constituents of cloth, cotton, and buttons. In the year 1899-1900 3,600,000-yds. of cloth and serge, 1,500,000-yds. of cotton material, 40,000 miles of silk and thread, and 10,000,000 buttons were used in the factory.

So much for figures, which are notoriously deceptive, as the mind refuses to grasp such masses of cyphers, and requires some more easily digestible fact to compare them with. Therefore, take the cuttings and scraps of cloth left over from the finished garments. Although the cloth as issued to the various departments is covered with patterns, so designed as to practically eliminate waste, yet what is left sells for sums varying from £5,000 to £6,000 per year. But, after all, the chief interest in this busy hive of human industry lies in the factory. There the clothes of the soldier, gay and gala, or drill and dun-coloured, are actually made, and although the inspection department is interesting, still it is difficult to raise the same enthusiasm over boot-inspection as one can over the operations of the crowd of workers seen in the great hall.

The factory itself measures 220-ft. long by 96-ft. broad, of which the centre hall absorbs 196-ft. by 44-ft. Round this splendid factory are placed balconies and aisles which account for the remainder of the space, and which are open at the sides to the free ventilation afforded by the lofty height of the central hall. The officials seem to take a pride in making the visitor mount up several flights of stairs and then bidding him gaze at the animated picture presented by the workers—600 strong—in the great space below. From a height of 50-ft. the scene is kaleidoscopic in its brilliancy, for the masses of colour melting into each other at that distance make the picture one to be remembered. Only 230 sewing-machines are provided, for even now much of the work has to be done by hand, and one machinist can do the work for three or four hand workers. A hum of talking rises to the spectator, for, although working for dear life, the employees claim their sex's privilege of talking. Employment at the factory seems to be a privilege much sought after, for on a closer examination of the workers in the hall, women of all ages were noticed. Mothers enter their daughters and their relatives as to a happy profession, and to judge by the smiling faces seen on every

ROLLS OF SCARLET CLOTH.
Ready for Cutting Out.
Photos. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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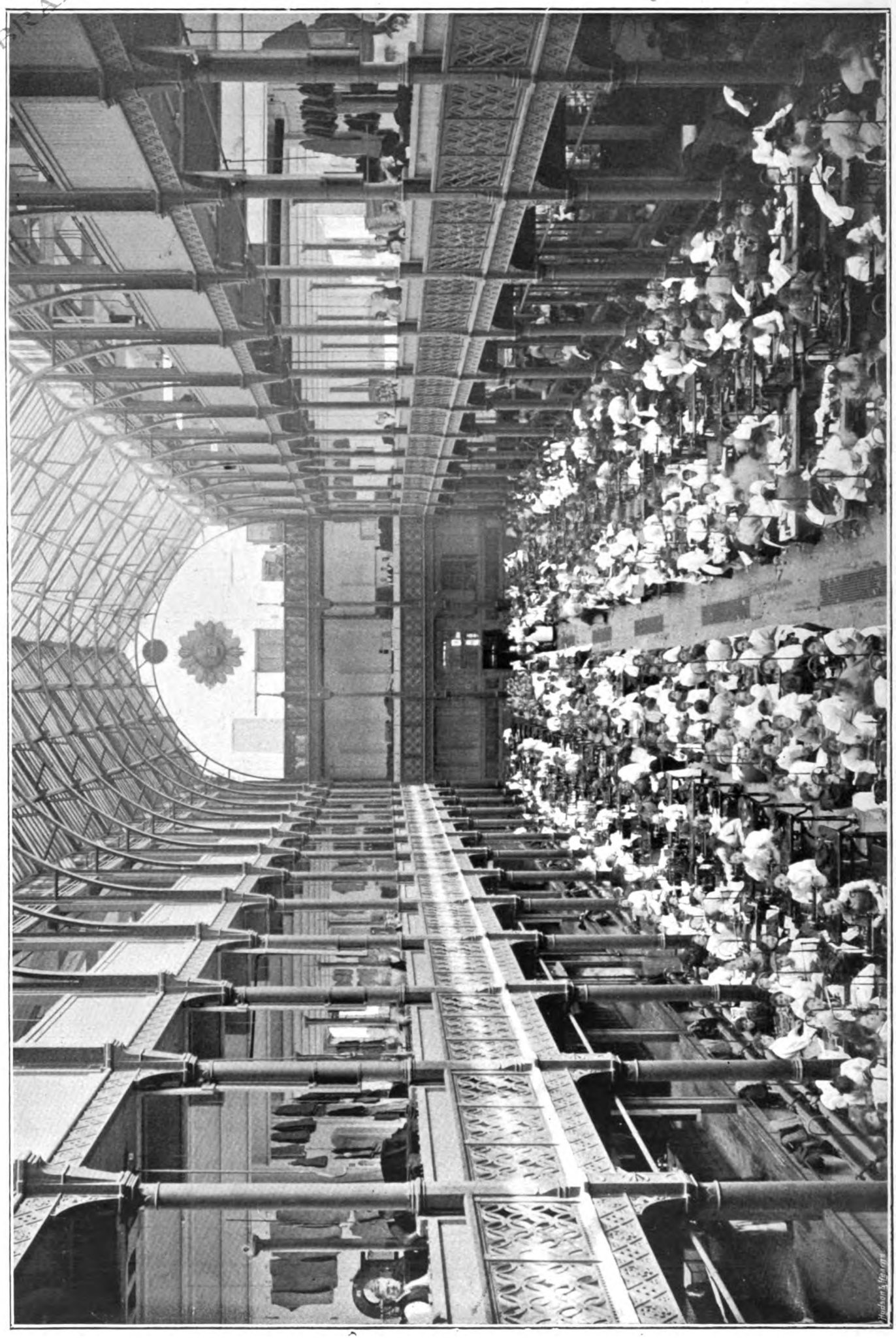

A VIEW OF THE MAIN HALL AT THE ROYAL ARMY CLOTHING FACTORY.

An Animated Picture of 600 Workers.

From Photos. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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side the Government does not seem to be a hard taskmaster. By a wise provision on the part of those responsible for the management, every woman does her own pressing. This necessitates her leaving her seat, walking to one of the 175 pressing-machines, and thus getting some enforced and beneficial exercise. Although the central hall, and rightly too, is the show-place of the building, still the work when it reaches the machinist and hand-worker is well advanced. Prior to this the cloth has been rolled out in great lengths called "lays," and marked out in patterns.

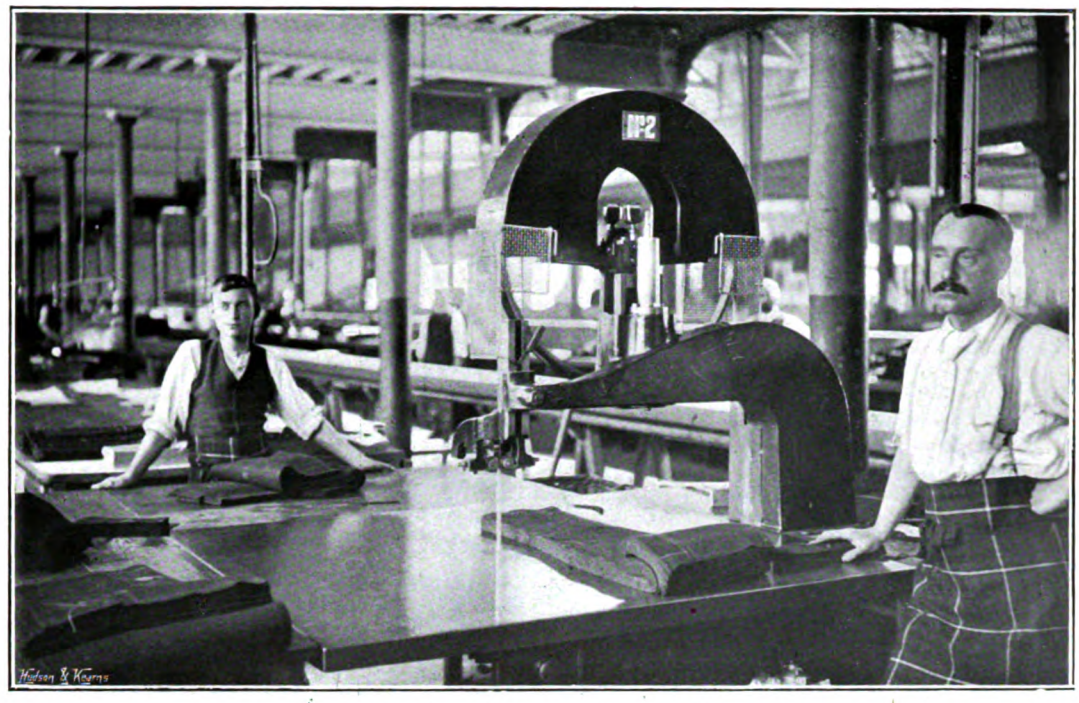
The cloth is laid twenty strips thick, and much labour is thus saved in marking out. By an ingenious band-knife, it is possible to cut this thick mass of material as though it consisted of one layer only. The block of cloth is brought to one of the saws and lightly pressed against it. Evenly, without noise or fraying, the twenty patterns are cut out, either into pocket-flaps, trouser-legs, sleeves, or any other shapes required. This necessary work is done by men, but one may imagine that in time the gentler sex, as they improve in build, will displace their rivals from this as from the other operations. The necessary pieces of a garment are all gathered together, tied into a bundle, and carried into the trimming-room, where silk, buttons, braid, piping, and other essentials are measured up and placed with the garment for issue to the sowers.

In this room there are eighteen hands, and with one or two exceptions all are under sixteen. The work is light, and it forms an admirable training ground for the future workwomen. On entry the girls receive 6s. per week, and rise 1s. a week for every year of their age up to twenty, when they receive 18s., rising to 20s. On reaching the age of sixteen the girls are drafted to the folding department, where the work is heavier and demands more strength.

In days gone by girls on entry were drafted into the great hall, where they sat side by side with their mothers or possibly their grandmothers, and if their relatives happened to be good workwomen they also became efficient, and *vice versâ*. Now a great room is set apart for the learners, where under skilled supervision they become thoroughly competent. This department is called the recruiting depôt—truly an apt name for it.

The establishment is well worth inspection by the visitor, and here it may be mentioned that tickets to view the Royal Army Clothing Factory can readily be obtained, far more readily than permission to visit Enfield or other of the Government manufactories which have been dealt with in previous numbers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. The Royal Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico will before long be closed to London visitors, for it is reported that the whole establishment is to be moved to the North. Doubtless numbers of the hands will move with it, for it would not be easy for the majority of them to find employment at wages such as are given to the workers in the Royal Army Clothing Factory.

(To be continued.)



A LABOUR-SAVING APPLIANCE.
The Band-knife Cutting and Labour-saving Machine.

IN THE TRIMMING-ROOM.
Where Silk, Buttons, Braid, Piping, etc., are Measured Up.

THE LEARNERS' ROOM.
The Recruiting Depot of the Royal Army Clothing Factory.
From Photos. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

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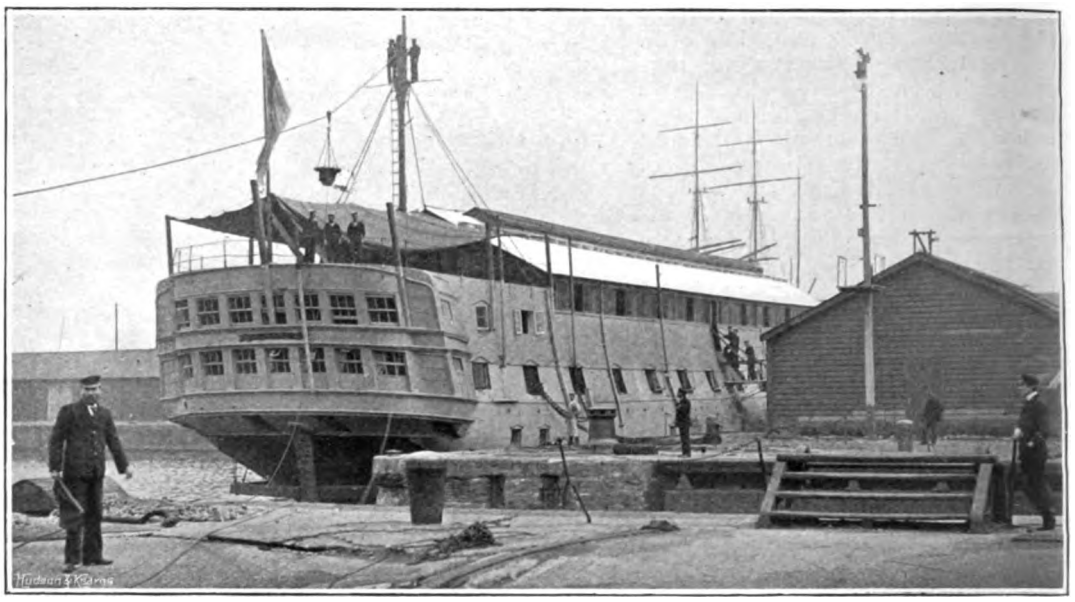
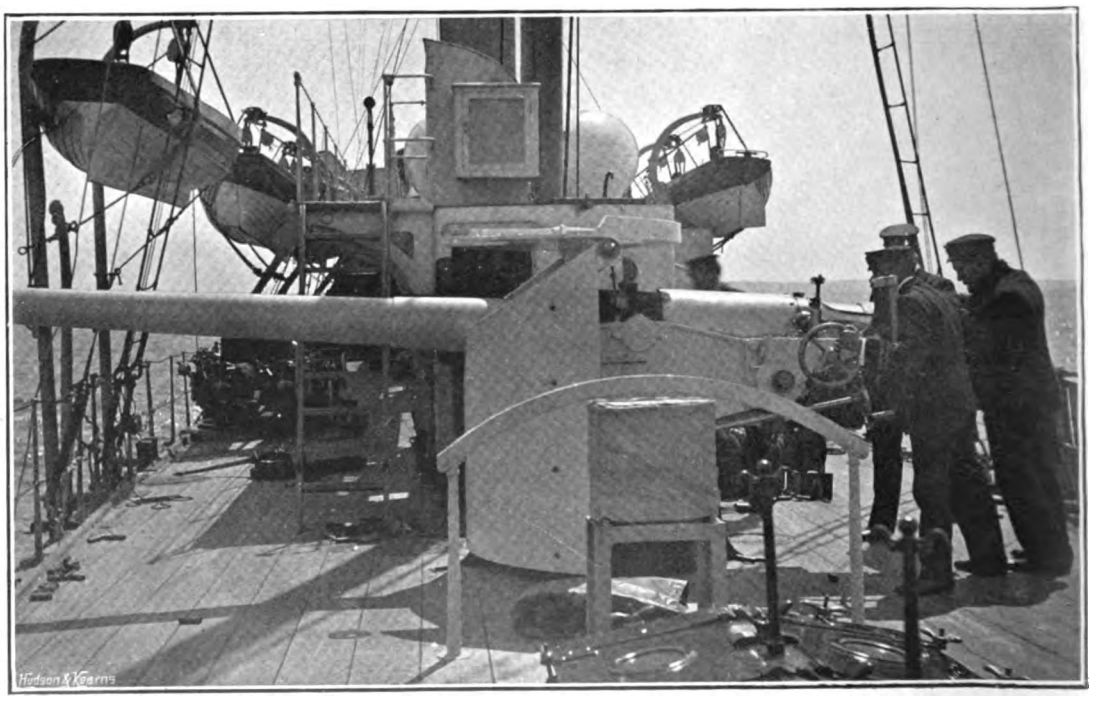
The Drill-ship of the Port of London.

THE possession of a properly trained Reserve is an obvious essential to the efficiency of every Navy and Army. In the British Army we pass men from the colours into the Reserve, and a system somewhat similar in character has recently been adopted to supply in part the needs of the Navy. Hitherto, however, we have relied mainly, as the basis of a reserve force for the Fleet, upon the mercantile marine and the hardy fishermen around our coasts. We have thus got men who had a certain amount of sea training even if they were unaccustomed to handling guns and to the necessarily stern discipline of the Navy, and we have endeavoured to impart to them the special knowledge in which they were deficient by subjecting them to periodical training on board ships specially set apart for the purpose, and by embarking a certain number of officers and men from time to time in some man-of-war actually in commission. Unhappily, the rapidly-increasing proportion of foreigners—"Dutchmen" and "Dogoes"—in the merchant service synchronises with the growth of the Royal Navy, and thus diminishes one of the sources of supply to the Reserve at the very time that it is more than ever necessary that the Reserve shall be strong. The drill ships for the Royal Naval Reserve are located at different spots on the coasts; and London, with all its disadvantages, being the most important port in the world, it is natural that one of these ships should be attached to it. This is the "President," an old line of battle-ship which lies in the South-West India Dock. The instruction conveyed in such a ship is necessarily imperfect, but it is supplemented by cruises in the "Gleaner," a twin screw torpedo gun-boat, which is located at Gravesend. Our first picture shows the "President" lying at her berth, with the drill shed to the right. The evolution in process of performance is the weekly practice with the life-saving rocket apparatus. For the time being, the "President" takes the place of a wreck, and the details, with which most people are probably acquainted, are gone through of hauling off, first, an endless rope attached to a block, and then a hawser and the breeches buoy, which can be seen between the flag and the mast in the picture, and which is designed to bring the shipwrecked crew ashore, one by one. Our other pictures show the little "Gleaner." It is open to discussion whether she is quite the type of vessel best adapted to her work, whether, in fact, a larger and more important cruiser would not afford more instruction. To enter upon this question seriously, however, would embark us on a wide field of controversy, and the "Gleaner" carries 4·7-in. quick-firers and smaller guns, so that a fairly wide opportunity of practice is afforded. The muzzle of one of the 4·7-in. guns can be seen on the left of our second picture, while the last shows the after 4·7-in. gun in action, the officers of the Royal Naval Reserve who compose its crew being in the act of firing it.



IN THE SOUTH-WEST INDIA DOCK.
The "President," the Royal Naval Reserve Drill-ship.

THE INSTRUCTION OF ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE OFFICERS.
Officers on Board the "Gleaner" Gun-boat.



IN PREPARATION FOR GRIM EARNEST.
Working the 4·7-in. Gun on Board the "Gleaner."

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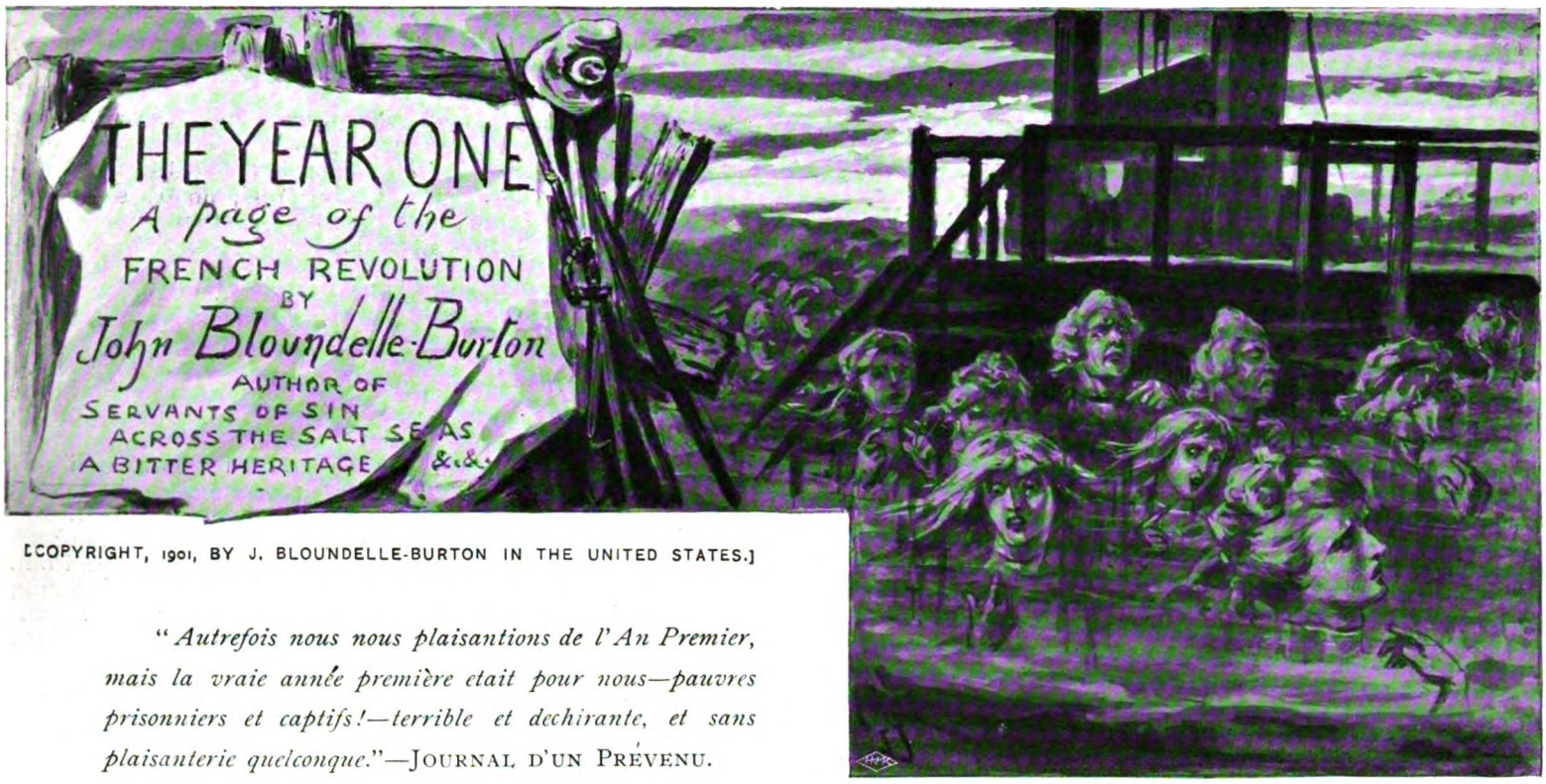

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"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première etait pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et dechirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

CHAPTER I.

LA MARQUISE D'AUBRAY DE BRICOURT.

BECAUSE of the hot mist which hung over the sea upon this June evening, whereby the waves seemed as though they were smoking; because, too, of the dense bank of clouds—purple in some places, leaden-coloured in others—which lay low on the horizon in the direction of the Channel Islands, the boat which was making her way towards the dunes was almost an indistinguishable speck. A speck that might (as she sometimes went a point or half a point off her course, and thereby caused her foresail to gleam like the under part of a seagull's wing) have been mistaken for a buoy tossing on the waves, or, to accustomed eyes, might have appeared to be what it really was, a ship's launch coming ashore. And now, as the boat came nearer, even the uninitiated, if any such could have been found in Brittany, would have known that this was actually the case. With a glass, if not with the naked eye, the onlooker would have noted the gilt sailor's knots on her bows surrounding the badge—a dragon—of the vessel of war to which she belonged; he would have seen by the very manner in which the sailors dragged their oars through the water that the rowers were men-of-war's men, while, also, the observer would perhaps have understood that although the figure which sat in the stern was enveloped in a rough tarpaulin jacket, the hood of which covered all but the wearer's features, it was that of an officer. An officer because, in these times, which, although England and France did not happen to be at war, were still uncertain ones, neither petty officers nor men were allowed to go ashore in charge of the boats. The two countries were not yet at daggers drawn in this month of June, 1792, but were very likely to be so ere long, everybody thought. Nay, if all should turn out as was expected, it was deemed highly probable that soon the whole civilised world would be up in arms against France, in its determination to put down once and for ever the horrible state of anarchy and blood-lust which was beginning to prevail in that distracted country.

But at present England had done nothing—except hold out a promise of help to the Royalists; while Pitt's assurance that the Bourbon family should never come to harm nor the old nobility of France be destroyed had neither been fulfilled nor seemed likely of fulfilment. Wherefore, as the launch of the "Dragon" swept under the bows of the Republican corvette "Le Furieux," which was lying with her sails unbent a mile from shore (to prevent *les émigrés* from escaping), the usual courtesy salutations were duly exchanged. The English officer in command of the launch touched the spot where his cap doubtless was beneath the tarpaulin hood, the tricolour was dipped at the ensign-staff of the corvette; the sea-services of two supposed-to-be friendly nations interchanged politenesses with one another.

Yet beneath his breath the English officer muttered words that might have been "Bloodthirsty vagabonds" or "Republican savages," or something of the kind; the first lieutenant of "Le Furieux," whose watch it was, muttered to himself "*Fichtre pour ces Anglais*" and also cursed *ces Anglais* soundly. "They shelter the *émigrés* by thousands," he continued to mumble; "and protect all who have got into the islands or crossed the Channel. The English Channel as they call it—why? It washes our shores as well as theirs! But then, they are English—bullies and brigands."

After which splenetive expressions—which did no Englishman alive one jot of harm—he continued to walk his deck and to spit to leeward, perhaps because he was a sailor, or perhaps because, on that side, England lay.

Meanwhile, or rather before he had finished his objurgations, the "Dragon's" launch had got ashore by running into a little creek, or river, coming from inland through the dunes, a river about which there were pleasing fictions told of salmon entering it from the sea, and of fat speckled trout which might be caught by those who would give themselves the trouble to do so; but as remarkable fish stories have always been told, not only in France but elsewhere, from time immemorial, this agreeable legend need not be regarded. Then, the mainsail and foresail having been lowered with true man-of-war precision at the right moment, and the launch having fetched alongside, the casks which had been brought ashore to be filled with water were hoisted out, and the task of replenishing them from the supposititious salmon river promptly commenced. For the "Dragon" was cruising in that Channel which bore the name so offensive to the Republican first lieutenant, for certain purposes that need little explanation, since it may easily be conceived that the One and Indivisible Government was not too polite to any of our countrymen or country-women whom it found upon the seas or their coasts, while as the vessel wanted fresh water whenever she could get it, it was the habit of the "Dragon" to send ashore for it frequently.

The dunes through which the creek ran formed a portion of a wild, desolate, and barren region, stretching an indefinite distance along the coast, and, although partly covered by the sea at particular times and at particularly high tides, they were more often than not bare and exposed—as at the present season.

Piled into irregular ridges and heaps, ordinarily fifty to sixty feet high, though, in some cases, considerably higher, these hills or mounds, which are the absolute dunes themselves, seemed to stand as evidences of the extraordinary power which that mighty monster, the ocean wind, could exert against all things smitten by its force. For, here, it was plain enough to be seen that, down the long roll of almost forgotten centuries, this wind had gradually been driving inland the sand and shells which, in their turn and as their mass became compact, were themselves driving further inland all human life. Trees that had once grown upon this sandy shore, which, if not very vast nor stately, had at least been living vegetation, now exhibited to the onlooker nothing but their dead topmost branches above the sand which had enveloped all below those branches, and showed thereby how the process of invasion and destruction was going on continuously. A little further inland might also be seen, peeping above the accumulation of which the lower ridges were composed, the broken and burst-in roofs of what had once been cattle sheds or outhouses—though gone was the farm itself to which they must have at some former time belonged! And, still further in, but on a slight rising of the ground, was a church, shut up and, to all appearances, deserted. For the sand was close up to the churchyard wall, while some of it had crept over into the churchyard itself, and was gradually, in an insidious

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but sure and certain manner (a manner as certain and as sure as the death which had already taken all those who lay within the graves, and would, in time, take all who walked and breathed upon this earth and all who were ever to come), covering over and enveloping the graves themselves as, soon, it would envelope the grave stones and, some day, the church itself, even to the cross above the topmost pinnacle of the tower.

Slowly, and because he had nothing whatever to do until all the water-casks should be filled, which would not be for at least an hour, the lieutenant, who had come in command of the launch, had strolled up the incline of sand towards this now neglected place of worship, and stood regarding the work that the elements had already performed, while contemplating and understanding quite well what further destruction the never ceasing and untiring wind would eventually perform. He was calculating, too, how many years it would take for the church to be slowly surrounded and choked and engulfed by the huge sandy billows.

Yet he started with a feeling of faint surprise, of almost, it might be said, languid astonishment, at seeing that in this graveyard—so doubly typical of death, since not only did it contain the remains of the forefathers of the vicinity, but also that edifice and its surroundings which were, in their turn, doomed to as certain an extinction as those who lay beneath the sand-covered sod—there was still a sign, an evidence, of human life. Not much of a sign, it is true, nor an evidence of strong robust vitality, but still life, vitality, itself; life and vitality as expressed and testified in the figure of an old, bent man, upon whose head there was scarcely any hair beneath the cap of Liberty which adorned his shiny poll, and upon whose face was a mass of deeply indented lines and wrinkles.

"What does he do?" muttered the young lieutenant, George Hope, to himself, as he regarded this old creature, who wore over his eyes an enormous pair of goggles. "He is at work chopping away at one of those tombstones, yet one would suppose they were scarcely worth repair. They must have stood a long while, seeing that they are black and grimed with age, while surely none are buried here now. The earth, when it is not covered with sand, shows plainly that it has not been disturbed for many a day."

Then, seeing that this ancient creature placed a chisel upon the tombstone he was busy at, and struck at its handle with a mallet, so that in a moment there appeared a white strip on the discoloured stone which caused Hope to think of an inch of white ribbon laid upon a square of dirty grey, he crossed the church wall and went towards the man. He was able to do so by simply placing one of his feet in front of him and drawing the other after it, and then leaping lightly down on the other side, since the sand was quite level with the top of the wall on the side towards the sea, while, in the churchyard itself, that which had been blown over was everywhere rising higher and higher.

"*Mon ami*," he said to the old man, in very excellent French (he had been at school in Jersey for some years), "what work do you find to do here, if I may ask? Surely you are not going to inscribe the name of some freshly dead person on that tomb?"

"I inscribe nothing," the old man said, without glancing up at the young officer; "instead, I destroy that which is there. You can see for yourself."

Looking at the tombstone, as suggested by the old man, George Hope did see that it was as the other had said. He saw upon the stone in question that, between the words *Ci git* which followed the oval form of its head, and a name which was easily to be read (the name of Lucille d'Aubray de Bricourt, as well as the date of 1649) there was that freshly made white strip—or rather whiter strip—which had been caused by the chisel and mallet.

"You erase something," he said, "something that has been on this stone since 1649. It is a long time, almost a hundred and fifty years. That which has been there so long might have remained, one would have thought. I do not understand."

"What was there," said the old man, with a little sniggering laugh, "described and spoke of a thing which has existed until now, or almost now, but no longer. Therefore I erase the name, the description, as the thing is itself erased for ever, by order of the Government, of the Legislative Assembly," and he touched his Phrygian-like cap with the chisel.

"I understand," the young officer said, "it was a title; and the Assembly wars even against such a thing as that—the title and description of a woman so long since dead. Surely it might have remained without harming any, even the glorious Assembly, and even though there is no longer any *noblesse*."

"Except in the human heart," the old man said, quoting the clap-trap of the Republican orators. "Except there."

"Yes," said Hope, with a faintly contemptuous sneer, "it is there, doubtless. The new rulers prove it daily—hourly." Then, concluding these reflections, he asked, "What might the title of the poor dead woman—dead so long ago—have been?"

"That of Marquise. Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt. A great family. A proud family. A wicked family, even here in Brittany, where the nobles were not so bad as elsewhere. Now, there is neither Marquis nor Marquise; no titles whatever, and," lifting his chisel and mallet, "neither are there any 'Des.' They, too, are an aristocratic appellation, and there are no aristocrats," whereupon he struck out the "De" before the name Bricourt.

"And the 'd' before Aubray?" exclaimed Hope, still contemptuously. "'Tis the same thing. Should it not go too?"

"Away it goes," said the old man. And in a second it also had gone.

"Pleasant labour, and evidently to your taste," said the lieutenant. "Well! doubtless there are other tombs of the offending aristocrats left for you to work upon"; and he strolled away, intent upon going round the church and regarding it from all sides, since it was more or less of a curiosity owing to the fate that was rapidly overtaking it.

"Ay," mumbled the old man, "pleasant labour, indeed. And there are scores of Aubrays inside the church and out. While as for you," and he glanced at the back of the young officer as he disappeared behind the buttress, "well! your garments show what you are. An English sailor—*un officier*. Therefore, an aristocrat, too, since all English officers are that, they say. Pity 'tis the people do not rise in your land and slay the *noblesse* as they do here. It would at least stop all of you from endeavouring to assist our downfallen tyrants."

Hope had disappeared behind the buttress spoken of, intent upon his walk round the church and any view which he might obtain of the interior by looking through the windows, a thing that was becoming easier every day—every hour—as the accumulating sand raised the earth's level higher and higher; but, as he turned round the wall, he stopped amazed. For, to his astonishment, he came full upon a young woman behind that buttress who was bending forward in an attitude which could be mistaken for none other than the attitude of a person listening intently. Yet—listening to what! Surely not to the conversation he had been holding with the old workman, nor to the man's contemptible gloatings over the downfall of all that had represented the nobility and gentle birth of France. Surely not to that!

"Madame," he said, even as the lady—for lady she undoubtedly was, though dressed as plainly as any Breton farmer's daughter might have been, "I beg ten thousand pardons for coming so abruptly round that corner. Naturally, I could not know——"

"Monsieur," she said, interrupting him, even while at the same moment she abandoned the slight stooping, listening attitude she had previously adopted, and now stood tall and erect before him; "monsieur, this is no time for courteous phrases, though I recognise and appreciate those you have uttered. Monsieur, are you not the English officer who has come ashore from that ship out there? That English war-ship?"

"Yes, madame, I have that honour."

"When do you return?"

"Directly we have got all the water we require."

"Will you assist me? I am in great need of assistance, I assure you."

"Madame may command any services I can offer her. Yet, I avow, I hardly know——"

"Sir," said the lady, while as she spoke she lowered her voice as though fearing that the old man at work in the graveyard might overhear her; "sir, will you take me to your ship? Will you give me a passage to England, or even to Jersey only? I am desirous of fleeing out of France. I desire to become *une émigrée*."

———

CHAPTER II.

An Omen, perhaps.

As Lieutenant Hope's eyes rested upon this lady during the few seconds he was pondering what answer he should make to her strange request, he observed that she was beautiful. Her hair was of a rich golden hue—so golden that it brought to his mind the recollection of ripening wheat-fields glistening beneath a brilliant sun, or—which was more prosaic!—of new guineas fresh from the mint; her features were of that soft rounded cast which, by itself, confers beauty on those who possess it; her eyes were of a sweet, clear grey that almost deepened into blue; while her mouth was small and exquisitely shaped, the short upper lip completing her charms. For the rest she was more tall than otherwise, and the possessor of a figure which in its outlines and fulness left nothing to be desired. Indeed, in those few moments of George Hope's meditations, he found himself thinking that this was a woman whose beauty should not be enveloped in the homely garments she wore, but rather in silks and satins, as well as be adorned with jewellery;

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a woman more fitted to stand within the hall of some ancient château and mingle with noble and illustrious guests than to be here, concealing herself, as undoubtedly she was doing, behind an old and ruined church, while clad in garments that were little better than those of a *bourgeoise*.

"You do not answer, monsieur," the lady said, as those sweet eyes looked into his. "Will you not grant my request, or is it impossible that you should do so?"

"It does not rest with me, madame," George replied, speaking very slowly, and as though weighing every word before he uttered it. "If it did, there would be no hesitation in my answer. But it is to the captain of my ship that the request must be addressed. Without him—without his permission—I could not possibly act."

"Not even to save a woman!"

"Ah! madame," the young lieutenant exclaimed, "do not make it hard for me to answer you as I am forced to do. But our Navy has its customs—the customs of the Service—even as your own Navy has——"

"Our Navy!" the lady exclaimed, bitterly, "our Navy! The Navy of this so-called Government."

"Madame," continued the young officer, who, if he had doubted before that the woman before him was of the Royalist side, of the aristocrats, could doubt it no longer; "madame, I can do this. I can call our boat away at once and return to the ship. Then, also at once, I will convey your desire to the captain, your request to be taken on board as *une émigrée* desiring to escape out of France."

"Will he refuse or assent, do you think?"

"I think he will assent," Hope replied, with a slight smile. "We are not at war with the Assembly—at present—but we are not friendly with it. Who can be, who can approve of its——"

"Murders!"

"Yes—of its murders. I think," Hope said again, "that the captain will assent. Then, if he does, I will bring the boat back for you——"

"God in Heaven bless you!"

"And—and—it will be dark, or almost dark by then. The look-out in 'Le Furieux' will not observe that we have a woman in the boat——"

"Could they, the men in 'Le Furieux,' prevent you and your men from taking me to the English ship? You—English sailors!"

"They could not perhaps prevent us from doing so, but, undoubtedly, they would try. There is a law against assisting emigrants to leave France, and, if I understand rightly, 'Le Furieux' is here for the express purpose of preventing emigrants from doing so. The Channel Islands are so close, and so very many of the French upper classes have escaped to them."

"But you are English. English sailors! And your ship lying out there is as large and powerful as 'Le Furieux.'"

"It is not a question of the two ships, madame," said George Hope, with another slight smile and also a slight bow; "there would be no trouble about that. But, instead, the difficulty lies in getting to our ship. Madame will understand, that when I take her off to-night, as I feel sure I shall do, we shall only be in a small boat which must pass under the bows of 'Le Furieux' as she has done on other occasions, and as she will do in half-an-hour from now when we return with the fresh water. She must do so because, if she did otherwise, suspicion would be instantly aroused at her taking a new course. Now, if 'Le Furieux' knows we have a French subject on board when we do pass under those bows, she will undoubtedly call on us to stop and, if we do not obey, she will open fire on us and probably sink us."

"But they must not know. And, surely, in the dark, they need not know."

"Precisely. Indeed, I assure you, madame, that if it were not for the daylight which is still with us, I would almost decide to take you now, so certain do I feel that our captain will receive you on board."

"Ah, monsieur, you are very good. And, also, you are very thoughtful. I had forgotten that that vessel—that vessel of our new rulers," and there was a world of scorn in the woman's voice as she spoke, "would undoubtedly intercept you. Well, so be it, monsieur. You will do what you say; you will obtain your captain's permission and come back for me?"

"I will endeavour to obtain the captain's permission, as, I again say, I feel sure I shall; and then madame may be very certain I will come back for her. While for safety's sake we will come armed, as well as bring a jacket and cap for madame to assume. With those on and the tarpaulin over—over—well, over madame's hair there will be little danger of her being seen to be a woman."

"To his astonishment he came full upon a young woman."

"Armed!" the lady said, meditatively, and at the same time apparently heedless of Hope's later words. "Armed! *Ah, Dieu!* what am I doing. Exposing you to danger!"

"Madame need not consider that," the lieutenant replied with another bow; "danger is a sailor's trade."

While, had he not been addressing a woman, and she a Frenchwoman, he would perhaps have added that English sailors did not count danger as much of a factor in a contest between themselves and their hereditary enemies; but, because of her sex and her nationality, as well as because he was a gentleman, he forbore to say or hint any such thing.

"You do not demand to know who or what I am; who the woman is who asks this service of you?" the lady said, now looking openly into George Hope's eyes.

"Madame is a woman, and, since she is desirous of leaving France in these troublous times through which the country is passing, I am anxious to assist her. I do not know that anything more is required; though if madame will honour me by giving her name, it would perhaps be as well. My captain may think I should have asked it, and that he should know to whom he is about to give a passage."

"My name," the lady said, "is Lucienne, and I am the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt."

"The Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt!" exclaimed Hope; "the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt!"

"Yes! You speak as though you had heard it before, as though you knew it. Is it so?"

"I became acquainted with it a quarter of an hour ago for the first time," replied Hope, while as he spoke his eyes stole round the buttress towards where the graveyard was, "and now, by a coincidence, I hear it again. There is," he continued very gently, and with his eyes upon the ground, "something being done to a—a—tombstone there. And—and——"

"There is being done to the tombstones of the dead much that is similar to what is being done to the living bearers, to the inheritors of their names. God!" the Marquise exclaimed, "because a hundred, two hundred, three hundred years ago, these people had title and rank, which was inscribed over their graves after they had departed, those

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graves are now to be defiled. The living representatives are not enough to glut the ire of our tyrants, they must insult even the dead."

"It is indeed an ignominious revenge, and doubtless one of the causes which leads Madame la Marquise to desire to quit temporarily a land in which such things can be done—so, if I may venture to speculate on such things—desire, perhaps—to join those who have left that land earlier."

"No," Madame de Bricourt said, "no—it is not that; I could have borne all as others are bearing it here in Brittany—as the Lescures, the Rochejacqueleius, the Déssessarts, a hundred others, are doing. I could have waited as they are waiting to bring about a counter revolution that shall crush these rebels for ever—a restoration of the King to his throne. Heavens! why did he ever fly, why did he not face them like a man? But—but—there are other things. Others—others—Oh, sir, I cannot tell you my history now. Later, if we escape—if I escape, you shall know it."

Hope bowed as she uttered these words, murmuring while he did so that he had no thought of intruding on her private affairs or of seeking her confidence; then he said:

"Madame la Marquise, I see my coxswain making signals to me that the work is done, and the boat ready to return to the ship. For a while—an hour or so, not longer—I must leave you, and I beseech you to trust in me. I know my captain's sentiments, which are the sentiments of an honourable and upright English gentleman; he will not refuse to let me return for you. No, not even though what he may do will embroil England and France, or rather England and the new French rulers. Where," he continued, becoming instantly practical, "shall I expect to rejoin you on my return ashore?"

"I will wait here in this churchyard," the Marquise said, while accompanying her words with a glance which seemed to bespeak ineffable disgust for those rulers of whom Hope had just spoken. "I will be close to that tombstone which they have seen fit to mutilate; there could be no more fitting spot."

Then she took from her pocket a superbly ornamented little watch (it was one of Furét's most recent masterpieces) which did not match with the plainness of the dress she wore, and said, "It is now eight o'clock; it will be dark by ten. At ten may I expect you?"

"At ten I will be here. You may rely on me; for, even though the captain should refuse—which I, for the last time, declare to be utterly unlikely—still I will beg him to let me return and inform you that such is the case, so that you may make other arrangements for quitting France. Madame, I salute you. I will be here at the time appointed."

Whereupon, removing his cap, George Hope prepared to turn away and go back to the launch; but as he did so the Marquise de Bricourt exclaimed:

"Ah, monsieur! how can I thank you? How can I testify at such a moment, at such a place, what my gratitude is? Later, I must hope to do so, when we—when I am safe. Monsieur, till ten o'clock to-night, and *Sans adieu*," and she extended her hand to him.

"*Sans adieu*," he repeated, bending over that hand, "*sans adieu*," and so went round the buttress of the church and through the graveyard out on to the dunes, as he had come.

Yet, as he passed that tombstone from which was now removed all trace of the titles which the woman who had lain beneath it for nearly a hundred and fifty years had borne, he could not refrain from glancing at it in the coming dusk of the evening, nor could he help experiencing some weird and wizard sensation as he did so. For it seemed to his mind—which was a romantic one—partly because he was young and full of those thoughts which more particularly dominate us at that period of our existence; partly, too, because he was a sailor—that some dark and sinister omen might be almost deduced from the fact that, but a few moments ere he had come face to face with this aristocrat who was endeavouring to escape out of her country, he had been gazing upon the desecration of a tombstone which recorded how, beneath it, slept a woman whose name was almost identically the same as hers. It was strange, he thought, very strange—was it an omen? The dead Marquise was being robbed of her titles, of all those poor appanages of rank and position which in actual life have always been so much cherished, while had she still possessed life, they—this cursed, murderous government, this blood-stained Revolution which was becoming drenched with the gore of the great hæmorrhage it had already caused to flow, and would, doubtless, yet cause to flow still more freely—would have had that, too; and, in her place, there was one alive who bore the rank and titles she had borne, but who also possessed what she had long since parted with—life—existence. Would the vulture known as the Revolution, therefore, have the life of the present Marquise if she did not escape, if she did not flee out of the land which the foul thing haunted? Who could doubt it! Surely, George Hope mused, his having been witness of that grave's desecration, and his meeting an instant afterwards with the woman who bore the name and rank inscribed over the grave of another women was an omen, a warning to him to do his best to save her.

He thought all these things, or, if he did not think them, they at least arose in fragments to his mind as he went on his way, while noticing that the old man who had revelled in the desecration he had been engaged on was gone. Gone, he supposed, to the village inn to chuckle, to gloat over the task he had been engaged on: to babble and prattle with other revolted peasants as to how, in good time, it would not only be the heads of tombstones but the heads of living aristocrats which they would mutilate and deface.

For Hope knew well enough, as all other people of intelligence knew in every part of the civilised world, how the horrors that engulfed France had gradually grown from out of a warm and generous desire on the part of the younger people for a more free and more enlightened government than that which their ancestors had ever known, to the cruel thing it was rapidly becoming. He knew, too, as all the world knew, that the reign of the last Louis but one (the Louis who was called *le bien aimè*, yet was so loathed and execrated that men spat upon the ground when his name was mentioned and honest women, who regarded their little daughters sleeping in their beds, would shudder as they thought of this *bien aimè*, and fall down by those beds and utter prayers to God to shield the innocents against that which they did not dare to put into words) was the principal cause of the great transformation that had come over the land. Yet, also, he was aware that that Louis' successor, now to all intents and purposes a prisoner in his own palace and in his own capital, was an upright, honourable, and blameless King, if a weak and misguided one. A good king who had to suffer for the deeds of bad ones gone before him: a king whose sufferings had to be shared by thousands of men and women of high birth and descent who were, in many cases, as innocent and blameless as he.

He thought over all these things as he went towards the launch; he mused upon them still, as, swiftly under her mainsail and foresail, her course was steered toward the "Dragon," and he thought also of the beauteous aristocrat who desired to leave her tempest-tossed country. He remembered, too, how she had hinted at some deeper trouble than even that to which France was subjected now, a trouble more personal to herself than that which war and revolution, or even the blood drunkenness of the uprisen people, could produce. And, so thinking, he determined that, save for his captain's emphatic refusal to have any hand in the matter, he would enable the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt to escape out of France.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"N. L. W."—The ceremony of "throwing the dart" by the Mayor of Cork has not yet been done away with. The dart in question is cast into the sea by the Mayor, in virtue of his office as Admiral of the Port, once every three years, in order to assert his jurisdiction over that portion of the element in the immediate vicinity of the borough of Cork. It has a mahogany shaft, topped and winged with bronze, and is in itself a somewhat unusual item of mayoral insignia. The insignia of another mayoral admiral of a port, His Worship of Southampton, includes, somewhat more appropriately, a silver oar. The Mayors of Southampton stand firmly on their dignity in this matter. Should a foreign man-of-war enter the port under the Mayor's jurisdiction, he officially ignores its existence until the commander has paid his respects to him. That, however, once done, the Mayor orders out his barge and with his silver oar proceeds to return the compliment paid him. The oar is an indispensable part of the business.

* * * *

"TRICHI" writes: "*Apropos* your recent note with regard to the peculiar respect shown by old Sepoys of John Company to the memory of Sir Eyre Coote, well within living recollection, the following fact is interesting, by way of contrast. At the storming of the Arambooly lines, in Travancore, in 1801, a certain Captain Pole, who had gained great renown for his bravery, which was mingled, it would seem, with a certain degree of ferocity, was killed. On the spot where he fell a small temple—a 'demon temple'—was not long afterwards built, and annually, I have been told, on the anniversary of his death, a propitiatory offering is presented of what he was supposed to love best. In this case it takes the form of a bottle of brandy and a bundle of cheroots."

* * * *

"NAVAL STUDENT."—It is very rash to rely on Froude for accurate Naval history. The publications of the Navy Records Society will give you the most accurate account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Mr. Froude's account is untrustworthy. So, too, as has been pointed out before, is his account of Rodney's victory, when, to use Mr. Froude's words, "the English Empire was saved." Yet in describing so important a battle in his account of the West Indies, the relative number of battle-ships is wrongly stated, as well as their strength. He instances the "soldiers on board ship" as adding to the strength of the French fleet, and increases this number by nearly 15,000 over the correct figure. The method of the English attack is erroneously given, and Rodney's flag-ship is made to lead the attack, when, as a matter of fact, seventeen out of Rodney's thirty-six ships passed down the French line ahead of him, and he only led when he cut through the French line on reaching the "Glorieux." Mr. Froude describes vessels as foundering when none foundered, and makes out that half the French fleet, or fifteen vessels, were taken, when only five were taken. Mr. Froude was a picturesque writer, but you must go to others for accurate history.

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The Late Lord Armstrong.

THE death of Lord Armstrong will be almost as much regretted in Service circles as amongst the hardy men of the most Northern shire, of which he was a typical representative. It was owing in no small degree to his brilliant genius, and his years of careful study and thought, that the Naval and Military armaments of this great Empire have attained a degree of efficiency which certainly places them on a par with, if not above, those of any other great Power. Lord Armstrong was the son of a Cumberland yeoman, who, becoming a corn merchant in Newcastle, was successively Alderman and Mayor of the great Northern borough. He first saw the light at Shieldfield, a suburb of Newcastle, on November 26, 1810.

Armstrong was originally intended for a lawyer, and actually began to practise. But all the time he was pursuing the tenour of his nominal profession he was devoting the bulk of his time and study to mechanics, and it was not long before his genius and his study bore their natural fruit, for, when he was comparatively quite a young man, he devised the hydro-electric machine, the most powerful means of developing frictional electricity then invented. This gained for him the earliest, and probably the most prized, of his many honours—the honour of election to a Fellowship of the Royal Society. The study of hydraulics was one to which he had especially devoted himself, and ten years of careful thought and experiment saw in 1845 the successful production of the hydraulic crane that made his name world-famous.

Before five years had passed the brilliant inventor had considerably perfected his inventions. He had designed the "accumulator," which substitutes an artificial head of water for that gained by altitude only. He had perfected the application of hydraulic power to mechanical contrivances of every character, as, for example, bridges, turn-tables, dock-gates, capstans, etc.; he had, in fact, made possible the easy manipulation of the enormous weights that are necessitated by the size and terrific power of modern ordnance.

The great Elswick works were started in 1847-48, the founders of which were Messrs. Armstrong, Donkin, Potter, George Cruddas, and Richard Lambert. Then came the Russian War, and the superb mechanical genius of Mr. Armstrong's brain gave to his country, without fee or stipulated reward, the finest design of rifled ordnance the world had yet seen. Armstrong had indeed well earned the C.B. and knighthood that soon followed, and in addition to these honours he was appointed Engineer of Rifled Ordnance to Her Majesty's Government. The story of the great ordnance and ship-building works at Elswick, so indissolubly bound up with the name of Lord Armstrong, has been told at length in previous pages of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and it is not necessary to repeat it here. One of the best-

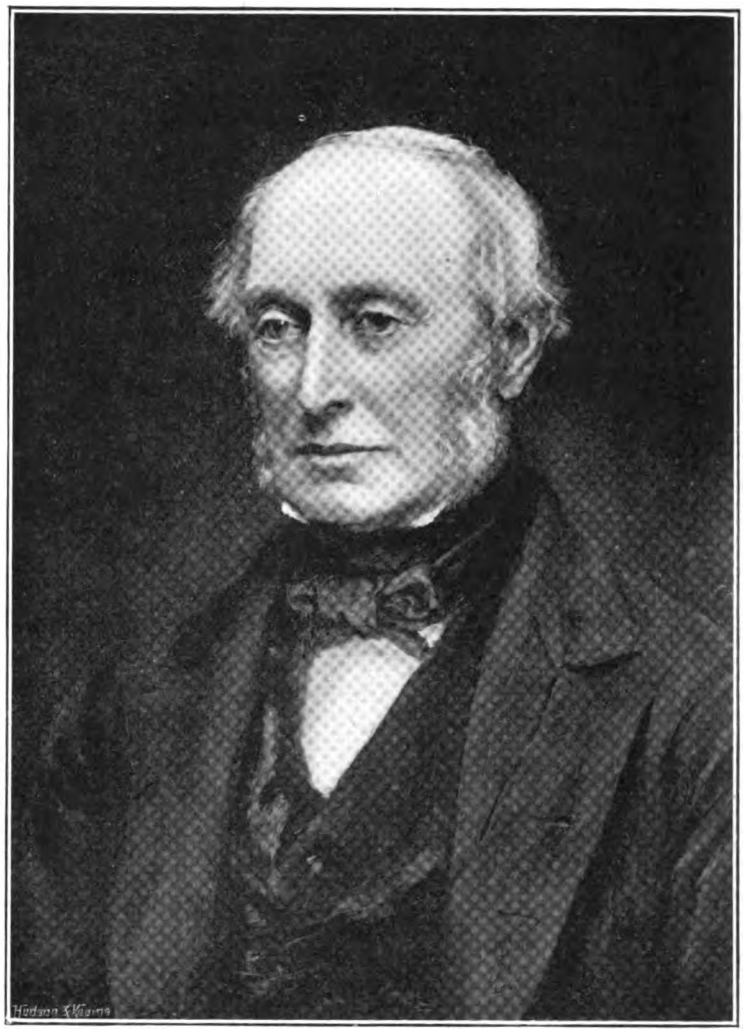
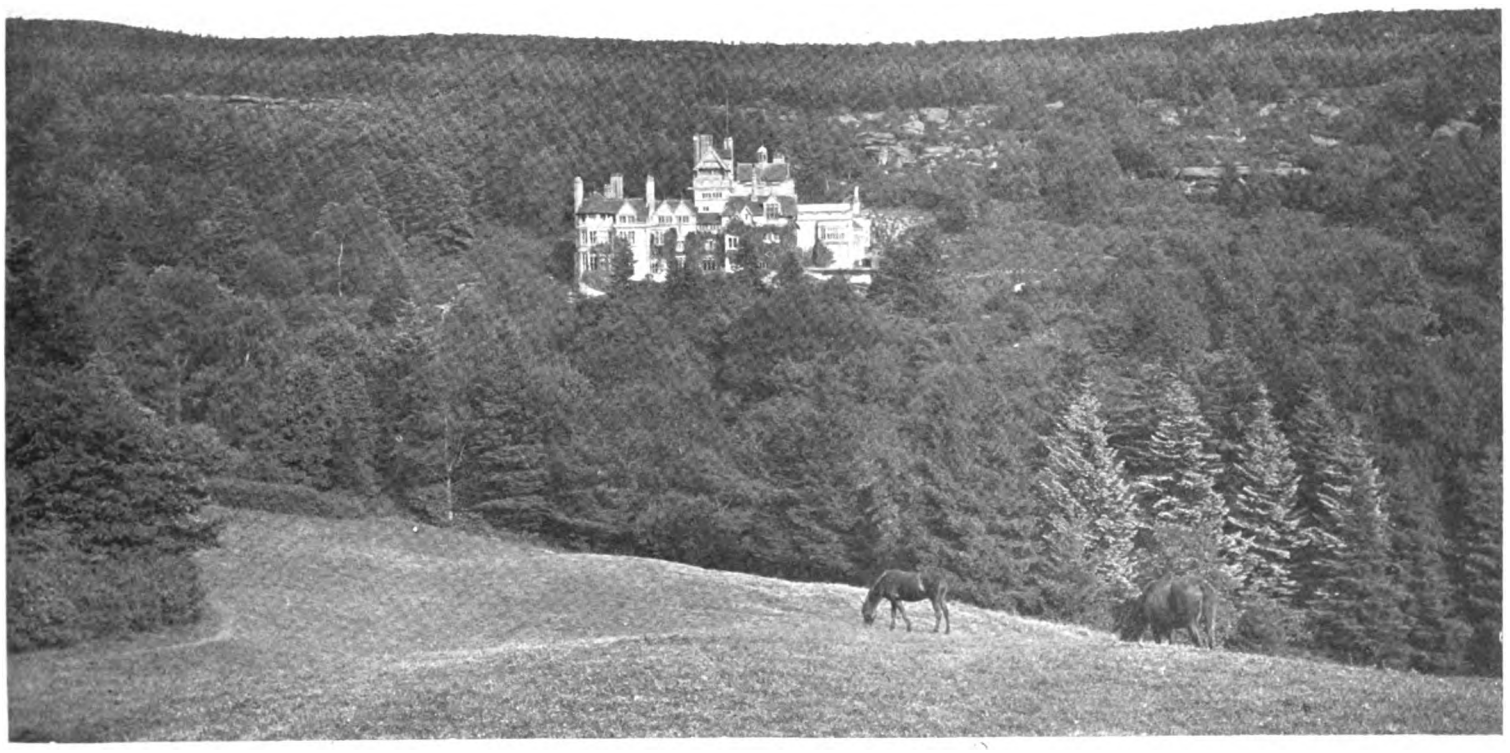


Photo. Copyright. *J. Worsnop, Rothbury.*

A GREAT ENGLISHMAN.

The Maker of Fleets.

earned peerages that has ever been granted was conferred on him in 1887. Lord Armstrong died at his lovely seat of Cragside, Rothbury. To enumerate the honours conferred on him at home and abroad would take more space than is at our disposal, but all were worthily earned. Married in 1835, he died childless, and the title becomes extinct.



CRAGSIDE, ROTHBURY.

The Seat which Lord Armstrong Created in Northumberland.

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On the March in the Orange River Colony.

NUMEROUS and important as are the lessons to be derived from the war in South Africa, the majority, while they concern the nation which relies on the efficiency of its Army, will be learned by the soldier alone. There are two facts, however, which have a general rather than an exclusively military bearing, and which may be commended to the attention of the ordinary civilian. Before the delivery of the Boer ultimatum the country had been so long exempt from any important struggle, that all sorts of distorted notions had gradually come to be popularly entertained. Although, for example, people who thought about the matter knew better, the ordinary man in the street—to use the cant phrase of the day—apparently expected that great battles would occur almost every day. That he has been disillusioned on this point is one of the results of the war; and another fact which has been forcibly brought home to him is the lengthy character of the minor operations required for the due pacification of annexed territory. It was on May 28 last that the turbulent Orange Free State was formally proclaimed to be for the future British territory, and was admitted into the Empire under the name of the Orange River Colony, and even now the work of pacification is not complete. General Sir Leslie Rundle, however, is working with commendable firmness and tact, as well as with the soldierly skill that the nation expects from him, and he is well seconded by his staff, and supported by the troops who are proud to serve under him. Our first picture shows some of the officers of his staff at breakfast, the central figure being Lieutenant-Colonel R. Hobart Morrison, who has worked so energetically and well. The scene of General Rundle's operations is the eastern portion of the Orange River Colony, and it is greatly to be regretted that the Boers persist in the futile resistance which renders those operations necessary. So long, however, as that resistance continues there is but one course open to us, and that is to crush it. The process is tedious and costly. It implies the constant employment of small columns sent out in various directions, sometimes to meet an enemy, but sometimes also merely to remind recalcitrant burghers that there is a British force on the spot. There is much hard work and little glory. General Rundle recently reported from Harrismith that he is gradually clearing the country. One column sent to Reitz—rather more than forty miles to the north-west of Harrismith—had captured a large amount of cattle and foodstuffs, a capture which had a double value, since it furnished supplies for our troops while depriving the enemy of them. Another column had been sent to Vrede—nearly sixty miles to the northward—and had a tale to tell of a succession of skirmishes. In this district the Boer commandoes appeared to be acting independently. Another report tells of the finding of 140,000 rounds of Mauser ammunition, twelve Krupp shells, and 200-lb. of dynamite. All these had been buried, and the discovery of them is significant. Someone must have given the information. Who was it? For a long time it was merely a suggestion—which assumed the guise of fact in the eyes of only a few well-informed people—that the Boers were burying their ammunition and their guns. It is now universally accepted as truth, and, indeed, we are already told of buried rifles having been disinterred, when a temporarily successful raid has allowed access to them, and restocked for future use. There is no doubt that there are thousands of rifles, many heavy guns, and enormous stores of ammunition buried underground, and it might be well worth while to offer a pecuniary reward proportionate to the articles recovered to any giving information as to the places of burial. Such an opportunity of making money would hold out an irresistible charm to Kaffirs, and to a great many Boers as well. Presumably our War Office was acquainted by means of the Intelligence Department as to the number and classes of guns possessed by the Boers of the Transvaal at any rate, and every one of these ought to be accounted for. We cannot afford to leave guns or rifles at the disposal of men who might be willing to take advantage of the occurrence of any European complication to give us renewed trouble in South Africa. Doubtless, as time goes on, there will be an amalgamation between the British element in South Africa and the better class of Boer — the class that is the least tainted with the admixture of Kaffir blood. But it is useless to expect any such result for years to come, and, in the meantime, there is every reason why arms should not be left in the hands of possible foes. Our pictures illustrate some of the work which is being done. We see a convoy and the escort which is still unfortunately necessary, while the remaining two pictures represent respectively artillery and a Cape cart and baggage crossing a drift on the Liebenberg Vlie River.

WITH SIR LESLIE RUNDLE'S COLUMN.
Some Officers of the Staff at breakfast.

A REMINDER OF LOCAL DISTURBANCE.
The Convoy Still Requires an Escort.
From Photos. by Lieutenant-Colonel R. Hobart Morrison (Staff, 8th Division).

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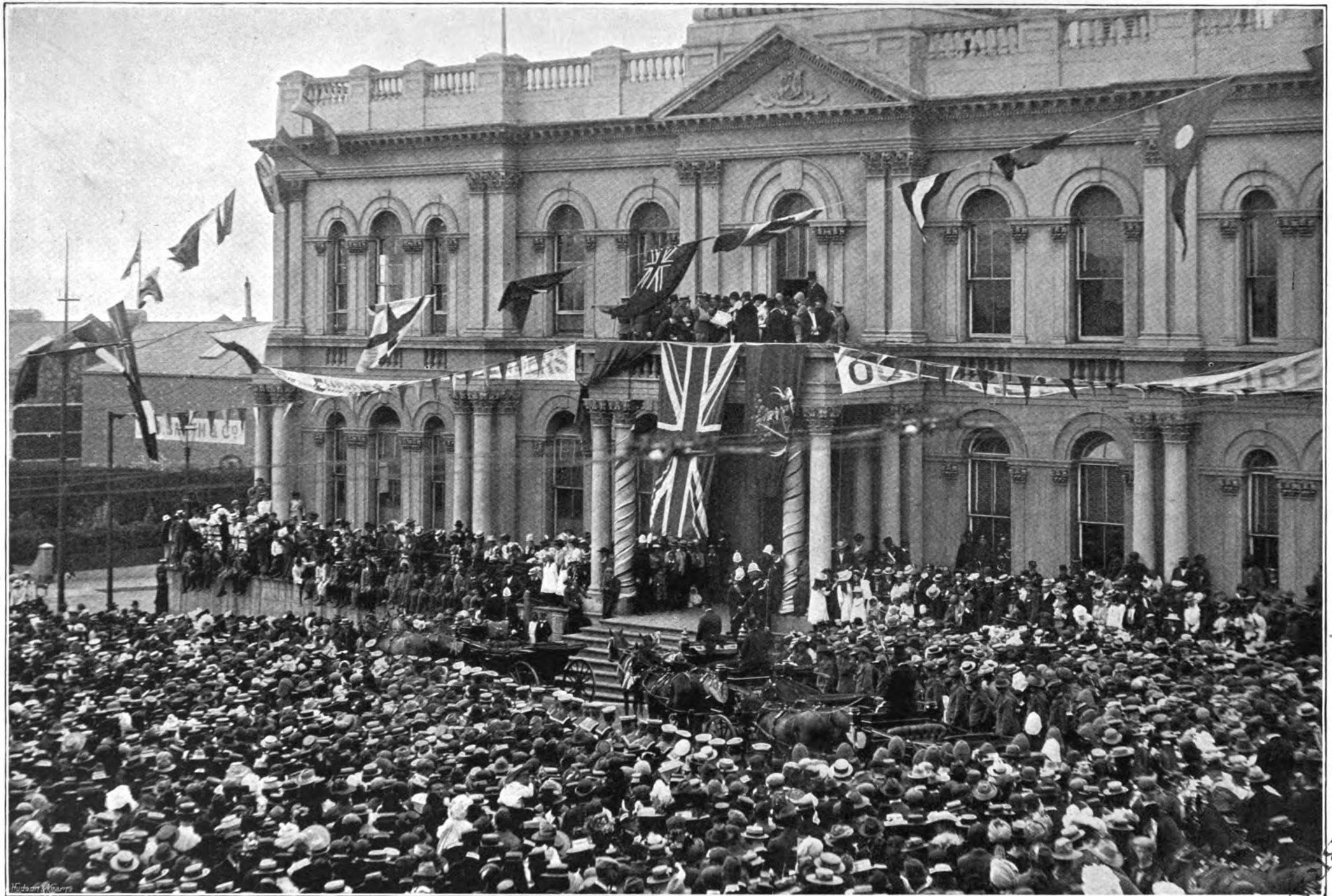

Photo. Copyright. *W. Goldsbrough & Son, Port Elizabeth.*

LORD ROBERTS BIDS FAREWELL TO SOUTH AFRICA.

The Field-Marshal was Presented with an Address by the Mayors of Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, and Uitenhage, and the President of the Irish Association on the Balcony of the Town Hall at Port Elizabeth, in the Presence of an Enthusiastic Crowd.

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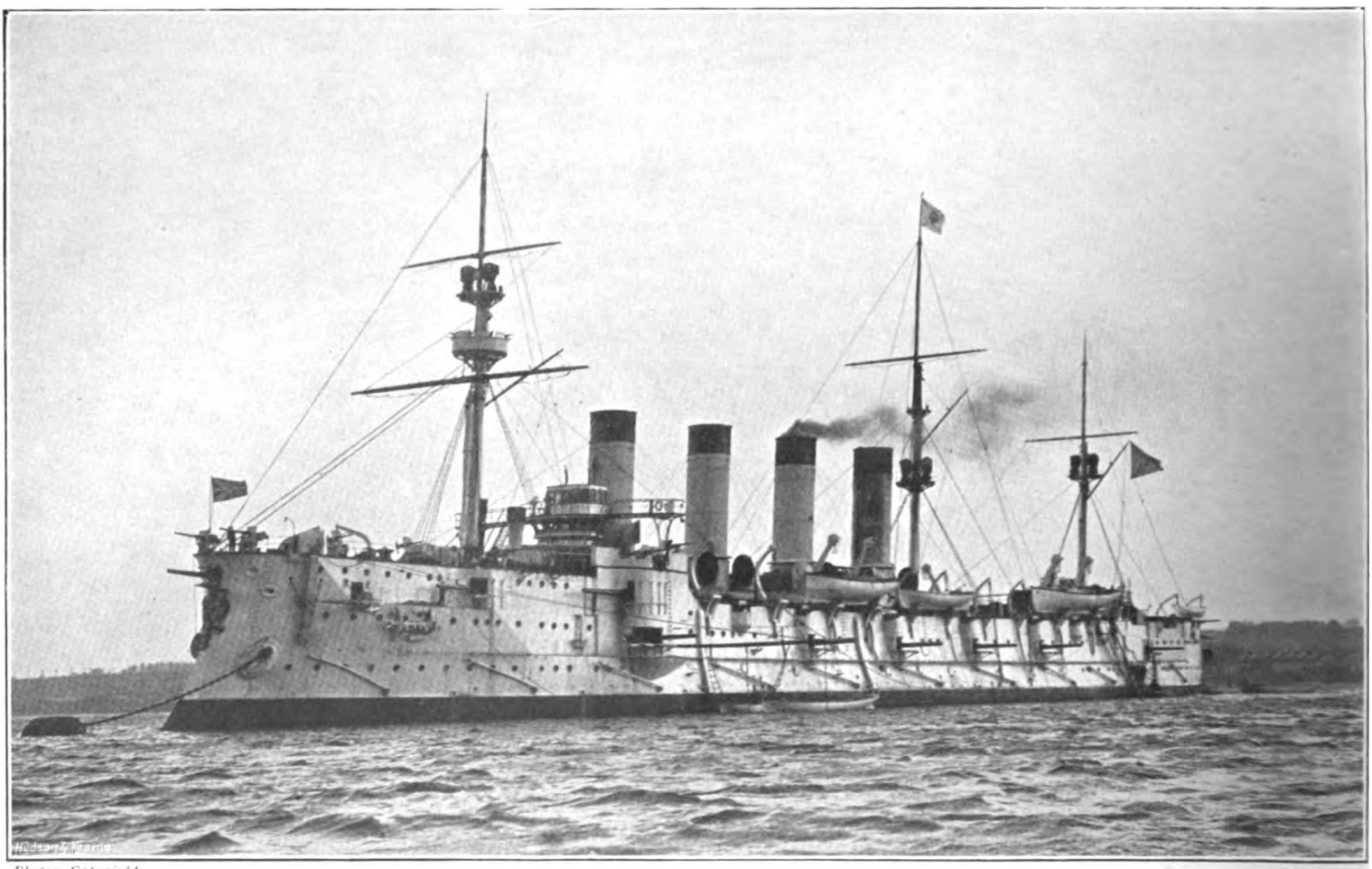
Two Notable Foreign War-ships.

THE two fine vessels delineated on this page are memorable, but for very different reasons. The German training-ship "Gneisenau" perished, only the other day, in one of the saddest disasters that has darkened the annals of the youngest and most energetic of first-class Naval Powers. The other, unlike the first, is not at the end, but at the very commencement, of her career, for she is the very finest and latest construction in the way of armoured cruisers that Russian Naval architects have produced.

The disaster to the "Gneisenau," appalling as it was, was not attended with the actual heavy loss of life that the first accounts led us to believe. In fact, only some forty perished, out of a total complement of 461 officers and men. When the "Levanters," as the easterly gales are termed, are blowing, the open roadstead at Malaga, where the "Gneisenau" was lying, is an unsafe anchorage, for a very heavy sea soon gets up. The ship apparently had steam up in only one of her boilers, and when she dragged she had neither steam nor sail power enough to weather out to sea before it was too late. It is rather unaccountable that this was so, for besides having engines of 25,000 horse-power, she was a full-rigged sailing ship. But the poor fellow responsible, Captain Kretschmann, has paid the penalty with his life, though from the accounts to hand he might have saved his life had he not chosen with the true spirit of the seaman to go down with his ship. The "Gneisenau," which, by the way, was named after the celebrated Prussian Field-Marshal, Count Neithardt von Gneisenau, who was Blücher's chief of the staff at Waterloo, was one of the German Training Squadron, and carried on board a number of Naval cadets, pupils of the Constructor's Department, and boys entering the Fleet.

THE GERMAN TRAINING CRUISER "GNEISENAU."
Recently Lost Off Malaga.

The "Gromoboi," the craft which figures in our second illustration, will, by the time these lines are in print, be well on her way to the China station to reinforce the Russian fleet in those waters. She put into Plymouth *en route* to coal, and excited no small interest in the great western Naval seaport. She is a ship much of the same size and appearance as our own big armoured cruisers of the "Cressy" class; and, were it not that she is painted white and has three masts instead of two as have our big cruisers, she has none of that foreign appearance so noticeable in French and Russian war-ships. Russia may well be proud of her, for she is a Russian-built ship entirely, having been laid down at the Baltic works on the Neva, in May, 1898.



Photos. Copyright. *A. Renard.*

THE LATEST RUSSIAN SHIP FOR CHINESE WATERS.
The First-class Armoured Cruiser "Gromoboi."

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

THE EAST INDIES STATION *(continued.)*

IT is a curious fact that a visit to Mauritius is always hailed with delight by sailors, and is generally detested by the military stationed there. The reason is not far to seek. In the first place, a ship coming to Mauritius generally hails from some hot place such as Trincomalee, Colombo, or Bombay, and both officers and men look forward to a pleasant change of climate, with, possibly, so far as the officers are concerned, a prospect of sport. But this is not all. The ships usually arrive in the cool season, and so avoid the summer, which is not the most agreeable time in the island, and they do not stay long enough to get tired of the place or the people, or for the inhabitants to get tired of them.

The soldiers, on the other hand, are doomed to long spells, either in the barracks at Port Louis, the citadel, or at Curapipe, and they get heartily sick of it. Moreover, all the fun, the dances, picnics, garden parties, and *chasses* are reserved for the arrival of the squadron; so no wonder sailors like the place and enjoy their stay there. I have had the good fortune to visit Mauritius several times—first in the "Wasp," as a lieutenant, and subsequently as admiral—and I have always left it with regret. It would be strange if I did not, for when everyone, both French and English, vied in making our stay as pleasant as possible, we should indeed have been ungrateful if we had failed to appreciate their kindness and hospitality.

For myself, I had the great advantage of staying at Reduit with the Governor, Sir Hubert Jerningham, on our annual visits; but every officer had a hat-peg and a warm welcome from some of the kind-hearted residents. Sir Hubert

A Good Bag.

was probably the most popular Governor ever known in the island. Speaking French like a Frenchman, and of the same religion, he by his tact, sympathy, and hospitality did much to bring the two nationalities into harmony, and to promote that good feeling between the countries which ought always to exist, but is too often conspicuous by its absence. Moreover, at the time of the disastrous hurricane which devastated the island on April 29, 1892, Sir Hubert exerted himself in so noble a manner as to gain the admiration and affection of all classes, and to leave a name which will never be forgotten in the island. But to turn to sport. Those acquainted with Mauritius naturally associate sport with the *chasses* which obtain there, whether it be the *chasse au cerf* or the *chasse au perdrix*. In either case it is a grand function. The proprietor, who is usually a Frenchman, invites his friends to assemble at a rendezvous about daybreak. If partridge shooting be the order of the day, the guns are paired off, with a pointer allotted to each. Shooting begins about seven o'clock, and by ten it is all over; the birds retire to the seclusion of the sugar cane, and the sportsmen to a bungalow, where a sumptuous repast awaits them. From twenty to thirty brace of partridges is considered

Useful Assistants.

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a fair bag, with perhaps a few quail, and a hare or two. There are two kinds of partridge, the black species, in reality a francolin, and the common Indian grey partridge, both probably introduced. The former rise singly, and are easy to shoot, and I gained a reputation, altogether fictitious, for having killed nineteen out of twenty shots on one occasion, and on another twenty-one out of twenty-three. The *chasse au cerf* is arranged on a much grander scale; sometimes as many as 100 rifles are assembled, with 200 or 300 beaters, and an assortment of dogs of every breed, size, and description—bulldogs, mastiffs, retrievers, spaniels, pointers, setters, and terriers, all thirsting for blood. The guns being posted, the beaters commence the drive, extending for miles and enclosing a large area of forest. Presently a shot will be heard and a deer be seen, usually a hind and calf, a sufficient excuse for the young and inexperienced sportsmen to loose off, but the old hands wait for the big stag bringing up the rear. Now and then a deer will run the gauntlet of many rifles, and bullets will be whistling about in all directions, making things lively; but, as a rule, few big stags are killed in these *chasses*, for these old fellows know the game too well, and either lie low till the beaters have passed, or break back through the line, being well aware where the real danger lies.

The beat usually occupies four or five hours, by which time the sun becomes hot, and the whole party adjourn to a neighbouring bungalow to partake of the hospitality of their host. During the banquet the deer are brought in and laid out; the guests then group themselves around, a photograph is taken, and the party break up.

I never cared much for these *chasses*, and after my first visit in the "Boadicea" I obtained permission to stalk the deer in Highland fashion, a privilege I enjoyed on all subsequent visits, and in company with my flag-lieutenant I killed many fine stags, to the delight of our kind and hospitable French entertainers. It would be tedious to relate in detail all the incidents of our sport, but I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of Sir Cilicourt Antelm, a fine old sportsman, who had a shooting-box at Plaine Sophie, and who entertained us most hospitably, and was never so well pleased as when we returned home with the head of a *gros-cerf*. His brother Leopold and his nephew, young Leopold, called affectionately Popo, also contributed to our sport, and, being both good sportsmen themselves, they could appreciate our love for stalking in preference to driving.

In Mauritius the seasons are, of course, the same as in Australia, consequently June, July, and August are the winter months, when the climate is delightful, and one can wear a tweed suit the same as in Scotland.

Stalking in Mauritius is fine sport, and once having spied the deer it is easy to get near them, as the bushes give good cover, and one gets every variety of shot, but always standing, with no rest.

Monsieur Rochecoute, another wealthy proprietor, gave me leave to stalk in his forest, and I killed some good stags on his ground; and I am also much indebted to my friend George Robinson, who owns a large tract of country, and who organised several shoots for us. He also most kindly gave me several deer from his corral, some of which I introduced into Madagascar and some I took to Trincomalee, and kept them in a paddock in Admiralty House grounds, where they did well so long as I was on the station, but came to an untimely end after I left. I also sent a stag and two hinds to the Zoological Gardens, but after a few years they contracted some disease and died, probably from want of exercise, as the place they were confined in was a poor one.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8 *and* 22.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

As the last grouse of the century has been shot, it may be worth while to glance at the difference in the status of the bird at the beginning and the end of it. There is no doubt that the fashion for grouse shooting has converted the once poverty-stricken Highlands into a prosperous country. It is naturally as poor a one as Nature ever made. Heather and peat there are in plenty, but neither of them is of much use to man without the red grouse. There is no doubt the bird was always on the hills of Scotland, but so also were the vermin, and the number of grouse on the best moors was probably very small indeed in the early part of the century, and so scarce upon most of the moors as to be hardly worth searching for. Indeed, if we are to believe Colonel Thornton, who, just about 100 years ago, wrote on his now famous Highland tour, the celebrated moors now belonging to the Duke of Richmond, and then to His Grace of Gordon, could not find him more than seventeen grouse to his own share of the bag in the day, although there is no hint that the birds were ever too wild; and, indeed, if they had been, he carried with him that which would nevertheless have brought them to hand. Colonel Thornton was a great falconer if he was nothing else, and I for one am inclined to agree with his last editor, Sir Herbert Maxwell, that when he exaggerated he believed what he was writing, and that what we have to do in reading him is to apply our own common-sense, and we shall then not be deceived by him.

* * * *

In his day there was no such thing as letting the moors for grouse shooting. He found a charm in the sport, but it does not appear that the Highland lairds of that day did so. Trout grew big in the rivers, for they were not caught; grouse were scarce upon the hills, because nobody thought it worth while to cultivate them, and, in fact, they did not know how to do it had they so desired. No doubt then, as now, there were occasional accidental fires, and, although it was not then known or suspected, the very destruction of their food by fire was the best means of the preservation of the grouse. There were deer also, but they were to be found all over the Highlands, and were not confined to the forests as they now are; and even the deer were poached by anyone who thought it worth while. The crop of the country was Highland cattle, and the majority of the moors and forests made but a poor return to their proprietors. Indeed, if the forests grew Highland cattle now in the same number as they grow shootable stags and yeld hinds they would not be worth much. A stag is worth perhaps £40 on an average. A Highland store of the same weight would not be worth much above £5. But soon after this date sheep became very valuable for their wool, and the Highlands were then converted into sheep farms, and at the same time many of the crofters went with the cattle. I could never understand why, unless they added to their scanty livelihood by taking a stray, but branded, sheep as they had before an unrecognised deer. But the facts are certain enough, for there is hardly a sheep farm in Scotland, or a moor for shooting, which does not bear evidence of its patch of crofter's cultivation (now fast returning to its natural condition), as well as evidence of the rude architecture for which there is now no use.

* * * *

The sheep farms paid for a long period, and during this time—that is, from about 1820—sportsmen were gradually learning that on the sheep farms of Scotland were some good game birds, which, when hunted for by pointers or setters, gave sport somewhat similar to that given by the popular partridge. But it was a very long time before any number of sportsmen were tempted to take the long sea passages and the equally uncomfortable long coach drives in search of shooting quarters for red grouse and deer. It is often asked whether it was Sir Walter Scott or Colonel Thornton or St. John who set the fashion for going North. It was neither of them; it was Watt—not Scott—the first inventor of the steam engine. The railways advanced the popularity of going North by leaps and bounds, and the lucky Scotch lairds found themselves with growing properties, in their grouse moors, just at the very time that sheep rent began to fall off in consequence of the enormous production of wool in the Australian Colonies.

* * * *

But the very names of the principal towns of Australia show that this wool competition was not until Queen Victoria's reign was well advanced, for she gave her name to one of the principal colonies and her first Prime Minister's to a chief town.

* * * *

No doubt Prince Albert's purchase of Balmoral added greatly to the popularity of going North, for what Scott had done for the scenery of the Southern Islands with his pen, Landseer promptly performed with his pencil for the Northern Highland sport, with the then young Queen for the central figure.

* * * *

Some clever fellow has said that if he could make the songs of a people, anybody else might make their laws. Landseer, in spite of later-day condemnations, did more than make their songs; he made their wall decorations, so that almost every tradesman lived his business and domestic life in an atmosphere of Highland scenery—that is, to just the extent that an engraving could suggest atmosphere. The younger generation was bred upon Landseer's views of sport in the Highlands. Consequently, with the first spare cash it possessed it took its Northern tour, if not its shooting, or fishing, tour in the Highlands.

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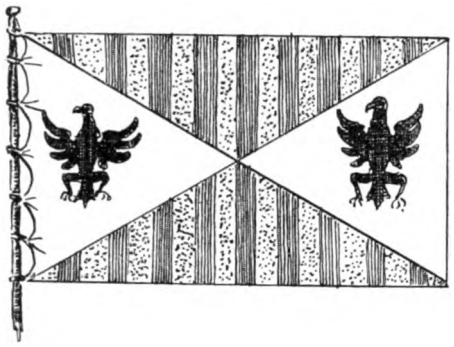
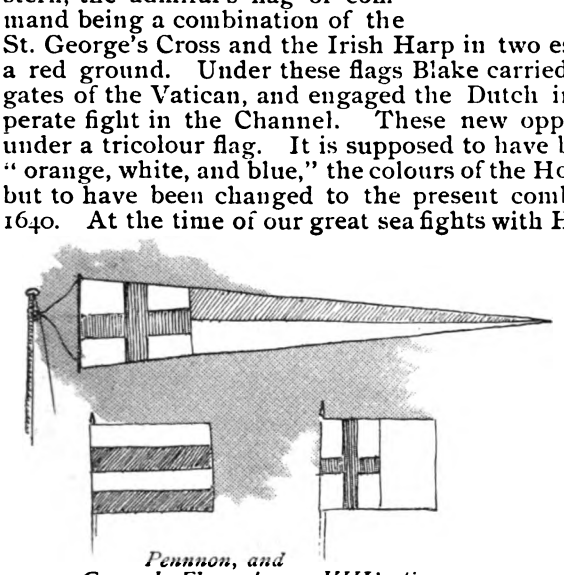
Under Many Flags.

By MAJOR C. FIELD, R.M.L.I.



Spanish Flag at the Blockade of Gibraltar.

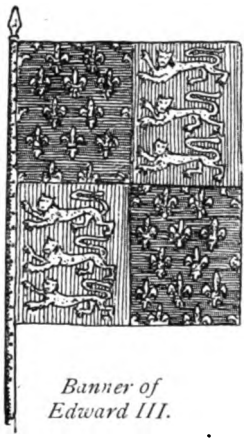
IN the last article many various and interesting flags were dealt with up to the time of Queen Elizabeth. At this period, and for some time before and after, it seems to have been customary to hoist a plain red flag at the commencement of an action, either as a signal of defiance or to show that no quarter would be given. It is related that when, in 1625, Captain Weddel, with four English and the same number of Dutch ships, fought for three days with eight Portuguese galleons and thirty-two frigates in the Persian Gulf, he cleared for action, "putting out also the bloody flag." Numerous other instances might be quoted. The advent of James I. and the union of England and Scotland changed the whole of our national colours. He introduced the red lion of Scotland into the Royal Standard, altered the Union flag, and in the time of Charles I. the ensigns worn in our ships were made red, white, and blue, to distinguish between the various squadrons, the cross of St. George being cantoned in the upper corner. Under the Commonwealth, however, the red cross was once more used as the national ensign, but flown at the stern, the admiral's flag of command being a combination of the St. George's Cross and the Irish Harp in two escutcheons on a red ground. Under these flags Blake carried terror to the gates of the Vatican, and engaged the Dutch in many a desperate fight in the Channel. These new opponents fought under a tricolour flag. It is supposed to have been originally "orange, white, and blue," the colours of the House of Orange, but to have been changed to the present combination about 1640. At the time of our great sea fights with Holland during the Commonwealth and the Restoration, there were sometimes quite a number of red, white, and blue horizontal stripes in it. The Dutch also are supposed to have carried in some instances a red ensign, emblazoned with the golden lion rampant, the arms of the United Provinces. In a German print of De Ruyter's flag-ship, the "Lamm," she is shown with a numerously-striped flag at the fore, a red, white, and blue flag, with the arms of Holland in the centre, at the main, and a plain flag at the mizen, the ensign being the same as now worn.



Pennnon, and Gunwale Flags, Henry VIII.'s time.

On the restoration of Charles II. the Union flag and the Royal Standard again made their appearance, though the former did not take the place of the St. George's Cross in the ensign till 1707, when the white ensign was quartered by the red cross as now. The Union then fluttered amid the fire and smoke of the desperate encounters off the North Foreland in 1666, when our seamen earned from the Dutch statesman, De Witt, the encomium that "Englishmen may be killed, English ships may be burned, but English courage is invincible." The victory of Sole Bay also was fought under the Union colour.

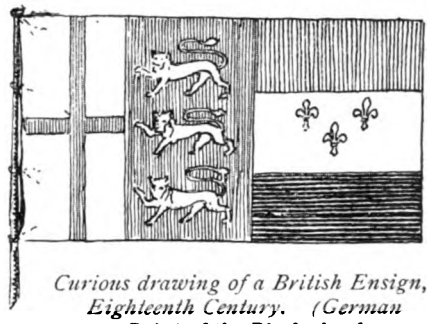
French Standard, Thirteenth Century.



Banner of Edward III.

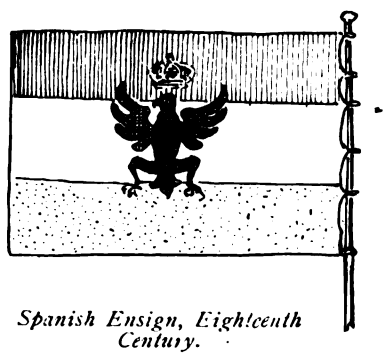
Banner of Richard I.

But once more we were to try our strength with our old enemies the French, and they and the Spaniards occupied us during the whole of the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth. The white flag, with or without fleurs-de-lis, had by this time come to be the French national ensign, though at times this gave place to blue or red. Thus in 1665 the "St. Philippe" was ordered to have a new flag of crimson damask "powdered with fleurs-de-lis and LL's," and in 1669 it was ordered that the ensigns should be blue with fleurs-de-lis and a white cross. In the same year they were again ordered to be in all cases white; but this would not seem to apply to the galleys, which retained the red ensign. The white flags had a blue escutcheon bearing three fleurs-de-lis in the centre; sometimes they are shown with the lilies scattered all over the white ground, at others with two rows of four on either side, and again with the escutcheon on a perfectly plain ground. The admirals wore white, blue and white, and blue flags at their mastheads, to distinguish their rank and divisions; to the blue towards the end of the eighteenth century was added a white cross. Under these flags the French fought us at La Hougue, and Malaga, and at Quiberon Bay in 1759, in Anson and Hawke's victories off Cape Finisterre, 1747, and in Rodney's victories over De Guichen, 1780, and De Grasse, 1782.

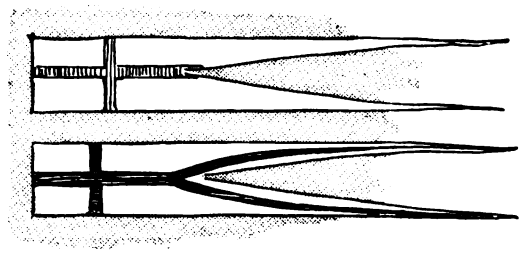


Curious drawing of a British Ensign, Eighteenth Century. (German Print of the Blockade of Gibraltar.)

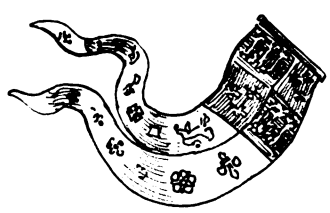
In the meantime, the red saltired Burgundian ensign borne by the Spanish at the Armada fight, and for about a century later, was superseded, probably about 1700, by a plain white ensign bearing the crown and Royal Arms. This may have been one of the reasons why the French galleys, employed almost invariably in the Mediterranean, wore red instead of white ensigns. This would serve to distinguish them from those of Spain, whose flag would now at a distance closely resemble the usual French ensign.



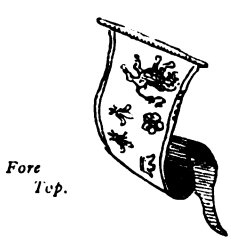
Spanish Ensign, Eighteenth Century.



Pennons of the "Regent," 1512.



Main *Top.*



Fore Top.

Pennons of the Ship in the Great Seal of Lord Howard of Effingham.

In 1732 the Spanish Fleet was divided into three squadrons. The ships belonging to Cadiz were to carry a masthead flag or pennon similar to the ensign, those of Ferrol the old Burgundy flag with an anchor placed at each corner, and the Cartagena ships a violet flag with the arms of Castile and Leon. These were the flags, in all probability, which went down before the onslaught of Admiral Byng off Cape Passaro in 1718, and many years later were consumed in the conflagration of the floating batteries before Gibraltar in 1782. Possibly other colours were also used when ships belonged especially to one province or another of the Iberian Peninsula. In an edition of "Falconer's Marine Dictionary," published in 1769, there is a Biscayan ensign shown which is the exact converse of the Burgundian saltire, the cross

(The previous article on this subject appeared on December 29.)

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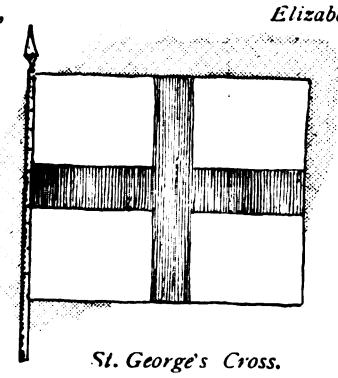
being white and the ground red,* while in an old eighteenth century print published at Augsberg, representing the blockade of Gibraltar by the Spaniards, the ships of that nation are decked with flags bearing two eagles and the vertical stripes of Aragon, and in some cases with a tricolour of red, white, and gold horizontal stripes in the order named, with a crowned eagle in the middle. It is quite possible that this may be a wild guess of the artist, however, for there is an English ship in the same picture which flies a number of what must be quite fanciful ensigns. These are divided into three vertical divisions; that nearest the mast is the white red-crossed St. George's flag; next to that come the three golden lions on a red ground; and lastly a horizontal tricolour, red, white, and blue, bearing three fleurs-de-lis on the white portion.

Elizabethan Ensign

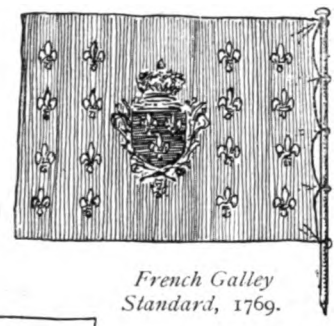
In 1785, however, the present red, yellow, and red horizontally striped ensign, bearing the crowned shield of Castile and Leon, was adopted, and these were the colours that the Spanish ships flew at Trafalgar, though according to most paintings he shield was generally absent.

The French Revolution brought about great changes in the national colours, not only of France, but also of other nations. In 1790, the well-known tricolour was introduced. The jack was the same as at present, but the ensigns were red, white, or blue, with the tricolour in the corner. Four years later the ensign was altered to a large tricolour, and such it has remained, with one or two short interregnums, to the present day. It was the tricolour, in one or the other form, that floated from the sterns of the ships that opposed us in Lord Howe's victory—the famous "First of June," 1794—the Nile, and Trafalgar.



St. George's Cross.

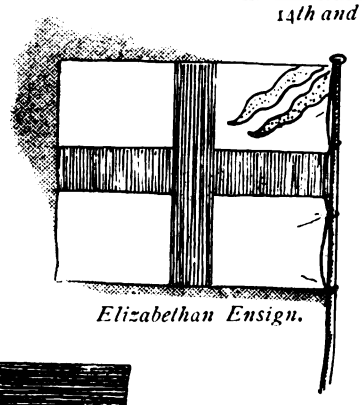
At Camperdown, our old foes the Dutch flew a modification of their flag, which had been brought about by the French Revolution, in which was a white canton bearing a figure of Liberty, pike in hand, standing over a lion. Our own ensign underwent a change and attained its present form in 1801, when, on the entry of Ireland into the Union, the red saltire of the Fitzgeralds was placed upon the white cross of St. Andrew. The Royal Standard, too, had some years previously been altered by the addition of the arms of Hanover, on the accession of George I., which remained there till the present pattern, in which only the arms of the British Islands are represented, was adopted.



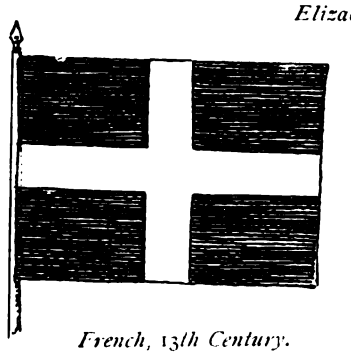
French Galley Standard, 1769.

Such then has been the history of our "glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride," though its story as here set forth little more than glances at its magnificent and stirring record. But enough has been said to show that those well-intentioned persons who have at times advocated a change in order to make it more symbolical of our world-wide Empire, with its many and diverse component parts, have missed the point of the whole matter. The associations and memories connected with the Union Jack and that combination of the old St. George's Cross with it which is known as the white ensign are so inseparable from it, that if it were to go there would depart with it all their valuable incentives to valour and victory. Our Bluejackets and their predecessors have so long fought under the "meteor flag," that no new-fangled combination of coloured bunting could occupy the position it holds in their hearts and minds. One writer has indeed suggested that for our Empire flag we should return to the time-honoured St. George's Cross, certainly a dignified and effective emblem, but it is more than doubtful whether this proposal would be acceptable to either the Irish or Scottish portion of the population of the Empire. If one thing more than another annoys a certain class of the latter, it is to have the words "England" or "English" used when "Great Britain" or "British" are meant. To adopt such a distinctly English flag as the St. George's Cross as our national ensign would still less meet with their approval, involving, as it would do, the abolition of the saltires of St. Andrew and of the Fitzgeralds. The jack, so called, according to one authority, after King James I., who instituted it (Jaques being the French for James, and that language at the time of the union being much in favour north of the Tweed), though the derivation is very questionable, is a symbol of union, and we know that *L'Union fait la force*. Either to add or to remove anything from this Union Jack would be to invite all those small-minded cranks who, if they had their way, would split up the not too extensive kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland into a series of tiny home-ruling states, only held together in an uncertain sort of confederation, to fly to arms and inundate the Daily Press with their pleas and proposals that the strong bonds of Empire, which have been knitted gradually together by generations of warriors and statesmen, should be relaxed.

Flag of Castile and Leon, 14th and 15th Centuries.



Elizabethan Ensign.

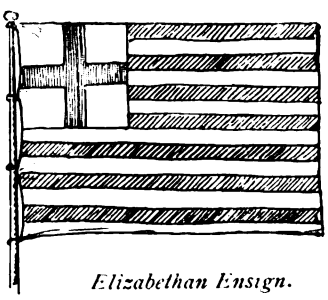


French, 13th Century.

One addition to our Naval flags might, perhaps, be made with advantage, an addition, not to the jack or to the ensign, but to the number of colours carried by a man-of-war. In the old days, at the dawn of our sea-power, our ships were decorated with any quantity of banners and flags, bearing special and symbolical emblems. They fluttered along their bulwarks, from every top, yardarm, and masthead. There were royal and kingly badges, enblems, and representations of the ship's patron saints, and other decorative braveries.

Now we have but ensign, jack, pennant, and, in some cases, the Admiral's or Commodore's distinguishing flag. But would not a specially designed flag, on which was emblazoned the ship's crest or badge, surrounded by the names of the battles in which she and her predecessors of the same name had taken part—somewhat in the same way as on the regimental colour of an infantry regiment—be a desirable addition, adding not only to her appearance, but also stimulating that spirit of *esprit de corps* in her crew, which is such a valuable fighting asset?

The suggestion is put forward with confidence, and will no doubt meet with approval in many minds. There is a strong feeling in the Naval Service that the historic continuity of ships' lives should be maintained, and in many a vessel of the Navy may be seen emblazoned the names of the victories in which her earlier namesakes have shared. The "Quarterly Navy List" has done an admirable thing in linking ships with the glorious achievements of the past, and the addition of a specially-designed flag, as the distinguishing honour of each individual ship, would be a step in the same direction.



Elizabethan Ensign.

* *Biscayan Ensign.*—The same plate shows a red "Scotch Ensign," with St. Andrew's Cross in the canton, and a "Scotch Union" Jack, in which the white saltire is placed over instead of under the Cross of St. George.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 206] SATURDAY, JANUARY 12th, 1901.

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THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT THE NORE AND HIS STAFF.

Sir W. R. Kennedy is one of the best-known men in the Royal Navy. He is a hearty sportsman, and is welcome everywhere. Moreover, he is a worker in the paths of literature. Just before he obtained his present command he wrote that light-hearted book, "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!" and on Monday next he will be the guest of the Authors' Club. The articles on "Sport in the Navy," which he has contributed to these pages, have been much appreciated. The officers who stand around him are Captain H. C. Bigge, Flag-Lieutenant Henry C. R. Brocklebank, and the Admiral's Secretary, Staff Paymaster Andrew Hume.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE Australian Commonwealth, born with the century, is destined, we are all assured, to a great future. Early in the century that has just closed Sydney Smith spoke of Australia as the "young cub" then being painfully reared by Great Britain at the Antipodes, and he wondered what would be the aspirations of Australia when it should come to years of discretion. Little progress was made until the great discovery of gold attracted thousands to her shores, and there were still statesmen who calmly contemplated separation. That is a thing to wonder at now. The federated territory is nearly as large as Europe, being close upon 3,000,000 square miles, though the population is comparatively sparse, being in the proportion of only 1·25 per square mile, whereas we have about 312 in Great Britain and Ireland, and the average in Europe is over 88. The densest population in the Commonwealth is in Victoria, where the inhabitants are 13·25 to the mile. Tasmania comes next with nearly 7, and New South Wales follows with 4·34. It is, however, estimated that before the close of the century the population of Australia and Tasmania will exceed 100,000,000. The Commonwealth possesses over 74,000,000 sheep, 10,000,000 cattle, and 1,700,000 horses, and the exports of wool and the development of agriculture are in proportion, while the known mineral wealth is enormous. In proportion to numbers the Australians are probably better off than any other people in the world. Lord Hopetoun has thus entered upon the Governorship of a great and prosperous Commonwealth, which has a glowing and glorious future.

Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*

SIR J. WILLCOCKS, K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

A very Typical Example of the Best Kind of Soldier the Empire Breeds is the Commander who has brought to such a Successful Conclusion the Arduous Campaign in Ashanti, possibly the Most Pestilerous Climate in the World. In his Last Despatch, before Leaving for a Well-earned Rest in England, he was able to Report that Every Rebel Chief had Surrendered. A Series of Brilliant Services in India, Egypt, and West Africa Marked him Out for the Command, his Selection for which his Success has so Splendidly Justified.

WE learn with regret, mixed, indeed, with pleasure, that a figure in our recent frontispiece of "The Daughters of Empire" has caused strong feeling in Canada. Our regret is that we should have been led into an obvious error, and our pleasure is to find such a virile feeling evoked in the great Dominion. Our picture was of a group of girls costumed at the Willesden carnival to represent the Mother Country and the Colonies and Dependencies. "This Brittanick Empire," as Milton said, "with all her daughter islands about her," has, of course, Canada as "the brightest jewel of the Imperial Crown," but the designers of the group in question had curiously habited the young "Canadian" lady in a military garb of nondescript character, which reminds some of our correspondents of Iceland or Alaska, and others of the winter uniform of the United States Army. Worse still, they gave her a huge sword, apparently for the defence of the Stars and Stripes, upon which she reclined. It is this which, as the *Montreal Star* says, "makes a Canadian feel like going about a little while with a club." We heartily sympathise with the exasperation felt, and only regret that such zeal and understanding are not displayed in the Old Country where the flag is concerned; but we would suggest to our friendly correspondents and contemporaries that there is some comfort in discovering that the young lady is sitting on the offending flag. The Canadians have proved their loyalty by shedding their blood for the Imperial cause, and are rightly jealous of their proud place in the Empire. We cannot be sorry that we have been instrumental in evoking a fine expression of their vigorous loyalty to all that Empire means, and our best thanks are due to many Canadian papers and correspondents, who write in a most friendly way of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Photo. Copyright. *Freeman & Co., George Street, Sydney.*

A NOTABLE FAMILY OF AUSTRALIA.

The Hixson Family were well Represented in the Naval Contingent that New South Wales Sent to Aid the Mother Country in China. Captain Hixson went out in Charge of the Contingent, and with him went Two of his Three Sons who are Lieutenants in the New South Wales Naval Forces. Captain Hixson long since Retired from the Navy, and the Medal he Wears was Won by Gallantry in Saving Life in the Shark-infested Waters off Western Australia. The Ladies are his Wife and Daughters, and Captain and Mrs. Hixson may well be Proud of their Family.

INDIAN famines are constantly made a reproach to us by our continental friends, who have never had to encounter such difficulties. They may be commended, as an illustration of what we accomplish, to study the achievements of the great Chenab Canal, which has conferred prosperity upon a region which a

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few years ago was a howling and waterless desert, but where famine is now altogether unknown. The canal was constructed and opened in the spring of 1887 as an inundation canal to command an area of 881 square miles, but it soon became evident that so large a canal could not be completely efficient without a weir to force the low supplies of the river into it over the silt deposited in the floods. This work was begun in 1889, and the system was extended to command the whole of the Doab, and in the spring of 1892 the canals irrigated an area of 157,000 acres, but the acreage rose in the next year to nearly double the extent. The canals were then enlarged, and the area capable of irrigation rapidly rose, and attained 1,353,000 acres in 1899; but the work is even now in its infancy, and the crops grown in the Chenab district are estimated to amount to no less than 50,000,000 rupees in the season. This is a magnificent work, illustrating the beneficence of the British Government in India, and within a few years a parallel work further to the north, the great Jhelum Canal, will irrigate a vast tract of waterless country between the town of Jhelum and the Indus.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

TWO JAPANESE VICEROYS.

The above are Portraits of Baron Nogi, late Governor-General of Formosa, and Lieutenant-General Kodama, who Succeeded him in 1898. Japan has had a Tough Job to Tackle in Formosa, and within Four Years there have been Four Successive Governor-Generals. General Kodama has had Over Two Years of Effort, and yet, Owing to the Utter Lack of Honesty in his Formosan Sub-officials, the Augean Stable remains Uncleansed. General Kodama—who Held Divisional Command during the Chino-Japan War—has been Appointed War Minister, but Still Retains the Governor-Generalship of Formosa.

Photo. *Kelley.*

CIVIL SURGEON F. G. ENGELBACH.

This Gallant Gentleman, who was Killed at Nooitgedacht on December 13, was a Splendid Specimen of those Civilian Doctors who Responded so Nobly to their Country's Call when the Heavy Demands of this Arduous Campaign came upon us. He Reached South Africa in Time to Join the Cavalry Brigade in its Phenomenal Dash on Kimberley, and was at Paardeberg, and afterwards in Ian Hamilton's March on Pretoria. He Died the Death he would have Chosen, Succouring the Wounded Under a Heavy Fire. On another Page a Biography of him will be found.

Photo. *R. Bishop.*

AN AUSTRALIAN QUEEN'S PRIZE WINNER.

Corporal A. Carter, of the Geelong Artillery, was the Winner of the "Blue Ribbon" at the Victorian Rifle Association Meeting. Last Year was the Second Year in which Corporal Carter Won the Queen's Prize in Victoria, a Record only Once Before Equalled, by Mr. Saker of the Melbourne Rifle Club. Corporal Carter Won the Victorian Championships in 1896, 1898, and 1899, and in 1897, whilst Shooting in the Victorian Team at Bisley for the Kolapore Cup, he Won the Colonial Championship.

THE new Japanese War Minister, Baron Kodama Gentaro, was commander of the 3rd Army Division until February 26, 1898, when he was appointed Governor-General of Formosa. It is particularly announced that he will continue to hold the latter office. Nominally, at any rate, this is a concession to the strong feeling held in thinking circles, that the permanent settlement of affairs in the great island which Japan took from China has been hindered by the constant changes of rulers. When Baron Kodama was appointed to the Governorship, a native magazine, the *Hansei Zasshi*, stated: "The new Governor-General is said to be a man of remarkable parts, possessing diplomatic and administrative talents in a large degree, and we believe he is. But the former Governor-General (Baron Nogi) was also reputed to be a highly capable administrator at the time of his appointment. In spite of all the bright things said of him, and in spite of his brave resolution that he will bury his bones in Formosa, he could not ameliorate the state of things in the island. Count Kabayama, his predecessor, was also hailed with delight at first, but, nevertheless, he failed to execute his duties successfully. It is not, in our opinion, owing to the lack of an able Governor-General that Formosa is not rightly governed. There are two causes. The first is the utter lack of honest sub-officials. Formosan officials are notorious for their unscrupulousness and clandestine dealings. Unless these unprincipled men are replaced by men of straightforward honesty, Formosa will never be rightly governed. The second cause is that the Governor-General has been too often changed. If we remember rightly, within less than four years Formosa welcomed four Governor-Generals. No one, however capable, can achieve any success if he is not allowed a sufficient length of time." As Baron Kodama has been nearly three years in his difficult post, he has presumably succeeded to some extent in conquering the difficulties. But he must be, indeed, an able man if he can continue effectively to govern a troublesome dependency at a distance of more than a thousand miles from his office, and at the same time prepare the Japanese Army for the very serious duties which apparently lie before it.

Photo. Copyright. *Gillard.*

RACING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Muizenberg Race Meeting is One of No Small Importance, although the Course is not what we at Home are Accustomed to, for the Run is on the Beach near Simon's Town, the Naval Headquarters of the Cape Station. Our Picture shows the Finish, Lady Algy being the First, Little Joey the Second, and The Wake Third. The Naval Officer is always a Sportsman, and Dearly Loves a Horse, so Probably No Small Number of the Entries came from the Fleet.

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THE Boer prisoners at Diyatalawa, in Ceylon, were not forgotten at Christmas, and, indeed, the community has devoted a good deal of attention to their comfort and amusement. One concert at an earlier date was very successful, and Colonel Vincent and other military officers with their families were present. The performers were both English and Boer, and the latter contributed to their own enjoyment. One prisoner, named Verensburg, gave "The Girl Next Door," in capital style, and was accompanied by a fellow-Boer. The funniest item was a song entitled "A Zulu Warrior," sung by a prisoner named Roos, who was so much applauded that he reappeared, and warned his countrymen not to rouse him to his war mettle again. The cinematograph made a wonderful display, and greatly delighted the captives. Thus, so long as they are submissive, and do not cherish ideas of escaping, the Boers have quite a good time of it, and many are glad to assist them.

WE lately gave an illustration of the Yang-tse Trading Company's paddle-steamer "Pioneer," which has been chartered by the British Government to patrol the Upper Yang-tse for the protection of the lives and property of Englishmen. Lieutenant Chilcott and ten Bluejackets of the "Pique" were put on board, and the gun-boat was hastily fitted for service. A Maxim gun was mounted in a novel way, upon a barrel full of river sand lashed to the bulwarks, and the mounting answered admirably, scarcely any vibration being felt during firing. The effect of utilising the "Pioneer" was excellent in the West, and many refugees were assisted, the headquarters for operations being at Chung King. According to our latest report, the "Pioneer" had taken down to Ichang nearly 100 refugee missionaries. She was the only steamer of a good size that had twice successfully passed through the boiling waters of the Ichang Gorges. The time down river was two and a-half days, but the return journey occupied six and a-half. The necessity for building or chartering boats suitable for river service has been brought home very forcibly to all the Powers by the recent events in China.

Photo. *Deale.*

COLONEL W. D. C. WILLIAMS

Is the Principal Medical Officer of all the Australian and New Zealand Contingents in South Africa. This is not his First Service in the Dark Continent, for in 1885 he went as P.M.O. with the Contingent that Australia Sent to Aid the Mother Country in the Soudan. In this Campaign, for which he Wears the Medal and Khedive's Bronze Star, he was Specially Mentioned in Despatches by Sir Gerald Graham. He is a Splendid Organiser of Field Ambulance and Hospitals, and, though a Strict Disciplinarian, he is Loved by all who Serve under or with him.

TO unravel the intricacies of Chinese Court affairs and diplomatic shiftiness has never been an easy matter, and it is hard to say who is the actual ruler. A Chinese diplomatist recently expressed the opinion that the Empress Dowager was like a woman mounted upon a tiger; she was afraid to dismount lest he should devour her. The tiger in question appears to be Tung Fu-hsiang, the notorious general who, according to a private letter, has been overawing the Court at Si-ngan-fu with his wild Kansu troops, who recognise no other master than himself. The Empress Dowager, who was very ill, and the Emperor were living in the Yamen of the Government of Shensi, and Tung was close by in the house of an absent mandarin. It appears that when Li Hung Chang first intimated the demands of the Powers, they were privately discussed by the Emperor, the Dowager, and two high Manchu officials, but intelligence of what was going forward was carried to Tung, who came round to the Palace and, in an insolent way, reminded the Emperor how a predecessor on the throne of the Han dynasty was prevented by a coarse, uneducated soldier like himself from entering into a disgraceful treaty with barbarians. It is said that Tung did not add the historical fact that Wang Mang, the soldier in question, murdered the Emperor and heir-apparent and ascended the throne himself. This is only one of several stories showing the weakness of the central power.

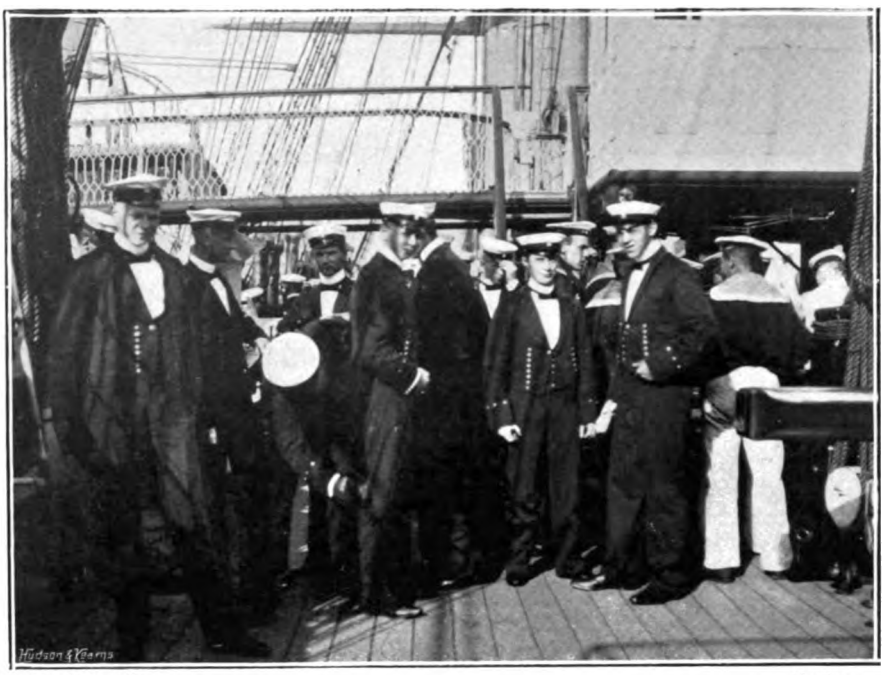

Photo. Copyright. *Abeniacar.*

GERMAN NAVAL CADETS.

The Photograph here Reproduced is of Special Interest, for it is a Group of Brother Cadets to those who Perished in the "Gneisenau," and was taken in a Sister Ship, the "Stosch." The "Gneisenau" and "Stosch" are Two of Five Fully-rigged Steam Corvettes that Compose the German Training Squadron, all Sisters, the other Three being the "Stein," "Moltke," and "Blucher." Stein was the Celebrated Prussian Statesman who Represented his Country at the Congress of Vienna. Stosch was the First Chief of the Admiralty when the Imperial German Navy was Inaugurated after the Franco-Prussian War. The others are Named after the Celebrated Field-Marshals.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

TURKISH NAVAL CADETS.

The Group here Depicted are Fourth Year Cadets of the Ottoman Imperial Naval College at Halki, the Naval Greenwich of Constantinople, Stalwart Youths of Good Fighting Stock, as the Turks always are. Their Uniforms make them look more like Soldiers than Sailors to our Western Ideas, though the Bugler who Stands on the Right Wears a Costume that is more like that of a Sailor, as he has the Roll over Collar and Short Jacket, but his Musical Weapon is a most Pronounced Cavalry Trumpet.

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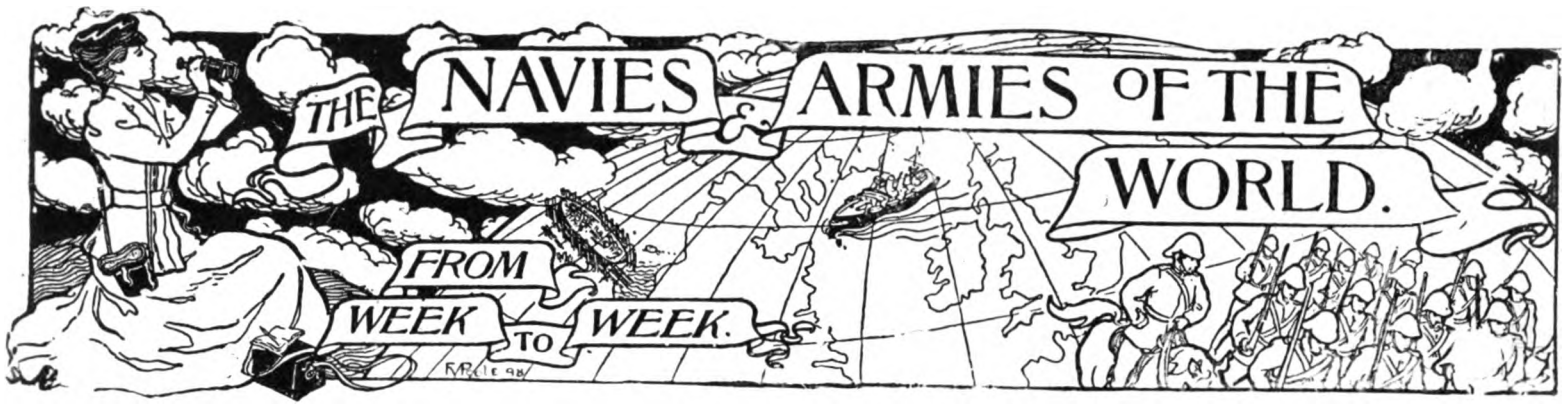

"THE 'stupid' British officer" is a phrase which requires explanation. Of course, there are British officers who are stupid. Envious fate has so provided for the human race that it is difficult, if not impossible, to collect twenty of them at random without including at least one who deserves to be so defined. Lord Westbury once said of a brother Law Lord that "his stupidity beggared description." Yet nobody accuses lawyers in general of being slow-witted. Ill-conditioned persons have been known to complain that they are too clever by half. The expression quoted above is applied to the Army officer at large, and what it really means is that this gentleman has not, as a rule, a reputation for thorough professional knowledge. Of course, if people said this they would not attract the amount of attention they desire, and so they prefer to shout something which they feel will make the world "sit up" and stare. Colonel Lonsdale Hall has been made very angry by the application of the words to our officers. He has taken advantage of a passage in Count Adalbert Sternberg's notes of his experience in the Boer War to protest against the use of them, and has not missed the chance to deliver a stroke at the author of "The Absent-Minded War," who, of course, retaliates.

* * * *

As usual, there is a good deal of what the old Spanish idiom calls "clatter on the buckler" in the controversy—that is to say, swashing blows delivered at a dummy, with the result of making a noise. Colonel Lonsdale Hall quotes the German authority to show that British officers did scout on one occasion, though with no great success, by the way, and considers this a refutation of the charge that they commonly neglect this part of their business. The author of "The Absent-Minded War" retorts by citing a well-known (and, perhaps, not very judicious) passage in one of Sir Redvers Buller's despatches. "*Repiques de broquel*," says the Spaniard. Count Adalbert's experience only proves that on a certain occasion some British cavalry reconnoitred with pointers and flankers and everything handsome about them, save nothing, and were all captured. A critic who wanted to make a case against our officers, and was not particularly fair-minded, might quote that as an example of stupidity. It was an attempt to use a method of scouting which is excellent against an opponent who operates in solid masses for the purpose of detecting a foe who hides like a Red Indian. Sir Redvers Buller's complaint shows that certain officers were, in his opinion, careless, not that they were stupid.

* * * *

There is enough and to spare of this "terrific combat" style of controversy. The author of "The Absent-Minded War," who, by the way, can be neither so young nor so innocent as he tries to represent himself in a letter to the *Times*, had written one of his slap-dash phrases which split the ears of the groundlings. It was a burlesque epitaph on the British Empire ruined by a cavalry subaltern with a thousand a year. Colonel Lonsdale Hall is peppered by this flourish, but he did not take the right insect powder when he grew indignant at his enemy's fun. A cavalry subaltern with any number of thousands a year is not a bacillus capable of killing the British Empire. It has survived a great deal, and its condition would be languishing indeed if a plunger, however stupid, could bring about its destruction, whatever might be his balance at the bank. In fact, if Rawdon Crawley could ruin his country, he would have done it already. For reasons which are worth considering, our cavalry has never been thought as good as our infantry. The Duke of Wellington, with his usual candour, declared that he would expect to be beaten if he fought a considerable body of French horse with a considerable body of his own. During the retreat from Burgos he had seen the French gendarmerie called the Legion of Burgos cut our men up terribly, and yet charging from position was supposed to be the one thing they were proud of being able to do. At all other parts of a cavalry soldier's work, even down to the care of their horses, they were notoriously inferior to the Germans in our service, and to the French. So since we have survived so many cavalry subalterns, and eke field officers, it is highly probable that we shall not perish through our well-endowed plungers of to-day.

* * * *

Of course that is no reason for saying that the cavalry ought not to be good. Relatively, it is the least important part of any Army, and the times of its pre-eminence have always been periods of military decadence and barbarity. Yet it is useful, and ought to be competent. If ours is not, why is it not? The author of "The Absent-Minded War" says that the reason lies in this, that we must have monied men for our cavalry regiments, and that if they choose to be "stupid," we dare not correct them, because nobody could be got to replace them. But in all Armies, and at all times, the cavalry is the arm of the monied man. It is so in France and Germany to-day, yet it is not noted for stupidity in those countries. Why should it be with us, or why should there be more of this defect among Army officers than among their brothers and cousins who are Naval men, lawyers, or something in the city? The answer is that, as far as natural faculty goes, there is not, but that the British Army has suffered in the past, and apparently does still to some extent suffer, from having started with certain wrong ideas as to the nature of its business. It is a long story, but the substance of it all is, that for long the nation did not want an Army, that it put up with having one as an unavoidable evil, of which it hoped some day to get rid, and was never so grimly serious about its Army as it was about its Fleet. Under this neglect and dislike, the Army was deliberately kept in obscurity, which was favourable to much nonsense and not a little snobbery. Purchase did a good deal to favour the evil. The officer of fortune—that is, the officer who depended on his profession—was looked down upon. To work at soldiering was taken as a sign that a man depended on his business, and had to earn by industry the promotion which came to others through their money or by sheer favour. He was hardly a gentleman, and was at the best treated with good-natured condescension. Of course, in the most monied corps, the cavalry, this silly view was strongest. The whole military view was wrong, and our experience did not do anything to correct it. In European wars we always operated with allies and foreign troops, and as our men were excellent on the field of battle, the generals used them for battles only.

* * * *

There is one passage in the letter of the author of "The Absent-Minded War" which provokes protest. He justifies himself against the charge of injustice by saying that he recognises the officers' courage. But this is beside the question. There has been nothing more irritating in all the floods of loose talk poured out concerning this war than the wild praise of the valour of our officers. Who ever denied that they were brave? Who that has any notion of what war means thinks bravery enough to make a good soldier? If it were, Fuzzy-Wuzzy would be the finest soldier in the world. At no time in the whole course of this struggle have our men shown the contempt of death displayed by the Khalifa's troops at Omdurman. Small blame to them, for our position in South Africa would soon be a tale that was told if Her Majesty's Army fought on the principles of the Baggaras. Courage is the foundation on which good soldiering is built. It is indispensable, just as loyalty to his client is to the lawyer, but of itself it is not enough. Courage is to be taken for granted in the soldier, but no amount of it is an excuse for failure in the workmanlike discharge of his duty. From the way in which many people talk, one suspects them of being very much surprised at finding that the British officer is not timid. When military critics repeat such stuff, one despairs of ever hearing sense. The old folly of our Army was its assumption that personal bravery and gentlemanly manners were enough to make an officer. They are not. We have come to see this truth, in theory, but the old superstition obviously lingers on.

DAVID HANNAY.

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The Soldier's Home.

WHEN we were first exhorted to "pass the hat for our credit's sake, and pay, pay, pay," there was a pretty general impression that the war would be over in three months. If this estimate had been justified, the large sums which were generously poured into the hat would have more than sufficed to keep our soldiers' wives and children in comfort, even in luxury, until husbands and fathers returned. But since the war has already lasted fifteen months, and since there is no talk as yet of sending anyone home, but rather of sending more men out, the prospects of keeping soldiers' homes together with the money subscribed up to the present have become small by degrees and pitifully less. The situation is serious. Many people are saying now that they are tired of the war; but, however tired they may be, they ought not to tire of doing their duty by the brave men who are fighting our battles. It is no more than our plain duty; either as a community or as individuals, to look after those who are dependent upon them. As a community we do not face this task. The State does not undertake to provide for the families of its soldiers, and perhaps those people are right who say that, as our public service is managed just now, the less the State undertakes, the better. We do not, for instance, want any more charities like the Patriotic Fund. All money that is subscribed for immediate wants should be expended in alleviation of those wants, not hoarded up for future contingencies. It is even a question whether the Patriotic Fund ought not at this juncture to be compelled to disburse its hoards. But to return. The State holding aloof in this matter of looking after soldiers' homes, the obligation falls upon each individual one of us, and it is to each individual one of us that the Princess of Wales speaks in her gracious and touching appeal.

Her Royal Highness's letter is not eloquent in the ordinary sense of the word, that is to say, it has not that air of being composed with the express object of arousing emotion which usually hangs round "eloquent appeals." But in another sense, it has the truest eloquence and goes straight to the heart. If a beggar in the street tells you a long story in carefully-chosen words that have clearly not come into his head on the spur of the moment, the chances are that you think him a fraud, a professional whiner, and that you pass him by. When a man stops you with drawn, white features and says, "I am hungry; will you give me food?" you must have a hard heart if it does not go out to him. So with the Princess of Wales's letter. Its most moving quality is the very simplicity with which the urgent needs of the poor wives and children and fathers and mothers are related.

"Hundreds of letters have been received by our workers showing the gratitude of our soldiers and sailors for what has been done for their families during the hardships they themselves were undergoing; and of the joy with which they are looking forward to find their homes intact on their return.

"Without further funds these homes must be broken up, and all that we have been doing for the last twelve months will be undone. This will be especially felt during the winter months, when coals and other necessaries of life have increased in price. I therefore very earnestly appeal for help to enable us to keep these homes together until the bread-winners return, as I cannot contemplate the effect, not only upon the families, but upon the men themselves, of the withdrawal of our aid."

There speaks the woman anxious for her fellow-women; there speaks the daughter and the wife and the mother. A plain, straightforward account of what is to do; an earnest, straightforward appeal for help to do it. Never in any great cause of charity or beneficence have either the Prince of Wales or his beautiful consort failed to take their part when their aid was needed. Never have they played their parts in vain. The Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, London's Diamond Jubilee memorial, is fixed upon a prosperous and lasting foundation. Many a fund and many an institution have gained public support mainly through the kind-hearted efforts of Their Royal Highnesses. There is no fear that the Princess's noble call to the nation to go on "keeping the home that Tommy's left behind him" will fall on deaf ears.

If the well-to-do are weary of the war in their comfortable homes; if the rich are tired of a depressed financial situation that deprives them, perhaps, of an extra carriage-horse or their usual winter trip to the Riviera; if the newspaper reader has exhausted his interest in the veldt, and the khaki boom has died away, what about those to whom the war means an actual scarcity of food, an ever-haunting fear of the broker's man and the relieving officer? The old parents, dreading the day when their poor roof will no longer shelter them, the brave wife, wearing herself out to keep her little ones alive and to have things tidy and respectable "when he comes back," have they no such cause to be "tired of the war" as should make all of us ashamed to complain? Respond heartily, then, to the Princess's petition on their behalf. Do all you can to lighten the burden that falls upon weak shoulders. Send your money to the Sailors' and Soldiers' Families' Association, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster—all you can spare, all you can raise by whatever means suggest themselves. Aye, and do more than send money. Find out some of the families who are too proud to beg or speak, and show them by your sympathy and personal encouragement that the country knows what they are suffering and will do what it can to make their lot easier. We cannot bring back to their homes the sons and husbands who have fallen for England and sleep in the sand 6,000 miles away across the dark sea. We cannot yet spare those who are happily alive and well, to the dear ones who long and pray for their safe and speedy return. But we can lighten material anxieties. We can prevent the hard necessities of daily life from pressing upon those dear ones in their grief and suspense. The "Absent-Minded Beggar," after being on everybody's lips for a few months, has passed by now into the limbo of forgotten popular songs. Let us drag it forth again, since the need of its stirring pathos is as great to-day as ever, for the sake of the last verse, which exactly fits in with the Princess's appeal:

"Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,
And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—
That, while he saved the Empire, his employer saved his place,
And his mates (that's you and me) looked after *her*.
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all,
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul,
So we'll help the home our Tommy's left behind him."

"And his mates—that's you and me": there is the point we should recollect.

THE LATE MR. F. G. ENGELBACH.

THE untimely death of Mr. F. G. Engelbach, who was killed in action at Nooitgedacht while acting as a civil surgeon with the troops, is particularly sad, and will be specially regretted by the readers of this paper, who have found in its pages many interesting contributions from his pen. With the enthusiasm which carried him through life, he turned his attention to several diverse subjects, and his several articles upon the manufacturing departments of the Army which we have published, and those which are now appearing upon the Army Clothing Factory to name no others, are admirable illustrations of his wide knowledge and ability. Mr. Engelbach, who was the eldest son of Mr. Lewis W. Engelbach, C.B., late Commissioner of Her Majesty's Customs, was educated at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, qualified in 1886, and commenced practice at Moretonhampstead, where he became known as an interesting lecturer upon many questions, and developed a decided literary faculty. He was always attracted by military affairs, and was almost the sole originator of the local Volunteer company of which he was captain for several years. When he came to London, he found a sphere of much useful work, and, in the dark days of the war, was impelled to take his part in the conflict. He arrived in South Africa in time to join the Second Cavalry Brigade in the march on Kimberley, was present at Paardeberg and Poplar Grove, and entered Bloemfontein with the troops. Afterwards he accompanied the Field Hospital of his brigade on Ian Hamilton's great march, was present at the battle of Houtnek, and was in the two days' battle at Diamond Hill. For some time he had charge of a field hospital, and, later on, was present at Prinsloo's surrender, and was chief of the stationary hospital at Rietfontein. Surgeon Engelbach was very popular with officers and men; he was a great organiser, and a brave man, and many are those who will recall his cheerful kindness and the help he rendered to them. The example of the career of such a man, laying down his life for Queen and Empire, is inspiring, but the country is the poorer for his loss. He has left a widow and a little boy, who will have the sympathy of many friends.

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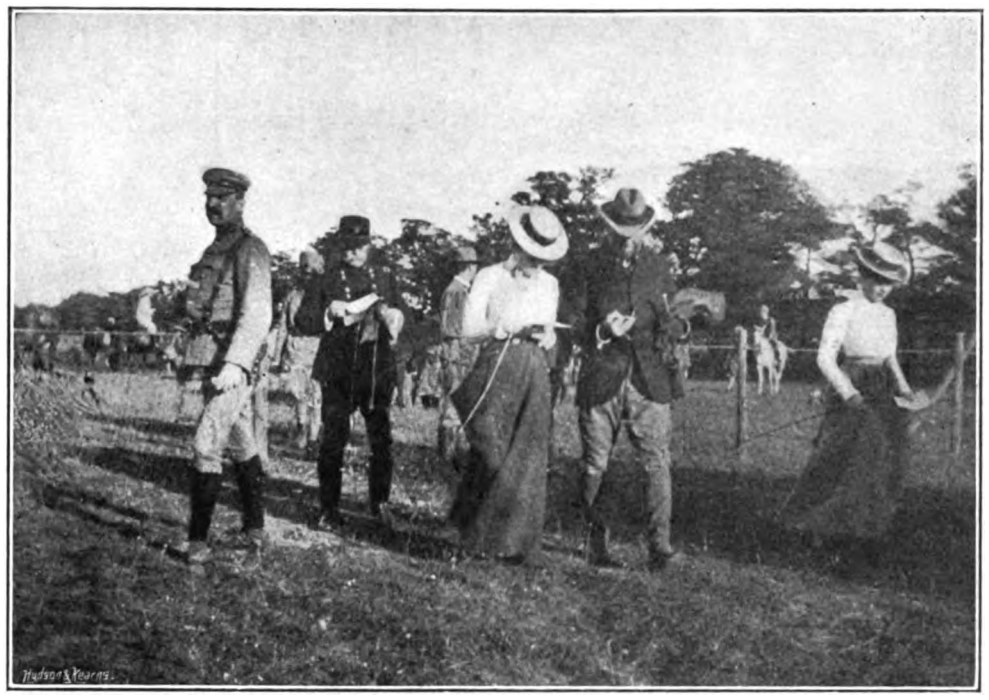
Scenes in Present Day China.

IT is very difficult to write with any certainty about China at the present moment. It is even more difficult to foretell the future of the Empire which ought to be so mighty, and which is, after all, so potent in the mere weight of its stolid millions. The Chinaman is not brought up in the ideas of the West. He counts time not by years but by centuries, and he knows that the perpetual pressure of numbers will bring its own reward. The time will come, as he judges, when the Western Powers will get tired of resisting this relentless strain, and when they in their turn will be content to accept Chinese domination and Chinese methods. The Chinese want to learn nothing from us. They do not recognise that the "foreign devils" have anything to teach them. They want to be left severely alone, and we are not inclined to leave them in this position. Their methods towards those who differ from them are too severe for our taste, and slaughtered missionaries appeal to Christian susceptibilities. Then comes the national spirit, and a war is straightway commenced; but let us disabuse our minds of the idea that we can coerce four hundred millions of people. Their inertia is too great; the mass is too large for a blow delivered at one point to make itself felt through the whole. This is the difficulty with China, the difficulty which stands in the way of the partition of the Chinese Empire among what we call the civilised nations. It may be that the partition would be only temporary, as the Chinese might imagine. At any rate, unless it was carried to the western borders of China, which would be almost impossible, it would leave a vast territory—compact, highly-peopled, and rich—within which China would reorganise itself, and would pour forth its hordes, reinforced by Chinese recruited from secret societies within the different spheres of occupation, to evict the foreigner. A partition to be effective must be thorough, and the distances are too great. When once, moreover, the Chinese become acquainted with modern weapons, and have picked up modern tactics, there will be no question about their fighting capacity. Gordon proved that they could fight, and the officers of our Wei-hai-Wei Regiment have something to say on the subject. For the present they need European leading, but there was once a Zenghiz Khan who led the Chinese to the shores of the Mediterranean—the faces of innumerable colonies in Asia Minor tell their own tale—and China may produce another general.



A SCENE IN THE PARK AT THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.
Looking on at British Races.

Photos. *J. S. Wallace.*
A GALLANT BUGLER OF THE 1st BENGAL LANCERS.
Ali Sher Khan, who Saved the Life of Captain Griffin when Unhorsed and Surrounded.

Our pictures deal, however, with events of the moment, and not with the speculations which it would be very easy to elaborate as to what may happen in the course of the New Century—or of the next. Wherever Englishmen go, sport in some form or the other is sure to follow, and our first picture shows the British racecourse duly marked out in the grounds of the park of the Temple of Heaven. The figures in the foreground are General Barrow, General Wilson, Mrs. Conger, wife of the United States Minister, and Mrs. Pierce. One would like to know whether there were any bookmakers, and how the whole thing worked out in this respect, for most men like to back their mounts, and Tommy Atkins dearly loves to have a shilling on his officer. Bugler Ali Sher Khan, of the 1st Bengal Lancers, who forms the subject of our second picture, saved the life of Captain Griffin, when that officer was unhorsed and surrounded by six Boxers at the taking of Liang-hi-Siang. Then in the remaining illlustration we have the Emperor's throne-room, with its exceedingly handsome appurtenances and its quaint hieroglyphics—so unintelligible to the ordinary man. But think what it must mean for this sacred room to be invaded by the representatives of alien and irresistible strength. We have hardly learned, probably, to look at things from the Chinese standpoint; but, save for their recognised apathy, one would say that this sort of thing must be terrible to them. What would it mean to ourselves to have a royal palace invaded by the representatives of foreign troops? In China, however, things are different. It is only those in immediate touch with the throne who feel the humiliation, and the great bulk of the people have no idea of what has happened. On the contrary, they are probably told that the allied Powers are suing for peace, and believe it. This policy of corruption and deceit is one of the things with which we have to reckon in our dealings with the Chinese. The allied Powers have formulated certain demands, but no one knows whether the Chinese authorities has considered them in a spirit of good faith, or whether they are simply seeking a loophole of evasion. The latter would be quite in accordance with their previous methods of negotiation.

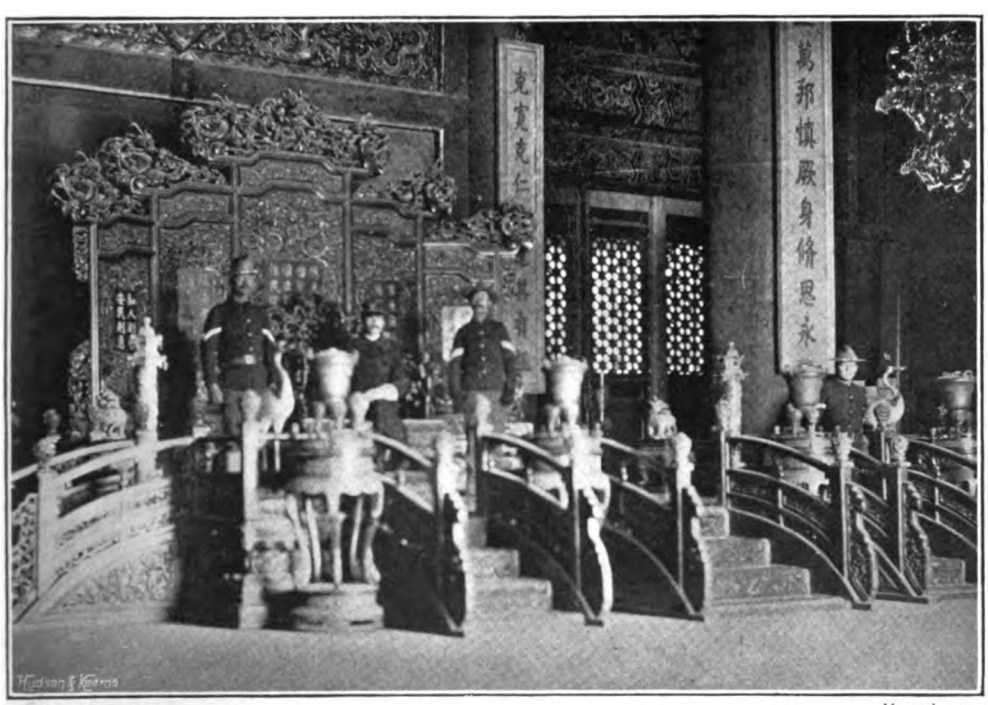


Photo. Copyright. *Mee Cheung.*
THE THRONE-ROOM OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.
With the Representatives of Foreign Forces in Occupation.

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The Home-coming Of Earl Roberts, K.G., V.C.

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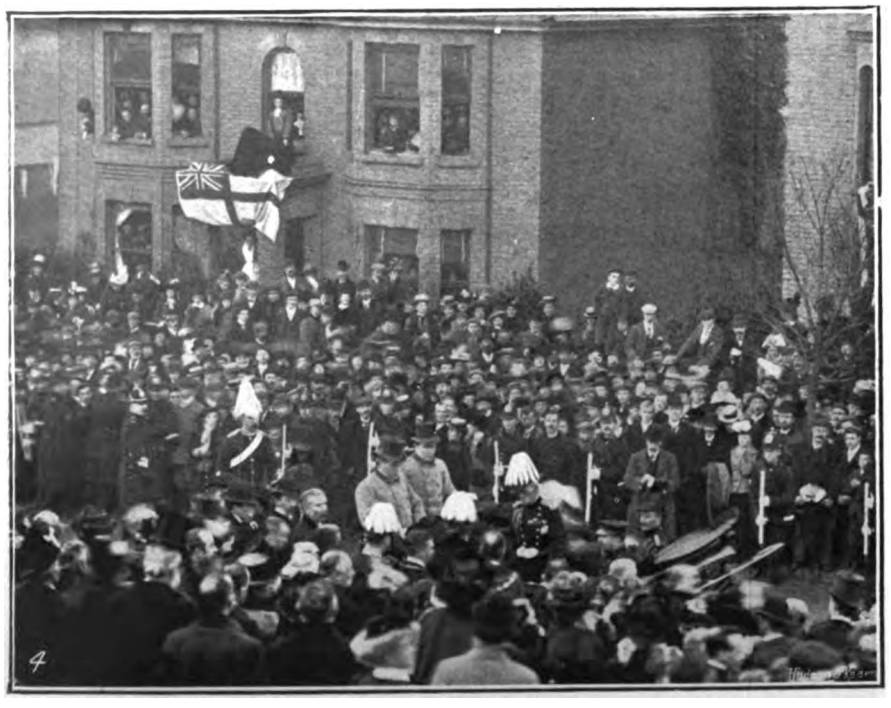

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1—At Madeira: Entering the British Consulate. 2—At Gibraltar Dockyard: Reception by the Naval, Military, and Civil Authorities. 3—In Commercial Square: Inspecting the Guard of Honour of the 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers. 4—At Cowes: Replying to the Island Address. 5—At Southampton: Arriving at the Hartley Institute

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AUGUST 24, 1644, saw Charles and his army before Gloucester; in the beginning of September, Essex relieved that city, and on the 10th the King was on his march back towards London. Then began a race between the opposing forces for the possession of Newbury, when Essex, receiving a check from Rupert and his cavaliers, was obliged to halt at Hungerford, with the result that on his arrival before Newbury on the evening of the 19th he found the Royal army established there before him.

That night, or in the early morning of the 20th, Charles marshalled his troops in a line that extended from the river Kennet on the north to the Embourne Valley on the south, his left and centre being on the heights of Wash Common, whilst his right wing "rested on the low ground in front of the town, where it was protected by hedges lined by dragoons." The heavy guns were placed in such a position as to command the approaches to the hills, so that "the Parliamentarians had no passage to them but what was exposed to the fire of the enemy's cannon."

Strong as was their position as a whole, there was one weak spot in the disposition of the Royal troops. Their commanders had, "by a most absurd error," forgotten to occupy the spurs of hills cut up by hedges and copses, which

LORD FALKLAND.
Killed in the First Battle of Newbury.

PRINCE MAURICE
From a Very Rare Print by Van Dalen.

were most important as commanding "the low-lying ground between the town and the Wash."

When Essex arrived on the 19th he at once made ready for the attack, which was to him of imperative necessity, as he was totally without supplies and without means of obtaining them. His right, under Major-General Skippon, took up its position on the high ground near Bigg's Hill, the centre on Crockham Heath, the left towards Hamstead Woods, in which rested his baggage and reserve of horse and foot. From the nature of the ground (which towards the Kennet was cut up into enclosures), this left wing of the Parliamentarians and the right of the Royalist army were protected from each other, and "could not be engaged, only in small parties, by reason of the hedges," which formed effectual defences wherever they occurred, the result being that the ensuing fight raged almost entirely in the centre and on the left of the Royalist positions.

Early in the morning of the 20th Essex made his first movement by despatching a body of troops to occupy the slopes left unguarded by the Royalists. Realising when it was too late the importance of this position, Sir Nicholas Byron, with a brigade of infantry, and his nephew, Sir Thomas, with a troop of horse, hurried forward to retrieve the ground, Falkland riding with the latter as a volunteer, only to meet his death almost before the two opposing forces were in touch.

"He had been so much taken notice of for an impatient desire for peace," says one writer, "that it was necessary he should likewise make it appear that it was not out of fear of the utmost hazard of war; he said some melancholy things of the time, and concluded that in a few days they should come to battle, the issue whereof he hoped would put an end to the misery of the kingdom." "And," says Byron himself, "My Lord of Falkland did me the honour to ride in my troop this day, and I would needs go alone with him; the enemy had

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beat our foot out of the close and was drawn up near the hedge. I went to view, and as I was giving orders for making the gapp wide enough my horse was shott in the throat with a musket-ball bullet, and his bit broken in his mouth, so that I was forced to call for another horse. In the meanwhile, My Lord Falkland (more gallantly than advisedly) spurred his horse through the gapp, where both he and his horse were immediately killed."

This death of the Secretary of State, memorable though it be, was no more than an incident in the war, having no real effect on the course of events. The battle raged fast and

BAGNOR MANOR FARM.
A Scene of Much Fighting at Newbury

furiously, both sides fighting with the greatest courage and determination, the Royalists gaining ground, it is true, but only sufficient to keep the enemy in check for the time being.

In the meantime, Essex, with the main part of his army, was marching through lanes protected by the hedges to attack the Royalists' centre on the Wash, whilst Skippon pushed forward to co-operate with his chief. Rupert, reckless and impatient as usual, instead of waiting until the enemy's troops were out of the lanes, to fall on them just before they had time to form up in the open, rushed forward on to Embourne Common, and, taking advantage of the clear ground for one of his furious charges, poured his horse down upon two regiments of trained bands "with horse on either flank" that he found there, scattering the horse, but making no impression on the London citizens, who stood undaunted and conquerors against all, and "like a grove of pines in a day of wind and tempest, only moved their legs, heads, and arms, but kept their footing sure." Charge after charge Rupert hurled against them, whilst the artillery swept their ranks:

"Then spur and sword was the battle-word,
and we made their helmets ring,
Shouting like madmen all the while
'For God and for the King';
And though they snuffled psalms, to
give the rebel dogs their due,
Where the roaring shot poured thick and
hot they were stalwart men and true."

They were indeed stalwart men and true, for with courage unshaken they met each successive shock of the cavalry, unhorsing many as they received them on their pikes, and again and again closing up their ranks as the men fell before the overpowering fire of the heavy guns. For hours the fight went on with little result, until at last, the Royalist infantry being brought up, they "forced the foot to retreat into their strength," though they were still "unbroken." All this time the conflict raged between the centres of the two armies on the Wash, the King himself being in the midst of the fight, his standard visible, held aloft above the troops as, encouraged by Charles, they again and again drove back the enemy, pushing them at last into the lanes, where, following too far, the cavalry were cut to pieces, losing so heavily that it is said the roads were piled up with their dead bodies. Again the battle was renewed with greater fury than before, raging until late in the afternoon, but nothing decisive occurring on either side. Then a fresh attack was made on the enemy's left, but Skippon was on the alert, and pushed forward to meet it; a hand-to-hand *mêlée* ensued, the Parliamentarians gaining ground steadily, until night falling brought the battle to an end. Undecisive as it was, both sides claimed the victory, though any advantage gained was won by the Parliamentarians, who now had possession of "the hill, the hedges, and the river," which had been the strength of the King's position early in the day. All the night through the Parliamentarians were on the alert, expecting a renewal of the fight, but when dawn broke they discovered that the King's position had been abandoned. "He had withdrawn his troops into Newbury under cover of the night. The way to London was open at last." Essex, therefore, pushed on at once, entering Reading on the 22nd, whilst the King, after throwing a garrison into Donnington Castle, retired to Oxford to consider how best he could strengthen his forces, which were not equal at present to the task of subduing London, an all-important matter if he was to regain his position in his kingdom.

A year passed, and with it many events of the utmost importance. Pym was dead; the battle of Marston Moor had been fought and had been lost by the Royalists; Essex and his army in the West had had to capitulate to Charles; and now, on October 27, the country immediately around Newbury was once more the scene of a hard conflict between the rival forces, the battle taking place, however, on the north side of the Kennet, whilst the former had been fought on the south.

"The King threw his army into the field between Donnington Castle and Newbury, where they were protected on one flank by the Kennet, and in some degree by the guns of Donnington Castle on the other." At Shaw village were the King's Life Guards and a strong body of horse; the centre, which included the main body, lay along the river, "whilst further in the rear at Speen village was Prince Maurice with his brigade of Cornish horse and two brigades of infantry and artillery. Above, on Speen Hill, was a further detachment of Cornish foot and the Duke of York's regiment."

The Parliamentarians took up their position on Clay Hill

Photos. Copyright. 'Navy & Army.'

SHAW HOUSE, HELD FOR THE KING.
Where Manchester's Attack was Repulsed

above the town on the north, where they had a good view of the King's position, which was exceedingly strong, the only weak point, and that a great one, being in the fact that this very Clay Hill was not occupied by them.

A council of war was held in the Parliamentary camp to discuss the plan of action, when it was resolved that Balfour and Skippon, with Waller and Cromwell, should make a flank march and attack the Royalist position on Speen Hill, the firing of the guns being a signal to Manchester that he should make a counter attack on Shaw to divide the attention of the enemy.

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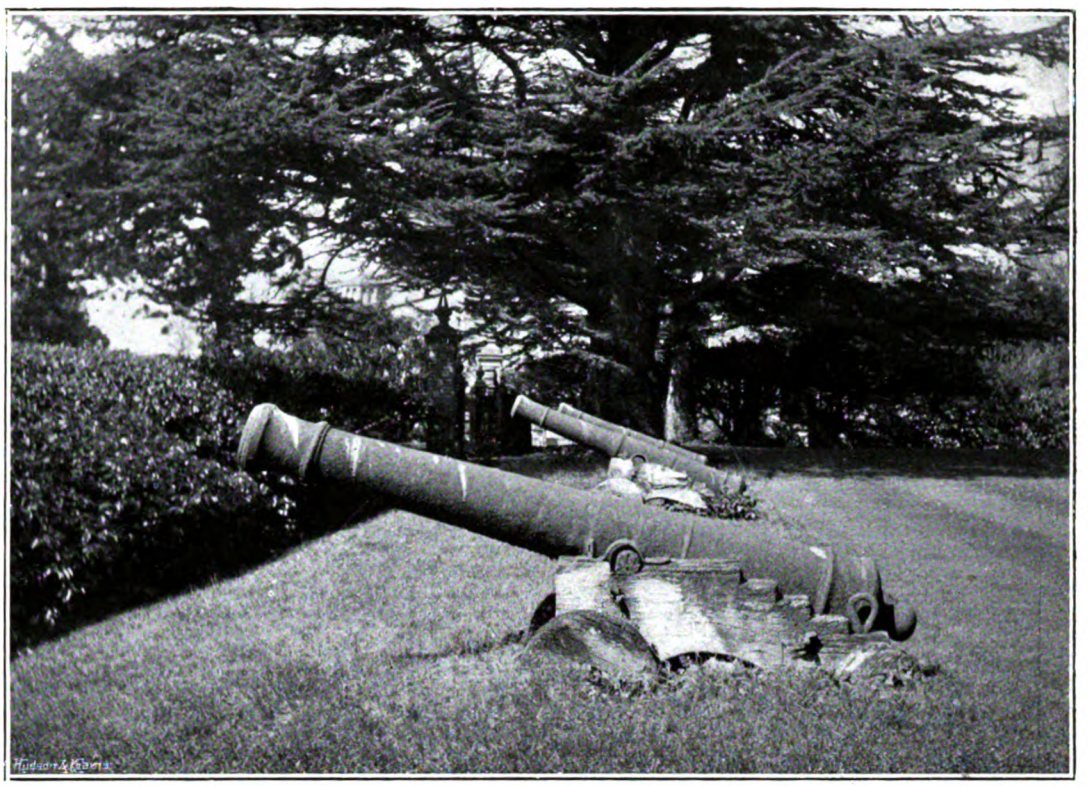
The Royalists were quite aware of the enemy's actics, so all the morning they were busy on Speen Hill throwing up entrenchments and preparing for the attack, against which they were also well defended by the natural features of the country. Waller himself gives a good idea of the position: "After arriving on the heath," he says, "above a mile and a-half from Newbury, at two, we fell into lanes and hedges, and marched not above one quarter of a mile before we came in sight of the enemy. Upon our approach their cannon played hard upon us. The place being a narrow heath gave not leave to bring up a body. The hedges hindered our horse very much. Their cannon made our ground very hot. There was no way left but to fall on with horse and foot, and that without delay, which put in execution—the sun not being an hour high—his Excellency's foot went on undauntedly."



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GUNS USED IN THE SECOND BATTLE.

Royalist Ordnance now in the Grounds at Shaw House.

Great as were the obstacles in their way, the Parliamentarians went gallantly on, charging the King's troops, and sweeping them down the hill so that they left their guns in their flight; whereupon Essex's old soldiers, recognising the guns they had lost at Lostwithiel, seized them with joy, "clapping their hands on the touchholes on them to claim them as their own." Down the hill into Speen village the Royalists were driven, the enemy ever in pursuit, and out again into the fields. Maurice did his best to rally his men, but to no purpose. Every moment the enemy gained ground, until at last the Royalists were driven right out of the village into the fields between Speen and Newbury. Waller sent his cavalry in pursuit of the enemy, and "Sir Walter Balfour, sweeping round under the hill on the south side of the church skirting the Kennet, and having gained the large field between Speen and Newbury, attacked the Royal guard, who fled in disorder towards Newbury." The King in his turn did all he could to restrain the troops, who, indeed, gathered round him, and for a time drove back the enemy, but they in their impetuosity going too far, Skippon fell on them, and would have annihilated them had they not succeeded in retreating, though in great disorder, to Newbury.

Until now Manchester had done nothing, and had failed to come to the support of Balfour and Skippon, as had been arranged. Now, seeing the retreat of the Royalists to Newbury, he at last made a move. But it was too late. In his delay he had missed the opportunity of inflicting on the King a crushing defeat. Now his troops, tired of being held back, made a desperate attack on the garden side of Shaw House, which was strongly fortified at every point. The Royalists had all the advantage of the position, and received the enemy with a tremendous volley; the attack was completely repulsed, and Manchester was obliged to retire. By this time darkness had come on, and put an end to the fight, which, as in the first battle of Newbury, was indecisive, although once more the advantage was with the Parliamentarians. If Charles had waited to renew the fight in the morning, nothing but absolute defeat could have awaited him; but he wisely escaped, retreating silently in the night, and passing under the very lines of Manchester's troops. His wounded, artillery, ammunition, and baggage he left at Donnington Castle, and then he hurried on towards Bath to break the news of his reverse to Rupert, whilst to Maurice was left the charge of conducting the retreat to Wallingford and thence to Oxford.

Meanwhile, discontent was rife amongst the Parliamentarians, and men were deserting rapidly. A council of war was called to discuss the situation, in which Waller proposed to pursue the King, and if possible to force him to fight after he had joined Rupert. Manchester and many other of the officers were against so bold a step. So Manchester contented himself by making a half-hearted attempt on Donnington Castle, which, being repulsed, he, all too late as usual, repented his decision, and came round to the opinion of Waller.

THE ANCIENT TOWN OF NEWBURY.

The Picture Taken from an Old Drawing.

Such were the two notable battles of Newbury, both being famous incidents of the Civil Wars, wherein many of the most prominent leaders among the Roundheads and Cavaliers were engaged. The Parliament men were now seasoned veterans, and their new model army, raised and disciplined to encounter the trained soldiers of the King, had proved its fighting worth. All the headlong dash of the Ruperts was of little avail against the stern campaigners, who could stand their ground under men who had learned their fighting trade on half the battlefields of the Continent. It is impossible not to admire the loyal and chivalrous spirit of the gallant Cavaliers; but, on the other hand, the stern military qualities developed in the Ironsides of Cromwell, Skippon, and Fairfax had in them the makings of victory. These are reflections that arise when we survey the battlefields by the Kennet, and on those hills where there had been much fighting long before.

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THE OFFICERS 1ST (KING'S) DRAGOON GUARDS LEAVING FOR THE CAPE.

1—2nd Lieut. A. A. Crossley. 2—2nd Lieut. S. C. Holland. 3—Captain H. J. Williams. 4—Lieut. A. M. Turner. 5—2nd Lieut. J. R. G. Adam. 6—2nd Lieut. R. C. Longworth. 7—2nd Lieut. J. J. Brocklebank. 8—2nd Lieut. F. H. Charlton. 9—Lieut. E. H. Reeves. 10—Captain E. A. Williams. 11—Captain H. F. Searight. 12—Lieut.-Col. H. M. Owen (Commanding). 13—Captain H. de C. Eastwood. 14—Captain H. F. Langton. 15—Lieut. D. A. Rasbotham. 16—2nd Lieut. F. Kayser. 17—2nd Lieut. H. H. Harris. 18—2nd Lieut. W. G. F. Renton.

The senior cavalry regiment, after the Household Brigade, is the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, and it goes out with the new reinforcements for the Cape. The above group represents Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Owen and the officers of this historic corps, which will not be seeing its first service in South Africa, for it shared in the Zulu and Transvaal Campaigns of twenty years ago. The King's Dragoon Guards have a brilliant record, commencing with "Blenheim," and an unique one, in that they are the only cavalry regiment which bears honours for China, for not only was the regiment present in 1860 at the Taku Forts, but, mounted on Tartar ponies, it shared in the capture of Peking. The corps that Colonel Owen will lead against the wily Boer has a record dating from 1685.

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"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première etait pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE HOPE, of the "Dragon," has gone ashore with the ship's launch at a small village on the coast of Brittany, named Bricourt, with a view of procuring water for the casks. Here he has encountered a young and beautiful Frenchwoman, who, after stating that she is the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, and, of course, of the Royalist side, informs him that she is anxious to escape from France and the horrors of the Revolution, and asks if she can be received on board the English man-of-war.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPTAINS.

GOURVILLE DE ST. PRIE--as he had once been called, but Gourville Prie as his name now was, since the Assembly could no longer permit the aristocratic *Saint* to be borne in France any more than the aristocratic *de*, and especially by one of its own officers—sat in his cabin in "Le Furieux," of which *vaisseau de guerre* he was the captain. But, should anyone acquainted with the ordinary sea service as carried out in England have looked around that cabin, he would scarcely have believed that it could form part of a ship at all, while, on the other hand, he might have been pardoned for imagining that he had found his way into the boudoir of some renowned Parisian courtesan who, having been at one time the possessor of all the most costly luxury which hordes of admirers had lavished on her, was now in reduced circumstances and forced to accept as ornaments and decorations a number of knick-knacks of a far more cheap and tawdry nature. To wit, there was a collection of little oil lamps of coloured glass scattered about this cabin which might have been in place in a dancing-garden outside a French provincial town; there were, also, several little cheap pictures of dancers and actresses nailed on to the bulkheads; there was a tinsel-covered, moulded figure of the goddess of Reason (thousands of which statuettes were being sold by hawkers all over the country at the present moment) that was lashed to the after part of the mizen-mast as it passed upwards through the cabin; and there were two or three plaques of arms, which were most palpably constructed of wood and silver paper, also hanging on bulkheads. Of real arms there were not many, Gourville Prie's sword with its tricolour sword-knot being, however, one, and a pair of huge pistols of the nature of those which were called in England horse-pistols being others, all three of which reposed upon a sofa covered with an extremely gaudy cretonne which was, as well, extremely dirty and soiled. Yet, as the gallant French captain was often known to declare that he liked *les conforts*, he probably considered that, with those surroundings, he had gone far towards obtaining them.

Opposite to where he sat at a little table (fixed on to which, so that the rolling of the vessel should not send it adrift, was a little leaden inkstand in the form of the goddess of Liberty) stood another officer, he being that first lieutenant who had been walking the deck when the "Dragon's" launch had gone ashore to fill the water casks. At the present time, however, he stood before his captain, and was answering some enquiries that the latter was making.

"Therefore," said Prie, "this is the sum of the woman's information. The launch of the 'Dragon' has again gone ashore, to fetch off Madame, and everything is arranged between them. *Hein!* He, this *officier anglais*, is to meet her by the tomb of an earlier Aubray Bricourt, the boat is to take her to the ship, and the ship is to take her to Jersey. Is that it?"

"That is it, and, *mon Capitaine*, that boat is already again ashore; she passed under our bows nigh half-an-hour ago. *Mordemonbleu!* it will be back again from shore with the beauteous Marquise ere long, and will have put her on board the English ship if we are not prepared to stop her. What are your orders, *mon Capitaine?*"

"Soul of a shark! what orders do you require; you who have been at sea ten years longer than I, yet have had bad luck. Orders! Why! take two of our chaloupes, meet the boat as she passes, tell those in her that she has one more than her full complement, as you can pretend to see; and that, as representing the Navy of France, you wish to know who that extra individual is, since the law is very decisive as to none being allowed to quit France unless duly authorised by the *Comité du Salut Public*——"

"She will not stop."

"*Diable!* do I not know that! Well—then——"

"Then?"

"Yes, then—then—well then! Are there not muskets and cutlasses in the ship ready for use, is there no powder, no ball—nothing for these English to make a supper on? Or have we no sailors, or are not they ready for service? *Hein!*"

"The boat is then to be sunk—with the—the *émigrée* on board? Sunk, eh?"

"Sunk, like a bag of empty oyster shells! To the bottom of the sea, with the men and the accursed English officer and the doubly accursed *émigrée* who plays her noble—her once noble!—husband false. Sink them all. It is the law of the Legislative Assembly as represented by me."

Ashore it was as dark now as at sea a mile out, where "Le Furieux" lay, or half a mile further out where lay the "Dragon": so dark that, as George Hope stepped ashore from the launch, after bidding his men observe the strictest attention to every sound and keep the closest watch, he could scarcely see twenty yards ahead of him. Yet, because he was a sailor whose senses were always on the alert by night and day, and because, too, it was impossible that he should mistake his way to where the church was, since he had brought the boat ashore half-a-dozen times of late, this was a matter of no consideration to him. Nay, rather, he considered, it was better thus, since thereby he would not be seen in the vicinity of the graveyard where he was to meet the Marquise, nor, on the other hand, would any who happened to be about in the neighbourhood—fishermen, sailors, or inhabitants of the hamlet a mile off—be able to see her. That he had received his captain's permission to take off Madame d'Aubray de Bricourt to the "Dragon" was evident, not so much by his presence here, since he had said that he would doubtless be enabled to return in either circumstance of assent or reproval, as by the state in which the boat was now. For, beneath her thwarts, there lay at this present time a number of muskets corresponding to the number of the boat's complement, while by the men's sides were their cutlasses. And George, too, was armed more fully than when he

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had been ashore an hour and a-half ago, he having in addition to his sword a pair of pistols in his belt at this time.

"I doubt," his own captain had said to him, that officer being a somewhat different type of sailor from the captain of "Le Furieux," "whether their Lordships would openly approve of my assisting this interesting young lady of whom you tell me to quit her country, yet I am quite positive that in their own hearts they will not blame me. France is already at war against the Emperor of Austria, soon she will be so against us. If this incident should hasten it, so much the better, though I do not imagine it will ever be heard of ashore. You may take the boat, Hope."

"Thank you, sir; I, too, doubt if when the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt has disappeared anyone in the neighbourhood will know how she did so, or where she went to. Our friends in 'Le Furieux' probably never heard of her, and if they have done so, they could scarcely imagine she would be on board one of His Majesty's ships."

"If they do imagine it," replied the captain with a light in his eyes which Hope thoroughly understood, "it would not be of much importance, I opine. They might find it difficult to get her out of our ship when once she is in it!"

After this, Hope went towards the door of the captain's cabin intent upon having the launch called away at once and of departing for the shore, yet ere he reached the spot his captain said another word.

"I presume," he remarked, "that there can be no reason to doubt the truth of this lady's statement. This is no ruse of any sort, I trust, to inveigle you into danger, and I suppose you feel perfectly confident that this Marquise is acting in a straightforward manner, and that—well! that she is what she represents herself to be?"

"Oh! sir," the young lieutenant said, "if you had seen her, if you had spoken to her as I have done, you would not have an instant's doubt."

"I am older than you," the captain replied with a grim smile; "even beauty in distress, such beauty as you describe hers to be, might not blind me entirely."

"No, sir, but there are other things. It was not only her beauty—which I allow is enough to turn the head of any man—that convinced me, but her words. I assure you, sir, if you had heard her expression of scorn, if you had seen her look of ineffable contempt as she spoke of those who now hold the destinies of France in their hands, you would find it impossible to doubt. As you will find it, sir, when in an hour, in two hours at latest, I bring her safely on board our ship."

"Well, good luck go with you. Come, there is two bells striking; if you are going to keep your rendezvous with your new friend, it is time for you to be away. Good luck, I say; be prudent, and come back safe to the ship."

"And come back safe to the ship!" Those were the captain's words, that his last kindly injunction to the young officer. Afterwards, when he recalled them, and when George Hope's name was no more borne upon the books of the "Dragon," while against that name there stood in the Admiralty books the word "Missing," and the date June 27, 1792, he wondered if some prophetic impulse had inspired him to utter them. He meditated over those well-remembered words while week after week passed, and when the "Dragon" was no longer in European waters, and sometimes it seemed to him as if they had been a knell rung by him over Hope's naval career.

But George himself naturally knew nothing of all that lay before him as he stepped ashore; there were no weird sisters, not Fates either, to warn or fright him from that which he had undertaken; none to bid him turn back and leave undone that which he had resolved upon doing. Nor, had there been, would he have obeyed their warning. It was not of such stuff as this that he was made.

Therefore he went on towards the church that in itself was emblematical of ruin and destruction, as gradually the sands of the sea accumulated round it and choked it, and were swiftly burying it out of all human sight and knowledge. He went on until he crossed the top of the now almost submerged graveyard wall, and so stood within the graveyard itself, and there—there—in the dusky dimness of the night, to which, however, he had grown quite accustomed in the last hour or so, he thought he saw the woman whom he had come to rescue looking at him from behind a head stone—yet not that one on which her own rank and title, though borne by another woman, had been carved until this day. He saw a pair of eyes, whose light seemed to sparkle beneath the glisten of the stars, looking at him over the stone; and surely—if the sombre gloom of the night did not deceive him—there was in them a mocking, jeering look; a glance that, beneath those stars, was almost horrible. And then, in an instant, there rose to his mind the words his captain had uttered, the doubt that he had suggested as to the Marquise being all that she had described herself. Were those doubts true, George Hope asked himself; had he fallen into some snare, some trap?

Yet, whether that were so or not, this was not the time for meditation nor reflection, but, instead, for action. Whereupon he advanced towards the stone behind which that figure stood enshrouded—or had stood enshrouded from top to toe a moment before, nothing of it being visible but those gleaming, sparkling eyes—and said in a low voice, "*Me voici, Madame.*" But, receiving no response, Hope, looking more keenly, more piercingly into the gloom which was between this stone and some stunted withered bushes that grew behind it, perceived that the woman who had been there had vanished.

"It is strange," he said to himself. "Strange! Why should she stand there regarding me in such a way; her face, with in it those shining eyes, close to mine, so close that almost could I feel her breath upon my cheek! and then disappear when I spoke to her. Well! no matter now, let me see if she is at the exact spot fixed upon for our meeting"; whereon he went towards the other tombstone, the one upon which there had been inscribed until this evening the titles of the dead woman who once also bore the name of d'Aubray de Bricourt.

And she was there—this woman whom he had come to meet, to save; to rescue from what, to one of her rank, was impending calamity if not impending doom. She was there. A dark cloak with a hood was above her head, her whole figure was black and indistinct and scarcely standing out at all against the grimness of the night, while scarcely doing so even against the somewhat clearer greyness of that tomb itself.

"Ah!" she said, and there was a little gasp, a little indrawing of her breath that was perceptible in the solemn stillness that was around and over all; a stillness broken only by the croaking of some frogs in a pool further inland, and the equally harsh croaking of a diver, or sea-duck, upon the water. "Ah! so monsieur has come. And is it Yes or No?" she added, eagerly.

"It is Yes, as I told Madame la Marquise it would undoubtedly be. Now, we have no time for delay. Come, madame, the boat is in the creek and the tide runs out. We must away at once."

Yet, even while he held out his hand to guide her through the gravestones of the churchyard, he knew that in his heart some mistrust of this woman had arisen; he felt that in that glance which he had seen fixed on him from behind the other stone—that mocking, horrible glance—there was something ominous, something that told of evil, of woe to come. So, because he was very frank, and also because, even after having observed the Marquise peering at him in that mocking manner and with a look so full of almost devilish, threatening *espièglerie*, he was still loth to doubt her, he said:

"I scarcely understand why Madame should have regarded me so silently when I drew near the other spot where she was, or why she should have refused to recognise my arrival then, but preferred, instead, to meet me at the appointed spot."

"What!" the Marquise said, stopping in her progress towards where he was leading her. "What! I refused to recognise your arrival and at another spot from where you had promised to come for me. Do you say that?"

"Is it not so? Were you not looking at me from behind a tombstone nearer to the dunes, looking at me from over the head of some tombstone?"

"Ah!" the Marquise exclaimed. "Ah! it is impossible. I have not moved from that spot where we were to meet since the full darkness of the night set in," and she turned and gazed full at Hope.

Nor was it so dark now, when every star was blazing in the clear heavens on this summer night, but that he, looking down into those grey eyes that were regarding him, was able to understand why her astonishment should be what it was, why she should have exclaimed, "Ah! it is impossible."

For those eyes so close to his face at this moment were not the same eyes as those which had been almost as close to him a few moments before; they were not the same eyes that had had in them that look of threatening, mocking exultation.

CHAPTER IV.

The Old Antagonism.

There could be no further explanations at the present moment, since the distance was so short between the almost sand-submerged wall of the churchyard and the creek where the launch was waiting for them, that, in a few moments, they were close to the latter. Indeed, the challenge of the boat's coxswain to George, and his reply—both being, of course, given in subdued tones—almost occupied the time George and the Marquise took to traverse the narrow stretch of sand which separated the wall from the boat. Then, in a moment, Hope had given his hand to the Marquise, and had assisted her into the launch, the orders "oars" and "shove off" were uttered,

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while, as they were obeyed, the stern grated off the bottom and was free. And in two or three minutes more she had breasted the small incoming breakers, and, with her stem towards "Le Furieux" (whose port light gave them their course), was on her way out to sea. To sea, and, for the passenger, to freedom!

"I have a cap for you," said George, producing one from beneath the seat on which both he and the Marquise sat, "also a tarpaulin. If you will cover the former with the hood of the latter, none will know that we have anyone on board beyond our own complement."

He had not forgotten, any more than Gourville Prie had forgotten, that on the return journey of the launch she would be carrying one more person than her proper number, or than had gone shoreward with her. But he relied upon the darkness of the night—and the fact that the Marquise was sitting on the side of the boat farthest from the side of "Le Furieux" which they would pass, and that she would thereby be partly shielded from observation by his body—to prevent her from being perceived by those on board the French ship.

Thinking all this, he deemed that the safety of the Marquise was assured, since it was not possible he should know that already Prie had been warned by a visitor from shore—a woman who had been rowed out to him in a fisherman's boat in the twilight—of what was about to take place that night at ten o'clock. How should he have known, how should he have guessed, that even as he and the Marquise conversed by the buttress outside the fast-disappearing church, another woman inside that church had overheard the whole of their conversation? For the edifice had long been windowless, the old stained glass, which dated back to the days of the Valois, having been removed for preservation to St. Malo.

He felt, therefore, no alarm as to their being interfered with on their voyage out to where the "Dragon" lay, the more especially as now there was a light wind blowing from off shore—a wind that more often than not springs up in this neighbourhood at nightfall—and was now filling their mainsail and foresail and rapidly wafting the launch towards, first, the French corvette, and next, beyond that, the English war-ship.

In the boat strict silence was maintained, since George knew that, however bold a heart the Marquise might possess, this could naturally be no time for conversation, while, of course, the men would not dare to indulge in any talk before an officer. Upon the water, therefore, no sound fell—not even the light dip of an oar, since rowing had been suspended as the sails of the boat were hoisted; and beyond the ripple of the bow through the water and the hum of the wind in the canvas, all was as calm and still as death. Yet, suddenly, that calm was broken as now the launch was a little more than halfway between the land and "Le Furieux." It was broken by the man who sat forward in the boat, while intently peering to the side of the foresail as he kept his watch ahead, saying in a low voice:

"There is something ahead lying across our bows, sir. Two things, I think."

"What are they?" asked Hope in a voice as low as the man's own. "There are no buoys hereabouts."

"They are not buoys, sir, but boats, I think."

"What boats? Fishermen's or others?"

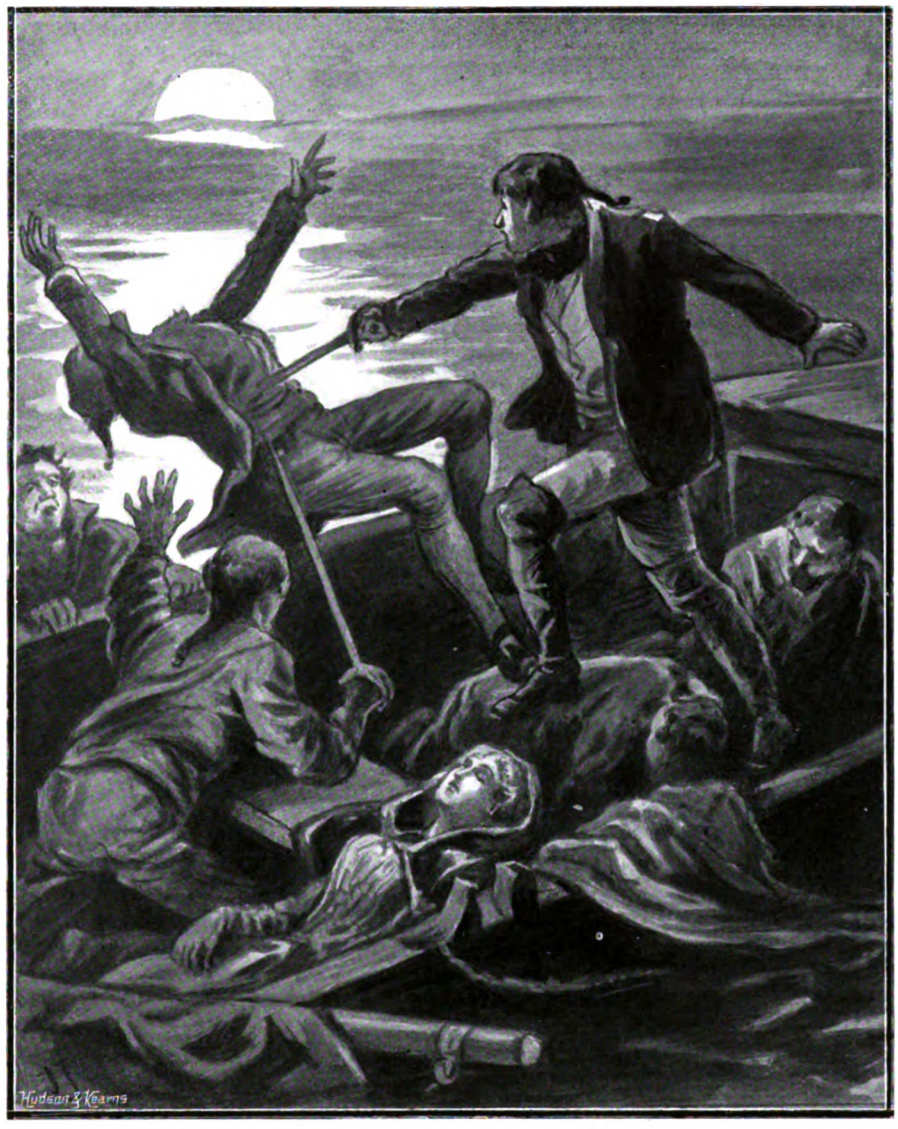
"They are not fishermen's. They are too low on the water. Sir, I think they are the Frenchmen's."

"What can they want! What can they know! Yet, no matter, carry on—we will steer a point off where they lie. Thus we shall understand their intention. It may be that they are on the look-out for some other boat than ours."

Then, turning to the Marquise, who, if she had not understood the words which passed between the two men, had possibly comprehended that something unusual was taking place, he said softly in French: "There are two boats across our way. Yet, there can be no reason to suppose they desire to intercept us, while, if such is the case, they will find it hard to do. It is, I presume, not possible that any on shore can be aware that we are taking you away from France?"

Beneath the stars as he turned to look at her while he spoke; in the amber light, too, of a full moon which was just now peeping up over the eastern horizon, and across which there ran a little bar of cloud, tinged—perhaps, by the last rays of the now-far-off, departed sun—a blood-red, George Hope saw that Lucienne d'Aubray's beautiful face was very pale; he noticed that in her soft, full tones there was a tremor as though of nervousness, of, perhaps, apprehension.

"I should not have deemed it possible an hour ago," she whispered in reply. "Yet, from the time you saw that other woman in the churchyard, I—I have feared——"



With a wild shriek, he fell backwards into the sea.

But she said no more, her words ceasing suddenly. For now across the waves there came a hail, a cry from one of those boats ahead of them and across their course; a demand to know what craft it was that was coming out from shore and what its destination was.

"The launch of His Majesty's ship 'Dragon,'" called back Hope in French, "and going off to the ship herself."

"The launch of His Majesty's ship 'Dragon,'" repeated the voice, which was in truth that of the first lieutenant of "Le Furieux." "Good! Shorten sail. We desire to see what you have on board."

"Shorten sail!" exclaimed Hope contemptuously in a low voice, yet not so low but that all his men heard him. "At that fellow's order. Bah!" while, as he spoke, he turned the iron handle of the rudder with his hand, and put the boat back on the course from which he had shifted her a moment before. For, now, he had altered his intention of steering to the side of the Frenchmen's chaloupes; he had decided to sail through or over those boats, while, as he so decided, he bade his men be ready with their cutlasses, but not to touch their muskets. "If we fire," he said to them between his teeth, "we alarm those in 'Le Furieux,' while, also, we show all on board exactly where we are." Then, as the words fell from his lips, there came a little subdued grunt, a sound of suppressed approval from the seamen before him; he had given them the very orders they could most have desired. Wherefore, they spat softly in their hands, so that thereby they might grasp more firmly the fish-skin-covered handles of their weapons.

Meantime those in the chaloupes of "Le Furieux"—which boats are practically the same as English longboats—had seen the manœuvre, and, of course, divined its intent. So that, in a moment, there was considerable bustle and innumerable ejaculations aboard them, for, however brave a French soldier or sailor may be—and no one impugns their courage—nothing of importance is ever done without chatter and excitement. While, also, from the first lieutenant's throat there came the cry:

"*Ventreboumine!* Will you run us down and sink us! *Diantre!* never! Not at least until we have that *emigrée*—that

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ci-devant out of your boat—not until we have the woman termed La Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt out of your hands."

"Ah!" murmured the Marquise, who, from the conversation being in French, understood all. "She has betrayed me. Yet, how could she know? And—and," she wailed, "I have brought ruin and destruction on you. You, *mon brave ami.*"

"Not yet, madame," Hope replied, with a grim smile. "Have no fear. They may have two boats to our one. But we are under sail, and we are——" But he paused. He could not tell her, a French lady, how great was his confidence in the nationality of himself and his men against her countrymen.

Whatever was to happen was now at hand—the launch was almost upon the two chaloupes; had they not opened and separated at the moment, it would have crushed over one if not both of them. Yet, separate though they might and did, she struck both of them in her passage; one side of her dashing the stern of the first chaloupe away so that it almost spun in the water, while the other side encountered the stern of the second boat, and, catching it under her lower planking forward, so much depressed that part of the craft that its prow was raised out of the water. Such contact could not, however, take place without the launch herself being much hampered in her progress, and, in the moment when her way was arrested, the Frenchmen found and seized an opportunity. One man, it was the first lieutenant himself, sprang from the gunwale of the boat he was in, sword in hand, and in a moment had severed the halyards of the foresail, while at the same moment one of his sailors cut through the halyards of the mainsail with a knife, so that, although there was some little way still left upon her, it ceased almost immediately, especially as now she was dragging one of the chaloupes on either side, they being grappled to her by the hands of the Frenchmen.

And then—then, upon those silent waters, there was an encounter between those sailors of long antagonistic races such as had often been witnessed before, and was often again to be witnessed amidst the carnage of Naval warfare in days to come, when boatloads of men of either country, fleeing from burning and sinking ships, would attack each other and fight to the death. But not often when the two countries were at peace (at peace!), nor in the darkness of the night with nothing but the stars and moon in the quiet heavens as witnesses; and within one of those boats one who was no combatant, though the cause of the strife—an insensible woman. Nor was it a strife accompanied by noise, or the discharge of pistol or musket, since the Frenchmen no more wished to call the attention of the English ship of war to what was being done, than the English desired to attract the attention of the French corvette—but still a strife; grim to the death, *à toute outrance.* A combat taken part in by French sailors who knew that here, before them, were the accursed English seamen who never seemed to dream that they could be defeated, and, thus, were scarcely ever defeated, though now these French thought they must surely be so, since the others were but half their number. A combat taken part in, on the other side, by those very English sailors, rough sea-dogs it is true, yet men who, though still young, had fought under Byron, Rodney, Hood, Parker, and others, and who regarded these antagonists before them as the servants of murderers and rebels. For, rough and uncouth as they might be, uneducated and illiterate, and unable to spell their own names, they still had heard how these Frenchmen had suppressed their King and would doubtless soon murder him as well as many of the nobility, and how already slaughter was in the air and was sure, ere long, to take place with hideous fulness.

So with such incentives, as well as a long-inherited hate and rivalry on either side, these men fought stubbornly upon the waves and as unyieldingly and noiselessly as savage animals fight, who, having their antagonist's throat in their grip, do not release that throat to growl or whine. With cutlasses and dirk or knife, and in the case of the two rival officers, with swords, they fought, the three boats lashed together like one common plank, and the lashing being as often as not formed by men's hands. Yet, in half-an-hour—perhaps 'twas less, perhaps only a quarter of an hour, for in such moments the sands of time run differently from the manner in which they run when the pulses are slow and the passions at peace—in that short uncountable space of time the strife drew to an end. One of the chaloupes, full of dead, or, it may be, only half dead and dying men, had been sunk by two English sailors who had staved in her bottom with their bare feet, they afterwards leaping back into their own launch; the other was full of water which had come over her gunwales as she was lifted up or plunged down by the pressure, or the withdrawal of the pressure, of other men's feet. Soon she must sink, too.

But the launch—what of her? She also was full of dead or dying men; one lay with his rough head pillowed upon the feet of the insensible Lucienne d'Aubray de Bricourt; others were huddled pell-mell on top of each other, arms were lopped off, hands gone, heads cleft in twain. In truth, as the old Provençal poet said, "*La bataille n'est pas la jouissance d'une belle soirée a'été.*"

Two men fought, however, hand to hand, upright before each other: the first lieutenant of "Le Furieux," who stood upon the slightly raised planks of the launch which formed the roof of a little cuddy, and George Hope, who was below him in the body of the boat, though raised somewhat by standing on two prostrate seamen. It was an uneven fight for more reasons than one and for another reason than that, by the exalted position of the Frenchman, he could cut down at the other's head with deadly force. It was uneven because Hope was wounded in the shoulder—he thanked God silently that it was the left and not the right one, since, had it been the latter, he would have had no power to guard his head—and he was becoming rapidly weak and faint from loss of blood.

Yet, still, he knew there was a chance for him; a chance if once he could get under the guard of that furious foe; if—if—once his point could get to the man's body—the man who, as he thrust and cut and slashed, muttered abuse of England and the English from his white lips, abuse mixed with curses and hideous blasphemy. And still they fought, not one of their men being able to render assistance to either as each tired more and more with his exertions. Then, suddenly, the Frenchman's foot slipped upon the roof of the little raised deck. He staggered forward, almost pitching down into the bottom of the launch, and next—next!—with a wild shriek, that was half an oath and half an awful cry of agony, fell backwards into the sea.

In that one moment Hope's sword had darted through him as swiftly as a lightning flash. He was gone for ever.

His hand upon the mainmast, Hope supported himself as he looked round suddenly at the swirling, swishing sound he heard. For the sound was that of the second chaloupe sinking waterlogged beneath the waves. But he had other things than this to think of; he had to see who of all his men were left alive in the launch, if any; to discover, too, if enough sail could be made to reach the "Dragon" in a long tack. Yes, he told himself, it must be that. A long tack! Thereby they might avoid the watch in "Le Furieux," which would doubtless be on the alert, and be able also to escape a shot from her guns. They might thus be able to save his passenger, the woman he had tried to rescue; the woman for whom so many lives had already been lost; for whom, he thought, another life might be yielded up ere long—his own. Well! she, he could see, dimmed though his eyes might be, was unharmed, unwounded. She lay in a swoon, white as alabaster, but beautiful as before; a swoon from which she would doubtless recover when he had dashed some water over her. But still unwounded. He thanked God for that.

Of his men he found (as he progressed faintly forward in the launch, still supporting himself by the mainmast) that three, if not four, were alive and likely to live, they being apparently only stunned. If he could arouse them, bring them to, or obtain their assistance to reeve some new tackle before the dawn came, then they could reach the "Dragon"—they—she—would be saved. She, this beautiful aristocrat who had confided herself to his charge, who had trusted so in him.

If he could do all that—he found himself repeating; if he could! Yet, his eyes were becoming more dim he thought—and—he could no longer stand. He was reeling—was giddy—was——! What had happened? Why was he already on his knees upon the deck of the launch? Why—why—should his head feel so heavy? He must have been wounded there too and never felt it. He was becoming faint, insensible.

As George Hope muttered all this incoherently, he fell forward his full length in the boat; his head struck against the head of that dead sailor who lay at Lucienne d'Aubray's feet; soon all sense and consciousness departed from him

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"INDIAN STAFF CORPS."—You have evidently mixed up two establishments, the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and Greenwich Hospital. The college is an educational establishment, mainly for Naval officers, at which to study scientific and theoretical subjects connected with their profession. In addition to Naval and Marine officers, the college is open to students, both private and Government, in Naval architecture, to officers of the Indian Marine, to candidates for the post of Naval Instructor, and to private students in Naval engineering. It is in this college that your relative could study Naval architecture, but for detailed information you must apply to the Secretary of the Admiralty. Greenwich Hospital as a hospital no longer exists; the funds are mainly used in paying Naval pensions. There is also a famous school for children of Naval seamen and marines. The children of other seafaring people are taken at the discretion of the Admiralty. This school is perhaps one of the best-managed institutions in the country, but naturally does not afford educational facilities for advanced studies, such as Naval architecture.

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Earl Roberts in London.

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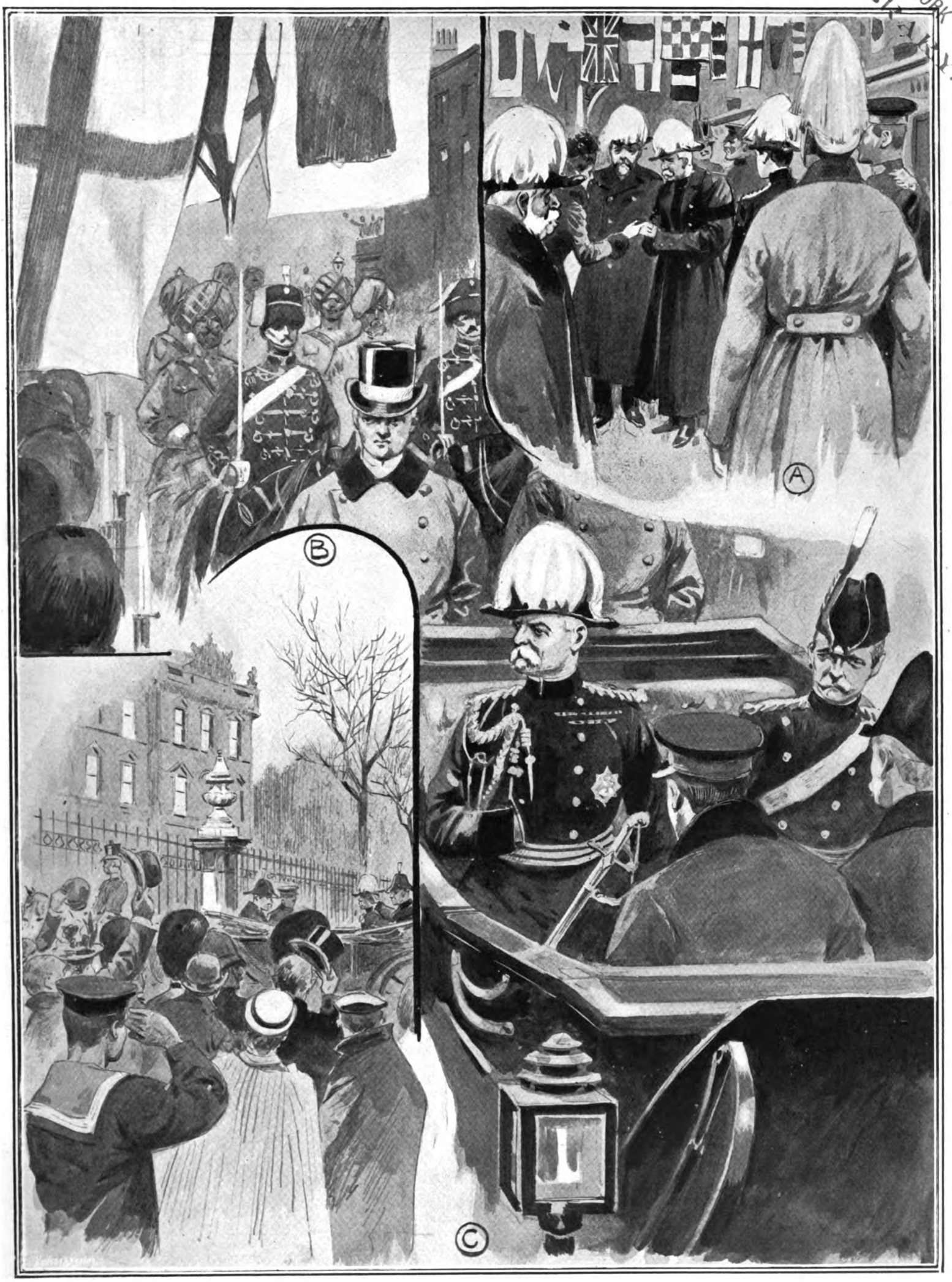

A—ON THE PLATFORM AT PADDINGTON: WELCOMED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
B—ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
C—IN THE STREETS: THE PEOPLE'S WELCOME

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Photo. Copyright *Heath.*

MAJOR-GENERAL REGINALD POLE-CAREW, C.B.

Shortly before the Outbreak of the War this Distinguished Officer was Promoted from the Command of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards to that of an Indian District. Summoned to South Africa, he Rapidly came to the Front as Leader, First of the Guards' Brigade and Afterwards of the 11th Division.

Photo. Copyright *Chancellor.*

LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

General Pole-Carew Enjoys the Reputation of being One of the Best-looking Men in the Army. His Engagement to Lady Beatrice Butler, the Eldest Daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde, makes it Clear that on the Occasion of his Marriage the Oft-used and Time-honoured Description, "a Handsome Pair," will be Peculiarly Appropriate.

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Ebb and Flow in South Africa.

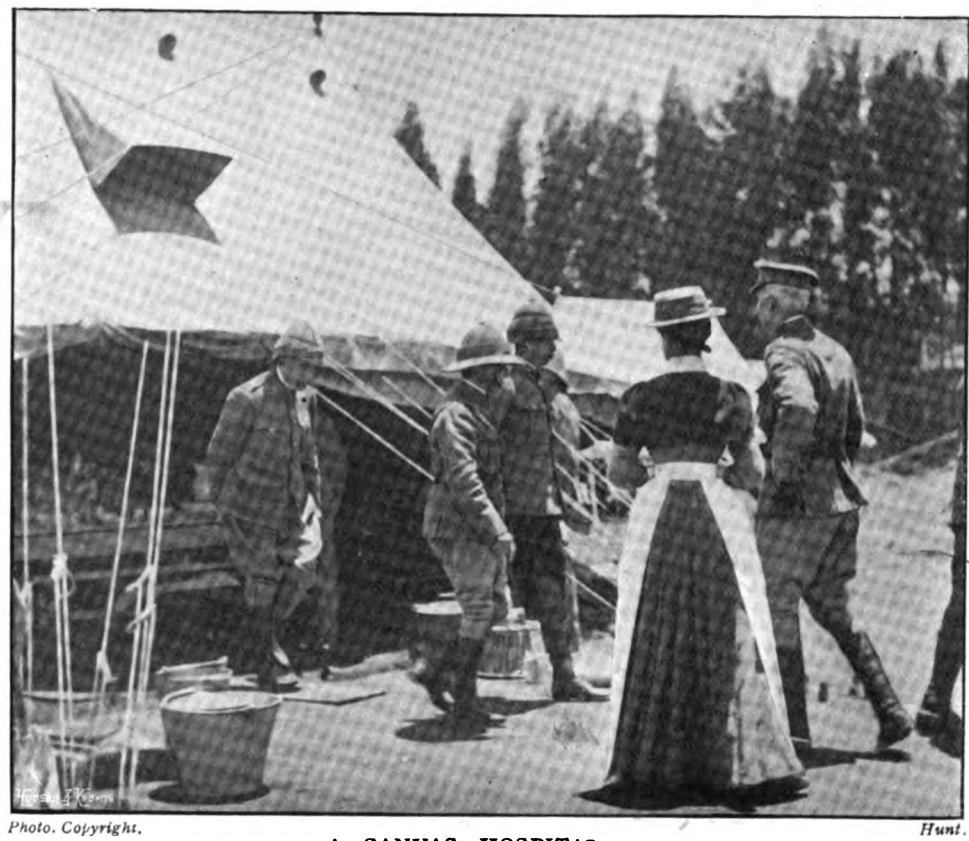
THE fluctuating character of warfare such as that which we have been compelled to wage against the Boers has been very vividly illustrated during the past few weeks. To many it may seem altogether unaccountable that with 200,000 men still at the Cape we should not be able to bring less than a tenth part of that number of the enemy more speedily to their senses. But experts now realise clearly the difficulties against which our generals have to contend, and the advantages possessed by a skilful and daring enemy moving among a friendly population, and in a country with which they are perfectly familiar. The mere ability of the Boers to move by night is a point in their favour which alone goes far to balance our numerical superiority, while their policy of swooping down suddenly and in considerable force upon minor British garrisons at some distance from possible relief or reinforcement, is one which nothing but patience and vigorous determination on our part can successfully combat.

It must be admitted that the early days of the New Year have not shown our position either in the annexed Republics or Cape Colony itself in any very favourable light. It is true that De Wet's own projected incursion into Cape Colony failed distinctly, and that the "irrepressible" one, as Lord Roberts called him, only succeeded in retracing his footsteps by a brilliant act of daring scarcely surpassed in the annals of the war. But when, with De Wet bringing up the rear, the little band of invaders boldly galloped back past the position occupied by the pursuing British force, the Boer irruption into Cape Colony was seriously checked, but by no means completely foiled. Various other bodies succeeded in crossing the frontier, and at the time of writing the position cannot be said to be reassuring. Although, according to some accounts, a large proportion of these invaders have been hemmed in and may never hope to get back northwards, there is reason to fear that a great deal of damage is being done both to British property and British prestige, and that a final clearing out of these troublesome raiders will be a matter of some time and trouble.

It is significant that, after rather pooh-poohing the idea of a Boer incursion into Cape Colony, the Government has now taken the serious step of calling upon the Cape loyalists to take up arms for the purpose of repelling invasion, guarding the lines of communication, and maintaining order in the districts to which the Boers have penetrated. On New Year's Day a special meeting of the Cabinet sat all day to consider the situation, which was regarded as serious, and it was in contemplation to extend the operation of martial law owing to the latest news concerning the progress of the invaders. Disquieting as all this is, it is comforting to reflect that at any moment the tide may turn, and Cape Colony be left high and dry. In all such enterprises as this "invasion," a slight initial success, or rather the absence of complete failure, often has a very great moral effect, and very possibly the Boers who have penetrated south of Carnarvon in the west and south of Middelburg in the east, are under the impression that they have only to combine and be adequately supported by the Cape Colony Dutch to be able to put a totally fresh complexion on the war. But a scheme of invasion cannot long be sustained by such small bodies as are here indicated when the opposition takes the shape of a resident population, able and willing to defend itself, in addition to a largely superior force of seasoned troops already in the field. Still, it is not to be denied that the position south of the Orange River leaves much to be desired, for the Boers have penetrated far south, and the disloyalists have evidently given them much support.

It might, of course, have been worse if the Cape Dutch had fully supported the incursion, as they doubtless were expected to do. But so far few, if any, have joined the invaders, and the latter are not strong enough to adopt the terrorising methods which have been pursued in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal by the Boer generals still on the warpath. The position, again, might have been rendered extremely serious if De Wet had been free to make another and perhaps successful attempt to enter Cape Colony, and had subsequently consolidated the small marauding commandoes. But De Wet has found an antagonist well worthy of him in the person of General Charles Knox, who has been following him with extraordinary pertinacity, and whose possible capture of his redoubtable quarry may, perhaps, do more than anything else to bring the war to a quick and satisfactory termination.

Nothing can give a much clearer idea of the situation than the pregnant speech delivered by Lord Roberts on his landing at Southampton last week. In that admirable utterance was foreshadowed the possibility that hostilities might continue for some considerable time, and that the barrenness of the country might contribute largely to this result. But all will agree with Lord Roberts's generous appreciation of Lord Kitchener as peculiarly well qualified to make the best of existing conditions and to surmount remaining obstacles.



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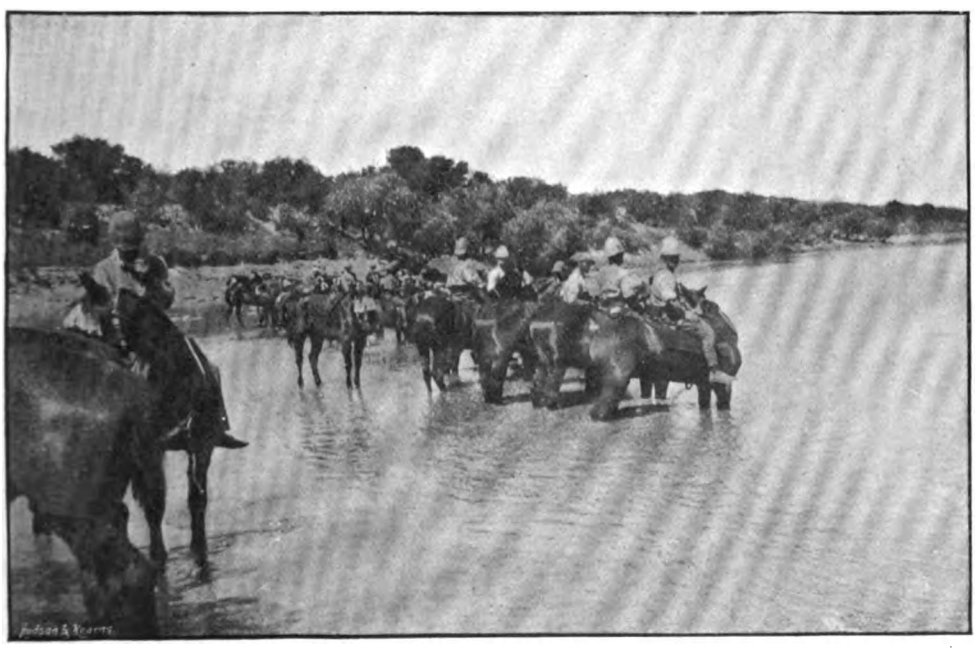
A CANVAS HOSPITAL.

Lord Roberts Inspecting a Surgical Ward at Johannesburg.



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IN PURSUIT OF THE INVADERS.

Field Artillery Horses being Watered in the Orange River.

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BRITISH GUNS CAN GO ANYWHERE.

Our Artillery Crossing a Drift.

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A MODERN METHOD OF TRANSPORT.

A Cape Cart and Baggage Passing a Drift.

From Photos. by Lieutenant-Colonel R. Hobart Morrison (Staff, 8th Division)

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

CENTRAL PROVINCES.

THOUGH the sportsman need not expect the marvellous sport which fell to the lot of Captain Forsyth when, some forty years ago, he practically explored this country, the Central Provinces still offer about the best shooting ground in India proper. In addition to all the game already spoken of as found in the Bombay Presidency, with the sole exception of the markhor, this district holds out prospects of bison, buffalo, swamp deer, and spotted deer.

The bison, so-called, is in my opinion the premier of all jungle game. It is more correctly spoken of as the gaur, or, in further India, as the sladang. This, the greatest of all wild cattle, is (I write of adult males) often over 18-hands high, and proportionately massive. Though, unlike the buffalo, it is always an inoffensive animal, yet it will fight desperately when wounded, and is an animal in every way worthy of a sportsman's steel. Many fatal accidents have happened in bison shooting, and the sportsman will be well advised not to attempt this sport without two good rifles of not less than 12-bore, and a gun-bearer who can be trusted to be ready with the second at the moment it is wanted. The bison is found also in Madras, at the foot of the Himalayas, in Assam, in Burma, and throughout the Straits Settlements. It is also said to exist in Siam.

A Steep Climb.

No one can write of bison in Central India without thinking of Forsyth, who named his house (the first ever built at Puchmurree, now a flourishing military sanatorium) Bison Lodge, from the sport he had had with the animals there, and it will be best to insert his description of a typical day. I may remark that he writes of the bison as not a dangerous animal, but he is alone in his opinion, and I may add that the ideas of a perfect shikari and fine shot are not always a safe guide for a beginner. He writes:

"About the hardest day I had was after a couple of bulls I had seen grazing on the very top of Dhupgarh, looming against the sky-line like two young elephants in the red sunlight. It was evening when I found them, and, as the spot was inaccessible by stalking, I sent round a couple of Korkus to move them, while I posted myself on the road they would be most likely to take down the hill. They went, however, by a pass a few hundred yards further on, and though I ran over the intervening bare and slippery rocks as hard as I could to get a shot, I was only in time to see them floundering down the hill-side like two great rocks, and they never pulled up till, far down in the blue haze that hung over the bottom of the valley, they looked scarcely bigger than a couple of crows. As they had not been alarmed by shooting, and would probably be found in the valley next day, I went home and prepared for a long hunt. We took the road round by the great ravine instead of going over Dhupgarh, because it was rather shorter when the bottom of the valley had to be made for, and also because we expected to find another herd on the way. We were disappointed, however, in this, seeing nothing till we got to the valley except a bear with her cub, the former of which I shot.

Shikaris Stalking Bison.

"Arriving in the valley, we spread about in all directions to look for bison tracks. The young Thakur of Puchmurree,

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the best hunter and trapper in the hills, was unfortunately laid up with a sprain he had got the preceding day; but we picked up two capital bison trackers out of a lot of Korkus from a village across the great ravine, whom we found cutting a dhya on one of the hillsides as we passed. . . . I had found the footprints of the Dhupgarh tiger in the bed of the stream, and was following them up with one of the Korkus, when I was recalled by a whistle to a place where the tracks of the two bulls had been discovered. They were making for a high plateau covered with thick bamboo jungle at the top of the valley, and we at once started on the trail. It was clear everywhere, and the men ran it at a sharp walk nearly to the top of the hill. Here, however, a sheet of rock intervened, and above it was a mass of large boulders intermixed with heavy clumps of bamboo. We were a long time puzzling the track through here, as the bulls had stopped and fed about on the young bamboo shoots. At last, however, one of the men we had picked up took a long cast over the top of the hill, and returned with the news that the bulls had separated, one going off to the south, apparently in the direction of a well-known haunt in the Bori teak forest, while his companion had gone off up the hill in the opposite direction. We decided to follow the latter, as it led more nearly in the direction of home. The wilderness of bamboo-covered hills and deep intervening rocky-bottomed or swampy dells, over and through which we carried that trail till the sun was getting low, is beyond description. Every now and then we thought we were just upon him, freshly cropped bamboos and droppings showing that he was not far in front. But he had never stopped for long. This restlessness I afterwards found to be the habit of bison which have been recently disturbed. He was evidently making off steadily for some distant retreat. We started several herds of sambur and solitary stags, and once a bear bustled out of a nala we were crossing, and bundled off down the hillside; but we were bent on nobler game and durst not fire at them. By evening we had got right to the further side of the great ravine beyond Jambo-Dwip, and the peak of Dhupgarh glowed pink and distant in the rays of the declining sun. We were descending a long slope among thin trees and high yellow grass, and I was a little ahead of the rest, when I suddenly saw the head and horns of a bison looking at me over a low thicket, and was putting up my rifle to fire when, with a loud snort, the owner wheeled round, and, plunging noisily down the hill, disappeared. This snort, which sounds like a strong expulsion of air through the nostrils, is very commonly uttered by bison when disturbed, and is the only sound I have ever heard from them, except a low menacing moan, which I have heard a bull utter when suspicious of approaching danger, and the quivering bellow which they sometimes emit in common with most other animals when *in articulo*. I ran to the edge of what proved to be a deepish ravine full of bamboos, and was just in time to see a small herd of six or seven cows and calves disappearing over a low shoulder on the opposite side. But behind them slowly stalked one bull—a majestic fellow nearly jet black, and towering like a young elephant in the rapidly-closing gloom of the evening. As he reached the top of the rise he paused and turned broadside on, his solemn-looking visage facing in our direction. He was about 90-yds. from where I sat, with the heavy 8-bore rifle I had wearily dragged after him all day rested on my knee, and, forbidding though he looked, I sighted him just behind the elbow and fired, fully expecting him to subside on the receipt of two ounces of lead driven by six drachms of powder. But there was no result whatever, save a dull thud as the bullet plunged into his side; and he slowly walked on over the brow as if nothing had happened. My other barrel caught him in the flank, and then I seized the spare rifle that was thrust into my hand, and sped across the intervening ravine. I was toiling up the other side, very hot and much out of breath, when a heavy crash beyond fell upon my delighted ears. I had been in agony lest I had missed the mighty target after all; but it was not so. There he lay as he had fallen, and rolled over down the hill until stopped by a clump of bamboos. A mighty mass of beef, truly, secured at last. But we were six or seven miles from Puchmurree, and there was no more than half-an-hour of daylight left. The road I knew was frightful, with hundreds of ravines besides the great one to cross, and it was not to be thought of at night. After due consideration we determined to go and sleep at a recently cut dhya that was known by the people, about a mile from where we were; so, leaving the fallen bull to the shadows of night, we went and made ourselves sufficiently comfortable, under a canopy of the newly-cut branches, on couches spread deeply with the springy shoots of the bamboo. We had walked at least twenty miles in the course of the day, and that over fearful ground. I was very tired, but happy, and never slept sounder in my life. On the whole, I think stalking the mountain bull among the splendid scenery of those elevated regions possesses more of the elements of true sport than almost any other pursuit in this part of India."

SNAFFLE.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15 *and* 29.]

Crack Shots, by "Single Trigger."

WHAT a difference there is between our methods and manners of sport and those on the Continent, even those of our next-door neighbours, the Germans. I have sometimes been led into discriminating between big bags and pheasants well killed; but even big bags have their good side and their right tendency on the manners of sportsmen. Big bags and difficult shooting at high birds no one has ever said a word against, and it is to be hoped that no one will. It was only the rivalry of mere numbers, killed anyhow and only for the sake of a score, that raised a protesting word. But I am not sure that for sport's sake even this was a wise word. At any rate, it is much more sporting that men should be asked to join a party because they can shoot well, than because they happen to be well provided with the world's goods. Good sportsmanship is certainly much easier on £100,000 a year than on £1,000, although I have heard the contrary argued, and that it is as difficult for a rich man to be a good sportsman, that is an unselfish one, as for the camel to go through the Biblical eye of a needle. However, I have found differences even amongst rich men; but when you cross to the Continent there are no differences in this respect; every sportsman is selfish in exact degree as he is important. It is not there a crime against the unwritten laws of sport; here it is; that is the difference.

* * * *

But that is by no means the only difference found on crossing the water. According to English ideas of sport the German Emperor has just committed thirty-one of the gravest crimes in a couple of days! At the annual Court hunt in the Royal Forest of Letzlingen the Emperor shot to his own rifle no less than thirty-one stags, each of which, being out of season, according to our view was sacred; and yet they are added to the Kaiser's long list of game killed, as amongst his meritorious performances. *Tot homines, tot sententiæ.* It is a matter of opinion. The Crown Prince, following in his father's footsteps, although he knows England so well, was quite German also, and shot eleven stags and eighteen pigs himself. Then on the estate of Herr von Alvensleben the Kaiser has been joining in a hare drive, at which he killed 333 out of a total of 723 hares. To our insular notions it is a large proportion of the bag, and that is why I venture to hope that we are not about to import Continental manners with new ideas about the count of the bag being of small importance.

* * * *

A few accounts of Christmas bags have come to hand, but not many as yet, and some of those received deal so much in round numbers that they are of no interest to sportsmen. One of the exceptions is that of Mr. Arthur Blyth, whose covert shooting at Elmdon has just taken place. Mr. Blyth is an enthusiastic game preserver, and one who can do on rented ground, and by the good-will of farmers and labourers, far more than the majority of landowners can do by right of ownership upon their own manors. In four days, on this occasion, he bagged 2,357 pheasants, 293 partridges, 401 hares, 568 rabbits, 24 pigeons, and 11 woodcocks; total, 3,654 head. When the Prince of Wales was shooting at Hall Barn with Sir Edward Lawson, there were 2,500 pheasants killed in two days; 2,000 pheasants have also been killed at Longford Castle, near Salisbury, by Mr. Stuart Bouverie and five guns.

* * * *

The great Dove Tournament of the year begins at Monte Carlo on January 21, and goes on till February 12. The Grand Prix du Casino, with its £800 added money, falls on January 24 and the two following days. Then to wind up there will be the Triennial Championships on February 11 and 12.

* * * *

Covert shooting has been going on all over the country, as it always does in Christmas week, and one of the places where they have accomplished 3,000 pheasants in three days is, of course, Holkham, in Norfolk, where Lord Leicester still takes a pride in managing the finest estate for game in England.

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The Training of Stokers.

THERE is no technical knowledge required in order to realise the great importance of an adequate training for stokers before they are entrusted with the onerous task of maintaining a good supply of steam for working the numerous engines, large and small, which make the modern war-ship a box of machinery. If the stokers fail, everything fails with them; speed, electric light, working of guns, and the whole equipment, so to speak, might just as well be at the bottom of the sea, and would probably, in the presence of an enemy, very soon arrive there.

The "Northumberland," an obsolete ironclad, is now doing useful work as a depôt and training-ship for this very important body of men. She is stationed at Chatham, and all stoker recruits enlisted at that port have to join her in the first instance, and receive instruction in their various duties before being drafted to sea-going ships.

"A sound mind in a sound body" is now universally admitted to be an essential condition of fitness for serving Her Majesty; and physical drill plays a prominent part in the preliminaries, as is seen in one of our illustrations. It produces marvellous results in a week or two, and adds greatly to working power, besides setting up the figure and improving a man's appearance.

A BATCH OF RECRUITS.
The "Finished Article" Appears on the Left of the Picture.

Since the introduction of the Belleville and other water-tube boilers, stoking has undoubtedly become more of a fine art than it was formerly, for these boilers require careful and skilful attention at very short intervals in order to develop their full capabilities.

Practical instruction is not wanting to this end, for, after a certain amount of physical drill, coal-shovelling, and theoretical "coaching," the men are sent out in a torpedo-boat destroyer or other small vessel, and there learn the art of stoking in a scientific fashion, so as to get a maximum of steam pressure with a minimum expenditure of coal, an art which it needs a considerable amount of practice and attention to detail to acquire. The "Northumberland" is under the orders of Commander C. E. Tower, whose portrait, with those of his officers, is given herewith.

Recreation in spare hours very properly holds an important place in the estimation of the officers; and concerts, boxing matches, cricket, football, etc., all have their devotees; while the tug-of-war team, as seen in our picture, looks like a very bad one to beat. The brawny leading stokers, as contrasted with the batch of recruits in the first illustration, afford a striking object-lesson as to the efficiency of physical drill.

PHYSICAL DRILL ON SHORE.
Very Fatiguing at First, but Productive of Much Muscle and Energy Afterwards.

Photos Copyright. THE LEADING STOKERS' TUG-OF-WAR TEAM. *J. Charlesworth.*
A Very Bad One to Beat, and a Good Testimonial to the Efficiency of the Drill.

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Photo. Copyright. *J. Charlesworth.*

COMMANDER C. E. TOWER AND THE OFFICERS OF THE TRAINING SHIP "NORTHUMBERLAND."

1—Mr. G. Edbrook, Boatswain. 2—Mr. S. Avery, Gunner. 3—Mr. H. E. A. Cartridge, Boatswain. 4—Mr. W. Wood, Boatswain. 5—Mr. K. W. Hurst, Boatswain. 6—Lieutenant J. O'Hatcher.
7—Chief Engineer J. T. H. Ward. 8—Commander C. E. Tower. 9—Lieutenant C. M. Sanders. 10—Rev. J. B. Hogan, R.C.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 207.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1901.

FROM NEW YORK NAVAL LIBRARY.

Photo. Copyright. *R. Ellis.*

MAJOR-GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN, D.S.O.

This gallant officer, who went to South Africa in command of the 1st Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment, soon came to the front in the war. His distinguished service in the Zulu War in 1879, in the Soudan operations of 1885-86, in Tirah, and in the capture of Khartoum, marked him out for a prominent part. He was appointed to command the 19th Brigade, with the rank of Major-General, a few days before the surrender of Cronje. He took a very prominent part in the events that brought about the surrender of Paardeberg, and his name was constantly before the public in the rapid advance, and he was many times engaged in the actions of the leading forces.

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ROUND THE WORLD

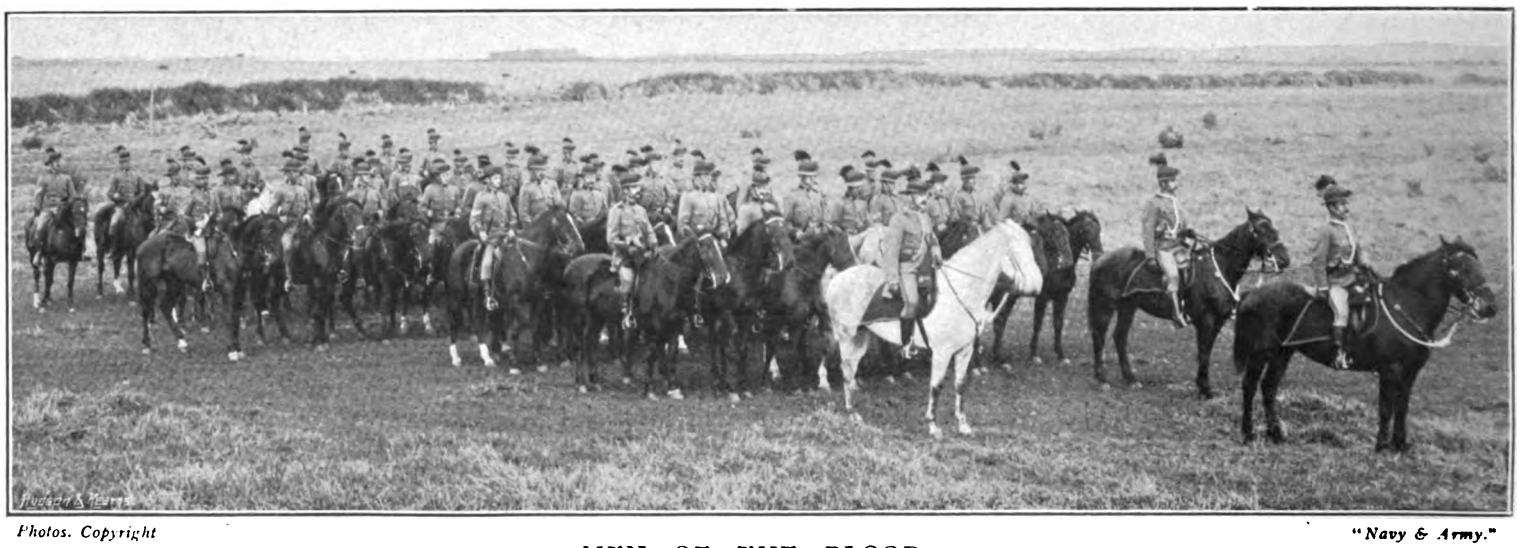
THE celebration of the bi-centenary of the kingdom of Prussia, which is the great event of the week in the Fatherland, has already been referred to in these columns. It commemorates the solid progress which has been made during that long period under the leadership of statesmen and soldiers of force and discernment. Englishmen cannot but offer their congratulations to the Prussians on this notable occasion, for there is an analogy between the two countries. Prussia has risen to the chief place among the German States, and has gathered about her the elements which have constituted a great and expansive Empire. England, too, though in another way, has risen to a like position, but one far greater, as the head of a world-wide Empire, which it is the business of the new century to consolidate. A like work lies before Prussia and the German States, and the popular rejoicings in Berlin are a manifestation of the national spirit. The Emperor and the Imperial Family, including Prince Henry of Prussia, have taken the leading part in the festivities, and have received many congratulations. The investment of the Imperial Chancellor, by the Emperor in person, with the insignia of the Black Eagle, is a pleasing incident of the celebration. Count von Bülow has the confidence of the country, and has played a notable part in recent German statecraft, particularly in the passing of a new Navy Act, which owed its initiation to Prussian statesmen.

"WEAVE GARLANDS FOR THE BRAVE, THE BRAVE THAT ARE NO MORE."

Tuesday, the 22nd, is the Anniversary of Isandhlwana, and Commemorates a British Defeat, but none the less a Glorious Record in the Annals of the British Army. Pietermaritzburg has always been the Military Centre of Natal, and, very Suitably, the Monument to Commemorate the Heroes of Isandhlwana has been there Erected. It is Decorated Annually, and this Year the Anniversary is Specially Memorable. The Floral Wreaths that Pay Tribute to those who Perished have been sent in the Main by Friends and Relatives of those who Fell on that Fatal Day.

THE ethics of looting have never been accurately defined by any authorised tribunal, and the doctrine regarding ownership is still in a fluid state where International affairs are concerned. But those British troops which have been engaged in operations, in conjunction with the International forces, in China, and especially at Pao-ting-fu, have formed a very decided opinion upon the question. Their blood fairly boiled when they witnessed the effect and the evidences of the fiendish cruelty which had been perpetrated, particularly when they saw the personal belongings of slaughtered missionaries and others in the barbarous hands of Chinese soldiers. The French, Germans, and Italians were doubtless just as furious at the sanguinary outrages, but they had the pleasure of taking vengeance, and apparently of inflicting salutary lessons in the quarters allotted to them. Seventeen murders had been committed in the city, and fourteen of the victims were women and children. Some were burned to death in their houses; some had their hair soaked with inflammable oil and set on fire; others were beheaded; and several victims, stripped naked, with their heads bound to their heels by their hair, were carried through the streets slung on poles. But the Chinese, knowing the high moral rectitude of the British, actually brought their treasures into our quarter for safety. We cannot wonder that when the British column returned, leaving the French and Germans behind, officers and men expressed very profound discontent with what had occurred, and with the *rôle* which had been assigned to them, wherein military force and diplomatic caution were curiously mingled.

WHILE these things are happening in the Far East, there are indications, more or less vague, that the Near Eastern question is not quite dead. Indeed, those who are able to discern the current of things in the Balkan Peninsula assert that it shows considerable vitality. Plainly the elements of combustion exist, and many are anxious to stir the fire. The Austro-Russian understanding of 1897 keeps Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria quiet for the present, but they are ready to fly at one another's throats when the opportunity arises. The



Photos. Copyright *"Navy & Army."*

MEN OF THE BLOOD.

New Zealand has, Equally with all the other Australasian Colonies, come Splendidly to the Front in the Crisis through which the Empire is Now Passing. Of the Corps here Depicted, the Hawera Mounted Rifles, its Three Officers, Major R. H. Davies and Lieutenants R. S. Matthews and E. Bartlett, and a Number of Men of the Corps have Served Throughout the South African Campaign. At Present Two of the Officers and Several of the Men are Still Doing Service with the Roughriders.

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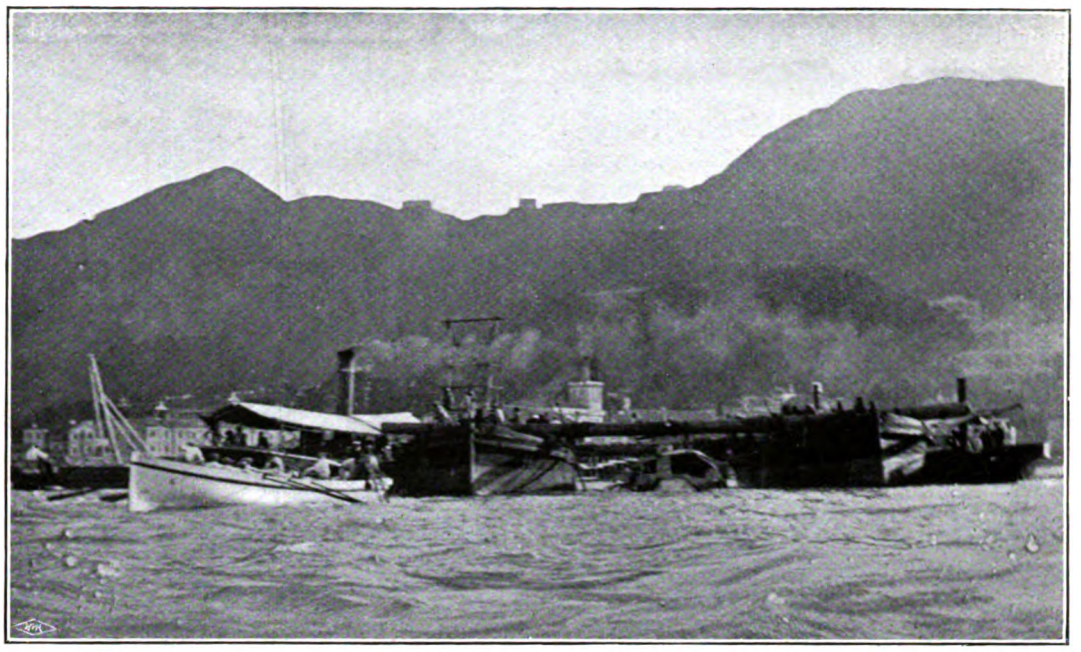
Macedonian problem is demanding solution, and the Cretan question will rise to the surface before long. The Danubian States are heavily in debt, partly owing to extravagant military outlay; and while King Alexander is pursuing a policy of intrigue in Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria are seething with peasant discontent, repressed with difficulty by force of arms, and the Macedonian Committee is doing its best to embroil Bulgaria. In Macedonia itself there have been hundreds of assassinations, and a Mussulman chief is said to have put 200 Christians to death in Albania. To the Turks themselves some responsibility for this increasing lawlessness is ascribed, and there is a suspicion that the Sultan, expecting a movement in favour of the incorporation of Crete with Greece, wishes to confront the Greeks with a possible insurrection in Macedonia, which might have fatal consequences for the Greek people. The whole condition of the Balkan Peninsula is thus highly inflammable, and presents many elements of danger to the peace of Eastern Europe.

BUT if Osman Pasha be not a visionary or a seer, then must Abdul Hamid also gather his men about him. Only the weather saves him from instant peril. Osman is, or was lately, in London, but, according to a French interviewer, he departs with his friends for Khurdistan to meet others from Egypt, and then the Armenians and Khurds, who have been secretly armed, will rise like one man, strange to relate, and he will lead them on to a death struggle. The object is to rescue Khurdistan from slavish vassalage to the tyrannical purposes of the Sublime Port. It is not separation but freedom that is desired, and order, security, and national dignity are to be established. Van, Diarbekir, Bitlis, Erzeroum, and other important centres await the hour when the energetic chief shall embody 100,000 men. If Osman Pasha be correctly interpreted, no power on earth can prevent the accomplishment of his purpose, but Armenians and Khurds would be strange companions, and the lamb does not easily lie down with the wolf.

NOR in this survey is it possible to look with satisfaction upon the situation of the once great and powerful State of Austria. The election has caused very feeble interest among the people, who are apathetic in regard to everything but the race question, and have learned to look with equanimity for a *coup d'état* which is to cut the Gordian knot of their difficulties. The only question capable of stirring vital interest is as to which nationality shall get the upper hand and impose its will upon the other. It may be true, as a Hungarian paper says, that the Austrian crisis exists only for the amusement of Europe, but it embodies a great foreboding, nevertheless. Ever since the triumph of Prussia it has been possible to mark a certain decadence in Austria. On the other hand, Hungary shows extraordinary vitality, and there are those who predict that before the new century has advanced very far that ancient European State will be

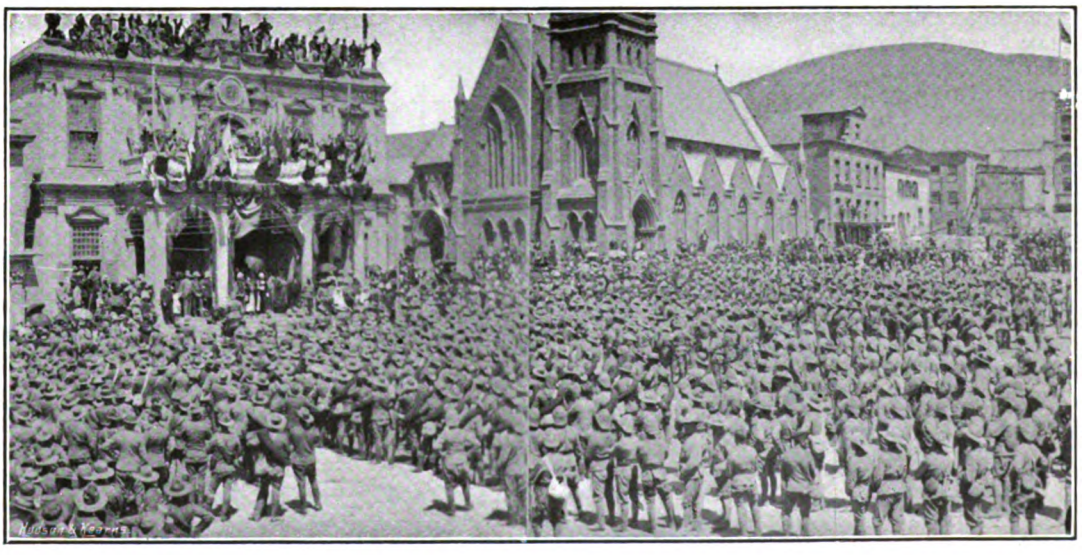


A RIVER GUN-BOAT IN TROUBLE.

Our Picture shows the "Sandpiper," a Little River Gun-boat, which was Swamped and Sunk in the Typhoon that Visited Hong-Kong last November, being brought into Dock for Repairs. The Navy were Quite Equal to the Difficulty of Raising her from the Mud, and Accomplished the Task Successfully. Her Upper Works can be seen between the Two Lighters that Lifted her and brought her in. The White Launch in the Foreground is the Steam Cutter of the "Astræa," whose Divers Played a Large Part in Saving the Unlucky Gun-boat.

FORTIFYING ST. HELENA.

Till Now St. Helena has always been Considered Fairly Safe Under the Ægis of the Fleet, but a Beneficent War Office has Apparently Decided to Arm the Island. Our Picture shows the Landing of a 6-in. Breech-loader, the First Heavy Modern Gun Added to the Island's Armament. As there is No Pier at Jamestown, the Port of the Island, the new Guns had to be Placed on Rafts, Towed In, and Taken Off by Shears, the Work of Shifting them from their Floating Platforms and Dragging them to their Emplacements being done by the Stalwart Lads of the Royal Garrison Artillery.



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

CANADIANS HOMEWARD BOUND.

The Men from 'Way-back," as some Colonials Describe themselves, have done Splendid Work in this War, and None have Rendered Better Service than the Canadians. There can be Small Wonder that Cape Town gave them a Grand Send-off on their Homeward Way. Our Picture shows the Contingent being Addressed by Mayor O'Reilly of Cape Town Prior to their Departure. The Support the Colonies have given the Mother Country in this War will be ever Remembered.

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the nucleus of a new and great Power in Eastern Europe. That, however, can only be brought about after a great cataclysm in the Dual Monarchy.

THE Germans are not without a difficulty also, which they call the "Polish Danger." In the province of Silesia and in parts of Prussia there is a very great increase in the Polish-speaking population, and between 1890 and 1898 the increase was from 27,000 to 150,000. Ten years ago the native Poles in Prussia were 3,000,000, and it is stated that the enormous increase is largely due to the absorption of German elements. The German peasant proprietor of the Eastern provinces is gradually being replaced by Poles, and the danger is considered so great that a system has been created of buying out the latter. But the Poles are equal to the emergency, and have established banks to buy out the German landlords, apparently with success. In some parts small German towns have become entirely Polish, and the curious fact is that the Poles absorb the Germans, and not the Germans the Poles. This, indeed, is the danger referred to, for the Polish propaganda is very active, and there is a strong Nationalist Polish press, while large numbers of societies, organised for various purposes, and especially, like the Boxers, ostensibly with athletic objects, are stirring up a Polish agitation against the Germans. Some of the Nationalist papers do not hesitate to express a hope for the ruin of the Empire and the restoration of Poland. These statements are made by official German organs. Whether they represent fully the state of the case it is impossible to say, but that there is some foundation for them is undoubted, and it may well be that they are intended to give sanction to further oppression. Indeed, strong repressive measures are urged by papers which, with unconscious humour, have been condemning us for our "oppression" of the Boers in South Africa.

IT is pleasant to turn from these conditions to note the growing prosperity of Ireland, which appears now to have passed through its dangers, and, notwithstanding many anti-English expressions on the part of Irish patriots, to have recognised the benefits secured by the country through the union, and to have entered upon a steady course of material prosperity. The crops, with the exception of the potato, have reached the average standard; the banks, notwithstanding the war, have made satisfactory progress; the traffic upon the railways has been greater; the stockholders have added to their herds over 100,000 head of cattle and large numbers of sheep; and co-operation has done a great deal to stimulate the dairying trade. During the present year, the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, which has the good wishes both of Unionists and Nationalists, being now thoroughly organised, is expected to do much in developing horse and cattle breeding, which is one of the most important departments of its work. Ireland, therefore, enters the new century with excellent prospects, and presents a bright contrast to the dark picture which she offered a century ago.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

Our Picture is a Group of the Military Police of General Douglas's Column. It Brings Home to us how Marvellously the Empire has been Knitted Together by this War. We have here Men of the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Loyal North Lancashire—both Typical English Regiments—and the Munster Fusiliers—a Kerry-enlisted and Most Typical Irish Corps—along with Some of the Best of our Colonial Troops. The Two Officers in the Centre of the Seated Group are, on the Left, Lieutenant Matthews of the New Zealand Contingent, and, next to him, Captain R. C. Boyle of the Munster Fusiliers, Provost-Marshal of the Column.

Photo. *Garratt.*

A VETERAN OF THE OLD TYPE.

Colour-Sergeant Post has seen just about as much Fighting as a Man Wants to See, for he Served though both the Crimean and the Indian Mutiny Campaigns. He saw his Service in a Corps which, under the Title of the 20th (East Devon) Regiment of Foot, had Won Glory from Dettingen to Lucknow. To-day, as the Lancashire Fusiliers, it has been Adding Fresh Leaves to its Laurel Wreath in South Africa.

IN North Borneo it appears that the monetary value of a Chinaman is £2 per annum. Given, therefore, 50,000 Celestials settled in the valleys of the Pagalan and Padas, and the revenue of the British North Borneo Company will be swollen to the extent of £100,000 yearly. A great scheme is therefore in hand to induce congested China to pour forth her surplus men, who are to be planted in places along the new railway, and chiefly in the districts named, where employment will be available, and where they will ultimately find subsistence as agriculturists. It costs £2 to plant a Chinaman in these favoured regions, but great facilities are offered, and the ground to be covered is practically unlimited. The total length of the railway which is to open up the country is 110 miles, but in addition the telegraphs are being extended, bringing all the important places into communication.

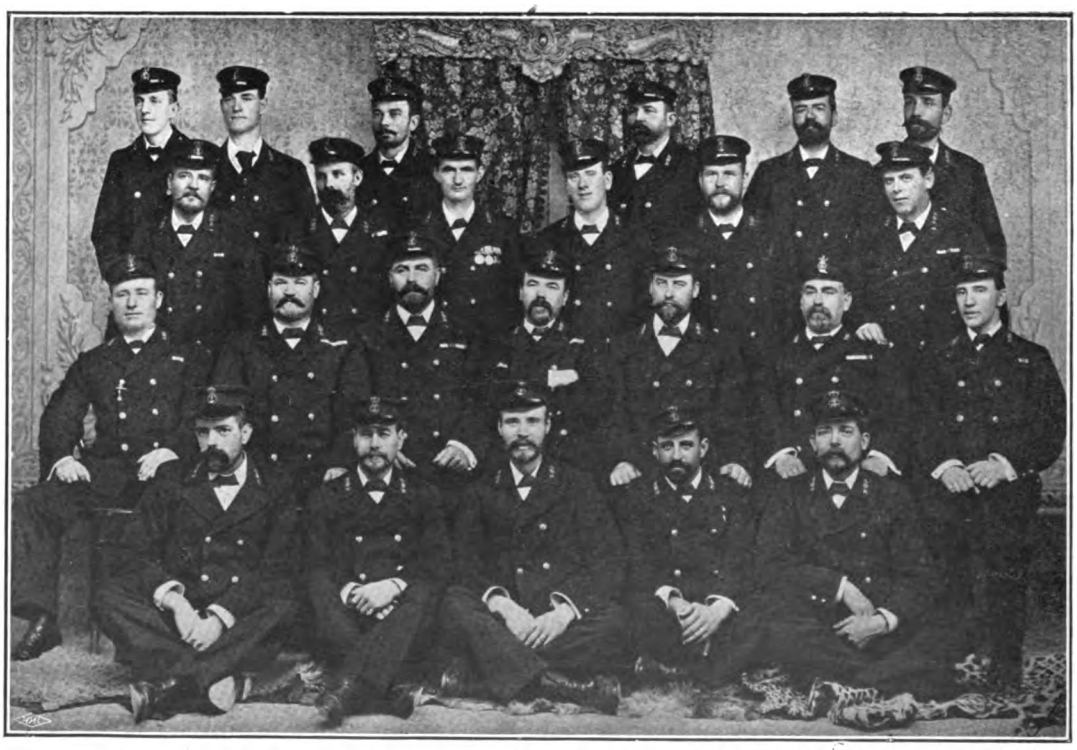

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE POLICE OF THE NAVY.

Our Picture shows an Unique Group, for it has in it all the Masters-at-Arms of our Largest Fleet, that in the Mediterranean. The "Johndie," as Jack Styles him, Fills no Small Part in the Battle-ship when in Full Commission. His Work Requires Tact, and is such as can only be Performed by Men Old and Experienced in the Service. It will be Noticed that Many of those in our Group Wear Medal Ribbons, Denoting a Considerable Amount of Service. They are, in fact, Men who have been Tested.

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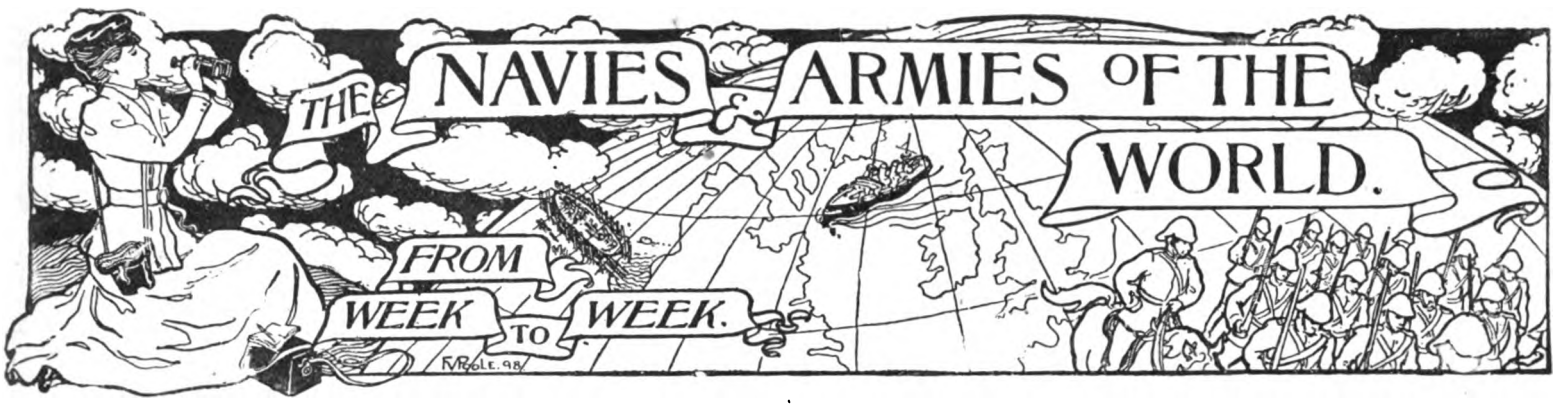

"INFLUENCE" is an evil-sounding word. When it is said that an officer rises by means thereof, the implication is that he does not deserve promotion on his own merits. It is because he intended the term to have this sense that the author of "The Absent-Minded War" has quoted it as one of the evils from which our Army suffers. Because he takes the same view, Colonel Lonsdale Hall has answered him tartly, and there has been an exchange of cut and thrust on that quarrel. The controversy between these two is like most others where there is no judge on the bench to keep the disputants to the point—it straggles. What is worse, it is terribly vague and in general terms. The author of "The Absent-Minded War" says that neither he nor anybody else could publish lists of officers "owing their appointments to influence . . . without creating a scandal of the first magnitude, and running the gauntlet of innumerable libel actions." Well, there are one or two things to be said about this. If no facts can be given, which is the real meaning of no lists, we are thrown back on the unsupported assertion of the writer, and on that basis nothing can be founded. But what is the real danger of an action for libel? If a careful writer were to analyse the Army Lists for a period of years, and follow the careers of a good number of officers, we would have some means of knowing how "influence" worked. Supposing the work to be honourably done by mere statements of fact from public documents, no jury would give damages, even if the action would lie at all. Besides, these statistics could be produced in the House of Commons, where any statement made by a member would be privileged. Finally, I think it not unfair to say that a reformer must be prepared to run some risks.

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And, then, is influence always a bad thing? Does it always push on the unfit man? Marlborough owed his start in life to the ugliest form of it, for if Arabella Churchill had not been—how shall we put the case?—let us say, mother of the Duke of Berwick, John Churchill would probably never have had the pair of colours which started him on his magnificent career. Wellington owed as much to influence as any man; so did numbers of others whose fame is less great. The Marquess of Granby would hardly have commanded the cavalry in the Seven Years' War if he had not been the son of the Duke of Rutland. Yet he fought well. His commander in that war, Brunswick, was beholden very much to influence—to his princely birth and to the favour of Frederick the Great, upon whose recommendation we took him. We can go much further, and quote examples of poor officers of no family influence at all who yet have been pushed on by favour. Admiral John Campbell, the son of a Scotch minister, is a case in point. So is Nelson, so is Collingwood. Both got rapid promotion in the West Indies by the favour of Sir Peter Parker. Sir William Parker was put in command of a frigate while a mere boy by the favour of Sir Hyde Parker, and probably to please his kinsman, St. Vincent. Troubridge, the son of a baker in Westminster, was put into the Navy by the influence of Sir Charles Saunders, and pushed on by the favour of Sir Edward Hughes in the East Indies. No doubt there were many who growled over the undue favour shown to them all, and yet it was to the interest of the country that they should all be made captains while young. How would it have been with us if Nelson had been left twelve years in the rank of lieutenant and seven or eight as master and commander? He would not have been of seniority to command at the Nile.

* * * *

Of course it is easy to quote examples on the other side. It was a scandal that Rodney should make his son—about whose final disappearance from the Service there is a legend in which an upset gig plays a part—a post-captain at seventeen, though, by the way, he promoted Sidney Smith at the same age or thereabouts. Influence gave us Byng, who was a sad failure, and the younger Hyde Parker, who was a weak man. Yet in spite of all we hear of the jobbery of the Navy in the last century, it is the fact that the level of efficiency was very high, and that the excellence of the corps of officers may be attributed in great part to the rapid promotion of young men who owed their rise to the personal liking felt for them by some superior, or to his wish to please their family.

* * * *

This may sound like mere paradox and the defence of jobbery. But it is no such thing. It is only an application to the public service of the rule which is followed in a private business. One man in a bank becomes city manager at thirty-five, when the bulk of his contemporaries are still only clerks. That is because he has had influence and found favour. If his superiors have made a bad choice, so much the worse for them and their shareholders; but they have a strong motive to make a good one, and they know that if they look to seniority, or to what is often called "justice" only, they will never have the best services of the best men. Everything depends on the spirit in which the choice is made, and that again on the general spirit of the service. In the Navy it was safe to let influence act freely, because there was a profound contempt for the officer who was "no officer." He was quickly made to feel that his superiors, colleagues, and subordinates had no respect for him. Besides, the country would not and could not endure an inefficient Navy. The young man who was shot up by favour soon found that he had to keep his place on his own merits. Rodney's son came to little good. Nelson could persuade Jervis to put Nesbitt in command of a frigate when he was quite a lad, though of about the same age as Howe or Sir W. Parker when they reached the same rank, and not much junior to himself, to Collingwood, or to Troubridge when they became captains of frigates; he could not keep him in the position when he was proved unfit. The whole Navy, though not free from faults, as no human institution ever is, was on the whole sound—at any rate from the time of the great revival which coincided with the War of the Austrian Succession. Therefore it was probable that any given man who was brought forward young would be competent, and that some would be exceptionally able.

* * * *

If influence works disastrously for the Army, as some authorities say it does, and as most of the public would be disposed to believe, the reason is not necessarily that it is a bad thing in itself. We are told that it is exercised to put favoured officers in the way of seeing service, and so of showing ability meriting promotion. Well, it can hardly be said that a man is treated with excessive tenderness when he is put in the way of being killed. What can be done except to test your men, and to give exceptional ability a chance of making its way quickly? If the result of influence is wholly bad for the Army, the cause must be, in the long run, simply this, that the Army itself must either not care whether an officer is good or not or has a wholly mistaken idea of what constitutes a good officer. We are told that our Aldershot training and our manœuvres are largely shams, that merely foolish things are done at them and that nobody cares very much. The follies are made the subject of jokes, and the man who commits them is not taught to feel that he has suffered in the opinion of his comrades. These things are said, and by those who have been so placed as to be likely to know. If they are right, if they are only partly right, we have a quite sufficient explanation of the defects of our Army, allowing for the sake of argument that it is defective, as so many voices coming from various directions assure us that it is. The remedy lies in the hands of the officers themselves. They have only to feel a sincere contempt for such of their comrades as do not do their duty in a workmanlike way, and reform will be reached immediately and without waste of time over laborious reorganisations. No man can be indifferent to the opinion of the corps to which he belongs. Of course, if at the bottom of his heart the British officer remains persuaded that good polo playing, neat tailoring, a strict regard to the traditions of "ours," gentlemanly manners, and personal courage are all that can be reasonably required of an officer, there will never be a change for the better, though we reorganise Pall Mall from top to bottom. In the end the Army must be cured of its ills by the Army.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is on sale throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and may be obtained at all railway and other bookstalls.*

Ourselves One Hundred Years Hence.

HOLIDAY parties, gathering round hospitable boards and chimney-corners, find it hard in these days to emancipate their talk from the burdens of the hour. Whenever they can leave on one side the war, and the state of the Army, and the situation in China, and the good old question whether the country is or is not going to the dogs, they breathe a sigh of relief; and anyone who succeeds in switching off the current of conversation from these sorely over-talked subjects to something fresher and more cheerful, is regarded with grateful eye. Let us, too, for this week, at any rate, quit the topics of the moment and try to find livelier matter for speculation. For the last week or two everyone has been engaged in reckoning up what are called the advances of the nineteenth century, and wondering what the world will be like at the end of the twentieth. Suppose we give five minutes' consideration to the probable future of the newspaper, illustrated and otherwise. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED might, it is true, fall in with the fashion of the moment and invite some eminent or notorious person to show the world how, in his idea, a journal of this kind ought to be edited. But short cuts to knowledge are generally longer in the end. The result of such an experiment (judging from recent experience) would probably be merely to make our temporary editor ridiculous and ourselves (for one number) unsaleable. Besides, we are not company promoters.

But it is not only Dr. Parker who has been telling the world what are his ideas for the journal of the future. Mr. Stead and Mr. Harmsworth have likewise undertaken the *rôle* of prophet. Naturally the three views differ considerably. Dr. Parker, we know, would have texts in place of latest news; no sporting intelligence, but plenty of Stock Exchange gambling "tips"; and some such motto as "Piety need never interfere with Profits." Mr. Harmsworth conceives the newspaper of the coming century as a *Daily Mail* chopped up smaller still. Presumably no piece of news would ever be allowed to occupy more than two lines; criticism would limit itself to dividing books and plays and pictures into two classes, like the schoolboy who pronounces everything either "rotten" or "ripping"; leading articles would disappear, and in their place there would be watchwords, or at most single sentences of advice, such as "Harmsworth's the Friend, not Pearson," or, shorter still, "*Express*, beware." Mr. Stead, again, dreams of a newspaper in which pro-Boerism and Julia-ism and all the other fads and fancies that fill his mind should find free expression. One page in each day's number would be devoted to recording the atrocities committed by British soldiers in various parts of the world, as observed and noted by "British officers" (Salvation Army preferred). Another daily article would explain how noble and self-sacrificing and deserving generally were all peoples with whom Great Britain happened to be in disagreement; while a supplement every week would contain the pith of all the news and articles that could be "conveyed" from other publications. There will be, by the way, something for everybody in Mr. Stead's newspaper, not forgetting the baby. A "baby's page" will, in fact, be a prominent feature. But why leave out the cat and the canary? A "page for pussies" would be sure of popularity.

What strikes one chiefly about the prophecies of each of these sapient instructors of their age is their entire lack of imagination. Their innovations are not really innovations at all. Snippet journalism is already a feature of our own day. Religious catchwords have long been pressed into the service of smug sharps endeavouring to catch credulous flats. Mr. Stead says newspaper offices are to be palaces of the understanding, with lofty halls and reading-rooms for all the world. "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," and look into the office of the *Daily Telegraph*. The dream is already fulfilled. The fact is, these prophets are not prophets at all, but merely observers of the tendencies of the hour. If our ancestors prophesied in this way at the beginning of 1801, as no doubt they did, they must have said to themselves something like this: "By the end of the century the speed of carrying news will have greatly increased. We in London shall be able to hear of what is taking place in Scotland within two days at most, and in India within six weeks possibly. Probably there will be by the beginning of the twentieth century a newspaper with pictures of current events. Artists will learn to make lightning sketches and engravers to reproduce them at quick speed, and our descendants will have a fair idea of the look of their public men and of the external aspect of the occurrences of their time." Of course, the worthy folk who reasoned in this manner never dreamed either of the telegraph, or of photography, as we know it to-day. These inventions between them have revolutionised journalism. Were it not for them and for the increased ease and speed of travel, we should be now in the state our ancestors predicted for us. Considering their premises, their conclusions were sound enough. So are the conclusions of our prophets sound, considering the very limited base on which they are founded. But let there come two more such inventions as the telegraph and the snap-shot camera, and where will their vain prophecies be then? The world will sing of them, as it has sung of so many before them:

> "Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
> Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
> Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
> Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust."

"Yes, yes," says some objector, "this is all very well, but I don't see how there can be any more such complete changes as were wrought by the telegraph and photography." Nor did our ancestors see, O comfortable mole, what agencies could revolutionise their newspapers; but the agencies declared themselves when the moment came for the revolution, and so it will happen again, and not otherwise. It certainly is difficult at present to suggest anything that could radically alter the course of illustrated journalism. Pictures will be telegraphed in time as well as words, but this will not make so very great a change. The only revolution that we can contemplate is one which would do away with newspapers altogether. Instead of reading the news and looking at pictures of men and things, the citizen would then have a combined phonograph and biograph—if he were rich, in his own house; if he were poor, in some public place—and he would both see and hear of all that was happening all over the world. This is not without the bounds of possibility. The daily traveller to the city might even have such an apparatus fitted up for him in the train. However,

> "Science moves but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point,"

and before this change comes about both you who read and we who write will in all likelihood have passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

IT is a mistake to say that the United Service Club was the first of the Naval or Military clubs, as several Naval and Military clubs existed prior to its formation in 1815. The debate in the House of Commons on March 4, 1816, concerning the club, arose from a petition against the club as "a formidable Military body," and one "calculated to render the Military powers of the country a body too distinct from the people, and consequently inconsistent with the true principles of a free government." The debate is chiefly memorable for the fact that Mr. Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham) denounced the club, saying, "If the institution stood alone, he should feel less jealousy; but it formed only part of the system which had been denounced in that House and throughout the country—a system which could be carried into effect by slow and progressive steps, and which had for its object to alter the character of the country, and make us, more than we had hitherto been, a military people. . . . Acting on a maxim of ancient prudence, he wished to withstand beginnings that might produce mischievous results." The whole debate will repay perusal, and you will find it in "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates," Vol. XXXII.

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Boer Irruptions.

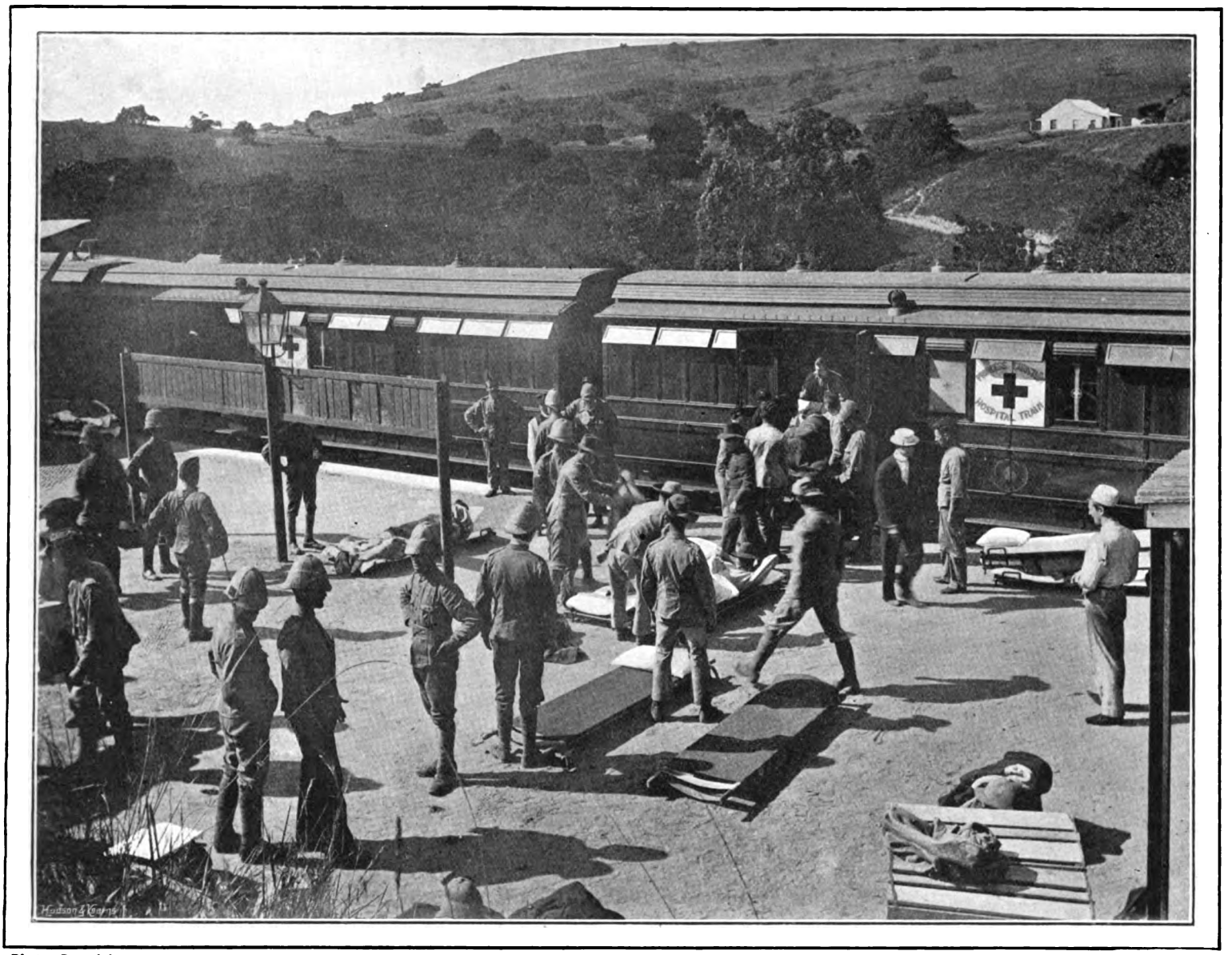
SINCE the publication of last week's article on the ebb and flow of warfare in South Africa the Boer incursions into Cape Colony have taken a somewhat more definite shape. But nothing has happened up to the time of writing to modify the opinions then expressed as to the probably temporary character of these remarkable moves on the part of a well-nigh beaten enemy. The marauding continues, and here and there some progress has been made in a southerly direction. But the precautions taken appear likely to be effectual in the very near future in repelling the invasion, at any rate at all the more important points. Unquestionably the situation is not without seriousness as indicating contingencies which may continue to recur at inconvenient junctures, but, in the nature of such things, there need now be little further apprehension as to the ultimate result of this bold and, let us hope, expiring Boer effort.

Everything of course has hinged, and may for some time continue to hinge, on the attitude of the Cape Colony Dutch, as to which the accounts to hand are very conflicting. While it is being reported that the farmers in the invaded districts are doing their best to help the marauders with supplies, it is as confidently stated that among a large section of the Dutch community there is open resentment at the conduct of the Boers in carrying the war over their own borders, when, within those borders, they have suffered, virtually, complete defeat. That Dutch farms should be looted by men who have shown themselves unable to withstand the English occupation of their own homesteads is a proceeding the cold logic of which is calculated to appeal even to Afrikander minds.

Whatever may be the truth of this matter, it seems certain that a considerable number of Afrikanders are joining the new Defence Corps, to the formation of which we alluded last week. This corps is filling rapidly, and is under the command of General Brabant, who, by the time these lines are in print, will probably have taken the field in person, the force having in the meantime been mobilised in the Piquetberg Road region. A special mounted guard has been formed to patrol the Cape Peninsula, and there is reason to hope that this well-organised display of force will have its due effect in both repelling the present incursions and discouraging any similar attempts in the future. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that an apparently genuine peace movement has been set on foot in the Orange River Colony. A Central Peace Committee at Kroonstad has addressed an open letter to the inhabitants of Cape Colony, asking them to make every effort to save the country from further destruction. While frankly acknowledging that the object of the war was to bring South Africa under one flag, the peacemakers as frankly admit that the game has been lost, and that further opposition to Great Britain's inexorable determination not to restore the independence of the two Republics is utterly futile. It would be a mistake to attach too much importance to such propaganda, but it is satisfactory to be able to record even the blowing of straws in the right direction.

Meanwhile General Charles Knox's pursuit of De Wet has been marked by an untoward reverse near Lindley, already of sufficiently ill repute by reason of the disaster to the Imperial Yeomanry. It appears that a detachment of Lord Kitchener's bodyguard, 120 strong, belonging to General Knox's force, came in contact with a superior number of the enemy and were very severely handled.

Further north, to the west of Pretoria, the Boers in the Transvaal have suffered a severe check at the hands of Generals Babington and Gordon, who, on the 6th inst., with about 1,500 men, came in contact with the enemy under Delarey at Naauwpoort and Zandfontein, five miles south of the Magaliesberg Hills. The Boers occupied a splendid position, but were driven out of the Witwatersrand by General Babington at Naauwpoort, and by General Gordon at Zandfontein. After losing heavily they were pursued fifteen miles in a north-westerly direction. This success is of very real importance, and will possibly have seriously diminished the faith of the Boers in the impregnability of their positions in the Magaliesberg district. The Boers numbered about 800, but there are said to be altogether some 3,000 collected in this region.



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THE ARRIVAL OF A HOSPITAL TRAIN.

Transferring Wounded from the Train to the Princess Christian Hospital, Pinetown, Natal.

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A New Type of Sloop for the British Fleet.

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Photo. Copyright. Cribb.

THE "MUTINE."

The handsome-looking little craft here represented illustrates a new type of sloop, of which some six vessels are already in hand as additions to the British Fleet. Vessels of this class have not a large fighting capacity, carrying half-a-dozen 4-in. quick-firers as their principal armament. The "Mutine" has earned an unenviable notoriety by the circumstance that in proceeding from Birkenhead, where she was built, to Portsmouth a serious mishap, attended with loss of life, occurred in her boiler-rooms. This is a piece of ill luck which we hope she may live down.

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The Royal Army Clothing Factory.—II.

By THE LATE F. G. ENGELBACH.

CONTINUING our description of the factory, we find one busy corner where khaki clothing is being made, and as a nation we may fairly congratulate ourselves that the days of battle-pageantry came to an end when this useful material was introduced. The thin red line was all very well for days when men sighted and fired the old muskets at 200-yds. range, but now the conditions are altered. The soldier is expected to be lost to sight in a rocky or sandy background at anything over 800-yds. range, and his life may depend upon this fact. For this purpose glittering steel is darkened on service, and hence the khaki. Unfortunately for the workers, owing to some mysterious reason, the needles of the machines heat to such an extent in passing through this cloth as to necessitate the soaping of every seam, thus adding considerably to the labour of manufacture. Over 500 suits a week can be turned out from the factory, without counting outside assistance.

We are apt to think that a battalion cannot look smart unless in full dress, but this is a great mistake. See a battalion of soldiers, 1,000 strong, drilling on an Indian parade ground and clad in khaki, and that opinion is at once changed.

The sewing-machines, to which reference has been made, are all driven by steam-power, and the factory engine-room is neatness itself. Two 25-h.p. engines, with four boilers supply the power which has rendered the output of the factory infinitely larger than it used to be. The writer remembers when every machine was worked by treadle or by hand, and there is no doubt that at that time many women injured themselves in their endeavour to increase their earnings by hard work. Those days are past, and the condition of the women at the factory now leaves nothing to be desired. Their hours are forty-eight a week, extending from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., with an hour off from 12.15 p.m. to 1.15 p.m. Every woman *has* to retire at sixty-five, when she can take a gratuity of £1 for every year's service, provided always that she has served more than fifteen years.

It is an eloquent testimony to the genius for self-organisation possessed by our nation that there should be a large flourishing tea and dining fund existing at the factory. It will certainly surprise others, as it did the writer, to hear that the Government is put to practically no expense in connection with this establishment, as, with the exception of the room and the water, everything is paid for by the women themselves. Mr. T. F. Davies, of the machinery department, is the president of this unique institution, assisted by a committee of twelve women. The annual profit is devoted to the Provident Fund and Thrift Society. A few figures may be interesting to those who believe that Providence helps those who help themselves. In 1898, 259,814 cups of tea, 26,387 cups of coffee, 11,116 4d. steak-puddings and vegetables, and 28,061 plates of meat at 5d., were supplied, a few only of the many items on an exceptionally interesting balance-sheet. Of tea, 1-ton 13-cwt. 1-qr. 4-lb. was consumed; of sugar, 6-tons, bread 4½-tons, and butter ½-ton, whilst of ribs of beef 3½-tons, of the value of £220, and of mutton 3½-tons, value £208, were eaten in the year. It is a quaint sight to see the women taking tea on the "Lawn."

WHERE THE KHAKI COMES FROM.

N.B.—We are told that the Prettiest Girls are Supposed to be Here.

From a Photo. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

There is one interesting special trade, to wit, button-hole making, to which some reference should be made. Devoted to this purpose only are twenty-one machines, and with one of these a woman can make fifty holes an hour, provided she is quick. In a certain week of 1898, 10,287 garments were made, as against 9,584 in 1899, whilst of necessaries, 13,401 were made in 1898, as against 15,392 in the corresponding week of 1899. This takes no account of the figures for alterations, which seem to remain fairly constant, being 602 in 1898, and in 1899 696.

All garments are made in thirty-six different sizes, numbered from 1 to 36, and hence any requisition made for clothing on the department is filled from sizes as near the measure sent as possible. The soldier, if he be a soldier and not a loafer, gets the Army tailor to take in here and let out there before he is satisfied with the fit of the garment. No one who has seen a French infantry soldier will deny that his English comrade-at-arms has the advantage in appearance, and yet the clothing is incredibly cheap. An

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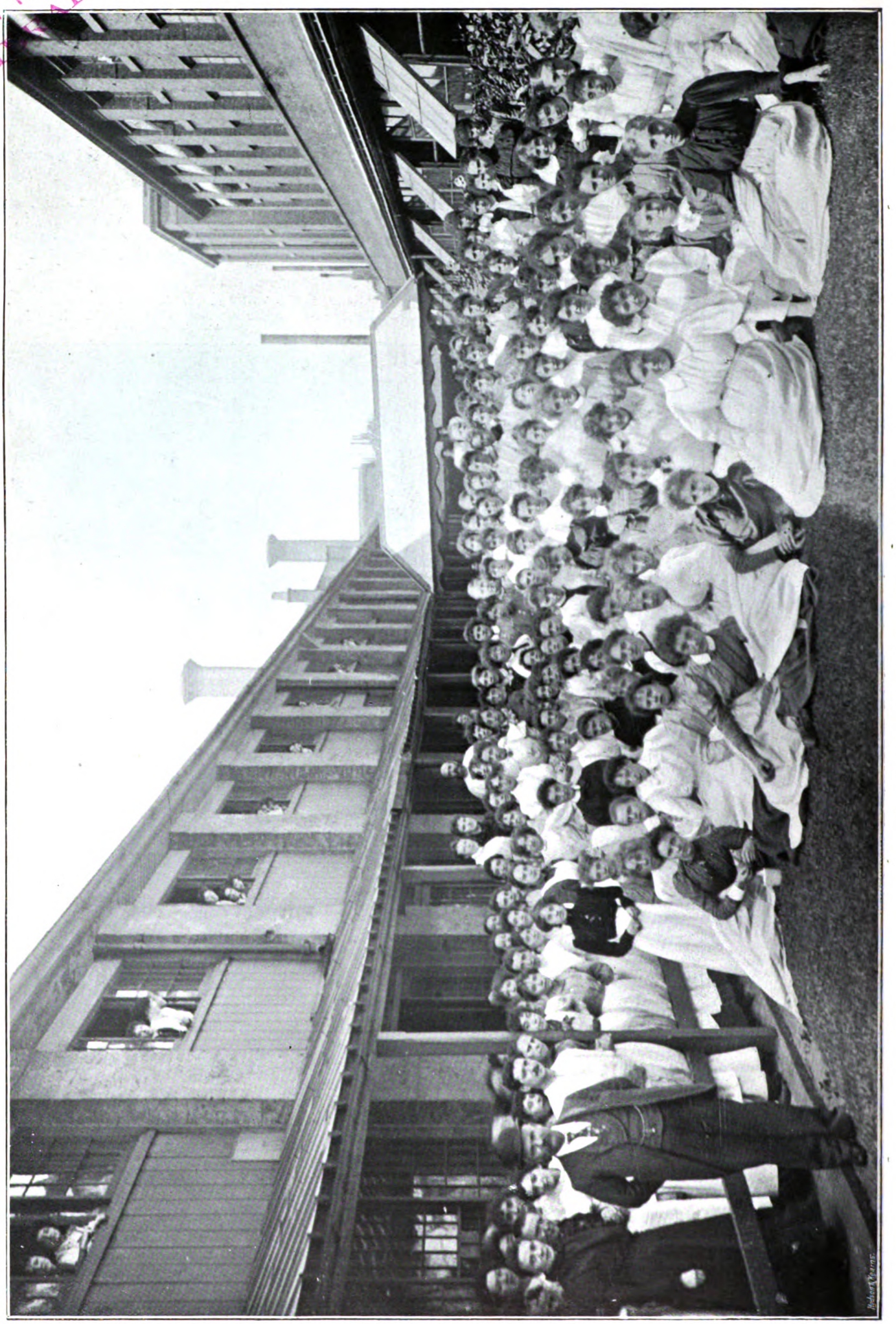

ON THE "LAWN" AFTER LUNCH.

A Group at the Royal Army Clothing Factory that will Interest Many in the Army.

From a Photo. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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infantry tunic costs 11s., a kersey frock only 8s. 6d., and trousers 8s. 0¾d., so that the effect is not dear at the price. Of these three necessary articles of clothing a man is allowed two pairs of trousers and two frocks on enlistment; three months later another frock, a tunic, and a third pair of trousers are issued to him, which have to last him two years. In addition to this he gets his free kit of necessaries, which helps to account for the fact that of these articles, ranging from socks to blacking, no less than 5,000,000 are issued yearly. It seems incredible, but two shirts are amongst the free kit, and these are evidently supposed to last a man seven years, as after the first free issue he has to replace them at his own expense—a fruitful source of "growsing" in barracks.

The impression may have been conveyed that the Royal Army Clothing Department only does this species of contract work. This is not so, as most elaborate garments are prepared here. Take such a coat as that of the state dress of a bandsman in the Household Cavalry. It costs £31 10s. 7d., to make a charge necessitated by the magnificent gold lace with which it is covered. This and other specimens of the work of the Royal Army Clothing Department give an idea of the varieties of uniform dealt with at the factory. Even now there remains the flannel and cotton department, where, put out in lays, lengths of flannel goods lie awaiting their conversion into shirts, etc.

ARMY BADGES OF RANK.
Making Chevrons for Non-commissioned Officers.

IN THE FOLDING-ROOM.
Where Cloth Trimmings are Placed Together for Machinists.

AN INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENT.
A Glimpse of the Dining and Tea Rooms.
From Photos. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

These are cut out on the premises, fifty at a time, and are given out to deserving institutions to be made up. From 300,000 to 400,000 are made yearly, so that even the making of the soldier's shirt helps to maintain some struggling person.

On being returned to store, finished, these garments are most rigidly examined before being issued, and although the "gray backs," as men call them, may not be the acme of fit, at least they are of good material, and well made.

Of headgear of every kind the department keeps a prodigious store, and every year over 1,500,000 of all sorts are issued—a sufficiently imposing total, one would opine.

The chevron, or mark of rank and of good conduct, is deservedly held in the highest respect in the Army. Of these, in gold, silver, and worsted, hundreds of thousands are made by the deft workwomen, and are laid up in store to await issue.

A consummation devoutly to be wished for is that parents would make it a part of their boys' education to regularly visit the great manufacturing departments of the Army. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has shown in its pictures but a fraction of the multitude of interesting things to be seen by the visitor at Woolwich, Enfield, Waltham, and Pimlico. No one can visit any of these works without feeling proud that he belongs to an Empire that requires such stores of munitions of war, and without gaining a fund of useful information which will make newspaper reading doubly interesting to him in the future.

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Ambulance Work in the Field.

By MAJOR A. C. YATE, 2nd Baluchis.

THE war in South Africa and the expedition to China have brought into special prominence the arrangements for the safety and well-being of the sick and wounded in war, and have introduced new departures and new developments into those arrangements. Every Briton is now familiarised with the hospital-ship and the hospital train, especially those associated respectively with the names of the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian. The American hospital-ship "Maine" has been a comfort to our troops both in South Africa and China. From India have come the ambulance tongas for the rapid conveyance of the wounded from the front to the dressing-stations. Of these, a philanthropic Parsee contractor, named Dhangibhoz, sent twenty or thirty, with ponies, drivers, and equipment, to South Africa, and nine with the Cavalry Brigade to China. They have done first-rate work. From an ambulance point of view, however, the striking feature of the South African Campaign has been the invaluable help that the Central British Red Cross Committee, representing the Army Nursing Reserve, the Red Cross Society, and the St. John Ambulance Association, have rendered to the Royal Army Medical Corps. Some 500 nurses, and 1,800 hospital orderlies, together with very large contributions in money and stores, represent roughly the amount of that help, to which must be added the numerous hospitals, etc., equipped by private enterprise and placed under the general control of the Red Cross Committee. To this, the work of the Mother Country, all our great colonies made most valuable additions. The New South Wales Hospital has always been mentioned as a model of efficiency and mobility; while the Canadian Red Cross Commissioner worked hand in hand with Colonel J. S. Young and Sir John Farley, who were, the one in succession to the other, the commissioners at the Cape of our Central British Red Cross Committee.

HALTING FOR DEFENCE.
Showing the Facility of Colonel Corker's System.

The fighting on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897 drew attention, among other things, to the need for some improved and simplified means of removing the wounded from the firing line, and out of danger, in mountain, and, indeed, in any form of savage warfare. Lieutenant-Colonel T. M. Corker, R.A.M.C., who served through the Tirah Expedition, has since the beginning of 1898 endeavoured to produce and perfect some simple contrivance by which the wounded can be removed out of immediate danger. The question whether the wounded in hill warfare should be carried to the rear by combatants or non-combatants must for the nonce be set aside. There are occasions when the combatants must remove their own wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Corker's net is *imprimis* intended to meet such emergencies. It is so light and portable (from 3-oz. to 6-oz. if made of cotton, and even less if of silk or whipcord) that it can be carried in a soldier's pocket without inconvenience. A couple of rifles slipped through the wide meshes of the border, and secured by a special cord with a reef-knot, if time allows, take the place of poles. The same rifles can be withdrawn in a few seconds and used for defence. The photographs, illustrating the net and its use, which are on this page, were taken by me at Dalhousie, in September, 1899. There are those who object that rifles are not intended for such a purpose, and may be injured thereby. The reply to that is short and decisive. When a wounded man has to be saved from a merciless foe, a rifle is a secondary consideration. Moreover, rifles are not so easily bent or injured. The "Corker" Net has been tested both in South Africa and at manœuvres in India. It is a means of conveying the injured which, substituting stoutish sticks or poles for rifles, may conveniently be adopted by ambulance associations. I have seen a heavy man carried off in this net with a couple of ordinary walking-sticks. The feet of the injured man, who sits sideways, and can lean his back and head against the rear bearer, do not interfere with the freedom of movement of the front bearer; and his position, as he sinks well down into the loose net, is as secure and comfortable as the conditions of warfare can reasonably allow. He, moreover, is not parted from his arms and accoutrements—always an advantage.

THE "CORKER" NET.
As Used with Rifle Supports.

The one inference to be drawn from our experiences in the South African War—and I give it as expressed to me personally, and also in public by those who are the best judges—is that in no future war can our Army and our Army Medical Services possibly dispense with the voluntary help of our great Ambulance, Red Cross, and Nursing Associations. That has been distinctly recognised by the War Office, and in future that recognition will be acted up to. Nothing is better or healthier for the nation than the spirit of charity, philanthropy, and sympathy that is awakened by the needs of our sick and wounded in war. If it were possible—which it is not—to have a "perfect" Army Medical Service, I venture to say that the nation would resent being deprived of the power of exercising its private sympathy and charity.

We are in a position to feel sure that Great Britain and our colonies have at hand such medical hospitals and ambulances as would suffice for any army that the Empire may place in the field. For India we cannot feel that. Ambulance work there has so far made but spasmodic efforts—a mere embryo of what the vast resources of that dependency render possible, with proper organisation.

ON THE MOVE.
Carrying a Wounded Man out of Action

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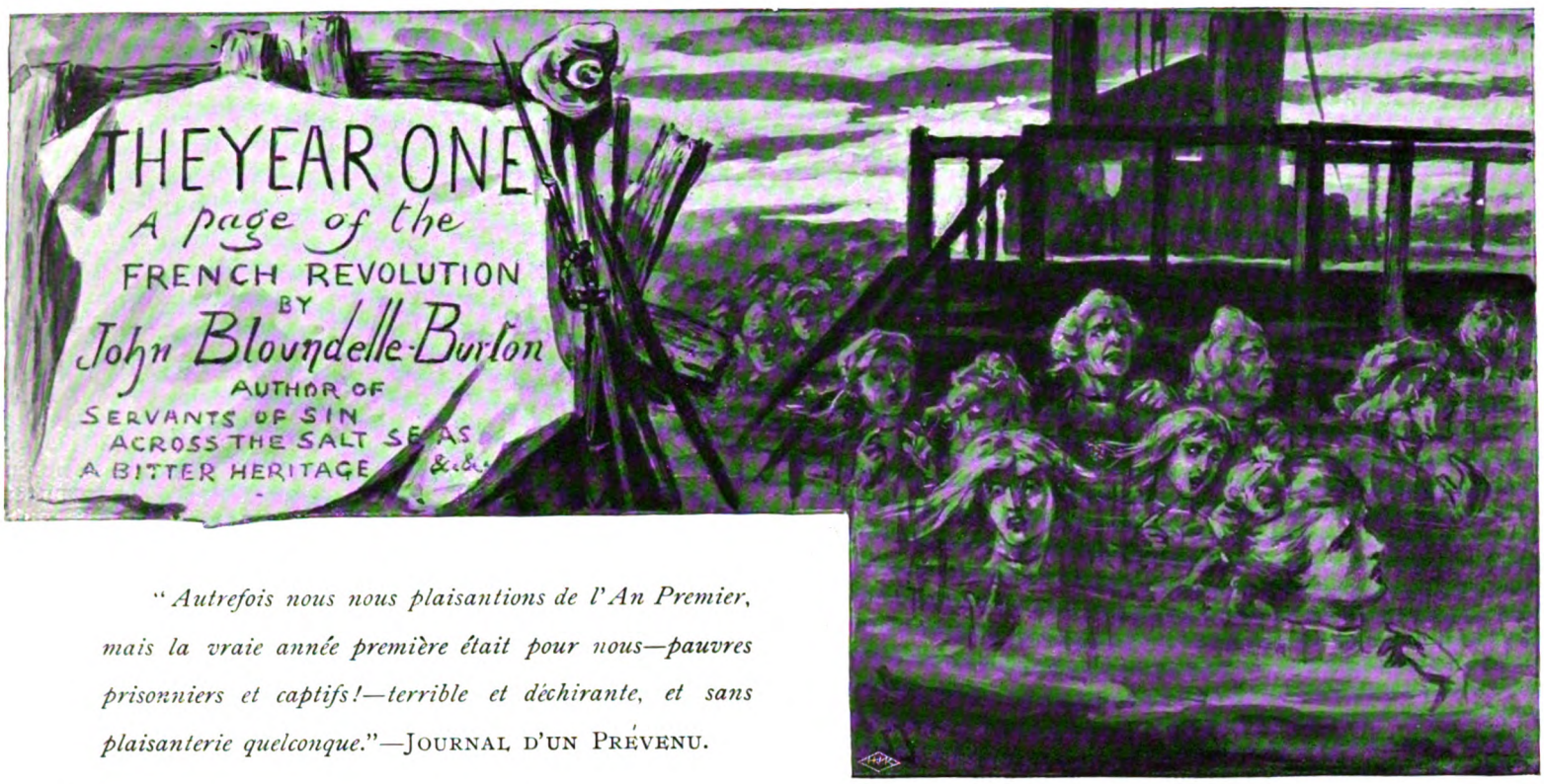

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE HOPE, of the "Dragon," has gone ashore with the ship's launch at a small village on the coast of Brittany, named Bricourt, with a view of procuring water for the casks. Here he has encountered a young and beautiful Frenchwoman, who, after stating that she is the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, and, of course, of the Royalist side, informs him that she is anxious to escape from France and the horrors of the Revolution, and asks if she can be received on board the English man-of-war. Receiving his captain's permission to fetch the lady off to the "Dragon," Hope goes ashore for her at night and brings her away, after having first stumbled across another woman in the churchyard whom he at first imagines to be she. When they have proceeded half the distance they are, however, intercepted by two chaloupes from the French ship. A terrible hand-to-hand fight then takes place, the lieutenant in command is slain by George, and he, himself, is wounded, and, at the moment of his triumph, he falls fainting at the feet of the insensible marquise.

CHAPTER V.

ADELE SATIGNY.

THE dawn was at hand, cold, grey, and misty; from the waters there was a damp reek arising which gave them the appearance of smoking, while a little capful of wind caused them to break lightly against the bows of the launch as she rolled, unsteered, upon their surface. Yet, all uncontrolled as the boat was and without a stitch of canvas standing to propel her either one way or the other, since both the mainsail and foresail hung over her sides (and, if anything, thereby impeded her progress), she still had some slight way upon her, and was drifting back towards the shore—towards France. Soon, if whatever current or tide was at work beneath her should not alter its trend, she would touch that shore; she would have carried Lucienne d'Aubray back to the land from which she had hoped a few hours before to escape for ever.

In the boat, Lucienne sat upon the same seat which she had never left since George Hope had placed her in it, the seat whereon she had lain prostrate and insensible from the moment the combat with the chaloupes of "Le Furieux" had begun; but now she was no longer unconscious. Instead, she sat upright while holding the head of her would-be champion and defender on her knees and bathing his brows and face at intervals with the sea-water, into which she momentarily dipped her handkerchief.

"Is he dying?" she whispered again and again to herself, as she had whispered the same words frequently during the vigil of two hours which she had kept, it being that space of time since she recovered consciousness and found him prostrate at her feet. "Dying! He, this brave, handsome English seaman. My God! how brave, how valorous he and his seamen must have been, as this shows!" and she cast her eyes round the launch as she spoke, while shuddering, too, and observed all the signs of devastation and death within her; for still the dead sailors lay as they had fallen, as they would lie until some burial, either in the earth or water, should provide them with their last peaceful resting-place. As for the wounded men who were not dead, they were as still and white as though their souls had parted for ever, while the fallen sails looked like palls enshrouding the boat, though palls stained and reddened out of their white and ghastly purity. Truly, the once bright, scrupulously kept boat presented but a dark, foreboding picture of gloom and desolation now.

As still Lucienne d'Aubray mused, while gazing down and noting the handsome features, the long, dark lashes, and the wavy, auburn hair of the man who had risked—or, maybe, lost—his life for her, George, whose head lay in her lap, sighed and muttered some word—a word that, as she caught it, caused her to start while her face, so marble-white a moment before, became suffused now with a colour soft and pure as that of the rose-blush itself. And, even as she did so, Hope threw up his arm unconsciously, so that, as it fell back, it rested on her own.

"He has not forgotten, even in his delirium, his weakness, the name of her whom he tried to save," Lucienne d'Aubray murmured—"the name of the woman who has brought him to this pass." For the word which George Hope had muttered was "Lucienne."

His arm still rested on hers, inert and lifeless; his hand, equally inert, had fallen on to her shoulder, and she, taking it in her own, now regarded it for a moment.

"It is a brave man's," she whispered, blushing again—"a hero's. What strength must it not have exerted, what deed of valour have performed, to have even saved us from the attack of those others and to have left us in possession of the sea."

As she spoke of that possession she let her eyes sweep the horizon over which the light of the coming day, the dayspring itself, had now crept white and cold, and saw that, in absolute fact, this boat in which they were was the only thing visible upon the waste of water. The French corvette was gone, and so, also, was the great English ship of war whose black hull had lain so long and low and threatening-looking on the waves for days—the great English ship towards which she had gazed from out the foliage of the woods surrounding the Château d'Aubray Bricourt, which stood a mile inland from the ruined church. Both the French and English ships were gone. Gone! but where? That was a question she had no power to answer.

It may have been that the contact of those soft, cold hands—hands not more chilled by the night than by Lucienne's shuddering reflections upon the horrors which she knew must have accompanied the passing of that night—brought calmness to the distracted mind of George Hope; but, be this so or not, at least he opened his eyes now and gazed up at the woman bending over and supporting him.

"What has happened?" he murmured, bewildered and almost delirious still; "where are we?" Then, ere she could reply, he cried, in answer to his own question: "Ah, God! I understand—I recollect!" while, removing his hand from where it lay, he grasped the gunwale of the boat and raised himself into an upright sitting position, though not without recognising and understanding how she whom he had earlier sought to protect and succour, had, in her turn, protected and succoured him. And in one glance, swift yet shy, he conveyed to her all his recognition.

"I understand," he said again, even as now he rose to his feet, while observing as he did so that his strength seemed to have come back to him in some way, and imagining that it must have done so owing to the hours he had lain in either a swoon or a peaceful revivifying sleep; "I understand."

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Then he went forward to where his men were and looked sadly at them while noting who were dead and who still alive.

"Where are we?" he asked now, his sailor's instinct strong upon him and causing him, consequently, to look seaward, such being a sailor's first action in no matter what emergency. "Heavens!" he cried, "where are the ships?"

"They are gone," Lucienne answered; "though I knew it not myself until a short time ago. They must have departed ere I regained consciousness."

"Ah, yes! you were unconscious during the fray. Well, it was better so. No need for you to have witnessed what went on. But now—now—we have to think of what is to be done."

"What can have become of the ships?"

"I cannot guess," George Hope answered, "unless—unless—it may well be so—those in the corvette who sent those boats out to attack us might have grown afraid of what they have done, and so departed silently. While my ship, perceiving that we did not return, may have suspected that 'Le Furieux' had attacked us; may, indeed, have supposed that we had been taken prisoners and so were on board, and, consequently, have followed the other."

"It may be that," his companion answered. "Doubtless it is so; yet, in such a case, what can become of you? Do you know that this boat is drifting back to shore? that that shore is France, and—oh, God! I sicken as I say it—I knew not the evil I was doing. I have induced you—inveigled you into endeavouring to assist an *emigrée* to escape. And the punishment for that is—is——"

"Madame," George said, speaking very gently, "you have not to think of that at all, but only of yourself. What I did was done under the English flag, in an English boat, belonging to one of the King's ships. If the Government of France has any fault to find with my actions let it make its account with England."

"*Hélas!*" the Marquise almost wailed, "there are no longer any laws in France, nothing will avail; and what I myself did was done so thoughtlessly, so unknowingly! Remembering that your ship was there to protect you, if you failed to save me, I deemed that retaliation—punishment could only fall on me. On me alone."

"Punishment fall on you?" cried George, while she saw that he had turned very pale. "Ah! I, too, had forgotten. Punishment on you," he repeated. "Yes, yes, I remember. The punishment dealt out to those who are would-be emigrants and are taken in the act. Great Heaven, what is to be done on your behalf? The boat is nearing the shore rapidly; in half-an-hour it will be there. Nay," he cried suddenly, "it must never be there," while as he spoke he seized the rudder-handle and put her off her drifting course, the bow being immediately pointed further along the coast.

"Yet," she said, "it is scarcely daylight; none can be about at this hour. What if we should get ashore unseen? Thus we might escape, for, in truth, our attempt to leave France, your noble attempt to assist me, may not even be known, and I am acquainted with all the country round; I know the forests and woods and the whole of the Bocage. There, even if sought for, none could find us. None! since all here, or almost all, are against the Legislative Assembly."

"Yet," said Hope, "we are here, and there are troops in the neighbourhood which serve this new government; I have seen them when we have been ashore before for water. No," he continued, "that will not do. Better, if it is possible, that we should get to Jersey—it is little more than twenty miles from here and is the nearest island. There you will be safe."

"Is it possible to do so? Can you take the boat there, alone and unaided as you must be, since those poor men, although not dead, are helpless?"

"I may do it, if I can but repair the halyards and get the sails up. The wind is off the land, therefore it should be easy to accomplish."

Saying which, George Hope went forward to that cuddy from the roof of which the dead Frenchman had fallen after their encounter, while, moving gently one or two of the still living men from where they lay in front of the little cabin, he crept into it and endeavoured to find either some other halyard, or at least some rope with which the severed ones could be spliced and repaired. And then, as he discovered what he wanted and that which he had felt sure was there—since the launch would never have set out upon the most inconsiderable cruise ashore without a sound set of ropes—he uttered a little cry of content, of almost joy. For, with these, he knew that Jersey, which meant certain safety for Lucienne d'Aubray, was within their grasp; he knew, too, that if the wind from off the land continued to hold, and nothing appeared to stop them on the way in the shape of a French ship of war, they would be in English waters ere three or four hours had passed. It was not strange that with such knowledge he should have uttered that cry.

But, to his astonishment, he heard another sound as he crept out of the cuddy which was in no way an answer to his exclamation, nor was it a question as to whether he had discovered that which it was so necessary to find. Instead, it was almost a moan, a gasp of dismay, one that spoke only too surely of disaster or danger near at hand.

"What is it?" he cried, springing to his feet. "What? Ah, I see! And our sails are not bent. It will take at least a quarter of an hour for me to get them, up all unaided as I am."

One glance at Lucienne's face, one moment's observation of the look of terror in her eyes as they stared towards the shore, had been sufficient to direct his own attention towards the land and cause him to observe what it was that terrified her so.

He saw some half-dozen men in blue uniform standing upon the sands, men with tricoloured cockades in their hats, who were dragging a boat from behind one of the largest of the dunes. But there were other things to be seen also. Four or five more men were wheeling a large brass cannon down to the water's edge, which cannon, as though in bitter mockery of the times and of the work it might in the next few moments be called upon to perform, was decorated with half-faded flowers. These latter men were under the command of an officer; the slight gold line of lace around his sleeve—which was the sole decoration that the Assembly allowed even its officers to wear—showing plainly that he was one. This man, this officer, bore in one hand a lighted mesh, while with the other he made signs to his subordinates as to how they should depress and lay the cannon, and, then, stooping behind it and running his eye from the back sight to the front one, he applied the mesh to the touch-hole.

"You see," exclaimed George Hope while Lucienne d'Aubray shrieked aloud as the ball cut the waves some three feet ahead of the launch's stem and drenched both of them with the spray; "you see, madame, our attempt is known. They were on shore waiting for us. Someone has divulged your flight and warned those men to be ready in case you should be driven back ashore, or else those in the corvette may have been able to inform them that we had defeated their boats."

"Heaven help us!" whispered Lucienne d'Aubray. "Heaven help us if we are captured and taken ashore." While, in an even lower whisper, which her companion could not hear, she added, "Heaven help *you*, my brave, noble friend. For me it matters nothing. But you—you—so young and brave, to fall into their hands! Into," she said to herself in an even lower tone, "*his* hands."

These latter words could by no chance have been overheard by George, even though he had been unoccupied, which, however, was very far from being the case, since, sailor-like—perhaps one may be pardoned for saying, Englishmanlike—he was still doing his best to escape that which would be defeat at last.

With a swift motion of his hand he had headed the launch out to sea and had fixed the rudder-handle, whereby she offered no larger mark than her stern to the next ball which hurtled by her; and he now was engaged in attaching the new halyards to the sails as swiftly as might be so that he might run them through the blocks and thus raise the latter.

"If I can but do it," he whispered, "ere that cannon fetches us, if I can but get our sail up and it fills, we shall be out of their reach ere they can fire their next ball. Ah, if I had the full use of my left arm!"

Yet, without the full use of it, he was succeeding in his endeavour; another, a third ball, had passed close to them, so close that each felt the wind it made upon their cheeks and heard its droning, beetle-like hum. He was succeeding even as that officer of the Legislative Assembly, who was firing on a boat in which a woman sat, was becoming each moment more deadly in his aim as he found his range. He was succeeding! The end of the mainsail halyard was through the block; he was hauling on to the sail now and getting it hoisted; already it was three parts up the mast, and then—then—there was another report from the shore, a crash above their heads—a foot above George Hope's head!—and the mast was cut in half, the sail fell down all over him and enveloped him as though he were in a net. Their chance was gone!

"They are coming out from the shore," Lucienne d'Aubray cried; "they have launched the boat. Oh, God, I have slain you. You will be taken, tried, and murdered."

"Not while I have life, not while one hope remains," the other cried, as he freed himself from the entanglement of the sail. "Not while there is a cutlass to my hand. Oh, that these men who are still alive could lend assistance! Then we would indeed make a stern fight for it."

But, even without their assistance, he determined that, nevertheless, the fight should be made. There were loaded muskets under the thwarts, he remembered; if the powder had but remained dry he had still the lives of some of those oncomers at his mercy.

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In a moment, therefore, he had seized one and seen to its priming; in another, while standing up in the launch, he had aimed and fired at the out-coming boat, seeing a second later as the smoke rolled away that the man pulling the bow oar in that boat had fallen forward in a heap upon the shoulders of the soldier in front of him. And he would have seized another loaded musket and fired again, for now his English blood, deduced from a long line of sailors, was up and he was mad with the hot desire to slay all who crossed his path and thwarted him, when suddenly upon the beach he saw a tall dark woman waving to more soldiers who were coming rapidly from behind the dunes. The woman who was, he felt sure, the same dark-eyed, devilish-looking creature who had glared mockingly over the tombstones at him the night before. A moment later he heard her cry ring across the hundred yards of water that was between the launch and the shore; he heard her words: "Behold the false wife! the absconding aristocrat. Behold her! Behold, and capture her!"

"Who is she?" George cried, turning round on the Marquise, even as he learned that his companion was a married woman fleeing from her husband. "Who?"

"My deadliest enemy," the other answered; "my bitterest foe. A woman of the people, one Adèle Satigny."

"'Behold the false wife! Behold, and capture her!'"

CHAPTER VI.

Family History.

The noontide heat of that day was over; so, too, was the heat of the afternoon. The cool freshness of early evening was at hand—a freshness aided by the breeze that was now blowing from off the Channel as the wind shifted with the coming of night. That breeze blew not only over the encroaching sand which slowly, like a leprosy, was spreading over all that had ever had existence and strength, but over, also, the little seaport village or bourg of Bricourt (which, for the present, was still safe from the creeping destruction), as well as over farms and orchards dotted about it, and reaching next the park and woods of the Château de Bricourt in its passage. A grand old park, superb old woods were these, both being filled with the great trees—the elms, oaks, and beeches which flourish here as they flourish nowhere else out of England. Elms, oaks, and beeches which, though the salt wind from the ocean had blown on them for, in many cases, centuries, had never been affected nor withered by that wind; trees upon which thousands of glowing sunsets had smiled radiantly and beneath which generations of lovers had walked with arms entwined—lovers who, in their respective turns, had worn the costumes popular under Philip the Fair, Henry of Valois, Henry of Navarre, Louis le Dieudonné, Louis le Bien Aimé, and Louis le Bon, who was still called a king but was, in actual fact, a prisoner of his own people and with his hours surely numbered.

A grand old château, too, was this of the De Bricourts, dating far back to the days of the Valois and the earlier Capets, a château in whose halls hung arms and armour once worn by crusading knights—by D'Aubrays and De Bricourts who had fought in the Hundred Years' War, by some who had been at Pavia, and by others who had served with Condé and Turenne, as well as by many who had stood face to face with William of England and with Marlborough, and had been hedged in by their phalanxes of steel. A château surrounded by cool pleasant gardens and shady trees beneath whose boughs statesmen, scholars, sailors, soldiers, and ecclesiastics had sat and talked, not only when they had become successful and eminent men, but earlier, when they were boys with the world all before them—a world unknown to them at that time beyond the confines of the estate and the village a mile away.

To-night, upon this warm June evening, the man who had last borne the proud title of Marquis d'Aubray de Bricourt, and had possessed with that title all the ancient privileges of the old aristocracy—in many cases strange privileges, too!—sat in a deep chair upon the grass in front of the château. Only, now, he was no longer known as the Marquis d'Aubray de Bricourt, but as the citizen Jean Aubray. For he, like all other aristocrats, was shorn of any title or rank which he might originally have been possessed of, while—which was, perhaps, the strangest thing of all—he seemed to have been very willingly deprived of such appanages, since round his waist he wore the tricolour sash, and in his hat the tricolour cockade.

Yet, this was not the strangest thing of all; it was not the thing which would most forcibly have struck those who, while remembering the original rank and position of the man, should have regarded the man himself. For, instead, the observer would have wondered if it was possible that this man sitting in his chair could be by any circumstances a descendant of those who had once stood mail-clad outside the walls of Jerusalem and at Ascalon, who had reeled beneath the charge of Edward's knights at Crecy, or gone down beneath the storm of arrows launched against them by the English bowmen at Agincourt. This man, lean and cadaverous! whose dark Asiatic-looking eyes gleamed from out a sallow face; this man! who held in one hand a common pipe, while with the other he now and again raised a glass to his lips which he filled from a bottle at his feet.

In absolute fact, he who should thus have wondered about this person, once the Marquis d'Aubray de Bricourt, but now the citizen Jean Aubray—once, too, the seigneur of the district, but now content to be known by no higher appellation than that of Mayor of the Commune and *officier de l'état civil*—would have had good cause for his doubts and wonderment, since the man before him had not one drop of the old Norman and Breton blood of the D'Aubrays in his veins. Long years before this period, fifty years and more ago, and when the French army of Louis XV. returned from the first Siberian War after the fall of Linz and Passau, there had come with them a man who was a stranger to France, but one who had become marvellously well known to the officers of that army. He had originally appeared before them at Linz itself in the character of a sutler, an individual who could provide them with provisions, liquors, arms, clothing, anything and everything that could be devised either for officers or men, and with something else besides, namely, as much money as they required—a commodity which the young aristocrats who followed Marshal Belle-Isle were always very willing to borrow at any rate of interest that the man calling himself Casimer Petrovitch saw fit to demand. For they were far away from France, and their intendants or agents, or their fathers' or mothers' intendants, could not, or would not, send them all the money which their gambling propensities in camp or garrison rendered necessary, as well as did the gratification of many other little pleasures and amusements. Wherefore they found the sutler with the Polish Christian name and the Servian surname (which was,

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if those young members of the *noblesse* ever thought about such things, somewhat of an incongruity) very useful, and he on his part found them useful, or hoped to do so eventually.

Who this man was, what he was by race and creed, or where he came from, no one ever knew. Belle-Isle, who had opinions on many subjects besides war and campaigns, and was given to expressing them openly and with considerable freedom, said he believed the fellow was a Polish Jew (there was a Poland then!) Others, equally free spoken, described him as some Hellenic scoundrel from the Levant, while others deemed him Turk, Moldavian, or Wallachian. But, although they borrowed his money at ruinous rates of interest and despised him at the same time, none knew for certain, or ever knew, who or what the man calling himself Casimer Petrovitch was.

Time passed. The Silesian Wars—both of them—were over. Most of the aristocrats were back in France, and with them had come this alien, this man with the dark beady eyes and the lithe sinuous form which reminded those who had seen such things of a panther.

He arrived in Paris—Paris the corrupt and impure of Louis XV.'s time; Paris, still bankrupt as Le Roi Soleil had left it and all France; Paris, to live in which was to live in Paradise! Paris, for the means whereby to remain in it noblemen sold or pawned their estates, women sold their honour, children sold their birthrights, and the King sold rank and titles. A great and wondrous city was this *maitresse ville*, a place in which one would prefer to die rather than to live elsewhere.

In it, the man who was either Jew or Turk or Greek, as the fancy took people to call him, became a power. Soon he had a dozen noblemen's lands and estates in his hands; three years later he had a nobleman's daughter for his wife—it was said Le Bien Aimé had once admired her, but that did not matter; a little later still, and it was whispered that he had lent His Majesty three million livres for a private purpose of which the King, the Comtesse de Maillé (then *maitresse en titre*), and Petrovitch himself alone knew anything.

But still time passed. The money-lender of many attributed faiths and nationalities was now a Vicomte dwelling near St. Malo, upon a property which he had obtained from one of the young sprigs of nobility to whom he had been useful, and whose title—when the latter had drowned himself after discovering that he had become a pauper—Louis had graciously conferred upon the new owner of the property, doubtless for a consideration. The new owner had also a son by now, so that, as many said with their tongues in their cheeks, he had founded a family. But then, at an inconvenient moment, a terrible thing occurred. Casimer Petrovitch, as the man had once been, Casimer, Vicomte de St. Denis de Laurent as he had become, died. He did so in an aristocratic manner however, since the small-pox was sweeping over France at the time, and carrying off with its infected breath the nobility of half the countries of Western Europe. Perhaps, if he knew the latter fact, it consoled him, or, as the old Marquis Mirabelle de la Ruffardiere, who possessed a fine wit, said, made his "Passover" a pleasant one.

This untimely and lamentable occurrence took place in the year 1772, when his son Jean (the elder son of the original Vicomtes de St. Denis de Laurent always bore the name of Jean, so, of course, this youth bore it too) was thirty, and although Jean was very willing to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony with some aristocratic young lady or other after his father's death, he found it a little difficult to do. One, to whom he suggested a union, laughed at him when he proposed such a thing; another regarded him with such a strange look from her grey eyes that he left her presence much agitated. The daughter of the above Marquis Mirabelle de la Ruffardiere screamed for her lacqueys to thrust him out into the courtyard and to beat him severely afterwards, which latter indignity he only escaped by distributing a considerable amount of largesse.

But, with him, as with his lamented father, he found time going on, as it has the unpleasant habit of doing, and yet he was not married, so that he was now forty-five and still he had no wife. Then, suddenly, he bethought himself of how there was one girl in the world, a girl of eighteen years old, who might, he considered, be compelled to marry him, a girl named Lucienne D'Aubray and daughter of the last of the D'Aubrays de Bricourt. This last scion of an ancient house was himself almost an old man, but he had, when younger, formed one of the dissolute crowd of courtiers who had surrounded Louis XV., and, in consequence, had ruined himself, whereby his estates had passed into the hands of Casimer, Vicomte de St. Denis de Laurent, and afterwards into those of his son, Jean. At present, in that year 1789, he lived in a poor house in St. Malo upon a small pittance—a very small one—which the new Vicomte had contracted to allow him.

To this decayed aristocrat the Vicomte Jean went with a proposal for his daughter's hand, and also with several other accompanying proposals.

"If you will give her to me," he said, "then the remainder of your life shall be of the happiest. We will restore the château, we will all live together in it and at your death Lucienne will, by a law passed by Richelieu and never repealed, become the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt. Her children will therefore keep the family title alive."

"Yes," said Agénor d'Aubray, "yes, that is so. But meanwhile, by that same law, you, too, will be the Marquis d'Aubray for your lifetime." For, fool and spendthrift as this man had been in his earlier days, he was scarcely such a fool as not to know the laws in connection with titles and properties in France.

"That is so," said Jean. "Well! a St. Denis de Laurent will not make a bad D'Aubray de Bricourt."

"No," replied the other, with a sinister glance, "a St. Denis de Laurent would not." And, although he said no more, the other understood him.

Yet the poison seed had taken root in the old Marquis's mind. To live once more in his ancestral château surrounded by the very walls which had witnessed the birth of generations of D'Aubrays; to dwell in the house in which every stone was connected with his own name, would indeed be happiness extreme to him, while to see his child give birth to more D'Aubrays who should carry on to distant times the name already so ancient and renowned, would be the acme of his happiness.

He resolved that Lucienne should become the man's wife. At first, neither he nor Lucienne's suitor had had the least thought about the girl herself, or what her opinion would be on the subject, since in the France of those days such things were never considered. A girl wedded where her father told her, either willingly or unwillingly. If the former, so much the better; if the latter, well, it was so much the worse for her, but—she wedded the selected suitor nevertheless.

With Lucienne it was much the same as with other young women of her caste, though, since the old and battered Marquis had still some shrivelled-up thing within his breast which did duty for a heart, he absolutely made sacrifices on his own part to induce her to fall in with his desires. For, finding that she was struck dumb with horror at what he desired her to perform, and finding, also, that in her disgust at her fate she would probably do something violent to herself, the Marquis played a little comedy which would in truth have done credit to Piron or Gresset, the beloved, though by this time somewhat rusty, dramatists of his earlier days.

He told her that not only was he a ruined man, but one who, in his downfall, and with a view to preventing that downfall, had done disgraceful things which had placed him in the power of another man—her would-be husband—who might, if he chose, send him to the galleys and thereby consign their ancient and honourable name to everlasting disgrace. There was not a word of truth in the whole thing, no more than there was in the comedies of the above brilliant authors, but nevertheless the ruse succeeded; Lucienne yielded and became the wife of the Vicomte de St. Denis de Laurent.

Three years later Agénor d'Aubray died, blessed by the priests and surrounded by all the pomp and ceremony which should accompany the death-bed of one whose family dated from the days of Pepin. Yet he did not die happily nor at peace. For he had come to understand that the villainous comedy which he had played had resulted simply in the fact that he had ruined his daughter's life. He had united her to a man whom she loathed, while at the same time the husband he provided her with had, at a very early period of their married life, grown weary of his aristocratic spouse, and had commenced to treat her not only with cruelty but insult. And, if there was one thing that more than all could have struck horror to the soul of Agénor d'Aubray, it was when, a few months before his death, he saw his son-in-law espousing the principles of the then new Legislative Assembly, and absolutely appearing before his eyes girt with a tricolour scarf.

"In this house," he gasped to his daughter when they were alone; "in this house—the ancient house of the D'Aubrays!"

Though, even as he did so, the sad eyes of Lucienne told him plainly enough that this was not the only thing that had taken place in it of late which might well wring his heart.

(To be continued.)

THE number of men supplied by the Colonies and India for the South African Campaign reaches the handsome total of 39,526. The force furnished by Cape Colony, including artillery, infantry, mounted infantry, and mounted police, numbered 16,000. Natal's contribution included artillery, a battalion of infantry, mounted infantry, cavalry, and mounted police, and amounted to 7,000 men. The Town Guards, raised in many places for local defence, which numbered 5,000 men, are not included in the totals of Cape Colony and Natal. From Canada there have been sent horse batteries of field artillery, a large force of mounted infantry, Lord Strathcona's Horse, and a battalion of infantry—in all 2,828 men. The Australian colonies supplied infantry and mounted infantry, amounting to 6,373 officers and men. New Zealand sent 1,950 mounted infantry. India has been represented by Colonel Lumsden's Horse—a corps of mounted infantry numbering 203 of all ranks; and Ceylon contributed 125 mounted infantry.

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The Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean.

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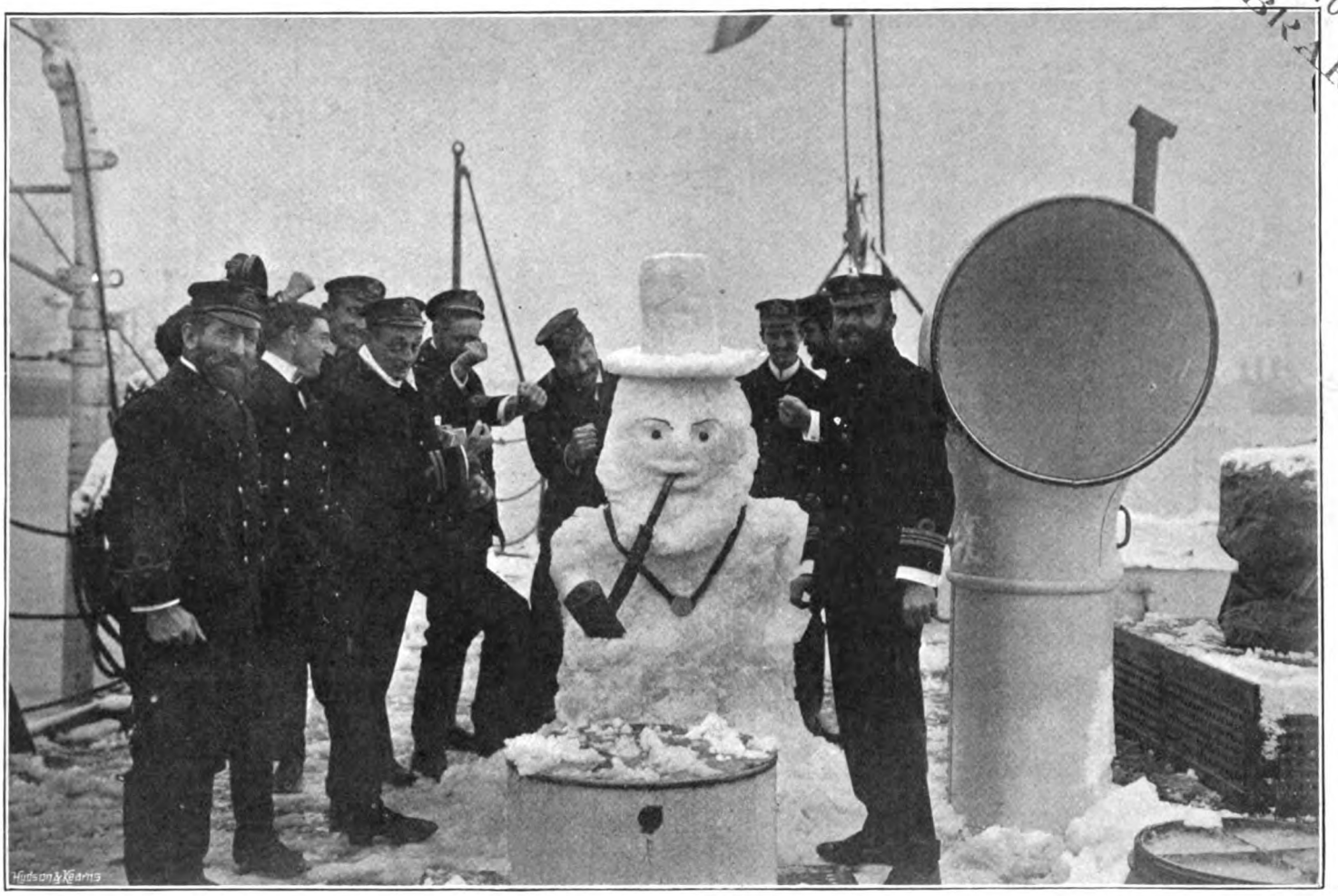
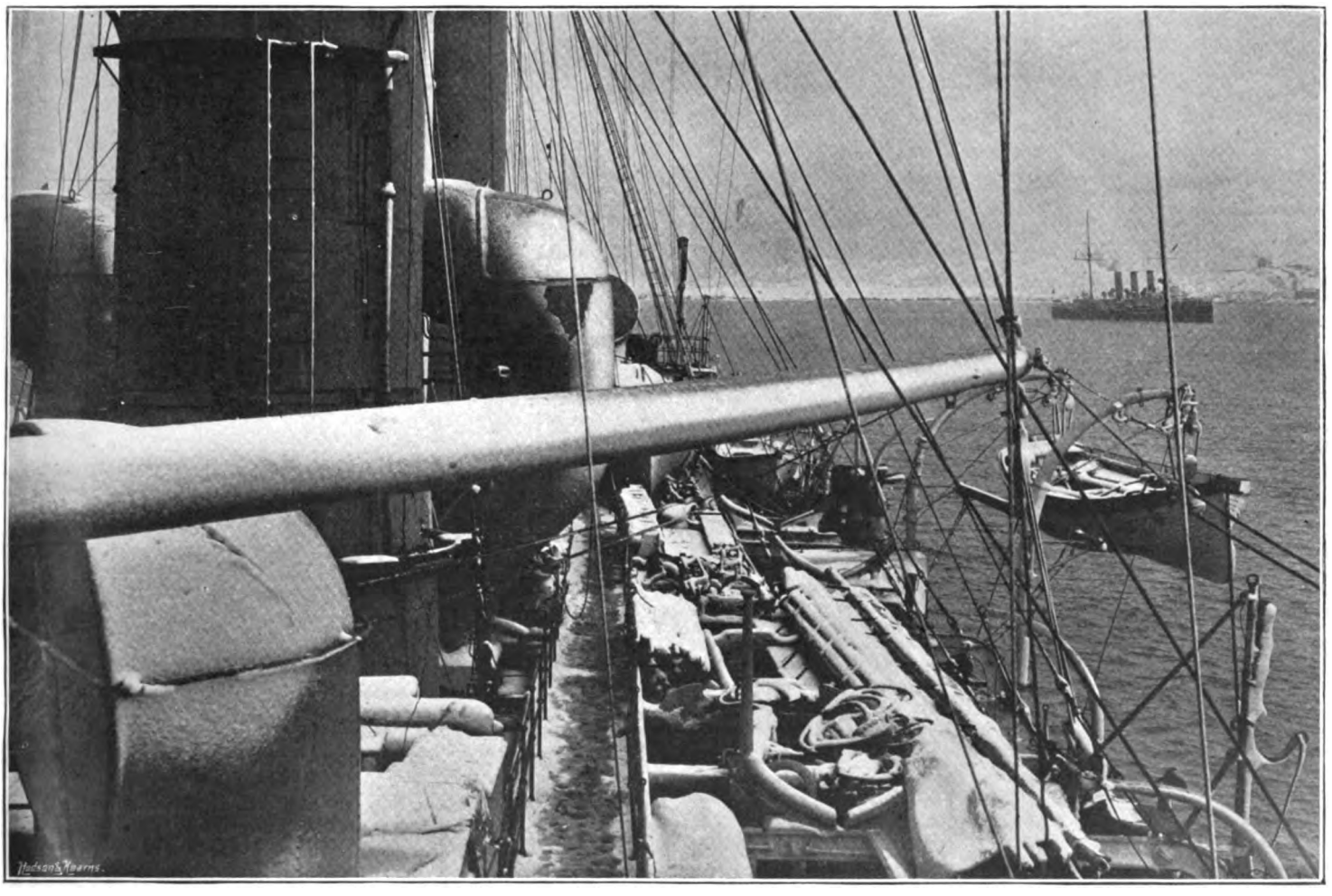


THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "THESEUS."

The Officers Amuse themselves by Making a Snow Man.



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HARDLY THE USUAL MEDITERRANEAN WEATHER.

Seeing the New Century in at Douthero Cove, Kavala, Opposite Thasos, in the Ægean Sea

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A Noble Patriotic Play.

WHAT do we seek in the theatre, most of us? Something to stir our emotions? to give us food for pleasant reflection? to bid laughter carry off the sullen humours bred in us by the aspect of the actual? Surely these would answer the desire of the plurality of playgoers. When a play fails, depend upon it, the reason must be sought in its failure to satisfy these requirements. Keep them in mind, and you have a touchstone that will tell you not only what plays are good plays, but also why they are good plays. Take an instance, and apply the test to "Henry the Fifth," which is winning golden opinions from all sorts of people at the Lyceum. What is the secret of the pleasure it gives, of the plaudits it compels? Judged by the strict laws of drama, it is not a good play. Its dramatic interest is slight, as you may know without further proof by the lack of the womanly element in it. It has none of the regular ingredients of plot and motive that pedant critics would insist upon. It consists of a series of episodes, loosely knit round half-a-dozen characters, these heroic, those comical. By all the rules it ought never to have held the stage—by all the rules, that is to say, of philosophers and students. But substitute for these the touchstone we agreed upon just now, and let us see how the matter stands then.

Photo. Copyright. MR. LEWIS WALLER AND MISS SARAH BROOKE. *Langfier & Co.*

"Convey your answer in broken music; for thy voice is musical and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?"

Does it stir our emotions? Ay, does it indeed, when we have King Harry played by so well-graced an actor as Mr. Lewis Waller. The ringing poetry of the King's speeches thrills the blood; the overflow of emotion fills the eye. Here is a flower of princely chivalry, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Here is a King, indeed, to win devotion and lead hosts to victory. In every light this Harry is royal and manly and English. The famous battle-speech beneath the walls of Harfleur is like a trumpet-call, the equally famous address before the battle of Agincourt must stir the coldest heart. When the royal order goes forth that "in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language," we hear the voice that still governs British warriors in an enemy's land. And yet another incident with a strange bearing upon the events of our own day is that which shows the King choleric at the guerilla tactics of the defeated French.

> "Take a trumpet, herald;
> Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
> If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
> Or void the field. They do offend our sight:
> If they'll do neither, we will come to them
> And make them skirr away . . .
> And not a man of them that we shall take
> Shall taste our mercy."

Nor is Mr. Waller less successful in the lighter scene with Princess Katharine, when we get a glimpse of the mad waggery that marked King Harry's youth. Stir our emotions? The man who is not stirred by the majesty of the lines allotted to the Chorus (who finds a stately interpreter in Miss Lily Hanbury), by the lofty note of the King's speeches, and by detached incidents such as that of the soldier Williams, whose manly apology to the King is beautifully spoken by Mr. Barnes—for that man poetry has no message and the theatre no appeal.

Then for hearty laughter, could we have a more mirthful figure than Mr. Mollison's Pistol, a braggart glorying in his rodomontade, a coward, ever on the point of persuading us that he is full of fiery courage, as comical a knave as ever stalked and swaggered in a brave disguise? To Pistol Mr. Robson's Fluellen is a perfect foil. The little Welshman, courageous to his finger-tips, overflowing with sage maxims of war, whose seriousness and sibilant speech make every word and action intensely comical, is presented in true Shakespearean vein.

As for pleasant reflection, where should we find food for it if not in contemplation of the great deeds which the play brings before us vividly with all the art of scene and costume, not pushed to the extreme of artifice, but rightly made subservient to the action? Need the test be carried further? Let the pedant pronounce "Henry the Fifth" faulty as drama, lacking in the qualities that make a play by rule. The public knows better than the pedant, and the public leaves the theatre with swelling heart and kindling eye, grateful for a fine presentation of a noble play, stirred by patriotic emotion, filled with that worthy pride of race and lineage that made England what she is and keeps her so to-day. H. H. F.

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MR. LEWIS WALLER AS HENRY V.

"Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty."

MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS THE DAUPHIN.

"By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.
He is simply the most active gentleman of France."

Photos. Copyright.

MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON AS PISTOL.

"For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words and keeps whole weapons."

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MR. E. M. ROBSON AS FLUELLEN.

"I though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman."

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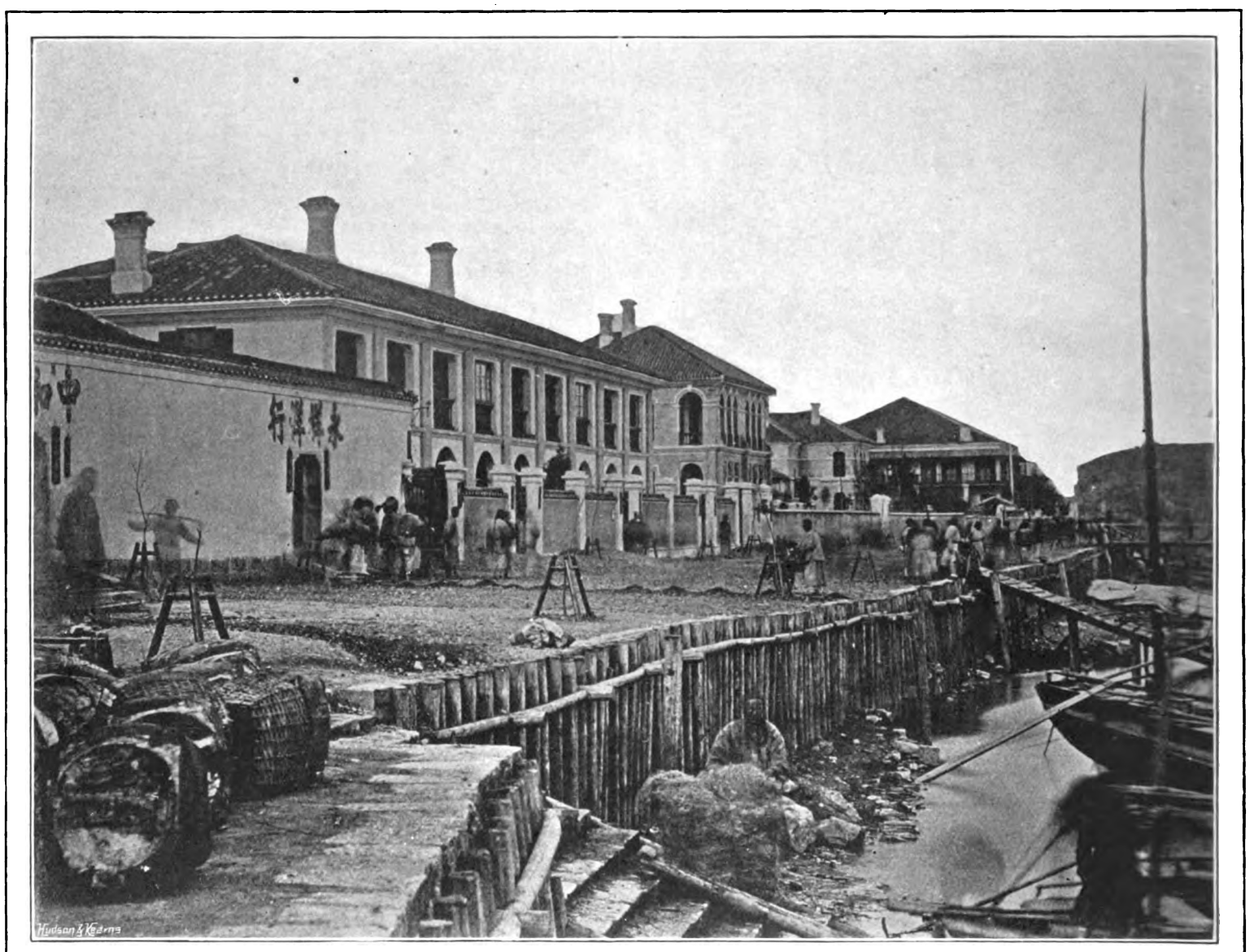
Peace Prospects in China.

PEACE when there is no peace would seem likely to be the eventual state of things in the Celestial Empire, but for the present we must be content with the polite hypothesis that peace negotiations are in actual progress, and are likely to have some practical outcome. On the presentation by the Allied Powers of an ultimatum purporting to set forth the only terms on which Europe would consent to adopt a definitely peaceful attitude towards China, the Chinese Commissioners promptly signified their willingness to accept these terms *in toto*, at the same time making the "childlike and bland" suggestion that the Powers should forthwith abstain from sending out any further expeditions. Nothing more sweetly indicative of Chinese diplomacy could well be imagined. Acquiescence by the Powers in such an arrangement would in a very short time have enabled the Chinese Court at Si-ngan-fu to stiffen its back and regain that ascendancy over the districts around Peking which has been so seriously impaired by the recent operations of the Allies. Further prevarications would have followed, and, after weeks of that shuffling procrastination in which Chinese officialdom delights, Europe would have found itself in much the same condition of affairs as existed before the relief of the Legations.

Happily, however, the diplomacy of the Powers, if not quite so harmonious and coherent as it should be, is at least being conducted by men who know their business, and who have had considerable experience of Celestial methods. Our own representative, Sir Ernest Satow, is a past-master of Far Eastern diplomacy, and is singularly competent to resist any attempt on the part of the Chinese mandarins to bamboozle us into any premature retrocession. Especially firm will he be on the question of the right of the Powers to maintain at Peking, and between Peking and the sea, sufficient forces both to ensure the safety of the Legations and keep open their communications under any circumstances of local disturbance. It would seem that the determination of the Powers to enforce this important demand is the real stumbling-block which prevents the return of the Court from Si-ngan-fu to Peking. Very recently it was stated by a Chinese journal at Shanghai that the Court had ordered sketches of Peking to be prepared, showing the extent of the damage done to the Forbidden City, with a view to an early resumption of its old quarters. But later accounts indicate a marked reluctance on the part of the Dowager Empress to move from Si-ngan-fu to a sphere of influence where her own usurped authority may now be rudely and, if necessary, forcibly disregarded.

Exactly what is happening at Si-ngan-fu it is quite impossible to determine with anything like accuracy. The people in the district are represented as being in an unsettled condition and full of apprehension, as well they may be in view of the tendency of the Dowager Empress to behead even the most prominent officials on the slightest provocation. Evidently this extraordinary woman retains a strong hold on the Imperial Army, of which a considerable section, numbering, it is said, at least 30,000, is in the vicinity of Si-ngan-fu. Among other steps recently taken by the Empress is the despatch of a telegram to the Governor of Yun-Nan, to proceed with his full force of 15,000 men armed with modern weapons to the Yang-tse Valley, and thence northwards. The movement of such a force through a region in which we are so heavily interested may have some significance from the standpoint of the Shanghai community, but it may well be that the Empress has ordered the move with no other object than that of strengthening the army at her immediate disposal.

Meanwhile, under the direction of Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee, the policy of sending out expeditions into districts within easy reach of the Allied Headquarters is being vigorously pursued, and the Commander-in-Chief himself has intimated with distinctness that no cessation of this policy can at present be looked for. He has declared that no expeditions have been despatched without cause, and that where there have been scenes of bloodshed and disorder, troops have been sent to interfere as the only means of preventing outrages. The expeditions, it is officially announced, are not intended for punitive purposes, but merely to act as police, in order to give the necessary protection to life and property.



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THE BUND AT CHIU-KIANG.

An Important Wharf on the Yang-tse which Admiral Seymour passed on his Voyage up the River.

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SHOOTING SCHOOLS AND RIFLE CLUBS.

By A "Civilian Shot."

NEWSPAPER correspondence invariably shows how hopeless it is to hit a driven bird by rule, just as Colonel Anstruther Thompson remarked that it was "impossible to hunt a fox by rule." Foxes do not differ in their intentions more than game birds vary in the speed and angle of their flight; and huntsmen do not differ more than the men behind the stock. I should not have ventured on an article at this date had it not been that practical sportsmen, while mostly agreeing that every lesson to the young shooter will need confirmation or the reverse by him, time after time lay down some of the "old saws," as if they were quite beyond question, no matter who the shooter. For instance, one will say "fix the gaze on the game, and avoid any attempt to align the gun by eye." Now to some shooters there are two old errors implied in this short sentence. I say "to some," but I believe to nearly all good shots. First, fixing the eye on the game, and, secondly, bringing up the gun without alignment, are two old rules borrowed from the pigeon shooters, who, up to twenty-five years or so ago, had the credit of being the crack shots of the country. Both were right for pigeons. The first, because the gun was set to shoot over the rising pigeon, the second because, that being the case and no swing being necessary, a snap-shot dead on the bird was the most successful saving of time. They say also that a tyro must consider at what point ahead he will direct his gun; if so, he looks at that spot and not at his game. You cannot focus more than one point. It must be one or the other and cannot be both. The hand unquestionably follows the focus, and for this reason I incline to the belief that all those who shoot at a point in advance of their game attempt to focus that imaginary spot and do not fix their gaze on the game. If this is so, one proverbial lesson in shooting is only misleading to the young shooters; and I happen to know that it has been misleading to some.

Is No. 2 any better? The other old rule that teaches the shooter not to align is much honoured in the breach. What is really meant is that it is fatal to look for the sights, not that it is fatal to see them; a good many people find that it is not fatal to the game if they do not see them. Nearly all really good shots are able to say how much space they believe they allow between the game and the point at which the muzzle points. How do they know unless they align the gun? It may be said that they merely guess; but, on the contrary, some are absolutely certain of the point to which their guns are directed. Let me give an instance of what I regard as proof of this. With one of the small-bore rifles I saw Lord Cairns, two or three years ago at Bisley, make a succession of double bull's-eyes at the running deer. His hits did not vary 6-in., and the run of the deer between the posts was only 20-yds. to 40-yds. (I forget which), and both shots had to be fired in the time of the single run. Does anyone suppose that the sights were not used? I have myself shot at the same object, and I found no difficulty in aligning the sights at an imaginary point, moving ahead of the deer at its own pace, and getting off both shots in the time. The pace is certainly not that of a game bird, but neither is the distance traversed so great as that usually traversed by birds giving right or left chances. An accomplished shooter will take the first bird that comes within shot, and the second, which will as a rule be shot much nearer, will also have been a long way behind the first when the latter fell a victim. I do not think it takes longer to aim with the open V sight of a rifle than it does with a shot-gun for the same amount of accuracy, and it is certain that no one without sights could make successive double bulls on the running deer. Again, I am told by those who have made it their business to watch cracks performing at overhead shots (most of us are too much engaged on our own account to watch when there is a chance) that they invariably align with the shot-gun. Their conviction about this, arrived at by watching from behind, is confirmed when they see the gun go up, an alignment attempted but not got, and the gun taken down again without the shot being fired. This seems clear proof that an alignment is attempted otherwise the shot would invariably be taken. I particularly noticed that Lord Cairns got his two shots off in little more than half the distance travelled by the deer. Of course he did not look at the sights, any more than he would look at the sights of the game gun; but he could not have accomplished the work he did without seeing them—that is, without alignment. To tell a young beginner that he must not align is, therefore, to tell anyone who has the making of such a shot as Lord Cairns that he must not use every means at hand for the development of his powers. May we not therefore dismiss another old proverbial mistake with which the young shooter is hedged around?

I quite admit that a shooter ought to be so fitted that he can throw up his gun and hit the still mark without a sight on the gun, or without any correction of the aim after the gun is at the shoulder; but having mastered the gun-fitting elementary lessons, he will not, I submit, find that they will assist him to make double bulls at the running deer, and if not, there is more accuracy to be gained by using the alignment, for which purpose the foresight and the rib are put upon each gun. My own experience confirms the drift of these reflections. I am convinced that the well-meaning shooter who made me believe that it was not necessary to aim, taught me a lesson that took a very long time to unlearn, and saved the lives of many hundreds of game birds. Those who say the shooter should not align have misunderstood the rule, which means that he should not look at the sights. Some of the best pigeon shots, as well as game shots, always shut one eye in shooting. Dr. Carver, the American shot, or Bogardus, did so. I regret I cannot remember for certain which of them it was; but Mr. A. Stuart Wortley is an English example of the good game and pigeon shot who failed to hit the proverbial haystack until he closed his left eye. I would like to ask those who say that no alignment should be taken how one eye can possibly be better than two, to any person whatever, if no alignment is taken? Yet I by no means say to young shooters, "align your gun and game." I only say it is bad advice to tell them not to do it. It is the old position once more repeated, for as no man can see for another, no man can shoot for another, or lay down hard and fast rules for his guidance. May we not relegate this old rule about "no alignment" to the region of Monte Carlo and Gun Club traditions?

How is it that two shooters see the same thing so differently, that one will tell you he shoots yards ahead of his game, and the other only just in front of its beak, and yet both hit their game equally well in the same place? As no satisfactory answer to this question has ever been forthcoming, I will endeavour to give one; but I must guard myself against attempting to give one satisfactory to everybody, or attempting to induce young shooters to shoot by rule. The more these matters are discussed, the less likely anybody will be to take advice too literally, and the more open the question will be left. For that reason, and wholly as a protest against laying down the law for other eyes, I will venture. If it is assumed for a moment that the gaze is fixed upon a pheasant coming overhead as the gun comes to the shoulder, and that the eyes attempt, then, to focus an imaginary spot ahead of the game for the purpose of bringing the sight forward and upon that spot, there will be a space between the game and the foresight. One man calls this feet, another calls it an inch. Each does this invariably. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to focus nothing. An imaginary point in space cannot really be focussed at all. The eye and the eyes accommodate itself and themselves to distance, and what the eye focusses when a real point (the pheasant) has been left for the imaginary point is a total chance. Anyone

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can try this for himself. Let there be two objects, one a few yards away and the other a hundred yards; first look at one and then at the other, then try to focus thin air halfway between the two. The first two are easy enough; the latter is impossible. The eye will assuredly try to save itself by fixing on one or the other object—the far or the near. This fact appears to show that it is really impossible to focus a point in space in front of the game; the eyes look in the direction required, but there is no focus for distance. The fore sight is brought opposite the right eye, in the direction of the imaginary point, in front of the game, and the focus, which has left the game itself, at once begins to change to the only thing it sees in the direct line of the gaze—that is the fore sight. If the focus changes quickly, the distance ahead of the game will appear to the eye to be the distance that the fore sight is away from the direct line between the game and the eye. If the eyes are slow in changing the focus, then the distance will appear to be that between the game itself and the imaginary point at which the gun is pointing. Thus, in one case the eyes measure between the two different lines four feet away, and in the other case they measure between the same lines forty yards away, or, of course, as far away as the game is. Anyone may prove this for himself; for by aiming a couple of yards away from a distant object, and while the gun is still in the same position focussing the fore sight instead of the distant object, the feet or yards will at once become inches or less.

If this is the true explanation of what puzzled the writer years ago, as well as a great many sportsmen besides, it at once becomes plain that the same distance ahead of game will appear to be all sorts of variable distances, according to the rapidity, or the reverse, of change of focus. Eyes that change slowly, whether by design or by physical defect, will see the real distance they are aiming ahead of the game. They are focussing at the distance at which measurement is wanted. When the focus changes they are no longer doing so. This I have proved to be a true explanation in several cases, but that it solves the whole problem I should be sorry to affirm.

Now that the war in South Africa has called the attention of the country to shooting, these questions all become of even more interest than they were before. War has so far changed its character as to have become long-range deer-stalking in everything but name. The late Sir Henry Halford, who was a fine game shot, was generally held in public estimation to be nothing but a long-range rifle shot. He was its greatest exponent; but those who have read his book are aware that he, almost alone at that time, looked upon the rifle as we are all anxious to look at it now. Perhaps I may quote two texts upon which we are all endeavouring to preach sermons somewhat late in the day. He says: "If a man is a good game shot with the scatter gun, and has made himself a good target shot with the rifle, he will find himself at once good on the hills after deer. If he is not a scatter-gun shot, he will have much to learn." Instead of "after deer" read "after Boer horsemen," and the picture is complete. He ends up his little book, written in 1888, with these remarkable words (the italics are his): "If the youth of England *could* use the rifle, the strength and power of the United Kingdom would be invincible."

There is nothing of the drill-sergeant about that opinion. It is to be hoped that, after we have seen what a population of 70,000 undrilled Boers can do in the defence of *their* country, *ours* will never again prefer pipeclay to gunpowder. If those final words of the late Sir Henry Halford could be engraved above the doors of the War Office, or, failing that, and better still, in the brain of all the Ministers of the Crown, we should have much greater offensive power and should never again be in the tight fix we are only just now getting out of. The doubt has entered every mind as to whether we are likely to remain long a fighting nation, and it would be an excellent thing to teach every man the art of rifle shooting. The spirit is there, but the ability to shoot and to ride has been measured. The civilian mounted force in South Africa numbers 10,000. Are any of us going to remain contented with a military system that gives us 10,000 in practice and the whole population in desire?

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

IT is rather startling to be informed at this time of day that there are men who go through a long day's covert shooting with scarcely a miss. It may happen, of course, that some men pick their shots, so that they hardly ever let off without being sure of their game. That is an art which any fair shot could cultivate, no doubt, but it is not one that helps to fill the bag, or to make a man very satisfied with his own performances. It rather points to a want of information when such statements are taken seriously. Those who so take them might remember that if they do not know the form of other sportsmen by personal knowledge or by reputation, it does not follow that others do not. In the particular cases referred to, the number of kills to cartridges, or the number of misses, would not give any idea whatever.

* * * *

I think that there is a great deal to be said for a man who never misses, but what cannot possibly be said of him is that he is a good or even a moderate shot, that is, if he is covert shooting. This sport is nearly always a race with the game—to get the shot to it before the bird is hidden by the trees or bushes. Consequently, if a man does not shoot until he is sure, he must pick the easy chances. Another man will let off the easy chances, because they give him no pleasure to shoot at, but he will be very quick with the difficult ones. In shooting over dogs, on the contrary, I do think it should be done almost without missing; it has been so done many times, and by many sportsmen, and now that we drive grouse at the end of the season almost everywhere, there is no excuse for firing long wounding shots only because we want game for the pot.

* * * *

I am aware that any form of shooting which was so regulated as to make a miss impossible would become monotonous, and therefore cease to be a pleasure; and the advocates for driving game do not fail to condemn shooting over dogs as a sport which requires no skill if birds lie well, and in which one should not shoot at all if they are wild, of course on account of wounding. If this exactly represented the true state of affairs, there would soon be no shooting over dogs, or in any other manner except that of driving the game. As a matter of fact, a great deal more than half the partridges and nearly half the grouse are killed by walking them up to the guns with or without dogs, and not by driving. It is certainly not because men cannot hit driven game, as the advanced advocates of the practice would have us believe.

* * * *

What they seem to forget is that most men take to sport to a great extent because of its healthfulness and for its exercise. Now it may show just as much hardihood as any other shooting to stand in a butt and face the elements, with no exercise to keep the circulation going, and with a pretty thick ulster on to keep out the cold; but there are some who say that as much exercise and fresh air can be had by attending a race meeting. On one occasion the late Duke of Beaufort, who was regarded as the first of living sportsmen, wrote to the writer that one of his principal reasons for sport was for the sake of his health. I venture, therefore, to say that no one should challenge the motives of those who prefer slaving behind dogs after their grouse to reposing on their shooting sticks in grouse butts.

* * * *

As to the difficulty of the two classes of shooting, the exponents of the higher skill of the driving shots have always seemed to me to take false ground. If birds lie well, no doubt they are easy, as is said of them in the Badminton Library; if they are too wild, it is cruelty to shoot at them—I admit that also; but there is always a large proportion of birds that rise well within shot and require more quickness than the average good driving shot is capable of in order to hit them before they are too far off. The man who can kill a grouse rising at 40yds. before it is so far off as to risk a wound is a good shot, and probably a good deal better than nine-tenths of the driving shots; but the man who can kill a brace rising exactly together at that distance is one who can use the choke-bore (the majority cannot), and can get both barrels off in the time that the driving shot has for each.

* * * *

Shooting well under such conditions as those named is a physical feat of the highest quality, implying also the highest skill of the gunmaker. In order to do it a man must be as cool and steady in heart and nerve and wind as if he were reading his *Times* in a bath-chair; and yet he will probably have walked twenty miles over the worst of travelling in the world before he gets those afternoon shots that tell so much on the aim and go also to make or mar the day's bag.

* * * *

Difficult as the feat described is, it must be done without wounding many birds in a long day's work, and this necessity makes it very much more difficult than it otherwise would be. A shooter has to grow into a feeling of confidence in himself, and as he does so his distances grow too. But if he begins to wound he must at once take a set back in the matter of distance, for confidence can only be retained by constant killing, and constant killing at long distances can only be maintained by confidence and exact self-knowledge. This feeling of personal confidence is highly pleasurable, and men are willing to pay more for its possibility than they pay for driving moors, bird for bird.

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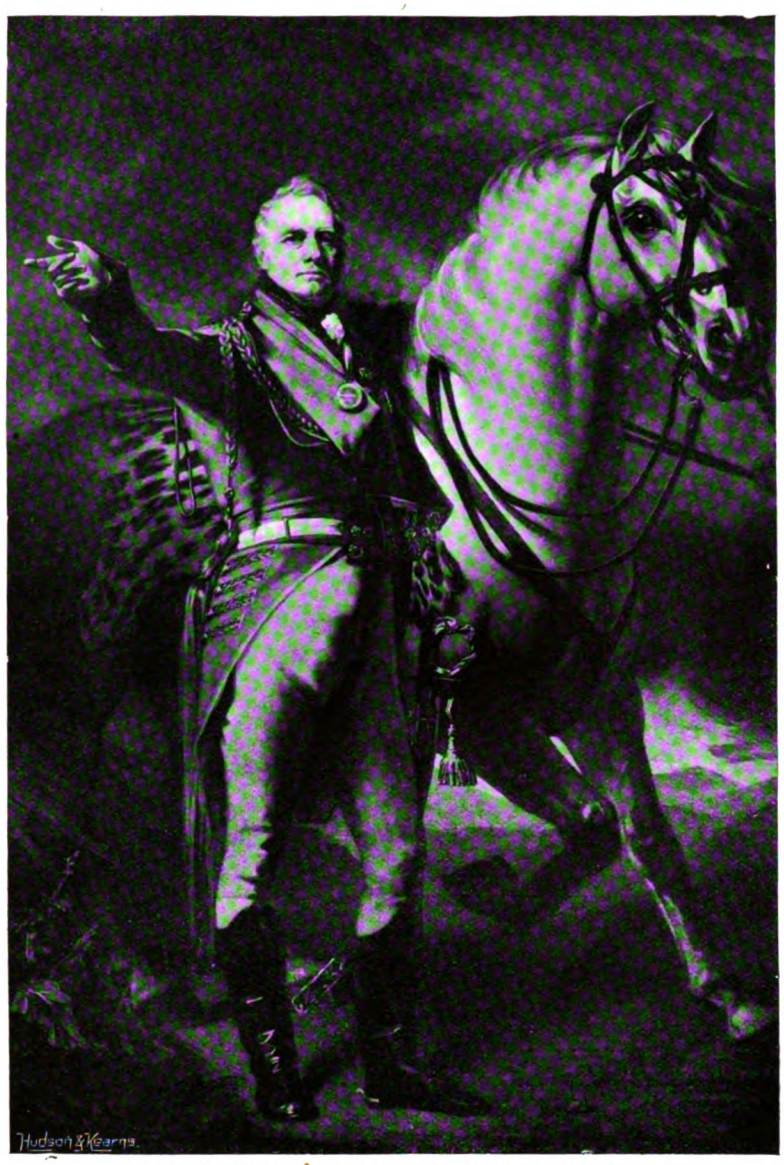
Baird's Capture of the Cape, January, 1806.

IN the long list of those who have made the history of the British Army what it is, there are few names more worthy to be held in honoured and respectful remembrance than that of Sir David Baird, a fine portrait of whom, together with pictures illustrating one of his most notable achievements, accompanies this sketch. He was not great in the sense in which Wellington and Marlborough were great, but he was every inch a soldier and a man, and in the very serious circumstances in which he was called upon to take a leading part his striking capacity and sterling worth were peculiarly conspicuous. At a time when money and social influence meant almost everything to ninety-nine out of a hundred holders of an Army commission, Baird won his way to the front, like the gallant hard-headed Scot that he was, by dint of sheer professional merit and fighting quality. Although he did not rise from the ranks, his career may be said to resemble that of his latter-day countryman, Hector MacDonald, since in those days the honours which Baird eventually reached were quite as difficult of attainment to a friendless officer as the Generals' List is to-day to the private soldier.



GENERAL SIR DAVID BAIRD, BART.
After a Portrait by Raeburn.

It is not possible, nor is it our desire, to give here any detailed sketch of Sir David Baird's life. Those who wish for a full memoir are recommended to refer to "From Cromwell to Wellington; Twelve Soldiers" (Lawrence and Bullen), in which Baird is carefully and readably dealt with by Major Count Gleichen of the Grenadier Guards. It is sufficient for the purposes of this sketch to record briefly the fact that Baird was born in 1757; that at the age of fifteen he joined the old 2nd Queen's as an ensign; that he was subsequently transferred to Lord Macleod's regiment of Highlanders, afterwards incorporated in the 73rd and 74th Highlanders; that he greatly distinguished himself in India in the operations against Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib; and that, after his capture of the Cape, to which we shall presently give particular attention, he crowned a grand career of active service by participating in Moore's retreat on Corunna, towards the close of which he was severely wounded. After commanding the Forces in Ireland from 1820 to 1822, Baird died, a G.C.B. and a Baronet, in 1829.

Fine soldier as he was, popular as a rule with his brother officers, and beloved by his men, Baird was gifted with a warm Scottish temper, and, as an illustration of this characteristic, a capital story is told of the evil days of 1780, when he was captured by Hyder Ali and thrown into a cow-stable with six others at Seringapatam. The captives were ironed, and in due course the distressing intelligence was conveyed to his mother at home that her gallant son was in prison and chained to another man. The old lady, doubtless remembering early filial outbursts, merely remarked, "De'il help the chiel that's chained to oor Davie!" For the indignities which he suffered at Seringapatam, Baird was able to exact some measure of compensation, for it was he who, on the memorable 4th May, 1799, led the storming party against Tippoo Sahib's stronghold, and made Seringapatam familiar as a household word in the glorious battle-roll to which the English and Indian Armies can point with feelings of mutual pride.

In July, 1805, Baird received secret orders from Lord Castlereagh with respect to a number of troops which were embarking at Cork and Falmouth, ostensibly for the West Indies and India respectively, but which in reality were destined for the recapture of the Cape of Good Hope. The latter, after being first settled by the Dutch, had in 1795 passed under British rule, which had lasted till 1802, when the Cape had been handed over to the Dutch in accordance with the Treaty of Amiens.

The troops at Falmouth and Cork consisted of between 6,000 and 7,000 men of the 24th, 38th, 59th, 71st, 72nd, 83rd, and 98th Regiments, together with half the 20th Light Dragoons and some Artillery. Sir Howe Popham, an old friend of Baird's, was to have command of the six ships composing the fleet, and the expedition was to rendezvous at Madeira and capture Cape Town without delay. Ultimately the concentration took place on the South American coast, and the fleet did not anchor in Table Bay till the first week of January, 1806.

THE CAPTURE OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.
By General Sir David Baird

A landing was effected at Leopard's Bay, sixteen miles north of Cape Town, and close to the present Melkbosch Point. By the morning of January 8 the whole of the troops, in two brigades of three battalions each, with six small guns, were advancing on Cape Town. The latter was garrisoned by "a mongrel force of Dutch infantry and artillery, Boers, Germans, French sailors, and Hottentots, the numerous

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cavalry being composed of Boers and farmers, well mounted, and armed with long guns capable of throwing shot to a much greater distance than ordinary muskets." Parenthetically, the domination of our field artillery by Boer guns of position seems here to be rather strangely foreshadowed, while it is evident that the so-called Boer "cavalry" were really the forerunners of that "ideal mounted infantry" which has given us so much trouble. The military command of Cape Town was in the hands of General Janssens. About four miles from Leopard's Bay the British force met the enemy in strength on the Blaauweberg, and some brisk fighting ensued. The Boer "cavalry" threatened Baird's right flank, but was engaged by the right British brigade, while the left brigade advanced and put the Dutch infantry to flight. After this success Baird pushed on, and on the 9th was gratified to receive a flag of truce from Cape Town with offers of capitulation.

Cape Town having surrendered, Baird took steps to harass General Janssens's position at Hottentot's Holland Kloof from various points, and at the same time sent him a letter, in which it was pointed out that further resistance would only mean additional bloodshed and destruction of property, and that a complete surrender was the only satisfactory alternative. Janssens held out for some days, but eventually, with a sweet reasonableness very unlike the uncompromising attitude taken up at a later date by De Wet, gave in to Baird's honeyed suggestions. The latter at once took over the Governorship of Cape Town, which he retained for just a year.

He might have remained in this important position much longer had he not been led by his Naval coadjutor into what the Home Government was pleased to reckon a serious indiscretion. Popham, hearing that the Spanish colonies, in what is now Argentina, were in a defenceless condition, projected an expedition against them, and begged Baird to lend him some men. The latter at first hesitated, but eventually allowed Popham to take with him one regiment, the 71st, and a few guns and gunners. At the outset Popham was successful, and the Home Government was evidently much pleased, since, on the capture of Buenos Ayres, they despatched reinforcements and issued orders for the regulation of the local trade. But in August a disaster occurred; a sudden rising took place, the British troops were overpowered, and over 1,000 were compelled to lay down their arms. The Government now discovered that the enterprise was a wholly wrong-headed one. Popham was recalled and tried by court-martial, and Baird was told that his action was not viewed with favour, and that he must prepare to surrender his command to a successor from England.

In January, 1807, Baird accordingly handed over the governorship of Cape Town to General Grey, who left it on record that he "found much to admire and nothing to change" in his predecessor's mode of administration. The latter embarked amid a shower of sympathetic and regretful addresses, in some of which the Dutch burghers themselves testified to the wisdom and justice of his *régime*.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 1806.
Definitely Ceded to Great Britain by the Netherlands in 1815.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"SEAFARER."—No instructions have apparently ever been issued for the guidance of officers of the merchant service as to the marks of respect that should be paid to Her Majesty's ships and foreign men-of-war of friendly nations, when meeting or passing them at sea or elsewhere. There are penalties enforced under the Merchant Shipping Act for refusal on the part of British ships to show their colours if demanded by the proper authorities, or for displaying improper colours, both of which occurrences are probably very rare; but there is nothing to guide seafaring men in what is an everyday affair in many parts of the world. The custom is for a British ship to dip her ensign on meeting one of Her Majesty's ships; but there is no uniformity in the practice, and vessels not unfrequently pass men-of-war without taking the trouble even to hoist their colours.

* * * *

"NOW OR NEVER."—War rockets are no longer included among our warlike stores, and their manufacture has been abandoned. Hale's rocket which was last used in the Army had no stick, and was of two kinds—the 9-pounder and the 24-pounder. The former was for field service, and the latter was chiefly used in fortresses. Their length was 16¾-in. and 23-in., and their diameter 2½-in. and 3¾-in. respectively. The range of the 9-pounder rocket, at an elevation of 5-deg. 25-min., was 1,000-yds.; at 8-deg. 40-min., 1,500-yds.; at 12-deg. 20-min., 2,000-yds.; and at 16-deg. 32-min., 2,500-yds. Its effective range was not more than about 1,200-yds. The 5-in. breech-loading howitzer is of far more use in South Africa than the rocket would be. When firing at a range of 1,500-yds. 50 per cent. of the rounds drop within a space of 23-yds. It makes good practice at 3,000-yds. The shells of the howitzers weigh 50-lb., and are constructed externally of steel and filled with lyddite. As soon as an object is hit, terrific forward and backward flashes take place. The new 5-in. howitzers were used for the first time in the expedition to Khartoum, and that was the first occasion on which a genuine howitzer had been utilised for active service in the British Army. Rockets were at one time largely used, especially against cavalry. To-day, however, the great range of ordinary artillery nullifies their use, with their short effective range. Before they were finally given up, they were used in savage warfare; but even then their moral effect, on which they mostly relied, was soon found to be growing less. Besides, "in a thick bush or forest country like Burma or Ashanti, rockets," says Lord Wolseley in his famous "Soldiers' Pocket-Book," "are likely to be as demoralising to your own men as to the enemy, owing to the eccentricity of their flight when they strike trees." The late Commander-in-Chief goes on to say that there is nothing better than the 5½-in. howitzer if the bush tracks be good; and if the piece has to be carried by men or mules, the 7-pounder steel gun is far the best weapon, or if long range is required, the 2·5-in. screw gun of 400-lb.

* * * *

"UNIFORMS."—(*a*) Sergeants in the Royal Marine Artillery do not wear sashes, but, like their comrades in the Royal Artillery, wear belts. In review order the drum-major wears a blue belt, embroidered with gold lace. (*b*) The uniform of the Field and Garrison Artillery is practically the same, except that officers, non-commissioned officers, and drivers in the former branch wear spurs, and ranks below the ranks of officer wear the number of their battery on their shoulder-straps, while their brethren in the Garrison Artillery wear the name of the territorial division to which they belong. ( ) Cavalry officers wear the article which you call a saddle-cloth in review order, only it is not called by that name. In the Household Cavalry it is called a shabraque, in Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, and Lancers a lambskin, and in Hussar regiments either a lambskin or leopard skin, as the case may be. (*d*) Gosling green is a dull, greyish green, somewhat like a faded leaf.

* * * *

"CIVIS."—Case shot will be found with all guns on field service. It consists of a thin metal cylinder packed with balls. The case breaking by the discharge, the balls are all liberated by the time they reach the muzzle, and spread over a considerable space. If the ground in front of the enemy is hard or stony, the balls will ricochet, and the result will be more effective. Case shot is used only up to 500-yds., and must never, of course, be fired like common and shrapnel shell over the heads of one's own troops. Shrapnel shell, loaded the reverse way, without plug or fuse, may also be used as case. A white band on a shell signifies that the material is steel, and a red band that the shell is filled.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

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THE KAISER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Many happy returns of his birthday (January 27) to William II., King of Prussia and German Emperor, and, let us not forget to add, an Admiral of the British Fleet and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Dragoons. Born forty-two years ago, the German Emperor now occupies a position in the councils of the civilised world the significance of which it would be difficult to over-estimate. The Queen's grandson, he has given many proofs of marked friendliness to this country, with the forces of which his own troops have recently been closely associated in connection with the difficulties in China.

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ROUND THE WORLD

WHAT are the patriotic lessons of the war? The question has often been discussed, and Sir Richard Temple proposes to enlighten the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street upon it this week. We may be sure that what he will say will be to the point, for he is a man of much administrative experience and a keen thinker upon Imperial subjects. He must necessarily traverse ground that is familiar to those who have weighed these questions, but it is good that in such a place patriotic lessons should be taught. There is no greater lesson surely than the convincing exposition of the Imperial spirit which has been evoked by the war, and a corollary to that exposition is the need of navigating with skill upon the Imperial flood tide. Here is the chief task of the new century, and one that will demand both foresight and sagacity. It imposes a heavy burden upon this country, and scarcely less so upon the self-governing colonies, but one cheerfully borne; and to mould public opinion, and to direct aright the impulses and the ideas of distant peoples, is the accepted function of statesmen at home and beyond the seas. They may well be fired by such a noble task, but they will recognise the great difficulties that lie in the path, springing, in fact, from the very principle upon which the Empire rests—that of the creation of nations which govern themselves, and yet are part of the Imperial whole. Sir Wilfrid Laurier told the British Empire League at Toronto that the existing relations between Canada and the Mother Country are satisfactory, but he foreshadowed the need in the comparatively near future for new arrangements. The Dominion of Canada—like the great colonies in the other continents—will yet demand, and will deserve to have, a voice in the Imperial councils, and it is in providing for the constitution of a truly Imperial Parliament that the greatest sagacity, combined with the highest creative imagination, of statesmen must be displayed. Happily, never was the force of Imperial sympathy so rich and generous as at the present time.

Photo. *Hawke.*

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. R. JOHNSTONE, R.M.L.I.,

Who has Recently been Awarded the C.B. for his Gallant Services in China. In his Official Despatch Vice-Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour says of him: "He kept pushing ahead of the trains on our advance to clear and protect the line. He it was who led the storming party I sent round on June 22 to carry the north angle of the armoury near Hsiku, and he has rendered very good service."

THE example of Canada has been of advantage to us in many ways. When Sir Frederick Sargood passed through the Dominion in 1897, he was surprised and delighted to see the Union Jack flying over the State schools, and upon enquiry he found that the regulations of the Education Department provided for the hoisting and lowering of the flag each day by a "flag officer," and that the privilege of holding this position was keenly competed for by the boys. When he reached his home in Victoria, he endeavoured to introduce the same system, but this could not be done for want of sufficient funds. The inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth seemed to him a fitting time to revive the idea, and we congratulate him upon the warmth with which his suggestion was taken up, and upon the enthusiasm with which his donation of 200 flags to the schools of Victoria was received. The example has been followed in New Zealand, where many flags have been presented to schools in Dunedin and elsewhere. To educate the rising generation in the ideas that inspired their fathers is an important part of training, and the hoisting of the British flag is a valuable object lesson for which the Australasian colonies are indebted to Canadian example. That it is a lesson from which they will largely profit we may be very sure.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

SUNRISE AT BERMUDA.

This Charming Picture represents the Handsome Little Third-class Cruiser "Pallas," Captain the Hon. W. G. Stopford, Lying at Bermuda in the Soft Light of the Rising Sun. Bermuda is a very Favourite Place of Call, on account alike of the Quantity of Fresh Provisions which can be Obtained there, of its Pleasant Climate, which has been Compared to a Perpetual Spring, and of the Beauty and Variety of the Vegetable Products.

WHILE we are writing of the good work of Canada, it may be appropriate to say something of what is being done by the Military College at Kingston, which was founded by the Dominion Government in 1875. Within recent years, the college has become a steady feeder of the Imperial Army, and during the war some seventy-four of its ex-cadets have served in South Africa. Fully 150 cadets have received commissions in the Army, and, latterly, the proportion has greatly increased. Colonel Kitson, who recently retired after four years' service as commandant of the college, has stated that nearly one-half of the young men who left it during the period of his command had received commissions. These young Canadians are of the best material for military service, being trained in outdoor pursuits, in winter games on the ice, in much hunting, and in summer amusements on lake and river. These occupations make them hardy, active, and ready, and they certainly have proved their qualities on many an occasion. Colonel Girouard, who has rendered such service

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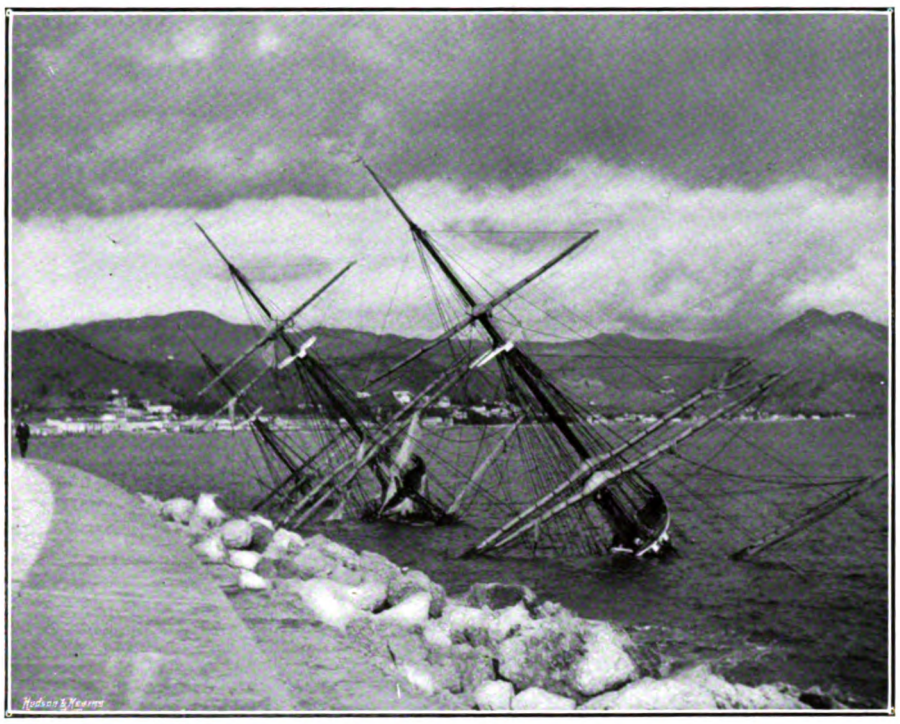
in the Soudan, and more recently in South Africa, in meeting the strain imposed upon the railways, is an excellent type of the Kingston man. The same may be said of Captain Robinson, who has rendered such valuable service in Sierra Leone, and of Captains Stair and Mackay, both of whom lost their lives in the service of the Empire in Central Africa. The college is of great value in strengthening the Militia organisation of Canada, and Colonel Kitson recommends that its operations should be extended. The institution has risen to a high place in the regard of Canadians, and its fortunes must receive the fullest attention from officials in this country.

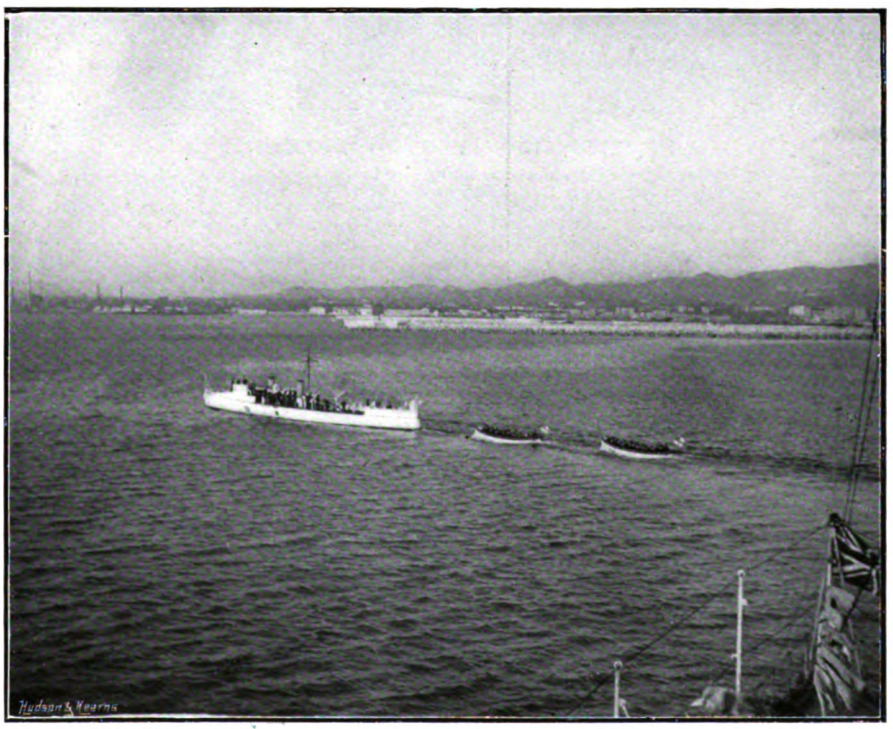
HOW shall the fighting in South Africa be brought to an end? Sir H. Meysey-Thompson argues that this can be done by securing control of, or destroying, every workable horse in South Africa. The remedy is a drastic one, but great diseases call for heroic remedies, and no doubt he is right in saying, since horses are perishable, that the fighting quality would be taken out of the Boers if fresh mounts were unavailable. We considered it impossible to get ponies from Basutoland, but there is too much reason to believe that the Boers did not hesitate and were successful in that quarter. They seized many horses in Natal, which the Government had neglected to buy up, and now they constantly visit farms and carry off animals. Why, says Sir H. Meysey-Thompson, are these not taken or destroyed? South Africa is a country of immense distances, and men without horses are like birds without wings. It is a great pity that De Wet was not deprived of his powers of flight. The argument put forward is that if we offer to buy horses, good or bad, to ride or destroy, all the horses will be brought in. Casualties and wear and tear would reduce the number of animals with the Boers, which they would be unable to replace from outside, and their power of ubiquity would vanish. Thus might we reach the end of the war.



A RELIC OF A SAD TALE.

The Photograph here Reproduced is of Peculiar Interest, for it Shows the Masts and Yards of the "Gneisenau," which Sank off Malaga with such Unhappy Results, as Seen from the Seaward End of the Pier. All other Photographs were Taken from the Shore End, since the Police Drew a Cordon through which they Refused to Allow Anyone to Pass. The "Gneisenau" was one of a Group of Five Ship-rigged Steam Corvettes which Compose the German Training Squadron, and was Named after the Celebrated Marshal.

THE German Emperor, whose portrait we give, will celebrate his forty-second birthday on Sunday and receive many congratulations. He succeeded his father in June, 1888, and within a dozen years has accomplished far more than most Sovereigns. He came to the throne at a moment when Germany was ready for a great expansion, but he has been much more than the crest of a wave, for he has inspired his people to new enthusiasms. When he began to reign, the German people had no conception of the significance of sea power, but there is probably no country in the world where the importance of that power is more fully realised than in Germany now. The change that has come over public opinion has been almost entirely due to the personal influence and the untiring zeal of the Emperor himself, and he sees the fruit of his labour. Although, after the Jameson raid, he despatched a telegram to Mr. Kruger which caused much bitter feeling in this country, he made amends by sending a friendly message to the Royal Dragoons, of which he is honorary colonel, when they departed to South Africa in October, 1899, and he has lately obliterated the memory of the notorious despatch by declining to receive the ex-President. If imitation is the best flattery, we should all be pleased with the Emperor William. He likes England and things English, and is making what he describes as his "world-empire" a copy of our own.



Photos. Copyright. *Ellis.*

THE LAST SAD RITES.

Here we have a Picture of Two Boats Full of Men being Towed Ashore at Malaga to Take Part in the Ceremony which Attended the Interment of those who Perished in the "Gneisenau." The Spanish Authorities Showed every Consideration and Respect, and British Seamen Participated in the Sad Ceremony. In the Corner of the Picture will be Noticed a Union Jack at Half-mast, while the Town of Malaga, as Seen from the Sea, forms the Background.

THERE is imagination in the Kaiser's temperament, and he has spontaneity and freedom of expression not common in modern rulers, appealing powerfully to his people. Many a time, at the launch of a ship, or the swearing-in of recruits, has he recalled the mythological glories of his race and the historical memories of his House, and never did he use more significant words than when he said that the future of Germany lies upon the water. He was speaking of her expanding commerce, her over-sea aspirations, and her need of sea protection, and more recently he has used words which have suggested with considerable force that he is building his Navy to counterbalance our own. Not the least important scene in his Imperial life was that at the Saalburg, near Homburg, last October, when he laid the foundation-stone of the Imperial museum in the old Roman *castellum*, surrounded by sword-girt Roman warriors and friendly German chieftains with long yellow beards, clad in the skins of bears. On that memorable occasion, speaking of the new German Empire, he expressed the hope that, through the harmonious co-operation of its princes, its armies, and its citizens, it might become as powerful, as firmly united, and as authoritative as was the empire of old Rome, so that as of yore it was said "Civis Romanus sum," so in the future might the saying be, "I am a German citizen." Throughout the German Empire the Emperor's birthday will be celebrated worthily, and he will rightly be congratulated in this country also, for its relations with Germany are most friendly, and her august ruler is a grandson of Her Majesty, as well as an admiral of the British Fleet, and is very popular among us.

EARL ROBERTS has now fully entered upon his duties at home, and has thrown himself heartily into everything that can be for the good of the Military Service. He has consented to become patron of the Naval and Military Exhibition, which is to be held at the Crystal Palace during

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the summer. It deserves to be widely known that this exhibition is intended as a jubilee celebration of the great exhibition of 1851, and that the various Naval and Military charities are to benefit. Season tickets to the Crystal Palace to the number of 50,000 are presented to the various institutions, and they will be credited with the proceeds of the sale in full.

SOME people appear to have been carried away by the recent reports of the trials of French submarine boats which have filled the daily papers. They imagine that the fantastic ideas of Jules Verne have been realised, and that submarine Navies are about to wage war, just as still more imaginative people look forward to the day when aërial fleets shall decide the destiny of battle. Granting that a submarine boat is an effective weapon for France, is there any reason to consider that it would be equally valuable for us? Does the peaceable householder provide himself with burglars' tools, or the big game hunter arm himself with the tiger's claws? Surely it is for us to devise, not such boats as the French are building, but others to wipe them out of existence. Not the least remarkable achievement of the latter end of the nineteenth century was to extend the range of audible communication, and we had scarcely entered upon a new century when we heard of stupendous achievements possible in the same direction. If, then, a fighting ship becomes lost to sight, is it not likely that she will yet be audible, perhaps through the revolution of her screw or other means of navigation? The M'Evoy torpedo-detector was an effort in this direction, and Mr. Elisha Gray, a well-known American electrician, has lately devised a means by which sounds can be heard at a distance of twelve miles under water. It seems reasonable to suppose that some such discovery or invention will be found adequate to deal with or to reveal the submarine terror. At least the suggestion may be put forward for the consideration of those who have been moved by the imaginative utterances of M. Calmette. It might be worth while to experiment with submarine boats, perhaps.

AMONG the many excellent movements that have been set on foot to assist the disabled soldier and his family, is the Lancashire Fusiliers' Compassionate Fund, which, as Lord Wolseley said, is an admirable means of helping the deserving and assisting to bring together the Regular, Militia, and Volunteer battalions of the regiment. There are now nine battalions of the Lancashire Fusiliers, four line, two Militia, and three Volunteer, and it was due to Colonel Lees Knowles and the officers of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion that the fund successfully started. It will be remembered how gallantly the Lancashire men behaved in Natal, and how one battalion of the Fusiliers was nearly cut to pieces at Spion Kop. Another battalion of the regiment is in Crete, and a third at Malta, and the initial idea was that it was the duty of the battalions at home to look after the interests of those abroad. The suggestion was that each battalion should raise £100 per annum to assist the members of the regiment in distress, including old soldiers. We heartily congratulate the regiment on the good work begun, and the example set might well be followed in other regiments.

Photo. Copyright. *Debenham.*

THE BANDMASTERS OF "THE FIGHTING FIFTH."

This Unique Picture Represents the Bandmasters of the Four Line Battalions of the Northumberland Fusiliers. The 1st and 2nd Battalions are in South Africa, and their Bandmasters were Attached to the Newly-raised 3rd and 4th Battalions at York. From Right to Left the Names Read: Mr. Wallace, 2nd Battalion; Mr. Ivermee, 1st Battalion; Mr. Smith, 4th Battalion; Mr. Shepherd, 3rd Battalion.

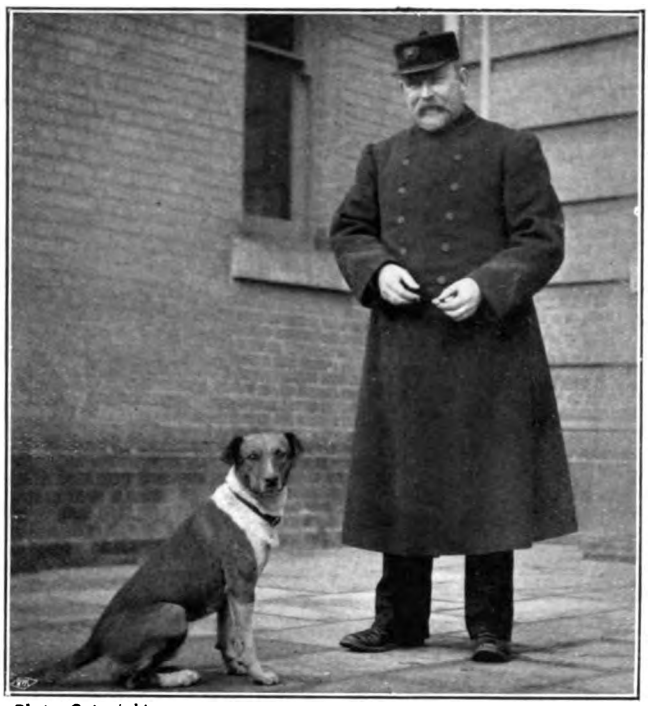

Photo Copyright. *Lisbo.*

DERELICT, BUT A GOOD SERVANT.

Here is the Superintendent of the Southampton Dock Police with the Dog Known as Police-constable Jack. He was Left Behind by an Officer Going to the Front, and he has since been on the Quay on the Return of every Troop-ship. He makes the Rounds Daily, having been Adopted by the Dock Police.

Lce.-Corpl. S. Doble. (1898-1900.) *Pte. D. Daley. (1896-1900.)* *Pte. J. O'Leary. (1900.)* *Pte. T. Morgan. (1899-1900.)* *Pte. R. Burge. (1896-1900.)*
Pte. E. Fowler. (1899-1900.) *Pte. R. Thomas. (1900.)* *Pte. C. Creswell. (1896-1900.)* *Pte. A. Wiltshire. (1900.)* *Pte. A. Richards. (1894-1900.)*

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

MEN OF HARLECH.

The Welsh Regiment Rugby Football Team recently had a Most Successful Tour in Southern India, Winning Three Cups.

Pte. J. Patch. (1899-1900.) *Sergt. J. Wilks. (1897-1900.)* *Lieut. L. W. D. Everett (Capt.) (1897-1900)* *Pte. D. Daly. (1894-1900.)* *Pte. . Climo. (1896-1900.)*
Pte. T. Jones. (1900.) *Pte. J. Watts. (1895-1900.)* *Pte. W. Harper. (1898-1900)* *Sergt.-Dr. W. Kent. (1896-1900.)*

A NEW illustration of American enterprise is found in the decision of a ship-building company on the great lakes to build cargo steamers of large size in sections for salt-water service. This was done several years ago with steamers built at West Bay City, but they were small, whereas the new boats are to be 350-ft. long, with a draught of from 27-ft. to 28-ft. The draught of the canal is only 14-ft., but the steamers will pass through owing to being built in two parts. Each half will have a bulkhead amidships, where the division is made, and it is intended that the half containing the machinery shall tow the other part through the canals to Montreal or Quebec, where the two parts will be joined together, and the vessel thus constituted will continue her course to the sea. The idea is ingenious and quite characteristic of American smartness. North America is richly endowed with splendid internal waterways, which the United States and Canada share, and amid the minor troubles that beset the relations of the two great races we hear little of any dispute as to the regulation of these systems of communication. They have played a great part in history, and their neutrality is now jealously guarded. They are arteries of commerce of supreme value both to Canada and the United States.

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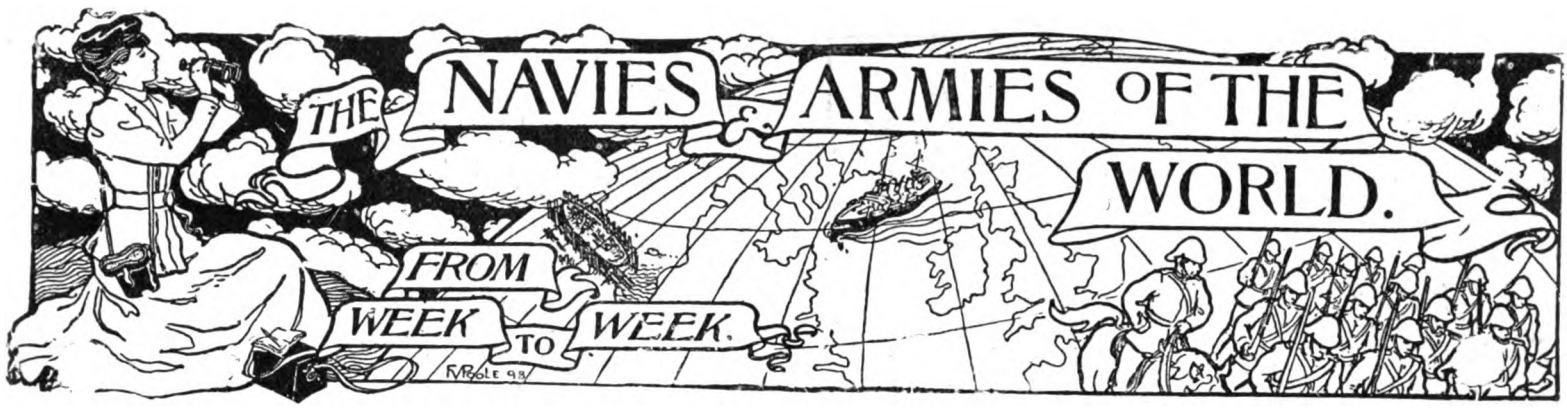

THE story of the grim dealings of De Wet with the three agents of the Pretoria Peace Committee near Lindley, ought to remind the English reader of one of the finest passages in one of Sir Walter Scott's most noble romances. The scene is that in which John Balfour of Burley, the Covenanter, kills Cornet Graham. The cornet was sent by his uncle, Graham of Claverhouse, to offer pardon to the Covenanters at Drumclog. When he approaches them with his flag of truce he is met by Balfour, who answers his summons to surrender, "on condition of a free pardon to all but the murderers of the late Archbishop of St. Andrew's," in words which some of the Boer leaders, being men very familiar with the Old Testament, might very possibly repeat: "In one word then, we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take our part and portion together, as brethren in righteousness. Whosoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God grant them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways." Graham insists on appealing to the "country people" who are with Balfour, and is warned, "Thou art a young soldier, friend, and scant well learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army but through their officers; and that if he presumes to do otherwise he forfeits his safe conduct." The cornet refuses to be intimidated, and the Covenanter shoots him.

* * * *

When the irreparable blow is struck, Balfour justifies himself to a doubting brother leader, who asks "What have you done?" by saying, "My duty. Is it not written, 'Thou shalt be zealous even to slaying'? Let those who dare now venture to speak of truce or pardon." Sir Walter took the full licence of a romance writer with the facts and the persons. Nothing like this happened at Drumclog. But it might have happened, and the spirit of the scene is perfectly accurate. The rule laid down by Balfour of Burley, who ought, by the way, to have been described as of Kinloch, has always been acted upon by all energetic leaders who were sure of their authority. During the late rising in Cuba, a Spanish officer who had gone into one of the insurgent camps on such a mission as that of the Pretoria Peace Committee was shot by the Cubans. The incident is only one more proof that in South Africa we are dealing with an implacable remnant of the Boers, who will yield to nothing but force. What makes the case all the worse is that our enemies are thorough fanatics, who are also practical men, and whose method of conducting their struggle is quite sane. It is a very formidable combination, and one of which there has been no recent experience in Europe. Fanatics no doubt exist, and take violent courses from time to time, but with us they are mere Nihilists and Anarchists who can only plot and murder. They are not organised and disciplined men acting openly in the field.

* * * *

That it is not sense to promote a Naval officer merely on the strength of his knowledge of mathematics would seem to be an obvious proposition, and yet we hear that it is done; and when you look into the matter it is not so surprising that the mistake should be made. A Naval officer must know some mathematics, and therefore he should be taught them. When once this is accepted as a rule, as it ought to be, nothing is more in the ordinary course than that success in learning should count to the industrious young officer for virtue. Nothing also is more natural than that mathematical study should be allowed to acquire a predominance. It is really so useful, and it can so plausibly be represented as indispensable, that it is pretty sure to take the whole field unless it is kept vigilantly in check. Admiral Bridge has argued in the *Times* with great force that a knowledge of foreign languages is of more practical value to a Naval officer than skill in mathematics. So it may very well be, and it ought to be allowed to count. There is certainly room for amendment, unless matters have altered very much of late. Twenty-five years ago, or thereabouts, when our ships were much on the coast of Spain, I had occasion to observe that there was not one single officer in any of them who knew any Spanish, and I knew of only one who even tried to learn, and he was a paymaster. It is a pity that this should be the case, but it is almost inevitable for several reasons.

* * * *

In the first place, by far the most useful language to a seafaring man is that which every British seaman has learnt in the nursery. He will find English spoken in every seaport in the globe, and very generally known by foreign sailors, who often prefer to speak it to him in order to practise themselves. Therefore he is not driven to speak another tongue, as a Dutchman or Russian is. It is for this reason that Frenchmen are as poor linguists as ourselves. Their own tongue is more or less known everywhere. Then it must be remembered that it is more difficult to acquire command of a foreign language than to conquer even a considerable amount of mathematics. There are men who have no mathematical faculty, but there are also men who have no turn for languages. The average man can master either one or the other, not eminently, but fairly, when he has the means of learning, and they are much more easily put in his way in the case of mathematics, of which there are teachers everywhere, and which can be acquired from books only, than in the case of languages. A teacher of languages must know both the tongue he is to impart and that of the pupil. The combination is not always to be found. To speak a language requires practice, and that is not always to be got. Besides, it is not all practice that will do. One need not enforce the point, but it is obvious that the French, Spanish, Italian, or German which comes most readily in the way of a Naval officer visiting a foreign port is not likely to be choice. He might easily acquire a certain local vernacular, racy and idiomatic, but not useful for serious purposes nor exactly fit for production in polite society. There is always this to be considered, that he must know what to learn to use in conversation, and for this it is best to have the guidance of an instructed person, which is not always to be met; and if he is to go far, he must have plenty of social practice, which it is very difficult indeed to get unless you are resident in a foreign country. If you are driven to books alone, then your knowledge is just as bookish as mathematics. Of course it may be enough for the literary man or scientific scholar, but the complaint, as I understand it, is that the training of Naval officers is too bookish already.

* * * *

The question is really, I venture to think, not whether a literary command of a language ought to be as effective towards securing an officer promotion as scientific—as apart from mechanical and rule of thumb—familiarity with mathematics. It is whether either of these forms of intellectual merit ought to count in the first rank towards winning promotion at all. There is much to be said for the contention that the first merit of a Naval officer is to be thoroughly trustworthy in the management of men and the handling of ships. The officer who gets the work done quickly and thoroughly, whom his captain can leave in charge of the watch with a tranquil mind, is visibly fit to command a ship. It is not equally certain that the mathematician or the linguist is. Of course, whoever says this is subject to be told that he is the defender of ignorance, and a whole array of common-places is produced against him. But the fact remains that, though the Naval officer must receive a certain theoretical training, his work is first and foremost of a practical nature, and his capacity can only be proved in the discharge of his duty. Moreover, it can only be estimated by the superiors under whose orders he has served. We have, however, become so afraid of "favouritism" that we are perpetually seeking for some way of selecting officers for promotion which will act, so to speak, mechanically. Of course, we take the Chinese device of examinations, which in the long run mean book-work, and can mean nothing else, and for this we are almost driven to prefer mathematics, because they afford a test which it is easy to apply. The remedy lies, perhaps, in being a little less afraid of favouritism. After all, is it not likely that a young officer becomes a favourite by showing himself smart, cheerful, and trustworthy?

DAVID HANNAY.

**** With this number of "Navy and Army Illustrated" is presented a portrait of our universally-lamented Queen.**

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Our Queen.

AS this issue of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is going to press the nation is waiting in an agony of expectancy for bulletins regarding the condition of the Queen. Since the evening of the 18th, and more especially since Sunday, when it became known that the Royal Family had been summoned, and that the German Emperor was hastening to Osborne, the country, the Empire, nay, the whole civilised world—for the sympathetic utterances of foreign nations have been loud and deep—have been racked with painful apprehension lest any moment might bring the worst of tidings. Before these lines are in print that worst of tidings may have arrived, and millions upon millions be plunged into mourning for a truly irreparable loss. But while there is life there is hope, and the faint glimmer of hope prompts everywhere the fervent prayer that this great affliction may yet be spared us, and our Queen restored once more to her loyal and loving people.

In this journal it is particularly meet that we should seek to give some special expression to our own and our readers' grief at the sad prospect of such an overwhelming calamity as would be the death of our beloved Sovereign. It is difficult in any mere words to give an accurate idea of the intense, the deep-seated, the passionate devotion which the Queen has inspired throughout all ranks of the Navy and Army. Loyalty to the Throne, coupled with personal courage, has ever been the distinctive characteristic of British sailors and soldiers, but never has that loyalty been more splendidly nor more substantially exemplified than in the reign of Queen Victoria. On the other hand, if, as Tennyson so finely sings, "a thousand claims to reverence" have "closed in her as Mother, Wife, and Queen," they have been nobly, gloriously embellished by what in two of those capacities Her Majesty has done for her fighting Services. The participation of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of York, as Naval and regimental officers, in the everyday life of the Navy and Army, was the finest demonstration which could possibly be given of the Royal Mother's anxiety to make her association with her Sea and Land Forces as intimate as the closest ties of blood could make it. As Queen, and the fountain-head of all Naval and Military honour and distinction, Her Majesty took every occasion of displaying an extraordinary personal interest in her sailors and soldiers of every degree, from the Commanders-in-Chief of the day to Bluejackets or private soldiers invalided from the front. Her grasp of Naval and Military matters has often been wonderingly alluded to by those in close attendance upon her, and she loved herself to aid in the maintenance of old traditions and time-honoured customs. She has been known to correct mistakes made by others as to whether a certain ship was a first or second class cruiser, and as to its armament, and her presents to regiments, as, for instance, those of the famous goats to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, have been habitually inspired by something more than mere kindliness, the just appreciation, namely, of that indefinable sentiment which to sailor or soldier means so much, especially when it receives such tender regard at Royal hands.

From many standpoints the Queen's relations with her Navy and Army have been of an intimacy and significance which could not be paralleled in the case of any other nation or any other British reign. Time after time since 1837 Great Britain has found herself in a position in which the possession of a powerful Navy and a more or less adequate Army, closely identified with the Sovereign and inspired by the most devoted loyalty to her, have been matters of grave consideration in the councils of Europe, and have made for peace when a different condition of affairs might have spelt if not war, at least a dangerous hostile combination against us. Where other Sovereigns might have felt less secure of the utter fealty of her fighting Services, our own Queen has throughout her noble reign been able to take it for granted that, if her Ministers advised her to go to war, her Navy and Army would fight no more strenuously for Country than for Queen. Foreign Powers must more than once have hesitated to provoke the storm that lies hidden under such sentiments as these, and to throw down the gauntlet to one who was not only Mistress of the Seas but the Sovereign Lady of an Army of which every member was proudly ready to shed his last drop of blood in the Queen's service. Of the multitude of instances in which loyalty has played a prominent part in accentuating some act of endurance or gallantry, few could be quoted more convincing than Alan Wilson's last stand with the ill-fated Shangani patrol. When, in final hopelessness of continued resistance or relief, that little band joined hands and sang "God save the Queen," as their enemies closed in and overwhelmed them, expression was given to the same emotion which has thrilled the bosoms of tens of thousands of fighting Englishmen, an emotion which has found characteristic illustration in not a few of Kipling's most forcible songs of barrack and battlefield, and which prevails in no minor degree from stem to stern of every British war-ship afloat.

The feelings with which the Services have been accustomed to regard the Queen have been accentuated, it is needless to say, by her public appearances, more especially those in which the Navy and Army have grandly taken part with a view to celebrating the glories of Her Majesty's two Jubilees. The Jubilee Naval Review at Spithead and the Jubilee Military Review at Aldershot in 1897 occupy pages in the annals of the Empire to which loving reference will often be made by future generations of sailors and soldiers, and were spectacles which those actually privileged to witness them will assuredly never forget. The long lines of ships in the one instance, representing the greatest Naval force the world has ever seen, and the notable collection of picked troops in the other case, had an interest of themselves, but one easily obscured by the pregnant reflections which were associated with both events. Of such reflections the personal aspect was perhaps best exemplified at Aldershot when the Queen drove past the various corps and from Guardsmen, Highlanders, Irishmen, Rifles, and every other sort of regiment, broke cheer upon cheer as, with helmets hoisted on swords and rifles, the soldiers of Great Britain "let themselves go" in sheer exuberant loyalty and enthusiasm.

The war in South Africa, while it has accentuated very sadly and pathetically the Queen's interest in the Army, has naturally intensified the bond of devotion which links sailor and soldier to her service. The Queen's personal bereavement has been no inconsiderable one, but she gave it no prominence such as might lead any to suppose that for an instant she had intermitted the grief which the death of the humblest of those at the front had caused her. Rather were the weeping widow or mother who had lost husband or son in the war drawn nearer in womanly sympathy with the aged Sovereign, who had thus given one more sad proof of her self-identification with her country's sorrows, as well as with its joys and triumphs. Throughout the war the Queen has been known to be in the closest touch with every phase of the operations, and her interest has been displayed from time to time in very touching fashion. Those who were present at the inspection of the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry prior to its despatch, will remember the absolutely appropriate and touching little address which she made, beginning "You who have always served near me," and ending with a prayer for their safe return. Other similar addresses she made on similar occasions, and, as batches of wounded have come back from the front, she has gone personally to visit them in Netley Hospital, giving the men flowers with her own hands and saying to each a kindly word.

Small wonder is it that with so many and such tender claims to their regard and gratitude the Queen's personality has been indelibly impressed upon the Navy and Army, till they feel that to them she is something more than Queen. This feeling, too, is extended to the remotest corners of the world, and includes not only the stalwart sons of Greater Britain, who are girding on the sword in the greater colonies, but the dusky inhabitants of India and a hundred other British possessions, to whom the idea alone of the Queen's existence forms such a marvellous link in the chain of British Imperial rule.

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"Ours" Up to Date.

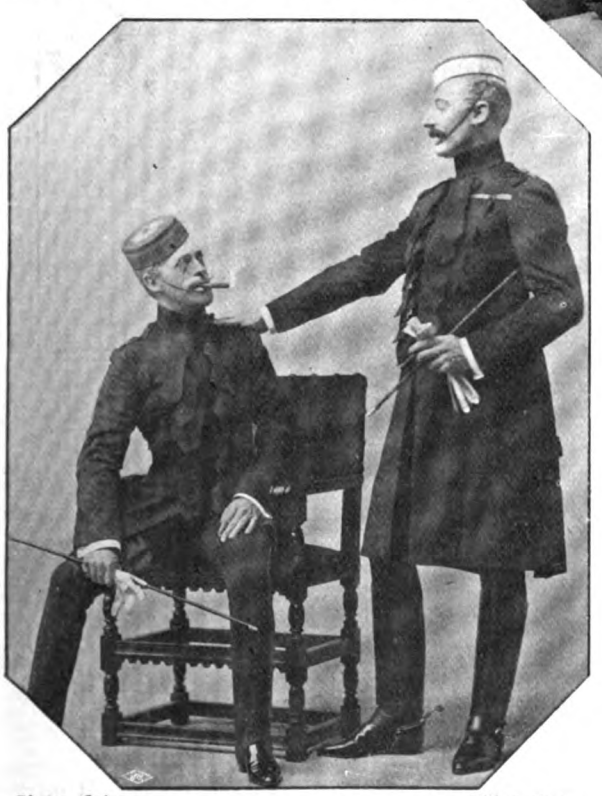
IF ever there should be any difficulty in filling up the ranks of the British Army, all the War Office need do is to commission Captain Marshall to write a few military plays. "The Second in Command" is irresistible. It sends one away, with chest thrust forward and shoulders squared, feeling that scarlet is the only wear, and a soldier's life the ideal of human bliss, and the ring of the bugle the finest music in the world. Uniforms have an attraction for all of us. So universal is the instinct that makes us hanker after spurs and frogged coats and jack boots and forage caps, that it must be a healthy instinct, and one which it is quite right to gratify. Captain Marshall gratifies it in full measure. British officers, as he presents them, are splendid creatures, almost as splendid as Ouida's famous Guardsman in "Under Two Flags." You may be jilted by the girl you set your heart upon, but, *en révanche*, you are admitted to be the best of good fellows. Your men and brother officers may call you a martinet, but *la princesse desirée* falls into your arms at a word and a look. When you are wounded, Beauty and Fashion wait upon you hand and foot, and a Royal Duke pins on to your breast the V.C. you have won by saving the life of your dearest friend. As for privates and non-commissioned officers, they are presumably as cheery and witty and altogether delightful as their officers. In short, the play is of the sentimental type; a realistic setting around a pleasantly artificial group of characters, who work out a pleasantly artificial plot; Tom Robertson's "Ours" up to date.

To press the resemblance between the two pieces would be far from my present purpose, which is to recommend all playgoers who like a pretty story, skilfully told and cleverly acted, to go to the Haymarket Theatre. There are tears and laughter in full measure in "The Second in Command," and, supposing that you are willing to concede to the dramatist a little more rope than the stern realist would approve, you will find it a charming entertainment. What if the Colonel and Major of the 10th are wittier and nobler than the average? All the more reason for being glad to make their acquaintance. What if the plot be of that order in which explanations pursue mysteries hot-foot, always (until the fourth act) arriving just a moment too late to clear them up? All the more relief when the tension is relieved at the end, and we know that everyone will live happy ever after. "Ours" has given an amount of pleasure quite out of proportion to its chances of taking rank as a classic, and "The Second in Command" is better than "Ours," because the common stock of playwriting ideas has been largely increased since Robertson wrote as a pioneer, and because Captain Marshall picks up with a nimble and adaptable wit, all the ideas that are going.

In a much worse play such a brilliant sketch of "the man who fails" as Mr. Cyril Maude's Major Bingham would attract all who are interested in good acting. It is a finished study of one of those "good chaps who never succeed in this world." "Binks" does succeed in the end in Captain Marshall's play, but this is a concession to the feelings of the audience. Really, the unfortunate Major would either have failed to get to South Africa at all, or would have made some terrible blunder when he did take the field. Our hearts rejoice over his bravery and its reward, but our heads obstinately decline to believe that Fate shakes out her dice thus outside the theatre. "Binks" was born to be a "duffer," and duffers seldom get in this world just the one kind of chance they are capable of taking. All the same, there is no more popular figure in fiction than the lovable duffer who comes out well in the end, except perhaps the unlovable "man who has some good in him after all." Mr. Maude takes full advantage of this predilection in "Binks's" favour on the part of his audiences, and you can feel their sympathy with the little Major running round the theatre in perceptible thrills at every crisis of his career.

MR. A. AYNESWORTH AND MISS S. CARLISLE.
Colonel Anstruther's First Meeting with Muriel. A case of "Love at First Sight."

MISS M. BEAUMONT AND MR. VANE-TEMPEST.
The Imperial Yeoman and his Sweetheart, whose Farewell Present is a "Pocket Medicine-chest."



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MR. C. MAUDE AND MR. A. AYNESWORTH.
The New Colonel and the Old Major, who has been Passed Over, but they Remain Excellent Friends.

The most touching dramatic moment in the piece is "Binks's" condemnation to stay at home while his regiment goes off to the war. Into the pretty sentimentality of the rest of the play there is suddenly thrust this tragic incident, for it is tragedy as Mr. Maude plays it, and it grips every imaginative spectator with poignant pain and power. You have seen the cheery little man jilted without wincing. As a suitor, he is not in it with his commanding officer. The pangs of despised love in his case have left you cold. But here is a different story. "Binks" is a comic figure no longer. Under the shadow of a great grief he becomes another man, almost a hero. It may seem that it is only a tragedy to soldiers, but surely this assumes audiences of narrow sympathy. "Binks's" bowed head and clasped hands, when he is left alone and the bustle of departure sounds outside, express finely the emotions for which the situation calls.

Mr. Allan Aynesworth makes the Colonel a gallant figure and a tender lover. But who would not be tender and loverlike with so sweet a heroine as Miss Sybil Carlisle? Miss Muriel Beaumont, too, is winsome and daintily gay, and has some capital scenes with Mr. Vane-Tempest, who gives an amusing sketch of an idle young aristocrat who joins the Imperial Yeomanry. The acting and setting are, indeed, excellent all round. The officers look like officers and behave like officers, except when they make love in the mess. But, as three out of the four acts pass in barracks, they cannot very well make love anywhere else. **H. H. F.**

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THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY.

The Loss of the "Sybille."

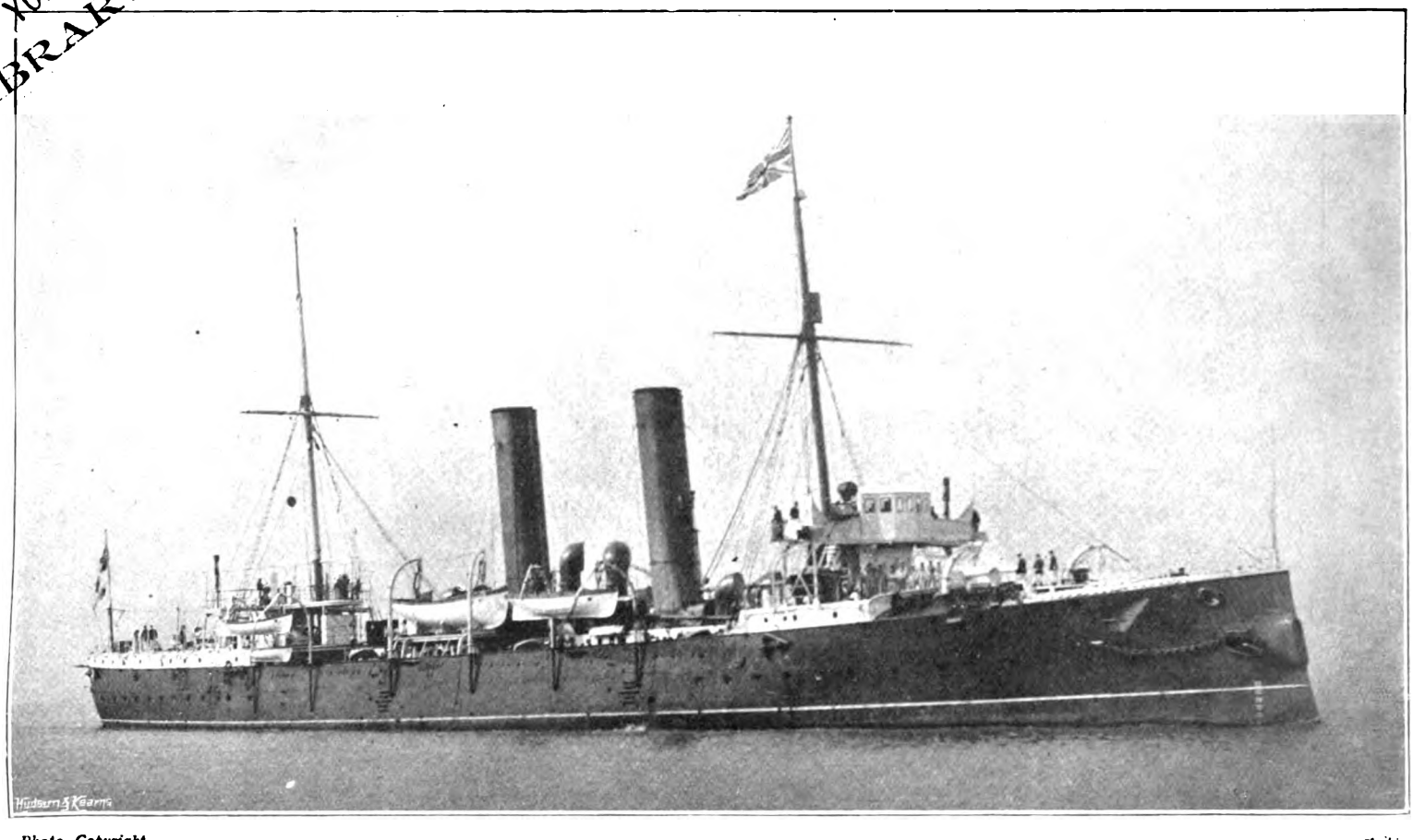

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

THE "SYBILLE" LEAVING PORTSMOUTH FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

The "Sybille," second-class cruiser, went ashore at Lambert's Bay, South Africa, on January 16. She had arrived at this place for the purpose of landing men in connection with the rebellion in Cape Colony, and while there a gale came on and she put to sea, but was driven on the rocks some three hundred yards from the shore. All the crew, with the exception of one seaman, were saved.

Distinguished Visitors at Port Elizabeth.

Photo. Copyright. *J. W. Goldsbrough & Son.*

GENERALS BADEN-POWELL AND BRABANT AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

Generals Brabant and Baden-Powell paid a visit to Port Elizabeth towards the end of December, and they were received, as might be expected, with the greatest enthusiasm. Both the Hero of Mafeking and the Colonial veteran will be seen in our picture with a group of the committee and others who have taken the provision of soldiers' comfort in hand.

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THE brave defence of Basing House by a little band of determined Royalists against the repeated attacks of the Parliamentarians, more than ten times their number, is one of the most stirring incidents in all the annals of the great rebellion. In its position commanding the road from London to the West Country, and defended as it was mainly by "Popish and beggarly lords and cavaliers for and about the King," this Hampshire castle could not fail to attract the attention of the Parliamentarians, who, indeed, spared no efforts for its reduction, whilst its brave garrison were equally resolved that nothing but dire necessity should ever let it fall into the hands of "the obstinate traiterly rogues," as some amongst them styled their adversaries.

"If the King had no more ground than Basing House," said Winchester, "I would maintain it to the uttermost." This was the spirit in which he entered on the siege, and it was the spirit with which he held out to the end. He himself had no wish to be drawn into the war that was making such havoc in the country. He retired into his house, hoping to remain there quietly and forgotten until the evil days were over. But it was not to be. Neutrality was impossible in times when the whole country was divided against itself, and when those nearest to each other in relation or in affection found themselves ranged on opposite sides in the great struggle.

Winchester himself gives a vivid description of the castle of Basing in the diary he kept during the long and weary months of the siege. "Basing Castle," he says, "the seat of the Marquisse of Winchester, stands on a rising ground, having its forme circular, encompassed with a brick rampart lined with earth, and a very deep trench, but dry. The loftie Gate-house with foure turrets looking northwards, on the right whereof, without the compasse of the ditch, is a goodly building, containing two faire courts. Before them is the Graunge severed by a wall and common roade, againe divided from the foot of Cowdrey's Downe by meades, rivulets, and a river running from Basingstoke, a mile distant upon the west. The south side of the castle hath a parke, and toward Basing towne a little wood, the place seated and built as if for Royaltie, having a proper mottoe, 'Aimez Royaultê.'"

Here it was, in this strong castle, with the standard bearing its proud motto floating in the breeze, that in July, 1643, Winchester, seeing signs of the coming storm, made preparations to meet it. Unfortunately, the garrison numbered but six, besides servants, whilst the armoury was almost destitute of muskets; but an urgent message to the King brought Colonel Peake—"sometime picture-seller at Holborn bridge" and "a seller of picture babies"—with 100 musketeers to his assistance, their well-timed arrival and well-planned attack leading to the utter discomfiture of Colonels Harvey and Norton, who were at that moment in very sight of victory.

On being thus relieved for a time, the garrison now turned their attention to the fortification of the place, a matter of no little difficulty when a mere handful of men had to defend an area of 14½ acres. But day by day more and more men arrived at the castle, and women, too, all of whom took their share in the dangerous work of the days that came after. Led by the "Ladye Marchionesse," sister of the "slow-going, inarticulate, indignant, somewhat elephantine man," the Earl of Essex, the brave ladies not only cheered husbands, brothers, and sons by words of encouragement, but they gave their help with the bravest in the defence of the walls which had so hospitably given them shelter, and when ammunition was exhausted and no relief was at hand they busied themselves by casting into bullets the lead stripped from the houses.

SIR WILLIAM WALLER,
Who Led the Parliamentarians at Basing House.

In November Waller was at Farnham, the Parliament base, and from there he prepared to occupy Odiham and Alton, and determined to proceed against Basingstoke. Troops from London came by forced marches to his support, and on November 5 no less than 7,000 soldiers were mustered in the little village of Chilton Condover, between Alresford and Basingstoke, every man among them full of hope and good cheer in prospect of the easy task that lay before them. Early next morning, long before dawn, the whole force was on the move, 7,000 horse and foot marching through a dense fog along heavy roads that impeded their progress, with a thick November fog blinding their eyes and dripping from the trees above them; and it was long past noon before the sentries on the watch from "the stately gate-house of the castle saw Waller's 7,000 horse and foot lying before the house."

Waller wasted no time, but at once began operations, and by a ruse managed to draw some of the garrison from the castle. These were at once taken prisoners, but his attack on the house which followed was completely repulsed. At four o'clock some ten or twelve shots were fired from the ordnance then Waller sent a trumpeter demanding a parley, and requesting Winchester to surrender. But with characteristic determination the Marquis made an answer "that Basing was his own house, which the law told him he might keep against any man. That it was now more particularly commanded by His Majesty, who had put a garrison in it, beyond which command he knew no obligation." With this message the trumpeter was sent out of the house "by a strange way which he knew not," and an unpleasant way, too, for he stuck in a morass, and only left it covered with mud, whilst he lost his horse, which was "a very stout one,

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and about £20 valew." All next day was given up to further desperate attacks, and on the 7th Captain Clinson took the Grange, a good vantage point from which the Parliamentarians could with effect storm the garrison fortifications and earthworks. Here they did great damage, and step by step gained ground from the enemy, until fighting was hand to hand, with sword and pistol, desperate and bloody and Waller's men, having little cover except that provided by the church, lost heavily; but they pushed on bravely until they had gained the outhouses, where were stores of every description—bread, bacon, milk, wheat, poultry, pigs, and all sorts of household goods, such as feather beds and the like.

OLD BASING CHURCH.

Only the absence of "granadoes, petards, and other engines" kept Waller from realising the fruits of his success, and at nightfall he once more asked for a surrender, which was again refused. Next day Colonel Peake and Colonel Johnson, with the old Governor Rawdon, made a very gallant sortie to destroy the outhouses and to drive off the Parliamentarians from the food they had found therein; and so well was it planned and so bravely carried out, that they succeeded in pushing forward to the Grange yard, where a hand-to hand fight ensued, in which Clinson was killed, and Johnson's life saved only through the bravery of "two or three stout fellows of the garrison." The approach of night and the losses he had sustained compelled Waller to fall back from the Grange, which by this time was almost completely destroyed. Leaving behind some of his arms and many of his killed and wounded he retreated into the fields, where he bivouacked for the night. Two days later he renewed the attack with still greater fury. But being once again repulsed, he finally withdrew his troops, and on the 5th retreated to Farnham.

All through the winter months until the spring, and again until spring had given place to early summer, the siege was continued in desultory fashion, the enemy contenting themselves chiefly by harrying the country and preventing the accumulation of supplies at the castle. But in June Norton with a large force closed round the house, and things indeed became desperate. Food was scarce, the days and nights were hot, and there was insufficient salt to keep the meat, which had therefore to be thrown from the castle walls. Small-pox was rife in the garrison, whilst the men were getting weary of the protracted siege. Winchester saw that it would need all his stubbornness to hold out much longer; but, with the same courage and coolness that he had shown from the first, he gave his commands for the defence and divided his musketeers into three companies, two to be on duty whilst the third took rest, each company and each man being appointed to their separate posts to guard and defend against the desperate attacks which all knew must be expected from Norton.

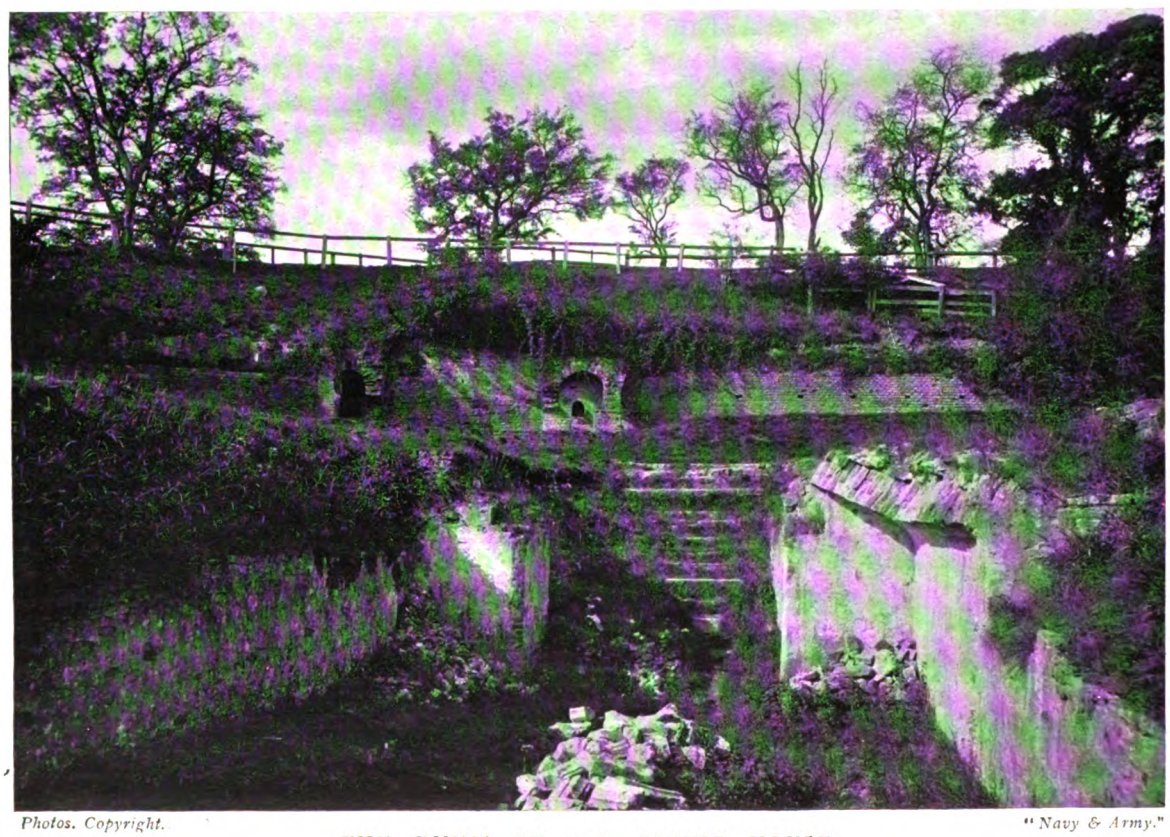
During the next week the garrison made two successful sorties, and drove the enemy out of some houses from which they had greatly annoyed the garrison; the next night they surprised them again and burned all the houses between the castle and the church, and the blue coats themselves fired others, until half Basingstoke was in a blaze. Then the bells rang out the alarm, and relief came to Norton, who drove the cavaliers back, only, however, for them to come on again with greater fury, until Norton had to retire to take cover under the hedges and palings of the park.

A week later two companies from Farnham came to join the Parliamentarians, and the siege was pressed in real earnest; but news of the King's success at Cropredy raised the spirits of the Royalists, and volleys were fired in honour of the joyful event, which so enraged the enemy that they battered the kitchen and the gatehouse "till a lucky shot hit the carriage and struck the demi-culverin. The enemy's lines are now within half musket shot, the Marquis is hit in the cheek, and towers and chimneys begin to suffer."

On July 12, Norton being absent, General Morley took upon himself to send a summons to surrender, to which Winchester sent "this sadain answer": "I keep this House in the right of my soveraigne, and will do it in despite of your forces."

In spite of this bold reply Winchester knew full well that surrender would be forced upon him if help was not forthcoming, and that soon. Again and again he sent messengers to Oxford entreating for aid, but the task had been too difficult, and none had been sent to him. In September he sent a last notice, declaring that in ten days he must surrender if assistance were not given.

This time Colonel Gage immediately offered to undertake the task if only a good troop of horse were raised to go with him. The men were at once forthcoming, and the garrison was told to expect relief on September 4, but a week's delay ensued before Gage started on his hazardous march, all his men wearing



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THE RUINS OF OLD BASING HOUSE.

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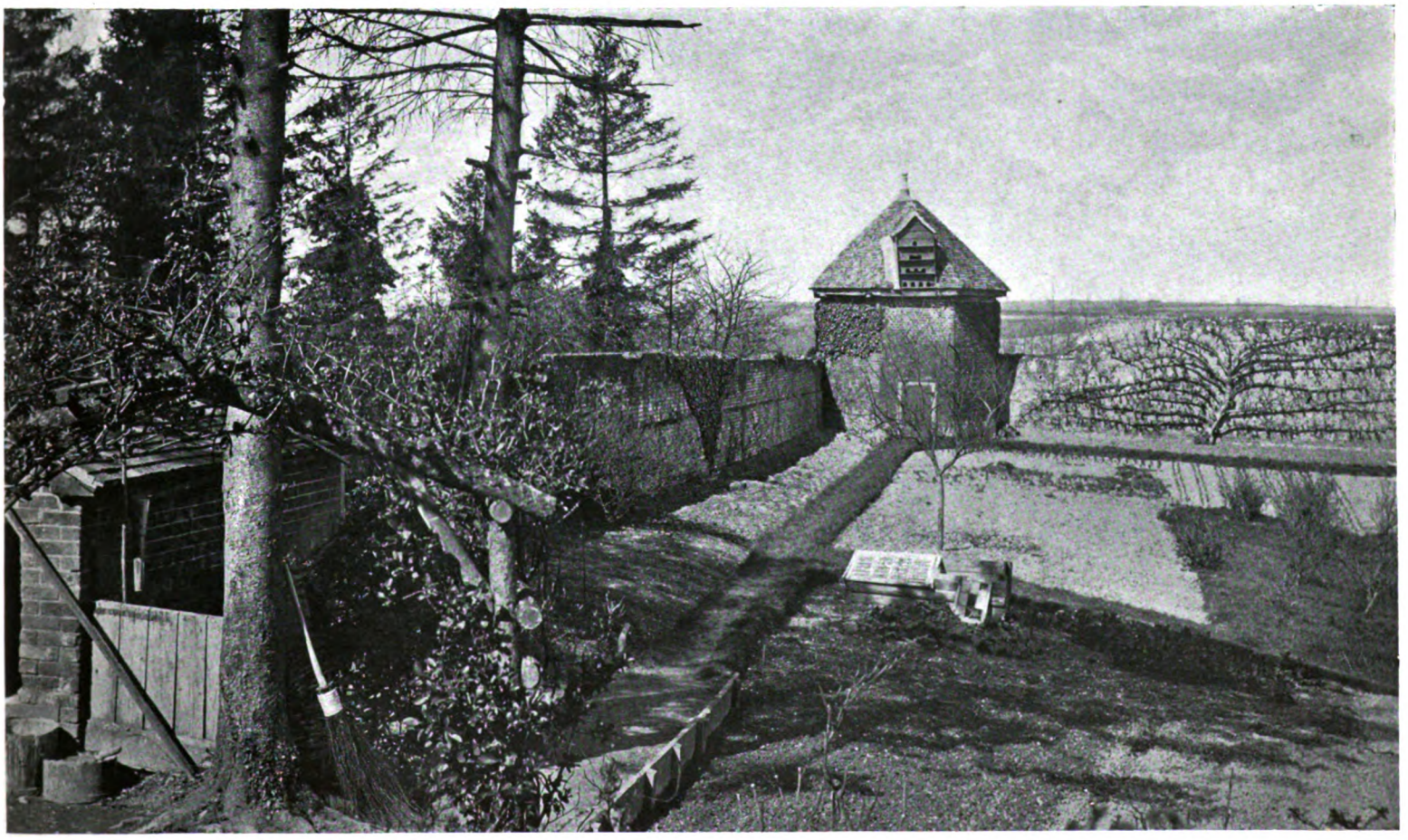
"orange tawney scarves, and ribbands in their hats" to disguise them as Parliament men.

Noon of the 4th saw the anxious garrison straining their eyes in hopeful expectation of the proffered relief. A thick fog prevailed, but for all that fires were lighted to welcome the relieving party, but no sign of them appeared. To raise the spirits of the soldiers three companies were sent out to make a sortie. They captured the enemy's redoubts and one gun, but with the loss of three men killed and wounded they were obliged to fall back and leave the gun. It was not until the 12th that Gage, having defeated Norton on Chinham Down, arrived before the walls, his trumpets sounding to give notice of their approach. Then fighting every inch of the way, he at last found himself in touch with the garrison, and with his "bold band of Blacks," each one wearing a white tape or handkerchief on his arm, marched into the castle, bringing with him twelve barrels of powder and 12-cwt. of match. Then they fell upon the town, and carried off all the malt, oats, bread, bacon, and powder they found there, and brought them into the garrison; whilst the Parliamentarians were swept out of Basingstoke. Two days later, realising the fruitlessness of their efforts, they threw up the game, and Gage returned to Oxford with the loss of eleven men killed and forty or fifty wounded. All Oxford turned out to welcome him and his brave men on their entry into the town. But Gage was a man who cared not for such publicity, and whilst the waiting crowds were eagerly watching for their hero, he slipped in by a back street and rode quietly away to his quarters.

It was not until November 15, however, that the siege was finally raised, it having been so agreed by the unanimous decision of the Council of War, Cromwell being especially in favour thereof. It was only just in time, for the brave garrison were all but spent, the men half naked and worn out, whilst there were 100 sick—a large proportion in so small a company. So ended the first siege. And for a time Basing House was left in peace, though the garrison unfortunately fell to bickerings amongst themselves, their religious differences leading to serious dissension; so at last Governor Rawdon was ordered to leave the castle and to join General Goring on his march to Oxford; after which it was decreed "that the garrison of Basing House should consist only of Roman Catholics, and that the Commander-in-Chief should be of that religion."

THE GATEWAY.

In September, 1645, the castle was once more besieged. "Colonel Dalbiere," says the "Exact Journall," "hath raised a battery very near Basing House. He plays fiercely upon them, hath beaten down one of the towers; he wanted men and more great guns. It may be that Lieutenant-General Cromwell may come or send him help." In October Cromwell sent 800 men to reinforce Dalbiere, and on the 8th he himself arrived to undertake the siege, bringing with him siege-guns and a complete train of artillery. The garrison by this time were too weak to withstand the determined assault to which they were subjected, and on the 14th the Roundheads poured into the castle on all sides, slaughtering all they met and giving no quarter until the whole castle was in their hands. Winchester escaped only through the kindness of Colonel Hammond, whom he had treated well when their positions were reversed and he himself had held the latter his prisoner. When their rage was somewhat appeased the men fell to plundering the gold and jewels and tapestries until they found the castle was on fire, when they hastily left the building, dragging with them all the booty they could carry. In accordance with Cromwell's suggestion, Basing was utterly dismantled, and only a bit of ruined wall, the old gateway, and the dovecote (which once did service as a battery) remain to tell the tale of the house which so well deserved the name of "Loyalty."



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THE DOVECOTE OF OLD BASING HOUSE.

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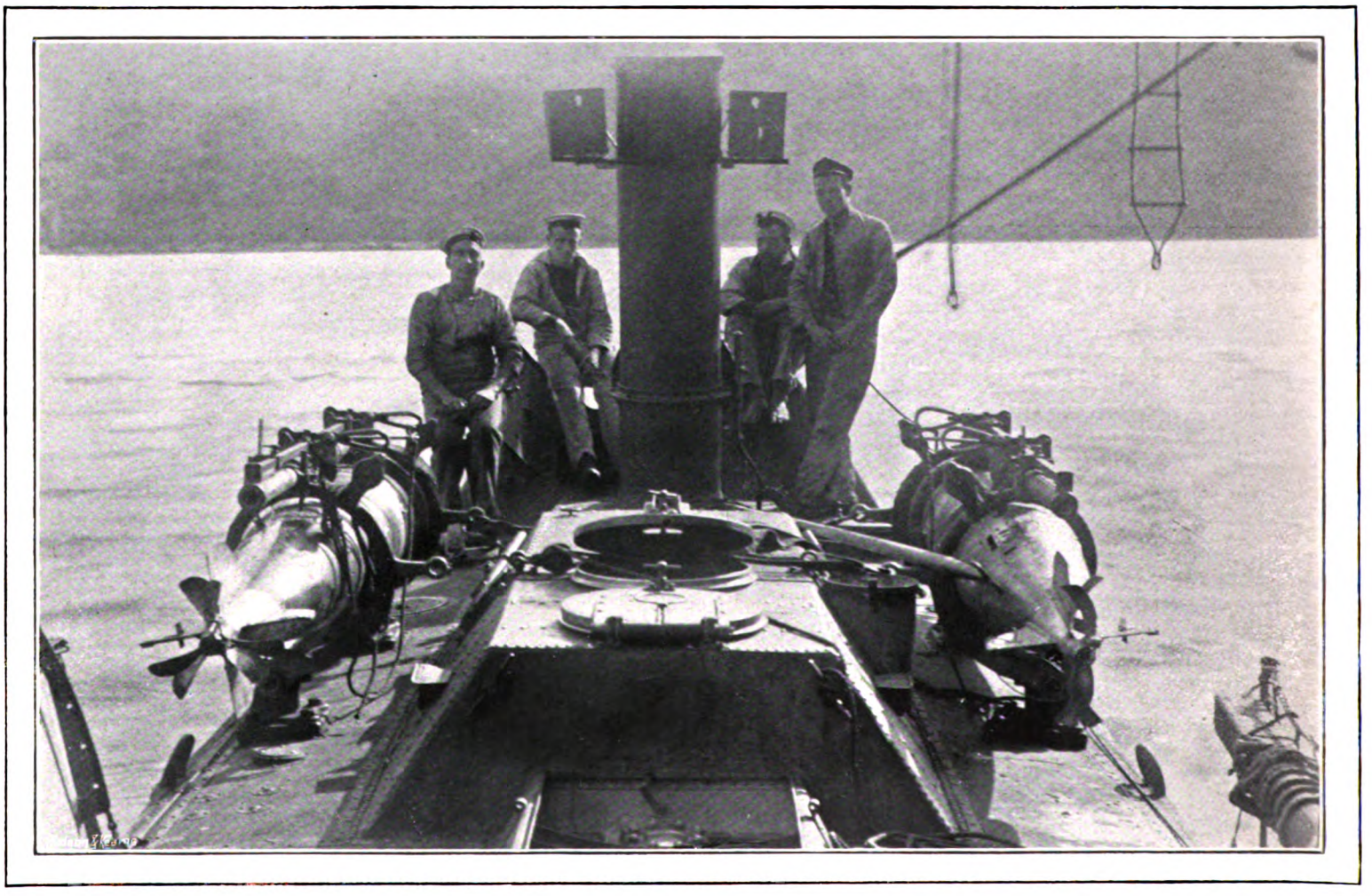
Away Up the Levant.

IN VENERABLE CLASSIC SCENES.

The "Vulcan," "Royal Sovereign," and "Thetis" in Platæa Harbour.



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ALL READY FOR THE RUN.

A Second-class Torpedo-boat Fitted with Dropping Gear.

For a considerable portion of the year part of the Mediterranean Fleet cruises to the Eastward. The work is not liked, as it does not present the social amenities of a stay at Malta or a visit to some of the Italian and Spanish ports; and, after all, life aboard is sufficiently monotonous to call for a little excitement when it can be obtained. Still, as Greece is kind to this country, and allows us to make a certain limited use of her ports and islands, it follows that a good deal of work is done during the Levant cruise. Torpedoes are run and gun practice is carried out. One of our pictures shows British ships at anchor in the port of Platæa. It is a pretty port, but small, and used to be dangerous, for it is but a very few years since a rock was discovered in the fairway. Our other picture shows a second-class torpedo-boat, such as is carried by all big ships.

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PHOTO. LAFAYETTE, 172, NEW BOND STREET.

OUR LAMENTED QUEEN.

"Her Court was pure; her life serene; God gave her peace; her land reposed; A thousand claims to reverence closed In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."—TENNYSON.

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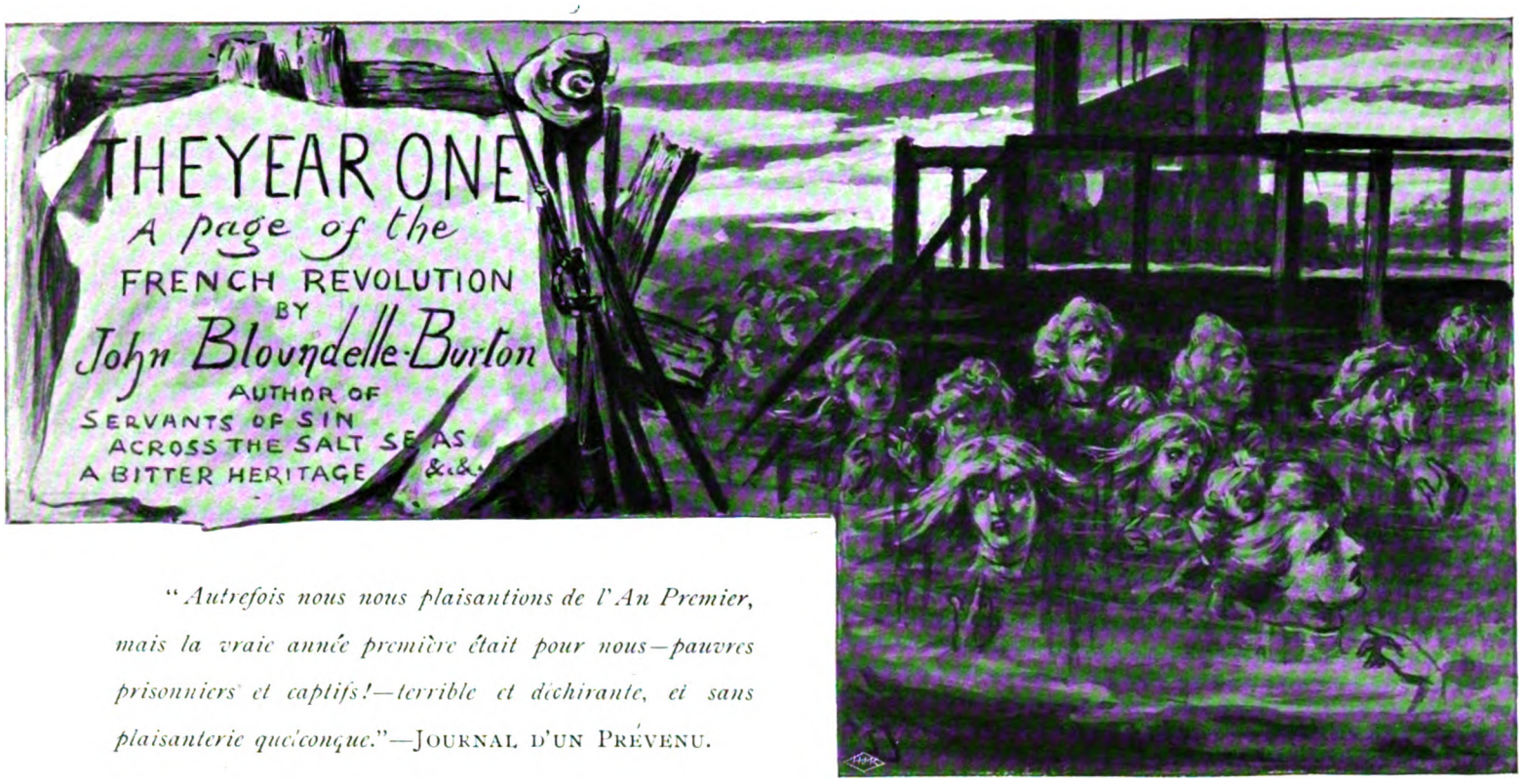

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE HOPE, of the "Dragon," has gone ashore with the ship's launch at a small village on the coast of Brittany, named Bricourt, with a view of procuring water for the casks. Here he has encountered a young and beautiful Frenchwoman, who, after stating that she is the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, and, of course, of the Royalist side, informs him that she is anxious to escape from France and the horrors of the Revolution, and asks if she can be received on board the English man-of-war. Receiving his captain's permission to fetch the lady off to the "Dragon," Hope goes ashore for her at night and brings her away, after having first stumbled across another woman in the churchyard whom he at first imagines to be she. When they have proceeded half the distance they are, however, intercepted by two chaloupes from the French ship. A terrible hand-to-hand fight then takes place, the lieutenant in command is slain by George, and he, himself, is wounded, and, at the moment of his triumph, he falls fainting at the feet of the insensible marquise. Directly after this they have been captured by some men of the Republican forces quartered in the neighbourhood and are taken before Lucienne's husband, who is now the Mayor of the Commune, and is styled Jean Aubray, since all titles have been abolished.

CHAPTER VII.

ADELE TELLS HER STORY.

JEAN AUBRAY, the *ci-devant*—as all who had ever borne titles in France were now called—continued to sit on in his chair upon the lawn before the great grey stone house, and to drink from the glass at his feet while the sun sank farther and farther behind the Château, and the shadows of the trees grew longer and longer.

To look at him as his beady oriental eyes glinted and glanced from side to side of where he sat, or peered occasionally down an alley of old hazel trees, while at the same time he bit his nails nervously, one might have supposed that he waited anxiously the coming of some other person. And his mutterings and self communings might also have fostered the same supposition.

"For six days," he murmured now, "nay—rather—for seven; ever since the English ship of war lay outside, she has been watching for a chance to communicate with one of the officers coming ashore. Yesterday she succeeded. The old man, Martin Pol the stone cutter, knew that she was sheltering behind the buttress of the church, and waiting for an opportunity to speak with him who was in command of the boat; Adèle was inside the church and heard all they arranged. The church," he continued, with an intonation of contempt, "the church stuffed so full of her aristocratic ancestors that some have to lie outside as though they were beggars. *Ciel!* they could have chosen no better spot for a rendezvous than the tomb of one of those ancestors, nor one more specially fit than that which contained the body of a Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt. *Fichtre pour tous les d'Aubrays!*"

He paused in his mutterings now, though doubtless not in his meditations, but still his eyes were glinting and glancing everywhere around, while there was still in them that watchful look which is unmistakable. The look of one who awaits another's coming, who is sure that that other will come and, consequently, wonders why he or she has not already done so.

"All through the night," he went on, speaking aloud to himself now, "all through the night I listened in the room towards the sea, yet heard no noise, no sound of pistol or musket shot. Therefore she has escaped, since, had they been fired on either from the ship or her boats I must have heard it. I watched until nigh dawn, not seeking my bed till then. She has escaped and is in Jersey by now—with many of her aristocratic friends of this neighbourhood and elsewhere; those friends who have always scorned me and my father; those dear friends who told *her* father he would better have consulted her honour and her birth in putting a knife to her throat than in letting her wed me. Dear friends! those dear aristocrats of this most aristocratic land who spoke of my father, and of myself, with a clear accentuation of our titles that was meant to mark and—curse them!—did mark their disdain, while behind our backs they cursed us as renegade Jews, Turks, Levantine scoundrels—dogs! Ha! well—*à chacun chien son jour.* The Lescures are in hiding, though they say that they and La Rochejaquelein mean to arouse the land into a counter revolution; many have fled; La Ruffardiere was hanged last week *à la lanterne* at Nantes, and his daughter would have had me beaten! So, so."

He drank a little more from his glass now, and then continued his meditation.

"Since she must have escaped," he went on, "I am as free as though—as though—this new-fangled thing they call *le petit Louison** had sliced her head off. Just as free. As an *emigrée* she has forfeited every right in France, as well as her life, if she returns. I am divorced and free."

"Divorced and free," he repeated to himself, and then again muttered the word "Free" as though that aroused some stronger thought than the one which preceded it. "Free! Yet am I? Well! we will see."

His musings and mutterings reached a further point than these and, doubtless, would have continued for a still longer period, had not his shifting eyes discerned at last a figure which was coming towards him from the nut tree avenue.

This figure was that of a woman tall and slight—*svelte*, to use the expression of the country—a woman with eyes dark and starry as are summer nights, one who possessed masses of coal black hair, braided partly above her head, and partly falling in ringlets over her shoulders. Upon that head she wore a round straw hat which had drooping flaps and, for decoration, the eternal tricolour. Her white dress was open

* At this period of the narrative, a short note upon the guillotine may not be out of place. It was originally called *Le petit Louison* after a M. Louis, who was undoubtedly its first projector in France, though Dr. Guillotine—of hideous recollection, and a man "dammed to everlasting fame"—was the person who caused it to be adopted in France. As is well known, it was not a new invention. The Romans, the mediæval Germans, the English and the Scotch had all used a similar instrument, such as, with the two latter, the Halifax gibbet and the Scottish Maiden. Experiments in France were commenced on the dead bodies of criminals in Bicêtre; the first living person executed was one Pelletier, a common footpad who had attempted robbery with violence. This was on April 25, 1792. The first *political* victims (viz., of the Revolution) were three men named D'Angremont, Durosoi, and La Porte, executed respectively on August 21, 25, and 27, 1792. D'Angremont was an inferior civil servant, Durosoi was an Editor of a Royalist journal, a poor effete paper, afraid to speak its mind and contenting itself with giving the names of suspects, La Porte was the minister of the civil list. Had Durosoi died first instead of second of these three, literature (if his miserable efforts could claim to have any share in the art) would have had the honour of providing the first victim to that thing of blood and crime called the French Revolution.

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in front and displayed thereby a flowered petticoat, while, behind, it trailed on the ground, and she wore, also, a white laced kerchief tied loosely round her throat, but puffed out beneath her chin like a pigeon's breast. Altogether, this woman, whose age might be between twenty-five and thirty, presented a striking and handsome appearance that was marred—if one may say that it was marred at all—by a somewhat sinister glance which her large dark eyes occasionally emitted.

"So, *ma belle*," said Jean Aubray, as he still sat in his seat and made no attempt to rise from it—he not having acquired the manners of *La vieille roche* at the same time that he became possessed of their titles, "so you have brought me some news. Well! what?"

"I will tell you when I am seated," the newcomer said, as she passed by him while giving one glance, half a glance at his face, from those dark eyes. Then she went on to where the great stone steps curved up towards the terraces of the Château, and brought a light wicker chair down to where the man sat. But she made no further remark upon his lack of politeness, and contented herself with regarding him as though waiting for some question to be asked her. Whereupon, he, falling in with what he understood her to mean, and also because he was full of curiosity to hear whatever she might have to tell him (which he divined would be of considerable importance) said:

"Well! has all happened as I thought? Has she escaped in the English ship?"

For a moment she did not reply but, instead, held him, as she knew she was holding him, in suspense; then she said quietly:

"She is within five minutes' distance of this house. In that time she will be here."

He quitted his chair now, since excitement caused him to do that which a lack of good breeding had prevented him from doing earlier, and, jumping up hastily, stood before her in much agitation.

"Here!" he repeated, "here! she will be here in five minutes. *Grand Dieu!* she is not gone then. And I——"

"And you will have to obtain your freedom by other means than pleading for a divorce from an *emigrée*," the woman interrupted, while, as she spoke, there seemed to be almost a tone of triumph in her words. "Oh! fear not," she continued, "there are such means—and sure ones—nowadays in France. Means equally as sure as divorce or more so," while as she spoke, her eyes, so large and starry, pierced his that were so small and twinkling. And as she looked at him she said to herself, "Ay, and doubly sure. Means that once taken leave no doubts behind as to their efficacy. None."

"Explain, Adèle," Jean Aubray said now. "Tell me all. Has she abandoned her intention, has she returned to plague me—to plague us?"

"She is a prisoner in the hands of the soldiers of the Legislative Assembly."

"The soldiers of the Legislative Assembly," he exclaimed, repeating her words again, as his excitement had caused him more than once to do. "What does it mean? What? Tell me."

Briefly, Adèle Satigny did tell him all that she knew, which was everything. For, during the whole of the preceding night she had watched and listened as she took her place on the sand the moment after the launch of the "Dragon" had quitted the shore, and what she had not been able to see or hear by night had been made clear to her when the day broke. She narrated also to Jean Aubray, with whom she seemed to be on terms of strange familiarity, how, when the dawn broke and she saw the boat so near to the land, she had fled swiftly towards the village and had summoned the local gendarmerie and the officer of the small force of artillery quartered at Bricourt (which had formed a portion of a larger force distributed all over what had been the ancient province of Haute Bretagne) to come and arrest the would-be fugitives.

"And, *mon Dieu!*" Adèle Satigny said now to her companion, "they were willing enough to do so, especially when I told the officer that the man endeavouring to aid the aristocrat in her flight was an English officer, the creature of that Pitt who promises to restore the Bourbons to their throne. *Diable!* he does not hasten much."

"But," said Jean Aubray, "what am I to do?" while as he asked the woman the question there came into the corner of each of his dark eyes a little yellow-brown speck, which seemed to twinkle in the last rays of the setting sun. "I can commit them to the prison in Rennes, and—and—well—a tribunal can be found to—let us say—to conclude the affair. But—but—this is Brittany; these cursed aristocrats are stronger here than elsewhere. They will rise ere long in a counter revolution against us, and she is a D'Aubray. And, also, they despise me."

"These," said Adèle Satigny, "are the reasons why you should *not* commit them to the prison in Rennes. They are absolute reasons, since their trial would not be a fair one. *Tu comprends?* You can send them elsewhere—to—ah, *mon Dieu!*—to where, if all is true, they will get a fair trial, and a quick one. To——"

"To where?"

"To Paris."

For a moment the other looked at her, while as he did so she saw very clearly those two glittering specks in his eyes, and understood well enough by what intense agitation they were produced; then he said very slowly, and as if meditating very deeply:

"To Paris," and drew a short, quick breath, while adding a moment later, "If I were but sure."

"Sure. Pschut! To-day is the twenty-eighth of June." Then a moment later the woman almost hissed in the other's ear, "Have none yet told you what happened a few days ago? The mob entered the Tuileries and confronted the Ki—Louis Capet—and the Austrian woman, while the former assumed the red bonnet, and she gave them ribands and May branches. What does that mean? Say, Jean Aubray, what does it mean? *Ciel!* it will be a bonnet of deeper red that they and every cursed aristocrat must yet wear, and—and—is not this woman—your wife *at present*—an aristocrat, though you, in truth, are none?"

"Yes," he replied, still speaking slowly, while there was a calm in his tones that had in it something threatening—something that sounded menacing. "Yes, yes—perhaps—perhaps—it must be—Paris. I know, I know—Danton is there. He will see justice done to—me."

"And," whispered Adèle Satigny to herself, "to me at last."

Then, speaking aloud, she said, "*Voyons, mon Jean*, I have waited long—long; and once, five years ago, you broke a promise sworn to me because your soul craved for this aristocrat, for any aristocrat who would become your wife. Well! you got your way," and she laughed a bitter caustic laugh, while showing, as she did so, the whitest, most even set of little teeth. "You got your way and your aristocratic wife. But—it was not a success, say, was it, *mon ami?*" and again she laughed. "They, these aristocrats, scorned you—well! no matter for that, you are one of the people now, one of the new rulers, the citizen Jean Aubray, and you have a duty to perform; is it not so?"

"Yes," he said, still speaking very slowly; "yes, I have a duty to perform. It is so."

"That is well, and, now, you will perform all duties, keep all promises! All? *Tu comprends?*"

"All," he answered while looking at her; though as he did so there came a troubled glance into his eyes. One that spoke of, maybe, some doubt, some fear, within him. "All."

"*Soit!* thus it is well." Then, suddenly changing her theme, she said, "They should be here by now."

"Ah, yes, they are bringing them here. Bringing her to her own house; the house of her family!"

"Why, yes, my friend. 'Tis for you to make the committal, is it not? Her committal to——"

"To Paris?" he whispered.

"To Paris," she answered, "yes, you understand, you are not dense. To Paris."

"I cannot do that—myself. But I can examine them, and then I can recommend the Council of Public Safety at Rennes to do so. Upon that recommendation they will do it, and thus we shall be quit of them."

"You will be quit of her, that is what you mean, I think."

"That," replied the other, looking her full in the face, "is what *we* mean."

In reply to which remark Adèle only laughed again as she had done before, and showed her little white teeth.

Nor was there time for any more words to be exchanged between these two, even if they had desired that such should be the case since, at this moment, there advanced down the same alley by which Adèle Satigny had come, a party of about a dozen persons. Of this party, and walking at the head of it, was the officer of artillery who had trained the cannon on to the launch as she drifted helplessly near the shore a mile away from where the Château de Bricourt stood; he being followed by some of his men, while in the rear came the old stone cutter Pol and two or three of the villagers.

But between the soldiers and the civilians, there walked the two persons who were the most important of the group, and the cause of that group being where it was—George Hope and Lucienne—Lucienne, Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt by birthright and succession, and now the wife of Jean Aubray, her judge.

She had not been made a prisoner in any way beyond the fact that, surrounded as she now was by those who had captured her, it would be utterly impossible for her to escape and thus regain the freedom which she had once possessed, but with her companion it was otherwise. His hands were bound together in front of him, while on either side of him there walked one of the artillerymen carrying a drawn sword.

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Thus Lucienne returned to the ancient home of her family from which she had endeavoured to escape; thus the man who had striven so to help her saw that home for the first time.

———

CHAPTER VIII.

"CONTEMPT IS HATE—ASLEEP."

JEAN AUBRAY and his female companion sat on in their chairs regarding the advancing group which, in a few moments, stood before them—the eyes of both Adèle Satigny and Jean seeking those of Lucienne alone. Yet the glances which each bestowed upon the unhappy aristocrat were not alike, since, in the woman's eyes, there was a look of spiteful malignity as well as triumph, while, in the man's, there was an ill-assumed scowl of disdainful severity. Neither had, however, any power to stir the pulse of Lucienne, prisoner though she was; while, on the other hand, her own calm and contemptuous regard as it fell first upon one and then upon the other, moved each of them to their inmost fibres. For, if a glance could speak—and surely glances can!—it conveyed as plainly as words could do, that those who sat before her were unworthy to even be in her presence. Yet the man of unknown and ignoble origin, before whom she stood a prisoner, was her husband and her judge; his friend—the woman whose mother had been her own mother's maid—sat by and was to hear that judgment.

As for George Hope, little need be told. One knows, or, not knowing, can well imagine with what calm indifference, if not contempt, such a man would bear himself in similar circumstances. He was an English gentleman, an English Naval officer, loyal and true to the Sovereign whom he served, while those by whom he was surrounded served rulers who, at the best, were rebels to the long-constituted authority of their country.

"Citizen," said the officer of artillery, addressing Aubray now, and speaking with a brevity which was admirable if only because it went straight to the point, "this woman endeavoured to depart from France in opposition to the law. This man endeavoured to aid her in doing so. Being near the shore after their attempt had failed, I arrested them. The law is precise upon the subject, any person endeavouring to leave France without permission——"

"I know the law, citizen-commandant," interrupted Aubray, "you need not repeat it. Do *you* know it, citizeness?" he asked, turning his eyes upon his wife.

"I know," replied Lucienne, and in her voice as in her glance there was a coldness, a contempt that might have pierced an even more ignoble heart than his, "of no law which can prevent an unhappy woman from endeavouring to flee from an unworthy husband. Doubtless, however, there are laws to punish such an attempt."

"There are, as I fear you will find to your cost. When you appear before those who have to judge of your acts, you will learn that they will regard you as an aristocrat desiring to become an *emigrée*. Citizen-commandant," continued Aubray, "you may announce to the citizeness the decree referring to such persons."

"Listen, citizeness," said the captain of artillery, producing a paper from his pocket which he began to read. But ere he had proceeded half through his task, and had got no further than the information that all persons who attempted to quit France without permission of the Legislative Assembly would, if captured, be tried as guilty of high treason against the State, and that their goods would be confiscated according to a decree of February of this present year, Lucienne interrupted him.

"These things," she said, "are known to all in the land. There is not a tree, nor milestone, nor door of any public office on which is not affixed a notice of this fact. You need read no more."

"There is, however, something more," exclaimed the officer, doubtless understanding very well the reason why his female prisoner had endeavoured to prevent his reading the conclusion of the proclamation. "It refers to the punishment of those who endeavour to assist would-be emigrants in their flight."

"Which," said George Hope, interrupting in his turn, "if you intend to read for my benefit, is also unnecessary. I have been ashore in your country before yesterday, and have perused your proclamation in various public places. Your information is not required."

"Therefore you know," said Jean Aubray, "what your actions expose you to equally as well as the Citizeness Aubray knows to what her action has exposed her."

"Yes, I know, and I have very little fear. The coalition of the civilised Powers of Europe, my own country included, will doubtless put a stop to the power of your so-called Government ere long. And, for the present, England and France are at peace. I am not afraid."

"Well! we shall see. Our 'so-called Government' works quickly."

But to this the other vouchsafed no further answer than such as might be afforded by a shrug of his shoulders.

"At this moment there advanced down the alley a party of about a dozen persons."

Yet, in his own heart, he knew that he had placed himself in deadly peril by the act which he had committed, though, at the same time, he did not intend to give this man and the handsome woman who sat by his side the gratification of perceiving that he did know it. He was not oblivious of the fact that, in endeavouring to assist an aristocrat to escape from France, he had committed an offence in the eyes of the French Government for which there was a punishment swift and condign—a punishment no less than death. And to this offence, which was one that might have been glossed over or, at most, have been but lightly punished, since France and England were at peace and the Legislative Assembly feared nothing more than that England should join the other Powers now awakening to the enormity of that Assembly's acts, he had added another and a deeper one. He had slain, and caused to be slain, French sailors in the execution of their duty—he, an officer of a still friendly Power, or at least of a Power with which this land wherein he stood was not at war! and, though he had received his captain's permission to do what he had done, how would that avail him here? Here! where what was called a "Government" was little short of an anarchic tyranny, where men were already being tried and condemned in the morning and hanged at night (since the guillotine had scarcely yet begun its horrible work), and where, in many cases, scarcely any records were being kept of their victims,

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while those which were kept were too often utterly inaccurate.*

Indeed, he was not ignorant of the fact that this man sitting before him and regarding him with those glistening, beady eyes, might, if it so pleased him, hang him up on the lawn on which he now stood a prisoner, and it was not only very doubtful, but also almost certain, that his fate would never be known in England. While, although George Hope did not actually know that which was unhappily the case, this state of things was but the beginning of a worse one yet to come.

One hope he had, however; a hope of safety not only for himself but for his lovely companion in distress, and that hope lay in his ship, the "Dragon," and in the stern, manly nature of her captain. For if (as he supposed might be the fact) she had gone in pursuit of "Le Furieux," in consequence of the failure of the launch to return, and when the captain of the "Dragon" would surely believe that he and Lucienne were prisoners on board the former, that officer would undoubtedly put back to Bricourt on discovering that such was not as he imagined. And then—then! no power on earth, no so-called supposititious peace between England and France would prevent the captain from taking a landing party ashore and scouring the country for miles around, not only in search of his own officer but also of the lady to whom they were giving a passage to a ship flying the English flag. While, also, were there not some of the sailors still alive in the launch, and would not they possibly be able to give information as to what had happened? For he did not think that they had been made prisoners as well, since, from the time that he and Lucienne had been taken ashore, he had seen no more of them.

Yet now he was to learn what their fate had been. A fate that sealed his own.

The citizen-commandant was narrating to Jean Aubray the description of how his men had gone out and seized the boat after *l'Anglais* had slain two of them with the muskets, and how he had found it full of dead and dying sailors. He was narrating this as George made the above reflections, and he arrived now at the fate of the launch itself.

"Knowing, citizen," he said, "the savage ferocity and brutal nature of these English" (doubtless he forgot that he himself was an officer of the Revolution), "and that one can never be sure of what that ferocity may lead them to do, I took steps to prevent any of those men who might be alive, from endeavouring to assist these—these individuals."

"Good!" exclaimed Aubray; "good! you are a true patriot. What did you do?"

"Doubtless he murdered them all!" exclaimed George. "He did not hesitate to fire cannon at a boat containing a woman; he would not be likely to spare wounded or dying men."

The citizen-commandant gave a malignant grin as he glanced towards George while the latter spoke, and then he said, "No, *mon brave*, no; you are wrong. Knowing the love of all your countrymen for the sea, over which, I understand, you consider yourselves to have full sway and empire, I caused it to be sent adrift again. *Ma foi!* if the sun and the lack of fresh water does not finish those men's business, you must be even more tough than you boast of being. Yet, since there was a strong tide running out to sea, they may drift over to your beloved England if one of our French vessels does not encounter them and sink them with a round shot."

During all that had been said, one person of the group, and she an important one, had uttered no word but had sat as still as a statue, while looking straight before her. Once, indeed, when Lucienne and George had first been brought before Aubray, she had raised her eyes to those of the other woman with a bold defiant stare in which there was an expression of both mockery and insult. Yet the answering look which she saw in Lucienne's own eyes—if, indeed, it was meant to be an answering one—was such that she blanched and quailed before it. She did not do so, however, from fear—for what had she to fear from one who was a prisoner, and that a prisoner already doomed, who must be doomed?—but because there was so deep a disdain in those more calm and haughty eyes, so withering a look of patrician indifference and contempt for this low-born rival, that the latter was subdued. She was subdued and crushed in this the hour of her ignoble triumph by one who stood before her a lost woman, yet one who, even in her downfall, despised her.

But if she turned her eyes no more towards Lucienne, she turned them now towards the man sitting by her side, and asked a question of him with them; the question, "What next?" whereupon he said, while rousing himself from an almost lethargic meditation into which he appeared to have fallen during the recital of the citizen-commandant, and addressing both the captives:

"It is impossible for me to give any decision as to what is to be done with either of you. You both come before me in my capacity of Mayor of the Commune, as appointed by the Legislative Assembly. You must go to Rennes, where there is a National Court, and then it will be decided what steps are to be taken to—well!—well!—to arrive at a judgment. Sir," he continued, addressing George, and it was observed by all who heard him that he spoke now in a grave and decorous manner well befitting one who adjudicated upon the cause of others; "sir, you belong to another country, to one at peace with ours, yet you have seen fit to outrage us. I know not what may be your fate, but it will not be in my hands."

"I can meet it," answered George Hope, "no matter from what source it springs."

"Doubtless, doubtless," muttered Aubray, still in quick, unemotional tones. Then, turning to his wife, he said, and again all present noticed that his voice was tuneless and dead and that it might well have issued from the lips of some magistrate addressing a woman he saw for the first time, "As for you, Citizeness Aubray, you have thought it well to endeavour to emigrate from this country while knowing what laws have been passed recently, both as to the prevention of emigration and the punishment thereof. You have seen fit to quit your husband's roof while aware that that husband has espoused the cause of the people and the rights of that people. There is nothing for me to say. By your own act you must be judged."

"I, too, can meet the consequences of my own act," Lucienne replied, calm and unmoved as before. "I am not the first person by some thousands who, since eighty-nine, has endeavoured to quit this unhappy country, nor shall I be the last. While, when those who have to judge me hear all that I have to tell, it may be that, in spite of the principles they have adopted, they will do me justice." After which, and as though she desired neither further conversation nor further sight of those who were sitting before her, she turned her head away from them, whereby her glance fell, as it could only fall in such a case, upon the countenance of George Hope.

"Forgive me," she whispered to him, and to his astonishment she spoke in broken English; "forgive me for what I have brought you to."

Whereupon George, not trusting himself to speak, told her by one look that there was no need for her to ask pardon from him. Nay, if that look conveyed all that he desired it should do, it also told her that if any power might ever enable him to help her further, that power would be manfully exerted.

"Here," said Aubray, who had been writing busily with a pencil for some moments, to the citizen-commandant, "is the order for their reception in the prison at Rennes; it will only be required of you, citizen, to give similar evidence to that which you have given me. No more is needed, since you took both prisoners after the act of attempted escape on the woman's part, and the act of assisting her on the man's. As you know, Rennes is but fifteen leagues from here; a waggon will convey you and your men and the prisoners."

"Where is this waggon, citizen?"

"In my stables. Horses shall be put to it. Meanwhile, I will ask you to refresh yourself and your men. The prisoners shall also be seen to. The Assembly treats all well who fall into its hands."

"At least until they are found guilty," replied the citizen-commandant with a smile.

"Yes, until they are found guilty," replied Aubray, in a voice so low that none heard him but the officer and one other, Adèle Satigny.

Adèle Satigny, who repeated inwardly the words, or almost the same words the two men had uttered, whereby the words which she whispered to herself were:

"Until *she* is found guilty."

(To be continued.)

* As a proof that such was the case, records still in existence show that fathers were often executed in the names of their sons, mothers in the names of their daughters, brothers for brothers, and *vice versa*, and, as often as not, strangers for strangers, with, in some cases, servants for masters; while, when the names were actually those of the persons who suffered, they were garbled out of all recognition in the spelling. Students may still spend days over these records searching for the proofs of a person's execution who actually was executed, but whose name was recorded under a totally different one from his or her own. The accounts of the trials, also, are monuments of the awful injustice inflicted upon people whose descriptions had got confused. To give one instance out of hundreds, a cook named Joan Clerc, who was locked up in a guardhouse in Paris one night when intoxicated, was executed later as another person. Indeed, she was murdered for language she had never used to people she had never seen, in a place where she had never been, upon a night when she was incarcerated elsewhere. Some French writers have found excuses for such things in stating that, as often as not, neither the jurors nor the presidents of the tribunal could read or write, while others have found extenuating circumstances for them by asserting that they were themselves more often than not in a state of intoxication.

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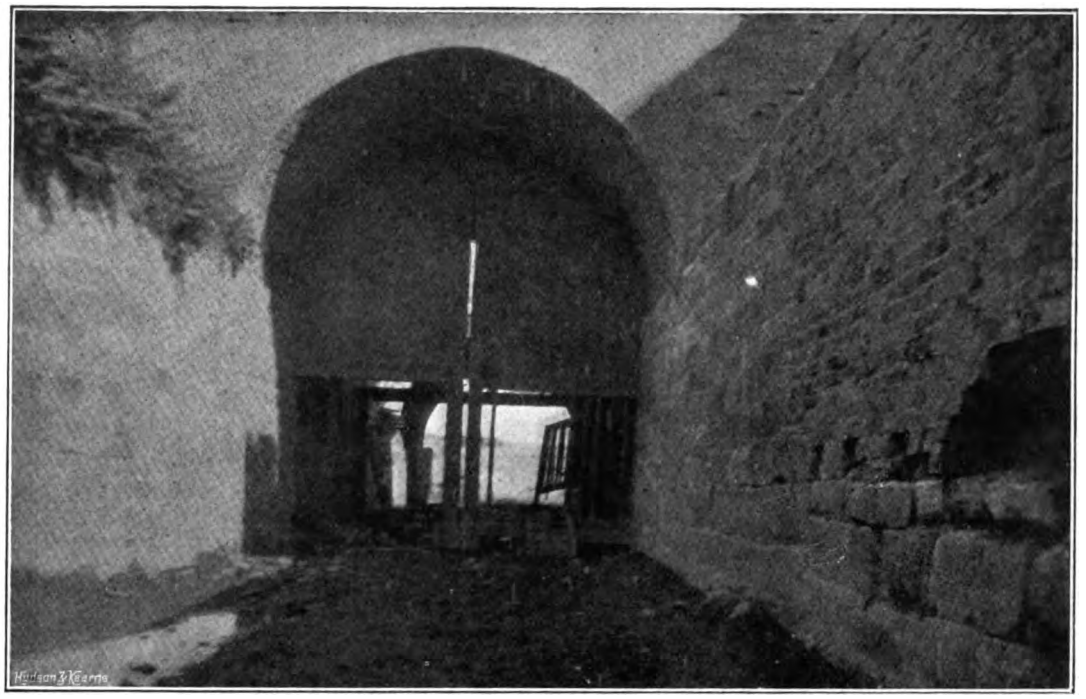
"Settling Down" in China.

CONSIDERABLE progress has been made with the peace negotiations in China since our issue of last week. The Yang-tse Viceroys who formerly protested against the peace proposals have withdrawn their opposition, and the peace protocol was signed on the 14th inst. It is satisfactory that this important stage should have been arrived at, notwithstanding the grave illness of Li Hung Chang, which at one time it was feared might interfere seriously with the settlement.

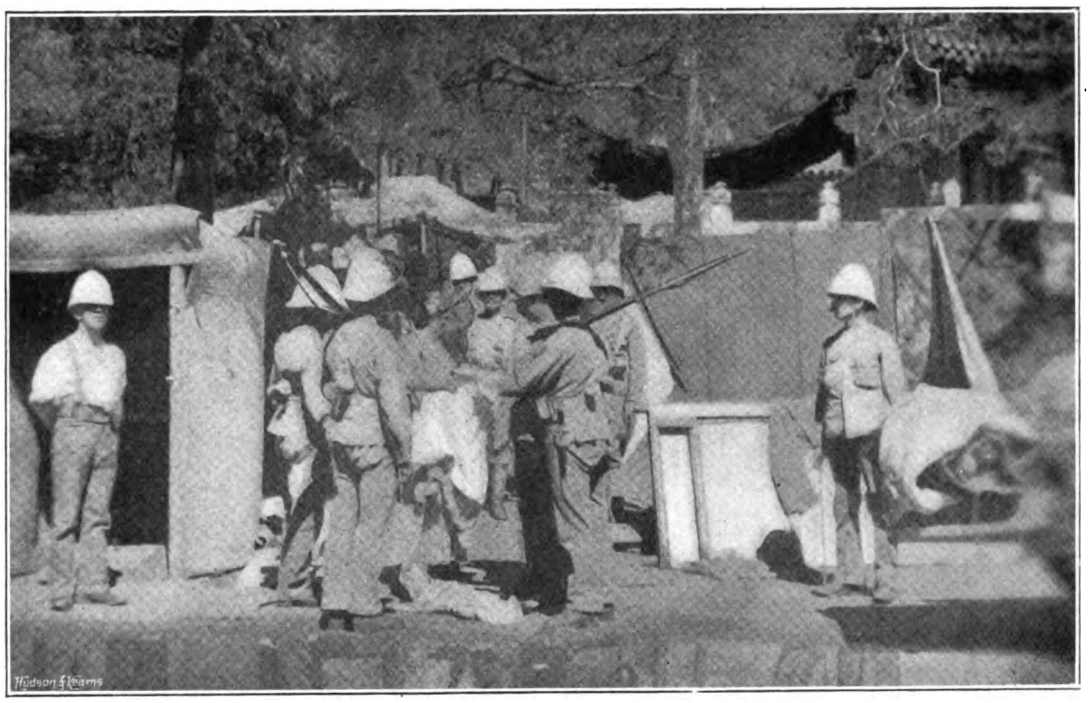
Meanwhile it is quite possible that affairs in China may continue for some time to remain in a rather unsatisfactory state. Internal discord and continued unreasoning hatred of the foreigner may keep the indigenous population for months longer in a state of ferment, while the intrigues of the Dowager Empress at Si-ngan-fu are not likely to cease, in view of the fact that genuine peace will mean the practical annihilation of her influence. The attitude of Russia, too, is calculated to create continued anxiety. Her virtual annexation of Manchuria, in defiance of the Anglo-German Agreement, may not seriously affect us in the present, but, as the famous traveller, Captain Younghusband, has pointed out, will probably be followed by the exclusion of British trade from Manchuria in the not very remote future.

At Peking the Allies are busy instituting a new judicial system, and considering the best means of placing the Diplomatic quarter in a defensible condition. A breach has been formed in the western wall of the Chinese City, through which the Pao-ting-fu railway will be brought into the town. The Tientsin line is to be extended to the Tartar City wall, the terminus being outside the Water Gate, by which the British and American troops entered on the occasion of the relief of the Peking Legations. Of this Water Gate we are able to give a picture, which will be studied with attentive interest. Events in China have taken such strange turns since the relief of the Legations was accomplished, that we have almost forgotten the details of that thrilling episode. The pictures in this issue of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED will serve to recall a splendid feat of endurance, followed by one of the most notable attempts ever made by a combination of civilised Powers to teach barbarians a salutary lesson.

Other pictures show the means of river transport adopted by the Allied Forces, and a typical every-day incident in the British camp. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers have captured a supposed Boxer, who is being searched before being led off to be tried. Despite his shirt-sleeves, the British soldier as he is depicted here is so unmistakably British that it would be quite impossible not to recognise him. Smartness is such a well-known characteristic of the grand old 23rd that the exhibition of it by the regiment in any circumstances, however trying, is not in the least surprising.



THE WATER GATE AT PEKING.
By which the British and American Troops Entered to Relieve the Legations.



BRITISH CAMP, MAI-SHAN.
Royal Welsh Fusiliers Examining a Prisoner.

ON THE PEIHO.
Native Junks Used by the Allies for Military Transport.

From Photos. by a Correspondent of the Warwick Trading Company, London.

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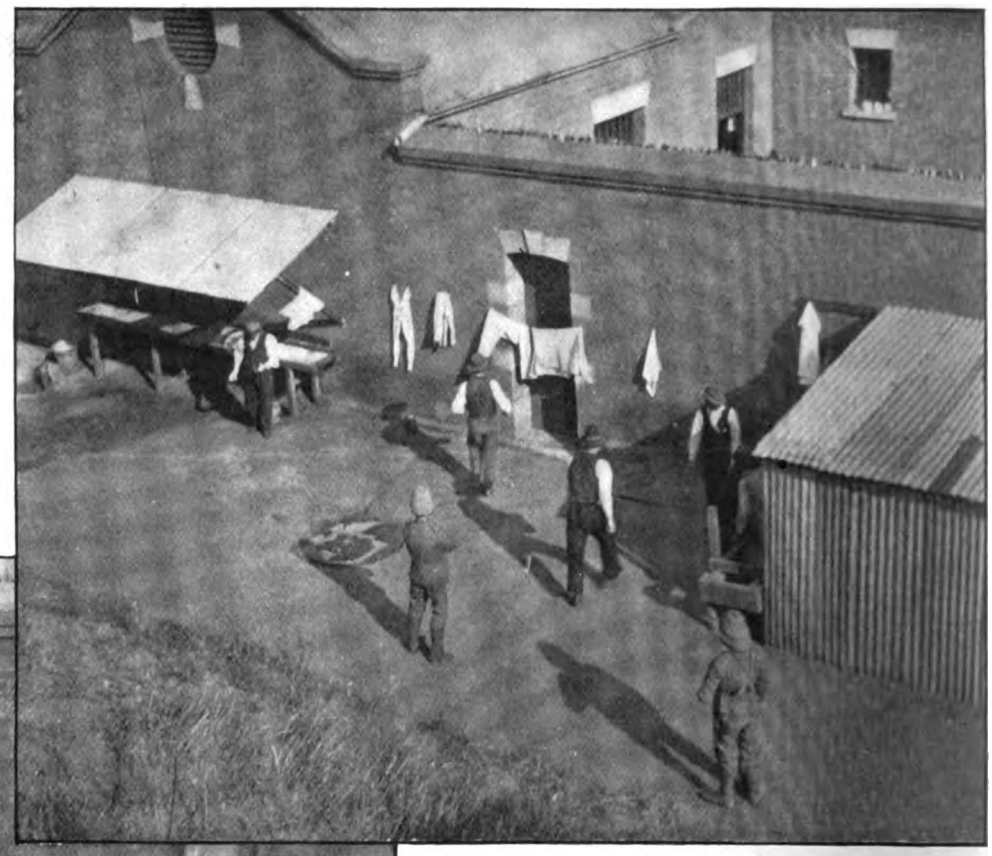
The Reinforcements for South Africa.

IT would appear that the Boer irruptions into Cape Colony, to which we devoted special attention last week, are probably not destined to give us protracted trouble. At the time of writing it has just been reported that parties of the invaders are already returning to the Orange River Colony, and that several Cape rebels who were associated with them have surrendered. Doubtless this early retrograde movement is due to the strong opposition offered throughout Cape Colony, even by the Afrikander element, to the Boer marauders. It remains to be seen whether the considerable and well-organised force which has been collected under General Brabant will succeed in intercepting the invaders and rendering their return impossible. But in any case it is clear that these irruptions, which the Boers boasted were only a sort of reconnoitring patrol in anticipation of larger and more comprehensive operations to be attempted hereafter by De Wet, have not proved anything like so successful as the enemy expected, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the discouragement which the latter have received will have a salutary effect.

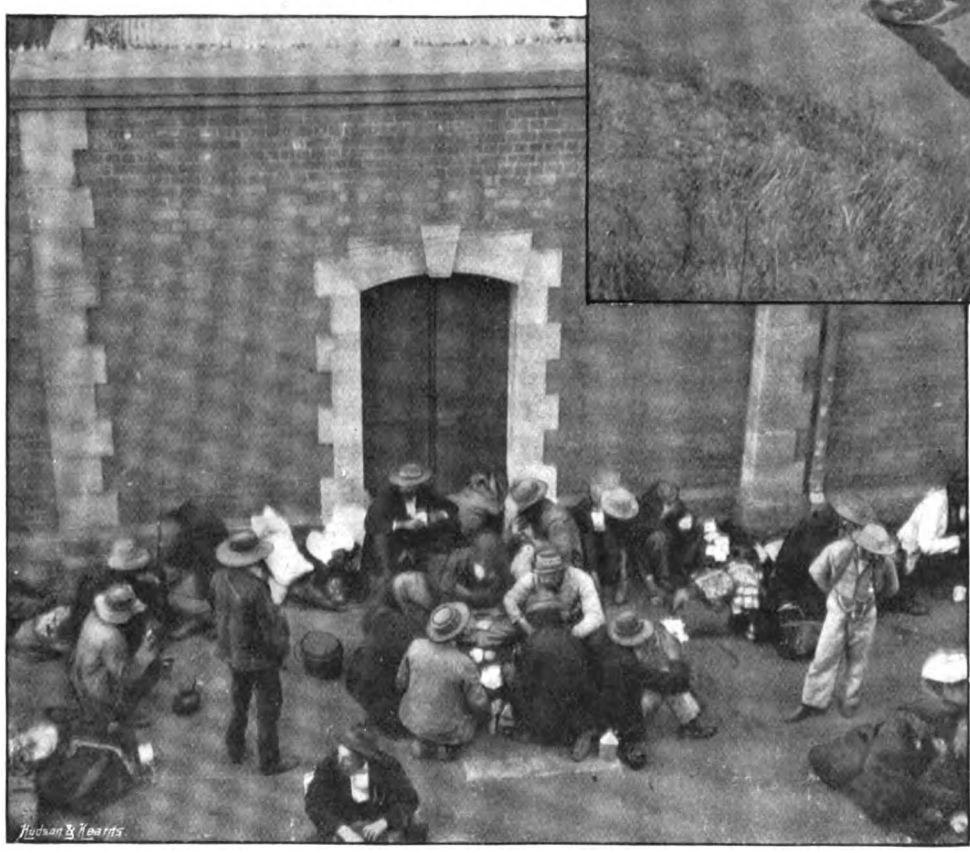
The movements of De Wet have latterly been obscure, and his designs have been well concealed. He has lately committed an act of barbarity which will redound to his eternal discredit, and greatly modify the kindly feeling he has hitherto inspired as a gallant and, on the whole, fair-minded adversary. In our last issue allusion was made to the Central Peace Committee at Kroonstad, which is endeavouring to induce the burghers still in the field to realise that further struggle for the independence of the Republics is hopeless. Of this committee three agents were recently taken as prisoners to De Wet's laager; two of them, Boer burghers, were flogged by De Wet's orders, and one, a British subject, was first flogged and then shot. This abominable contravention of the decencies of civilised warfare has aroused a thrill of indignation which will not easily be allayed. British susceptibilities have further been hurt by the continued employment on the part of the Boers of khaki uniforms for the purpose of deceiving our troops. It will not be surprising if our measures of retaliation gradually increase in severity, until much of the former respect which the British soldier entertained for the Boer burgher as a "first-class fighting man" has entirely evaporated, in the burning desire to "get even" with him at any cost.

Lord Kitchener is carrying on the duties of command with characteristic thoroughness and sagacity. Among other measures he has taken stringent precautions at Pretoria with a view to stopping the collection of useful information by farmers attending the produce-markets in the capital. Pretoria has now been surrounded by a veritable ring-fence of outposts, and any farmer seeking to bring in produce is stopped, and his waggons brought into the market by British conductors. Evidently Lord Kitchener is under no illusions as to the serious and exacting nature of the task which still remains to be accomplished. He has asked for large reinforcements, and, it is said, has intimated that if these are not forthcoming he will be compelled to adopt the alternative of withdrawing his present troops as far as possible from outlying districts, with a view to rendering his communications absolutely secure.



CAPTIVES AT PLAY.

Games, and their Own Washing, Keep the Boer Prisoners Occupied



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IN JOHANNESBURG FORT.

The Arrival of a Consignment of Boer Prisoners of War.

Whether Lord Kitchener has or has not represented the situation in this light, it is certain that an heroic effort is being made to supply him with reinforcements to a very considerable amount, both from the colonies and from home. A new Australian contingent is being rapidly enrolled and equipped, and it is probable that everything will be in readiness for the departure of 1,000 men and 12,000 horses from New South Wales by the end of this month. A further offer has been received from Victoria of a contingent of 500 men. In Canada, too, there is keen rivalry among the different provinces in the matter of furnishing recruits for General Baden-Powell's Police. One thousand recruits were asked for from the whole Dominion, and Manitoba promptly offered to send the entire contingent. At the time of writing 700 volunteers from that province alone have been sent up to Toronto, all of them good shots and riders, and many of them returned soldiers. At the present rate of applications it is estimated that Canada could easily provide 10,000 men.

At home considerable excitement has been caused by the action of the Government in calling for 5,000 more Yeomanry for drafts for the units now serving in South Africa. These last have been reduced from rather more than 10,000, the number sent to the front last year, to less than 8,000. Numerous applications are already being received from would-be recruits, and there is very little doubt that the full number required will be rapidly forthcoming.

The Volunteers, as well as the Yeomanry, have been called upon to provide drafts for the service companies in South Africa, and it is intensely gratifying to note the briskness with which the appeal is being responded to.

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A Winter Cruise in the Mediterranean.

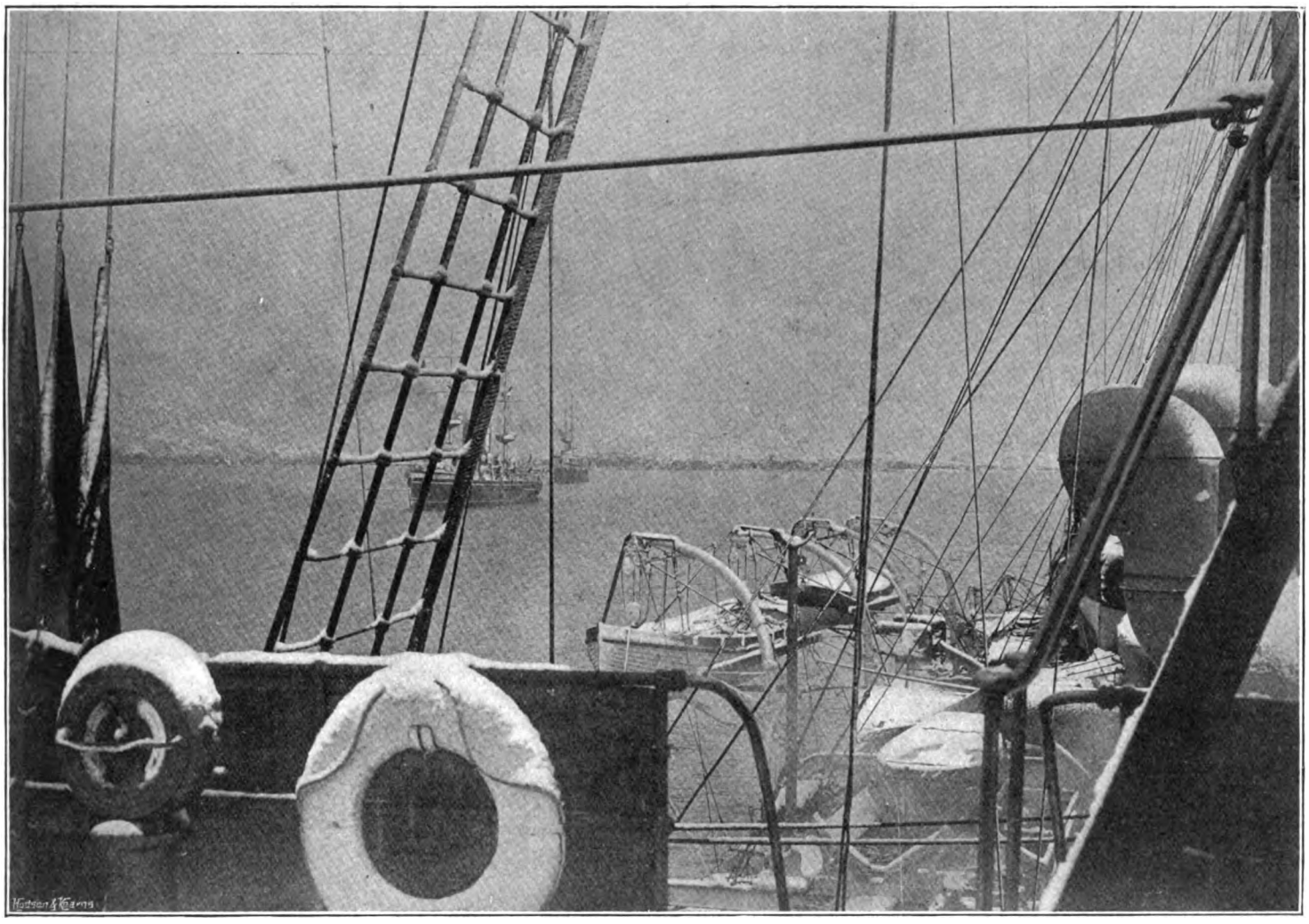
THE very interesting series of pictures which accompanies this article illustrates the winter cruise in the Mediterranean of a squadron consisting of the "St. George," "Theseus," "Juno," "Venus," "Vindictive," and "Gladiator," under the command of Commodore Winsloe. The *raison d'être* of this cruise is not far to seek. Some time back the question was raised as to whether our force of cruisers in the Mediterranean was what it ought to be. To this the Admiralty was happily able to make an effective reply by detaching two cruisers from the Training Squadron, and thus to render the assembly of fine vessels under Commodore Winsloe's command yet more imposing. The squadron visited, among other places, Cyprus, Smyrna, Deuthero Cove, Salamis, and Alexandretta, and it is not to be doubted that at each and every place at which it called it created the usual impression of England's Naval supremacy. Incidentally, it is an interesting circumstance that, of the ships named, two, the "St. George" and the "Juno," are to accompany the "Ophir" on the Duke of York's cruise, and are leaving Malta this week for Portsmouth, where they are to be docked and overhauled preparatory to the voyage.

The first of our pictures shows a part of Commodore Winsloe's squadron at anchor in Deuthero Cove. This our readers may have difficulty in finding on the map, but Kavalla, which is situated in it, is marked in most atlases. It lies on the Turkish shore of the Ægean Sea, opposite the Island of Thasos. The picture is reproduced from a photograph taken on board the "Theseus," and is remarkable for a wintry aspect very foreign to the Mediterranean, even at this time of year. Snow in the "blue Ægean" seems indeed a remarkable phenomenon, yet here it is plainly indicated, and its presence is amply confirmed by the written account of the correspondent to whom we owe these pleasing pictures. "We saw the new century in at Deuthero," he says, "to the accompaniment of anything but Mediterranean weather." It seems, too, that the snow was sufficiently plentiful to permit of the construction on the deck of the "Theseus" of a "snow man," in the fashioning of which the officers of the ship evidently took keen interest.

Rather a quaint and perhaps somewhat mixed train of reflections is aroused by pensive contemplation of this pretty picture. There are few more classical seas than the Ægean, and instinctively he whose mind has been fed even on such meagre memories of ancient Greece and Rome as a schoolboy's classical education brings back, can stock this Deuthero Cove with a squadron very different from that which lay at anchor in it last New Year's Day. Instead of the great cruisers stretching their majestic lengths at ordered intervals, as shown in the picture, ready at a moment's notice to "up-anchor" and take the open sea with little heed of coming storm or stress, one can imagine a number of comparatively tiny sailing ships or laborious triremes, making all speed to seek the covering shelter of the shore, since, as old friend Horace tells us, the sailor of those days caught in the open Ægean used to pray fervently to his gods for a respite from winds and waves, of which a modern war-ship would take small notice.

The remaining pictures illustrate points at which the squadron called, notably Smyrna, "where the figs come from," in which we have a street scene showing the camels coming from the interior. Here, as at other ports, the squadron was warmly welcomed, the local traders eagerly seizing the opportunity afforded of driving excellent bargains with the ships for country produce. Eggs especially were in demand, and the transport available, consisting of camels and mules, was actively employed in bringing in supplies from the neighbouring districts. It is satisfactory that no untoward incident seems to have occurred at Smyrna of such a nature as one which recently happened to a Frenchman travelling in that region. This unfortunate man was marched into the hills by brigands, into whose hands he had fallen, and who, as he was somewhat portly and of leisurely gait, "stimulated his movements by firing pistol-shots occasionally between his legs." Such an outrage as this, however, if inflicted on an officer of Commodore Winsloe's squadron, would probably have had a very different result from the £2,000 ransom extorted from the unfortunate Frenchman.

The market-place at Alexandretta, illustrated in another picture, is pleasantly typical of the varied scenes which from time to time meet the eye of the sailor belonging to the Mediterranean Squadron. Alexandretta lies a little to the north-west of Aleppo, in the corner in which the bulbous projection which we know as Asia Minor runs down to form



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QUEER MEDITERRANEAN WEATHER.

The Squadron at Anchor in Deuthero Cove on New Year's Day.

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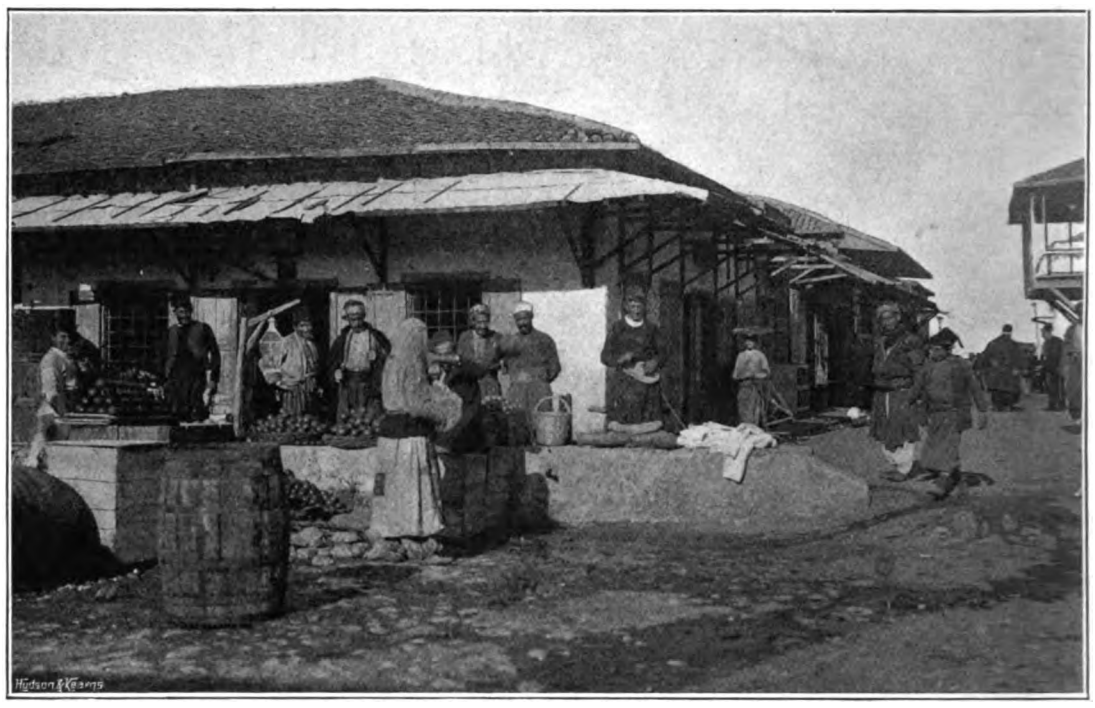
the coast of Syria. It must have been to Alexandretta that the unfortunate sailor journeyed, of whom one of the witches in "Macbeth" declared that he had "to Aleppo gone, master of the 'Tiger,'" balefully threatening to follow him in a sieve, and do unspeakable things, because the sailor's wife had called her ugly names.

A fourth picture illustrates a group of shooting guides who accompanied a party of officers of the squadron on one of their expeditions. As has been demonstrated, pictorially and otherwise, in the pages of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, the Naval officer is quite as ardent a sportsman as his Military *confrère*, and in some respects his calling yields him better and more varied opportunities of gratifying his tastes. While the Army officer has more extended chances of securing big game, particularly in India, the Naval man enjoys the cream of the world's small game shooting in corners practically unvisited for purposes of sport by anyone except himself. One does not mean to say that in such haunts the game is as thick as it is at a pheasant battue, or that its getting is as pleasantly exciting as in a well-managed grouse drive. But on the shores of the Mediterranean there are plenty of spots at which excellent sport can be obtained, with the added charm of novel surroundings and often delightful scenery.

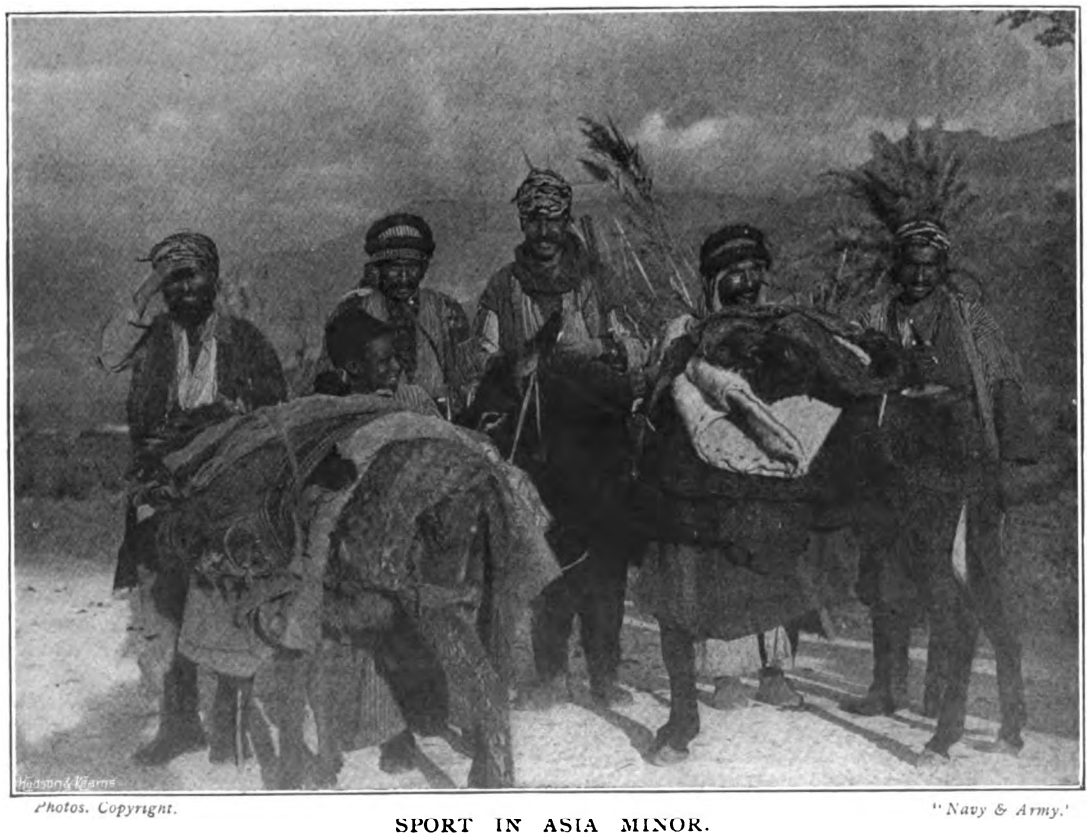
The coast of Asia Minor, too, brings the Mediterranean Squadron into touch with new and interesting nationalities. These shooting guides, for instance, are very different from any dwellers that could be met with on the shores of Italy or Greece. Their habiliments are curiously distinctive, and the feather head-dress worn by one of them would have excited the envy of Fenimore Cooper's typical red Indian. Taken all round, they do not seem quite the class of gentry in whom a solitary traveller of peaceable disposition would place implicit confidence, but the British Naval officer, like Gallio, "cares for none of these things," and is eminently capable of taking care of himself in any company.

It would be difficult to schedule accurately the good results of such a cruise as this. Mainly, perhaps, such results are politically significant. Although of late years the Eastern Question has faded a little into the background, it might at almost any moment come very obtrusively forward. It is well, then, that England's war-ships should occasionally carry to the remotest corners of the Mediterranean Sea the message that, even if that sea is no longer altogether "an English lake," England's Naval forces in it still enjoy unquestioned supremacy. The ignorant Turk and the more simple-minded Greek—not the Levantine variety—may individually be of small political significance, but collectively they constitute a factor of some European importance, and it is to our real advantage that they should be sensibly impressed with England's capacity to strike, and strike hard, at a distance from her own coasts.



ALEXANDRETTA.
A Typical Market-place in Asia Minor.

A STREET SCENE IN SMYRNA.
Camels Bringing in Supplies from the Interior



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SPORT IN ASIA MINOR.
A Group of Shooting Guides, with Accessories.

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THE FORTHCOMING RIFLE TRIALS.

By G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

IT has been urged frequently enough that a test of shooting with rifles from rests does not, as a matter of fact, settle the merits of those weapons. Some people have gone so far as to predict that the best possible weapon for shooting from a rest would weigh fifty pounds; and also that, if this is admitted, no rifle trial from rests can be of any use in settling the merits of those weapons. But I think any objection of this sort must be made without any knowledge of what the trade of gunmaking is. It must, for instance, be ignored that every rifle built is the outcome of a big plant, that in order to make a fifty-pound rifle a new and very expensive plant would be necessary, and that after the production of one rifle for competition this plant would be worthless and abandoned. It is not necessary to ensure that only weapons which commend themselves to shooters should compete in any rifle trial, because, within limits, the public has already decided what will suit it in the way of weight, and how far it will dispense with handiness for the sake of accuracy. It would be foolish, therefore, for any gunmaker to enter a rifle knowing that competitors at the targets, or sportsmen, would not buy its like, even if it won by making the best targets; and as it generally costs more to enter a rifle competition than can be directly gained, I am quite safe in leaving it to the good sense of gunmakers to enter nothing which they are not likely to have an increased sale for should they succeed in making the best targets at Cricklewood. It has already been settled in this country that, for the sake of fine shooting, anything as unhandy as the American repeaters is to be preferred to the most handy and well-finished of English work, if the shooting qualities are better. That is just the point that has to be decided, for it is the one that never has been settled. It has also been recognised in this country, as well as in America, that the Ballard rifle is too heavy, and this in spite of the late Sir Henry Halford's recommendation of this wonderfully-accurate weapon. It would be clearly absurd for any gunmaker to take the trouble and go to the expense to enter and compete at any rifle trials whatever, unless in his judgment he had a weapon which, if successful, would sell readily for the purpose of miniature-rifle competitions, or for some other purpose for which it was designed. As to the contention that nine-tenths of the merits of a rifle are to be found outside the shooting, I do not think shooters will agree to anything of the sort. A weapon of precision is valuable in exact degree as it is accurate, and not all the fine fitting and hand-labour that can be bestowed on a match rifle, or on any rifle whatever, can compensate for the loss of a hair's-breadth of accuracy. No doubt when the best shooting barrels are discovered they may be upon stocks and furnished with fittings that do not recommend themselves to English shooters; but granted that this is so, English makers are quite clever enough to fit new stocks and new actions to the right sort of barrels. In other words, none will benefit so much by a knowledge of which sort of barrel is best as those who can put upon it the best fittings and the handiest stock.

But although I have quoted opinions to the effect that the best rifle for shooting from a rest is not necessarily the best all-round rifle, and have admitted the theory while denying that it is so in practice, I do not admit even the theory for a moment except for the sake of argument. In the first place, nearly the whole of the rifle shooting in the world is shooting from a rest of some sort. The prone and the back positions, the kneeling and the sitting shooting, all supply natural rests of their own, and he cannot know much of the practice of sport who believes that a sportsman will ever take an offhand shot when he can possibly screw himself into a position for shooting from any sort of a rest except a rigid one.

It is said that the rest is an excellent gunmakers' test, because they only use it for trial between rifles of similar design. But this, again, does not exhibit much grasp of the situation, for gunmakers always use the rest, and show their customers the shooting of all the rifles they make by means of its help. Those customers judge how far their requirements can be met by means of the targets made before them, as well as by a knowledge of the energy and trajectories of the various rifles. They are well aware that they will not, in all cases, be able to find a rest when they are shooting living game, but when they take their offhand shots at the target, after seeing what has occurred from the rest, they rightly infer that any faults they may exhibit can be altered by an improvement in the man behind the stock, or in the stock itself, and in each case the rifle is not in fault.

In the latter case each man of a committee, such as has been suggested for the settlement of the merits of rifles, would probably think differently from his fellows, and no common ground for agreement can be found nor is wanted for the adaptability of rifles to individuals. In fact, any opinion whatever is quite outside the test that I am undertaking. I have never been partial to any form of competition in which fancy, or opinion, has any influence whatever; and I am quite sure that the majority are of opinion that handsome is as handsome does. The very idea of a committee to decide the merits of rifles savours too much of dog and horse shows even to be acceptable to the majority, who infinitely prefer the verdict of the coursing field, of field trials, of the turf, and of the hunting-field, to those competitions which resolve themselves into taking some person's opinion in place of facts, and end in being upset by some other equally good, but directly opposite, opinion. No! I cannot agree that opinions of handling, balance, or even workmanship—neither those of committees nor of actual shooters at civilian rifle clubs—will affect the choice of rifles for competition at the targets. Neither will the outcome of all these things together be of much influence; because given the best rifle for the prone position or for a rest, that is also the best rifle for the offhand position. It may not be so in theory, but in practice it will be so, because no gunmaker will build a rifle with which it is not easy to aim, or which does not lend itself to pressing off without either jerk or any other movement which is equally injurious. When shooting from the rest it is the rifle which is tested; when shooting from the shoulder it is the shooter. To argue that what no one shooter can do many can do, is to argue that two blacks make a white.

Some years ago some very excellently-conducted rifle trials settled the merits of all the bores and gauges then in fashion; and those results have a great influence to this day. But at that time the idea of shooting with miniature rifles at 100-yds. was a foreign one, and it has now been transplanted and is about to flourish in these islands. I have no doubt whatever that had any committee at the former period settled, with the best intentions in the world, that somebody, not the winner in the actual shooting, made the best rifle, such a settlement would not have influenced a single purchaser, every one of whom would have followed the actual facts of the shooting, just as they did in the absence of such a hypothetical and nonsensical committee.

On the question of weight it is assumed by some people that heavy rifles are of greater advantage when they are used on a rest than when used to shoot offhand. Most people have found, on the contrary, that a light rifle is the most difficult to hold steady without a rest, and that a heavy one materially assists the steady hold in offhand shooting. The only possible use of which weight can be when a rest is used, is to prevent the jump of a rifle damaging the direction of the bullet; but almost all miniature rifles are so much more heavy, in proportion to their charges, than are the high-velocity weapons, that it may be taken for granted that because the latter do not jump injuriously the former will not. This is

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another case where practice and theory run in different directions. Certainly it has been admitted for forty years that a heavy rifle is the steadiest at the targets for offhand shooting. If, as is said of it, it is also better for rest shooting, the supposed difference in requirements between the two methods does not in fact exist.

But suppose for a moment that it did exist; if we ask ourselves what is the object of rifle shooting in "miniature" clubs, we can but answer, to acquire such proficiency as may be of use in war. This is a business which can only be successfully conducted by shooting more steadily at somebody more visible than yourself. This again suggests the prone position from behind cover, or a rest of some kind. If South Africa has done nothing else it has knocked the bottom out of the new ideals learnt in the International competition, in which standing and shooting offhand were insisted upon. There may be all very well to learn, but the real business of war has been shown to be the art of hiding and unseen shooting at a seen enemy. If that is so, the miniature-rifle clubs will be obliged to imitate the real thing, or they will cease to attract attention.

If there is any competition at Bisley that throws light on rifle-making for sporting distances, it is the Martin-Smith. For years it has been the ambition of rifle-makers to win it, and this is the model on which I have founded the present competition for miniature rifles; and it has already been said that if the Bisley miniature competition had followed the lines of the Martin-Smith, which is for any powerful rifle, there would have been no occasion for the trials that are about to come off at Cricklewood. As it turned out, the Bisley miniature competition taught nothing whatever about rifles, although it may have shown who held them the straightest. Even that is not certain, because it may be that one sort shot better than another.

I certainly agree that a practical trial is one that tests a rifle as nearly as possible under the conditions in which it will be used in practice; but those who put forward this practical idea as unpractical mistake the firing at targets at clubs for the end instead of the means. They eliminate all rests by an arbitrary standard of their own making, and regard miniature rifles as playthings instead of educational instruments. It may be that the average opinion of users of miniature rifles will some day settle the question of which is the best rifle. I hope so, I am sure, but in the meantime, having regard to the past and the very hazy notions sportsmen had of the capacity of a sporting rifle until it had been publicly tried, I am inclined to believe a trial which excludes nine-tenths of the personal element is exactly what the clubs are looking and ever waiting for.

I by no means say that they are waiting for nothing else. If it is proper to have village rifle clubs, they must be miniature-rifle clubs to enable the men to learn to shoot from their own doorsteps; long-range rifle clubs are only possible in a limited number of localities, and therefore the facilities given by the War Office and the Chancellor of the Exchequer do not meet the requirements of village clubs, for they remit the tax only on rifles the property of clubs, and provide long-range rifles only at cost price. At present the position is that when men buy a miniature rifle they are promptly fined for carrying it to the club, because they have not paid the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the privilege of learning how to become useful to their country as shooting men.

With regard to the question of whether information is wanted or not, I may say that on a late occasion I was discussing with a gunmaker who had a dozen different makes of miniature rifles in his window what those rifles were capable of; he candidly told me he did not know, but he had some thought of having a real trial of them. At that time it was evident he allowed the makers' names upon the rifles to recommend them or not, and he at least could add nothing to the value of that recommendation. I am sure that this state of ignorance will disappear in consequence of the forthcoming rifle trials, and I hope, besides, we shall learn something about some new rifles that have never yet been tried.

Crack Shots, by "Single Trigger."

I SAW the other day a letter to a newspaper asking what was the reason that some birds twisted round and round like a top when shot, as they came to earth. It is a very interesting question indeed, but the editorial answer did not throw much light on the subject, and was, in fact, suggestive that the writer of it could never have observed the phenomenon he attempted to explain. He said that one wing must be more extended than the other to account for it; but that was evidently a mistake, for a wing-tipped bird does not twirl as it comes down, neither when it is killed nor when it is alive when it reaches the ground. The reason why some birds revolve in this way, and why one rotates in one direction and another in another, is not very easy to explain; but that it has nothing to do with the different length or extension of the wings is clear. I think it was Lord Rayleigh who, at the Royal Institute, asked in vain why any ordinary piece of paper small enough to act as an æroplane would revolve just in the way that some birds do on being struck cataleptic in the air. What is common to a round piece of paper or a square one is hardly likely to be affected by the shape of the æroplane, and that is what a game bird represents, for it never revolves unless the wings are outstretched, stiff, and without movement. Lord Rayleigh, if it were he who delivered the lecture that I remember, was unable to explain the reason for the twisting of the paper, and so I will not attempt that of the twisting of the bird; but one thing which puzzled the lecturer about the bit of paper does not puzzle me about the pheasant or wild duck; the puzzle was why the paper goes in one way and not in the other. Granting that a twist is natural to the fall of an æroplane, one observes that it always starts to twist slowly, and I think that the difference of the impact of the shot on either side of the bird would be quite enough to give the direction, although it would not be enough to account for the whole of the twist which is sometimes set up when a charge of shot meets the bird.

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Mr. Brodrick, member for Guildford and Secretary for War, has received a representation from the Guildford Rifle Club, protesting against the members of such club having to pay the gun-licence duty for military rifles when these have been purchased by them in order to make themselves useful members of society. The reply has not given rise to any hope that any extension of the exemption from duty will be forthcoming. The present exemption only applies to rifles belonging to clubs affiliated to the National Rifle Association and not to rifles belonging to members of such clubs.

* * * *

There are still new rifle clubs being formed; there are eleven or twelve in Surrey already. A short time ago Dr. Conan Doyle formed one at Undershaw, near Hindhead, which he considers a great success; and Mr. B. M. Bray, Q.C., Recorder of Guildford, has just established another by the gift of an old chalk pit in which to place the butts. A similar range in a quarry has been given by Mr. W. L. Watson, at Ayton, in Abernethy parish in Perthshire, and here there is safety for a 200-yds. and a 500-yds. range. As a matter of fact there are very few parishes without their disused pits or quarries of one sort or another, and there is no doubt that it only requires a little care in many cases to ensure safe ranges and new rifle clubs.

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I hear that the ladies of Newbury in Berkshire have formed a rifle club. Theirs is a protected and a covered range. They are said to use a Lee-Enfield rifle of 7½lb. weight and a ·22 Winchester. But this must mean that they use a Lee-Metford carbine, for that is just the weight of the 20-in. barrel, whereas the 30-in. barrel of the rifle makes the weapon weigh over 9-lb. I do not know whether I ought to be pleased or sorry that the ladies are taking to rifle shooting. If it could be used as an inducement to the men, no doubt it would be as epoch-making as the establishment of the Primrose Dames themselves, but I do not think playing at being Amazons will have the desired effect. I hope it may. No doubt if all the pretty women could shoot, and exhibited a healthy scorn for the men who could not, it would have its proper influence, and we should at once become a nation of rifle-shots. But so much depends upon which of the women take it up. The average man is so superior a being that he thoroughly believes himself quite capable of doing anything a woman can do if only he had time or inclination to take the trouble. In many pursuits the average man has certainly a very great advantage, for he has no clinging petticoats to hold back his legs. But petticoats don't count in rifle-shooting—that is, not in the cult of the bull's-eye—although they would count very much if it came to using the rifle in all seriousness.

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I am inclined to believe that the men will treat the lady rifle-shots as did the giant his fighting wife. "It pleases her," he said, "and it don't hurt I." There has never been a very great ambition on the part of most men to see their sweethearts and wives kill game with the scatter gun. Some men tolerate it; perhaps some like to see it. That may be so at certain periods of their youthful existence. But on the other side are those who say that it is not womanly to kill, and others again who face the thing in a business spirit and say they cannot afford to double the necessary expenses of game preservation by doubling the number of home guns.

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The Captured Gods; A Private's Story.

"YE Gods and little fishes," cried Timothy, when he and I chased a flying pigtail into a jim-cracky temple in the native city of Tientsin, and found ourselves face to face with this pair of "haythin idylls," as he called them.

"Come on, Tim," said I. "Do you call yourself a Royal Marine? That blooming Boxer'll be out at the back-door." But, bless you, that place was all doors, and not the sign of a pigtail could we see.

"Well," said Tim, "if the killing's over, let's see if we can't get a bit of loot." So we turned that old ramshackle Joss-house outside in and nearly upside down, prodding into every corner with our bayonets; but not so much as a handful of "cash" did we find, let alone jewels and gold.

"I reckon they may have buried the treasure under the idols," said I. "Here goes!" and, thinking the ugly thing was made of stone, I put my shoulder to it and shoved for all I was worth. If that god didn't topple over at the first touch! Light as a feather he was. I spun round, nearly came a cropper, and just saved myself, in time to see Tim saving himself from being crushed by the falling monster. If it had been stone, Tim would have been flattened into a human pancake. As it was, it was only Tim's broad back that saved this idol from being smashed to atoms.

That god was hollow, and made of the daintiest, daisiest, and genuinest old Chinese porcelain; and so was its mate—just as light, though not half so ugly.

"There's nothing underneath," said I, seeing Tim prodding the floor where the idol had been, "so you needn't take the edge off your cutlery. But the gods themselves—they're loot if you like! Why, they're worth their weight in gold if we can only get them to London, or even to Hong-Kong!"

"Worth their weight in fiddlesticks!" said Tim, who was inclined to grumble, because he couldn't find a chest full of Kimberley diamonds, I suppose. However, for lack of anything better he fell in with my plan.

Out in the street someone had left a covered Peking cart, and, though he hadn't been kind enough to leave a horse with it, we reckoned it would do. We lifted their godships in, as gingerly as if they were babies, smothered them up in rotten matting, and off we set—Tim in the shafts, and me pushing behind. The mud was beastly thick, but we managed to get down to the river-side, and there we had our pick of a hundred deserted boats of all shapes and sizes.

We picked out one that looked not quite so likely to capsize as the rest, and stowed our crockery passengers away on board, one in the bows and the other in the stern. Tim got in next, and I was just going to push off and jump in too, when I heard an everlasting rumpus of clattering and yelling, and a score of half-naked heathen Chinese burst out of a covered junk alongside and charged down on me like a herd of tigers.

I upped with my rifle, and Tim was just going to jump ashore and take a hand in the shindy, when I heard a bugle, and saw a patrol of Germans, or Frenchmen, or Austrians, or something, coming down the street towards the river. The heathen tigers fled back to their junk, and pulled off up the river for all they were worth.

I didn't rightly know whether to go or stay. The European officer had caught sight of me, and was beckoning at me in his outlandish way. Said I to Tim, "You go ahead, and get these blooming idols into quarters on board, and I'll stay and parley. So I gave the boat a shove off with my foot, and turned round to face the foreigners.

Well, there wasn't a man-Jack of them that could speak a word of English, and of course I couldn't speak their lingo, even if I'd known what it was. The officer talked himself red in the face, and as I only shrugged my shoulders and said, "No savvy," he gave it up in disgust and signed to me to go along with them. Seeing that Tim was well out in the river and pulling hard down stream, I was just as glad to go, being half-starved. When we got to their quarters they gave me some German stew, and as there was an interpreter among their belongings I had to make up a yarn about the idols. I told them that the admiral had given Tim and me a special commission to hunt for two little Chinese princes who were supposed to have taken refuge in a temple, and whom he wanted to take home and show the Queen; and when they saw us coming they hid themselves in a pair of hollow idols, and got jammed in so tight we couldn't pull them out again, so we had to carry off idols and all; and when I saw their German Excellencies coming I thought they might be Frenchies, so I sent Tim off to keep the prisoners out of their barbarous hands—and so on, and so on.

They took it all in, and sent me on board with a full stomach.

Just as I was coming aboard I saw the admiral and the whole ship's company staring over the side at some circus going on in the water. And what do you think it was? Blest if that boat of ours hadn't capsized; and there was that couple of hollow porcelain gods bobbing up and down like big painted bottles, and Tim behind, swimming with his feet, with one hand grabbing the neck of each idol and shoving them along to the gangway.

The admiral enjoyed that circus so much that he forgave us on the spot, and bought the gods from us to boot; and if we didn't enjoy ourselves on the proceeds, my name's not Thomas Atkins, that's all!

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Trophies of War at the Gold-reef City.

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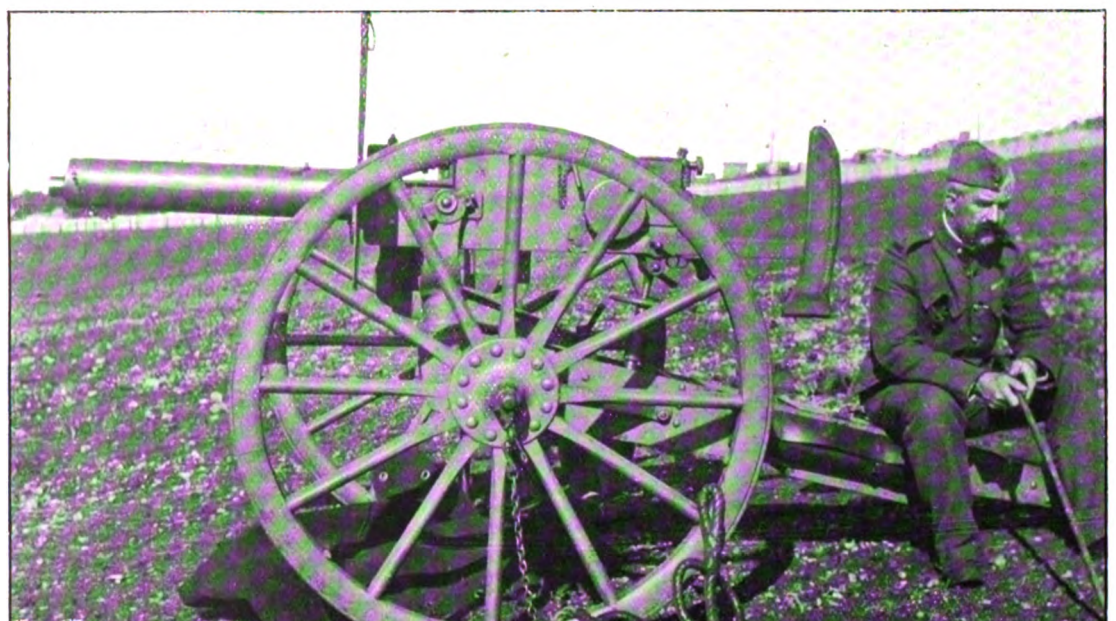
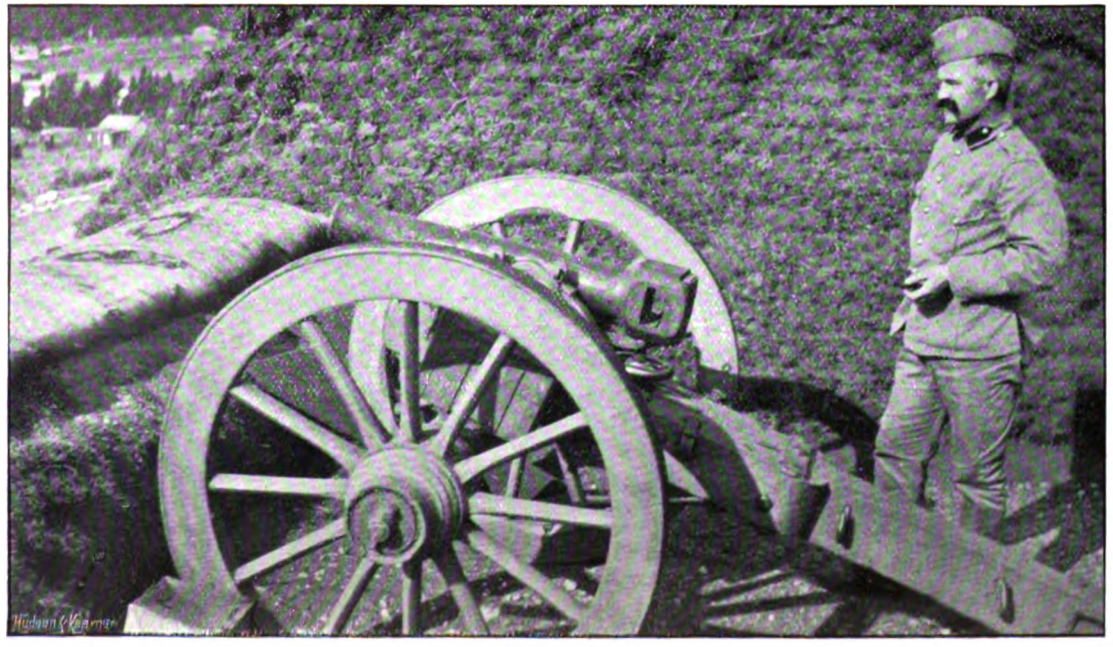


THE REDOUBTABLE "POM-POM."

A Vickers-Maxim 1-pounder on the Maxim Principle.

WELL PLACED FOR COMMAND.

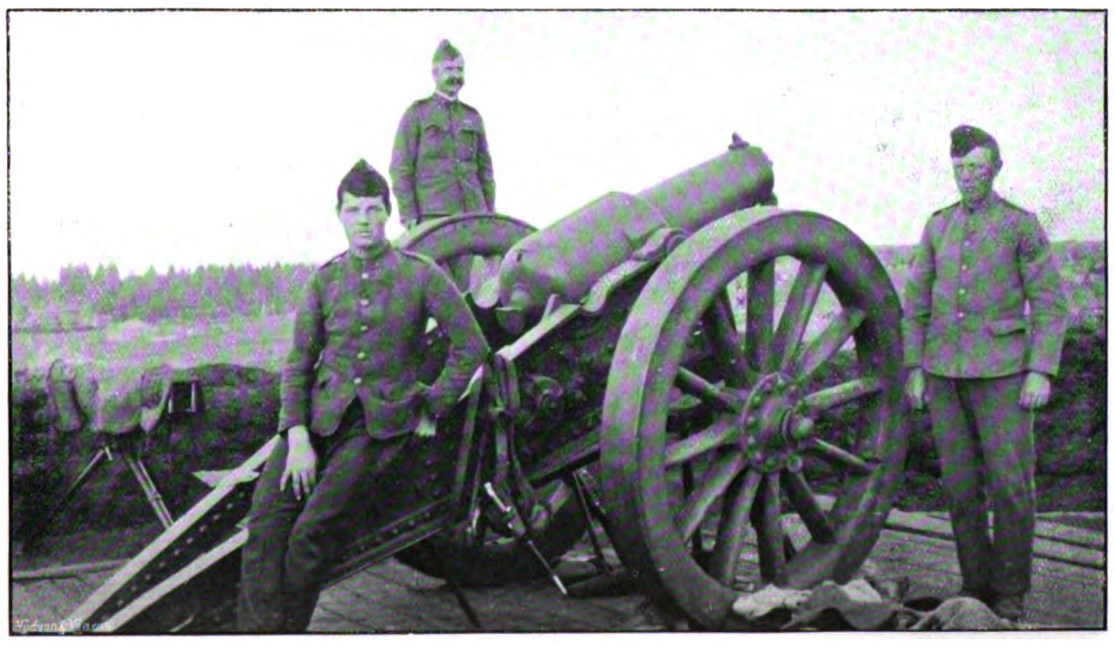
This 7-pounder Krupp, now in the Fort, was Used against Mafeking.



Photos. Copyright.

A 9-POUNDER KRUPP GUN.

Captured from the Boers and Mounted at Johannesburg. Looking North.



"Navy & Army."

A RELIC OF MAJUBA DAYS.

A 64-pr. Muzzle-loading Howitzer Used by us in 1880-81 and Captured at Johannesburg.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

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THE MOTHER-QUEEN AND THE ROYAL RACE.

Here is a picture that will go straight to the hearts of the subjects of the King. The Royal lady, whom we shall ever venerate as the mother of her people, was also the mother of our Kings that are to be. His Majesty is the worthy successor of our venerated Queen Victoria, and with him stand here the sailor Prince, long known to us as Prince George and Duke of York, and the youth also, Prince Edward, upon whom the honours of the race will, as we all pray, in God's good time descend.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE death of Queen Victoria, the great and good, was a profound and personal grief to all Englishmen. They remembered, amid their deep and poignant sorrows, the elevation of character and sweetness of disposition with which she had dignified every private and public act of her long reign. They recognised also that there were many things to encourage and console. The revered Sovereign, ruling over her devoted subjects, in the course of her long and glorious reign, had witnessed many vast changes in her expanding dominions, and nothing brighter than the abundant evidence that wheresoever the British flag flew, there grew up also the spirit of love and reverence for the august Queen and Empress whom every Englishman and Englishwoman, using the words in their widest sense, had come to regard as a personal friend. Queen Victoria has departed from among us, but she is not dead to her subjects, and upon later ages shall fall the light of her influence and the tradition of her sweet and noble personality. Generations have grown up under her rule, and children, advanced to failing age, shall yet glory that their infant eyes were opened under the beneficent sway of Victoria. "She wrought her people lasting good." They have before them the type and exemplar of the high character that should dignify a monarch, ruling in the minds and hearts of people, and taking a high place with unfailing vigilance in the counsels of the land. How vast has been the splendid development of the Empire during the late Queen's reign, all her people know. On these dominions the sun never sets; but what is better and brighter still is that wherever the Queen exercised her sway there grew up a spirit of greater devotion to the throne.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A MEMORIAL OF A GREAT MAN.

This is the Monument to Captain Cook Erected close to the Sea in Kealakekua Bay, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands. It was Originally Erected by the "Fantome" in 1874, but at that Time there were no such Trees in the Background as are now to be Seen in our Picture. The Monument is made of Cement, and is Enclosed by Chains made fast to Old Smooth-bore Guns which the "Fantome's" Crew Dragged to the Spot. There is very little Decay, but Most Ships in the Vicinity Land a Party to See if any Repairs are Required.

THE duties of kingship have fallen upon one well fitted to wear the crown. The new ruler, the first of our emperors, has served a long apprenticeship to the duties of his high office, and for more years than some of us can count has been closely identified with every movement for the public good. He has stood in the forefront of every high endeavour, and has been instant at every season to enter with enthusiasm into the labours that the advancing years of his mother necessarily imposed upon him. Public benevolence has, indeed, grown beyond computation through the practical influence of his energising zeal, and there is no department of public life in which he is not well known. The kindly courtesy and genial personality of the "Prince of Wales" endeared him long ago to Englishmen. They have regarded him as a fine type of an English gentleman, and they welcome him to his new rule with a heartfelt cry of "Long live the King!" The tongue and the pen have taken upon themselves a habit during the long reign of Queen Victoria that still clings to them, but in greeting the King—though it may be difficult to dissociate ourselves from the tone of thought which has possessed us owing to the long occupancy of the throne by a feminine ruler—there is lack neither of warmth nor loyalty. But still, happily, we have a queen, the gracious lady—the "Sea-King's daughter"—who has long been so popular among us. "We are all of us Danes in our welcome of thee," sang the late Poet Laureate, and now we are all of us Englishmen hailing the Queen-Consort upon the throne. The new King is identified

Photo. *Gregory.*

Photo. *Russell.*

Photo. *Russell*

THREE NOTABLE NAVAL OFFICERS.

The Portrait on the Left is that of Captain William H. May, M.V.O., who has Just Left the Command of the "Excellent," the Gunnery Ship at Portsmouth, to Succeed Rear-Admiral Edmund F. Jeffreys, who Appears on the Right of our Group of Pictures, as Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes. Captain May, who Wears that Coveted Distinction the Arctic Medal, is One of our Principal Naval Scientists, and is largely Responsible for the Submerged Torpedo-tube. Rear-Admiral Jeffreys has been Appointed Senior Officer on the Coast of Ireland, and it is Rumoured that he will Act as Second in Command of the Reserve Squadron whenever the Ships Composing that Squadron are Grouped Together. Our Centre Picture is a Portrait of Captain John Durnford, C.B., D.S.O., who has Quitted the Command of the Medway Dockyard Reserve in order to become Junior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, in Succession to Rear-Admiral Arthur W. Moore, who is Going to the Cape.

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with everything that interests his subjects, and the Royal pair have the heartfelt wishes and prayers of the people for a Long, Happy, and Prosperous Reign.

GREAT are the responsibilities of rule, but a geographer of the right type, Major A. St. Hill Gibbons, who lately read a paper before the Colonial Institute on the Nile and the Zambesi, spoke an evident truth. He said that Ancient empires fell because the heart could not support the members, and a strong captain would often rise to defy the central authority. But now Melbourne is nearer London than Edinburgh was a century ago, and if the British Empire is to fall it can only be through loss of manhood, or a series of acts of misgovernment. Let us, then, open up communications with every corner of our world-wide State, and the Zambesi and the Nile are supremely valuable waterways for the development and consolidation of our African possessions. It almost takes the breath to know that by the simple process of paying his fare, a traveller may be landed bag and baggage at the north end of Lake Nyasa, and the day for the Zambesi and its magnificent tributaries is coming. By constructing embankments the river can be made navigable for a distance of about 400 miles, and above the Kebrabasa Rapids it is a magnificent navigable waterway. It will be tapped by the Cape to Cairo railway, as also its tributary, the Kafuwe, thus opening up a vast and very rich region. As to the Nile, it lacks the tributaries of the Zambesi, but it is a great highway, connecting the Mediterranean with Lakes Albert and Edward, and will form a useful economic corrective for the artificial conditions of labour and transport which some want of foresight has caused to grow up in the magnificent British possession of Uganda.

UNFORTUNATELY, it is impossible to regard the signing of peace preliminaries in China as implying definite pacification. There is too much reason to believe that the Empress Dowager is not less resolved than before to exterminate foreigners. Money is being raised in Foochow and other cities in the Shanghai delta and also in the great province of Sze-chuan in the west. Large amounts have been called for, other demands are due at about the present time, and there can be little doubt that much of the money will be used to form a war fund. Recent reports show that preparations were even lately going on energetically. New forts have been built to protect the Yang-tse, and old forts have been strengthened and fully supplied, while the number of Chinese troops surrounding Shanghai has been greatly increased, and Boxers and their sympathisers have been making their way into Tientsin. It may, therefore, be suspected that if peace be arrived at it will be a peace patched up, enabling the Chinese to complete their preparations for another outbreak. At the same time, trade has suffered so very greatly that it is impossible not to welcome any peace which will give even temporary alleviation. Peace would unlock the treasure-houses of the rich, and bring money into circulation, thus establishing the basis for renewed prosperity, and it would then be the work of Europeans to increase their resources meanwhile, and to prepare for eventualities.

Photo. Copyright. *Warwick Trading Co.*

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT PEITANG.

This is the Place in Peking City that was so Gallantly Held by the Roman Catholic Missionaries and a Few Converts. Our Picture shows only One Front, but it is Evident that, apart from the Chance of the Door being Rushed—if that were possible—the Place Offered very Fair Opportunities of Defence against Enemies Short of Artillery. Given Arms, the Two Questions were the Adequacy of Supplies and the Determination of the Converts. In both Cases the Answer was Satisfactory.

Photo. Copyright. *Abemacar.*

A GLIMPSE OF OLD ROME.

Ancient Rome is so much the Property of the World that Everyone can Understand the Desire to Look into her Buried Mysteries. Hence the Excavations in the Forum which have been in Progress for Some Time, and which have Yielded Far-reaching Results. The Picture shows some of the Latest Explorations and the Singular Discovery Referred to on this Page.

ONE of our pictures illustrates a feature of the explorations which have been made in the Roman Forum by Professor Boni possessing a certain Naval interest. It is known that when the Romans captured galleys belonging to the inhabitants of Antium, their beak-like prows or rostra adorned a place before the Senate House, where the pulpit of the orators stood. This practice of placing or using Naval trophies went back to the time of the Republic, and Cæsar, in 44 B.C., caused certain of them, known to historians as the Rostra Vetera, to be transported to the Forum. It has been supposed that the existing rostra were Cæsar's, but Professor Boni shows that this is not the case, and that they are actually of the Imperial times. He distinguishes two periods in the construction of the edifice—the first, during which the larger portion was built, belonging to the reign of Domitian, and the second, when the building was lengthened, much later, to about the year 418 A.D., at which time the Romans, having been victorious in a Naval engagement over the Vandals, decided to enlarge the tribune in order to adorn it with additional rostra representing the ships captured. Signor Boni indicates this prolongation by the name of Rostra Vandalica, and with acute discernment has discovered Cæsar's, or rather the Republican, originals in a portico with small arcades, close to the semi-circular building called the "Graccostasis." He recognised the identity from a design depicted on a rare Lollian coin of the date 45 B.C. These Republican rostra are inserted under the arcades referred to, which are about 4-ft. high, and

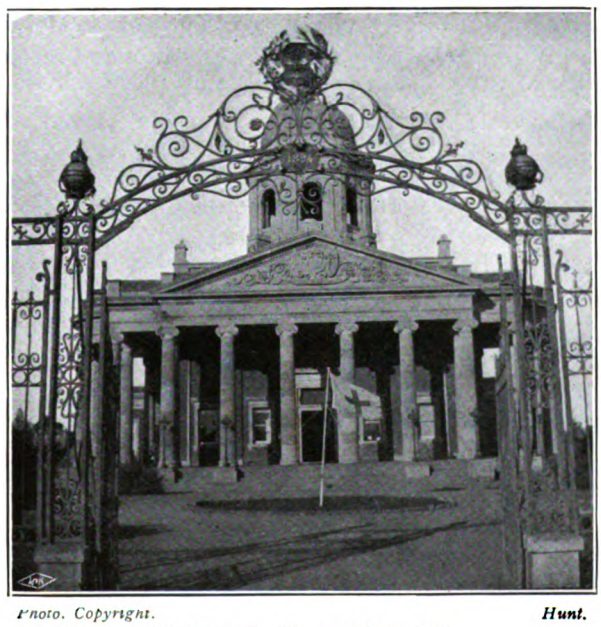

Photo. Copyright. *Hunt.*

PUTTING IT TO A GOOD USE.

The Raadzaal, Bloemfontein, which our Picture portrays, was the Meeting-place of the Assembly of what was Once the Orange Free State. Since that Turbulent Republic has become a British Colony, the Building has been Used as a Hospital, and the Ample Accommodation which it Affords has been much Appreciated. The Red Cross Flag in the Foreground sufficiently Indicates its Present Use.

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simulate ships emerging from the arsenals, as represented on the coin. Over the porch, and surmounted by an inscription known to have been dictated by Anthony, is the platform from which the orators delivered their harangues.

WHILE this country has passed through a period of deep and sorrowful anxiety, the Dutch were beginning to do honour to their young Queen, to whom we must all wish well for her wedding day. The event recalls the marriage of Queen Victoria to the Prince Consort, for Queen Wilhelmina is also a reigning Sovereign, and is also to wed a German Prince. Appropriately the celebrations began with the distribution of alms and provisions for the poor, and the end of this week has been given up to rejoicing. On Monday there is to be a serenade in front of the Palace, executed by many Dutch choral societies, and the serenading is to be continued on the next day with a gala performance at the Opera House, and a great entertainment to the working classes. On Wednesday there will be a great march-past, and during the week the rejoicings will be continued throughout Holland, and the foreign war-ships will honour the occasion.

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

A GROUP OF LADY RIFLE SHOTS IN NATAL.

Our Picture shows a Group of Lady Members of the Isipingo Rifle Association in Natal. It is an Excellent Thing that Ladies take an Interest in Local Associations, and the Blackboard shows that Some of them can Shoot. The Weaker Ones will doubtless Improve. The Association was Established Four Years Ago, and it now Boasts of Sixty Male Members and Seventeen Lady Members. The Eager Competition between the Various Associations of the Colony is likely to Cause a Material Addition to these Numbers at an Early Date.

AN extraordinary story, told by M. Bailby in French Nationalist papers, deserves to be noticed for its curiosity, although it is manifestly false. He asserts that a convention between France and Germany was about to be concluded when M. Hanotaux lost the portfolio of foreign affairs, and that the late Admiral Sallandrouze de Lamornaix was chiefly instrumental in working out the draft, which was to form the basis of a treaty, being associated with Admiral Gervais and Generals de Boisdeffre and Jamont. France was to cede Madagascar to Germany in return for the fortress of Metz, of which the dismantlement was to be left in abeyance, and for the neutralisation of Alsace under an independent prince, and an offensive and defensive alliance was to have resulted. M. Bailby asserts that a preliminary report upon the subject drawn up by M. Haussmann and Colonel Monteil, at the solicitation of the Imperial Chancellor Caprivi, is to be found in the French Foreign Office. The failure of the project is alleged by the Nationalist Press to have been due to the advent to power of M. Delcassé, and it may be surmised that the real object of the Nationalists is to attack the existing Government in France. They seem to shrink from no folly in their efforts to compass this object.

THE close of Queen Victoria's reign lends interest to the last publication of Lloyd's Register of British and foreign ships. The total output of the United Kingdom in ships launched at various yards, including twenty-nine war-ships of 68,364 tons, was 721 vessels in 1900, with a gross displacement of 1,510,835 tons. Without going deeply into figures, it may be said that this marks a large increase upon the previous years, except that the war-ships launched were less than those for 1899 by 100,000 tons. The tendency is everywhere very marked to abandon the construction of sailing-ships, and steel has almost usurped the place of iron, except for small trawlers and such-like vessels. Another tendency is towards the construction of vessels of large tonnage. Thus, in 1892, there were thirty-seven steamers launched of 4,000 tons and more; in 1895, fifty; in 1898, eighty-three; and in 1900, 125. Newcastle takes the lead in ship-building, followed by Glasgow, Sunderland, Greenock, Middlesbrough, Hartlepool, and Belfast, while, in war-ship building, Barrow has a larger output than any other port. Although Germany has taken to ship-building with great success, she is still our best customer, and bought from us last year nearly 7·2 per cent. of our total output, while the United Kingdom acquired not less than 48 per cent. It is less pleasant to note that while we launched in 1900 only twenty-nine war-ships of 68,364 tons, there were built abroad seventy war-ships of 192,000 tons.

FROM recent indications, it is impossible not to recognise the increased weight of Russia's position in Persia, a country which we have alternately doubted, encouraged, despised, and disregarded. We have no longer the dominant voice in her Army and industries, and we have not used all our advantages. Russia, on the other hand, has gone forward with direct and resolute policy, and has established herself in the northern provinces to the exclusion of rivals, and secured sway over the central government. Now her scheme for a railway to the coast and a port on the Persian Gulf is assuming form. She essays to threaten on the flank our communications with India, and a vacillating and uncertain policy on our part is a direct invitation to aggression. This is a matter to which the attention of our statesmen must be directed. At a time like this, when the sympathy and interest of all nations are attracted to us, it is painful to dwell upon such things as these. We cannot wish to say anything to hurt the legitimate pride of those who have held out to us the hand of friendship. But the world moves, and His Majesty's Ministers have many tasks before them. The death of the Queen and the advent of her successor may for a time divert attention from the march of events abroad, but there are many things to show that this is no time for relaxing vigilance.

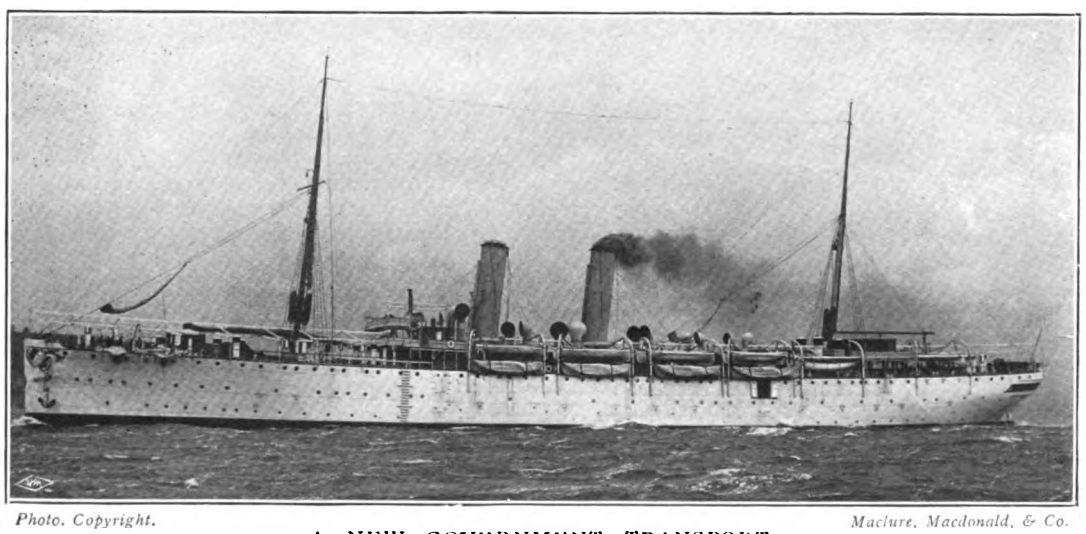

Photo. Copyright. *Maclure, Macdonald, & Co.*

A NEW GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT.

The "Hardinge," whereof the above is a Picture, is a Transport Constructed for the Indian Government, which continues to Believe in Government Transports in Preference to Hired Vessels. The Wisdom of the Policy is in Dispute, but there is no Question that the "Hardinge" is a Beautiful Craft. She Displaces 5,600 tons, and was Built at Govan. Her Speed is, roughly, 19 knots, and she is capable of Carrying about 1,400 Troops. Accepting the Policy, she is Precisely the Type of Vessel to Carry it Out.

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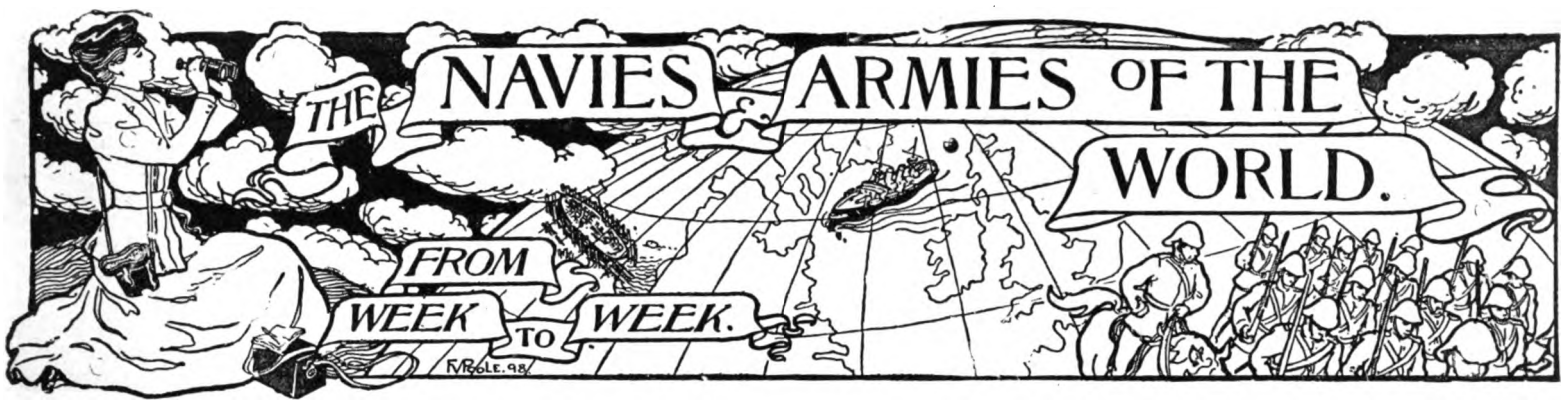

LAST month saw the execution in France of a reform, as some call it, or of a gross mistake, as it appears to others. The law of July 7 which transferred the Troupes de la Marine from the Navy to the Army, came into operation on January 7. It is to be presumed that the old name of Infanterie de la Marine will disappear. From our point of view it always seemed a misnomer. Most Englishmen when they heard the words Infanterie de la Marine understood them as signifying something like our own Marines. When they were told that these French soldiers were nicknamed the Marsouins, that is, Porpoises, they would naturally be still more firmly convinced that this was the case. But it was not. The Infanterie de la Marine were colonial troops, who were described as "of the Navy" simply because the French colonies and Fleet were originally under the same Minister. The two departments were separated some time ago, but the troops continued to be attached to the Ministry of Marine. As French possessions abroad increased, it was felt that a special Colonial Army was needed more than ever, and the question arose whether it would not be better to take the Troupes de la Marine as the basis, and transfer them to the War Office, since the colonies and the Navy were no longer united. Naval officers not unnaturally were hostile to the change, which appeared to diminish the relative importance of their own service. But it has been made, and it does seem more consistent with that logic on which our neighbours pride themselves than the rather complicated arrangement which formerly existed.

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In future, these troops will be known as L'Armée Coloniale officially, though the old title may linger, and the nickname of Marsouins will probably survive. They will still form an exception in the general organisation of the French Army. We note, not without a certain sense of amusement, that this force is to be composed as far as possible of volunteers who enter directly, or who apply to be transferred from the Home Army, and of re-enlisted men. What distinction there is between men obtained in this way and our own mercenaries, for whom the French affect such a pious horror, it is difficult to see. Perhaps this is because our dull insular minds are too obtuse to master the niceties of French logic. When voluntary enlistment fails the ranks of the Colonial Army will be filled "by authority." *Hommes du contingent métropolitain . . . incorpores d'office* is the French phrase. Here we come to a provision which is enough to make the reader rub his eyes. The soldiers of the Colonial Army who are incorporated in it "by authority," and not of their own free will, will not be required to serve in the colonies unless they volunteer in writing after their incorporation. So that France is endowing herself with a Colonial Army of which part at least, and possibly a great part, will not be liable to serve in the colonies. It is easy enough to understand why this rule was made. Service in the colonies, which are all in the tropics, is odious to the mass of the French peasantry and workmen. The exemption, it is true, applies only to garrison duty, for the soldiers of the Colonial Army will be liable to serve in expeditions out of French territory; but that, it is to be presumed, would be the case with all soldiers when the necessity arose.

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In fact, when we look into it, the new organisation does seem to some extent to justify the prophecies of those who exposed the transfer of the Troupes de la Marine to the War Office. They said that the Army would do its best to employ them to increase its own numbers, and there does appear to be a strong probability that this will turn out to be a well-founded prediction. Among the duties assigned to the Colonial Army is the defence of the mother country. Now, of course, the Troupes de la Marine were always liable to be called upon for this purpose. The Colonial Army consists of two elements—the French and the native. The former is to be distributed between home and foreign service as follows: In France there will be twelve regiments of three battalions of four companies each—thirty-six battalions, in fact, the infantry of an Army corps. On colonial garrison duty there will be two regiments of three battalions and one of four battalions in Indo-China, one regiment of four and one of three battalions in Madagascar, and a regiment of two battalions in West Africa, all of four companies. Two battalions of four companies will be stationed at New Caledonia and Martinique, one battalion of two companies will do duty at Guyane, while there will be a company at Guadaloupe and another at Tahiti. This makes a total of twenty-eight battalions and two independent companies.

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This distribution would seem on the face of it to be very fair. The part of the Colonial Army retained in France is not greater than is required to supply reliefs, remembering that French colonial service is all in the tropics, and much of it in very unhealthy countries. By the way, too, it must be kept in mind that Algiers does not rank as a colony, but as a part of the territory of the mother country, while Tunis is a protectorate. The Colonial Army does not serve in either. What suggests itself as the weak point of the scheme is the provision which makes garrison duty in the colonies voluntary. Supposing that it is honestly applied, and that men are not "compelled to come in voluntarily," as the old phrase was, and allowing further for the intense unpopularity of garrison duty in the tropics among French conscripts, there is a manifest risk that the force at home will not be sufficient to supply reliefs to the force abroad. Thirty-six battalions are to relieve twenty-eight and two independent companies. Even if the obligation to go on duty in the tropics were universal, which we are told it is not to be, this distribution seems no more than just what it ought to be in order to keep up a steady movement in normal times, and to allow the officers rather more time in France than in the tropics. The men, in a large proportion of cases, and when they did not re-engage, might perform their whole service in one spell of garrison duty, when they would be time-expired and free to return to their farm or city life. Still, even for the ranks there will be a difficulty in finding reliefs, if many of the colonial soldiers in the home battalions are really allowed to decline to go out of the country. For some years past it has been less and less possible to keep up a proper proportion between the two kinds of duty for the Troupes de la Marine, and there seems little prospect that the problem will be more readily solved with the Armée Coloniale. The question whether a country has much chance of founding a colonial empire when its sons have to be soothed by assurances that they will not be expected to go to the colonies, is one which does not quite come within our limits.

* * * *

The native portion of the Colonial Army is formed of three battalions of Tirailleurs Annamites in Cochin-China, fourteen Tirailleurs Tonquiniois, ten Tirailleurs Sénégalais in the Soudan and Madagascar, in which island there are also six battalions of Malegasi Tirailleurs, and four battalions of Senegalese for service in East Africa. This is a total of thirty-seven battalions. The whole force, white and coloured, amounts to 101 battalions, without counting special corps or the artillery and cavalry, which must be left aside for the present. It is a formidable mass of men when summed up as a whole, but as it is scattered all over the world, from Martinique to New Caledonia, it nowhere presents any substantial body of troops—except in France itself, where there is a whole Army corps. This supplies the fund of reserve on which the French Government would have to draw should the need to defend any one of its widely-separated patches of territory arise. It must, however, be obvious that, supposing a state of war to exist between our neighbour and an enemy who possessed a substantial power at sea, the thirty-six battalions of the Colonial Army at home might have to stay there, and would be lost for the defence of the colonies. They would, of course, still be available for service at home, and perhaps if we could get at the "thought behind the faggots" in the mind of the military authorities, they think this the more important occupation of the two. Though colonial adventure has been taken up as the only outlet for French energies since the disasters of 1870-71, most sane Frenchmen are indifferent to it in their hearts.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

"Gentlemen, the King."

THERE was a time when it seemed that Kingship was a fiction of the past. Reformers, in a hurry to sweep away all that could remind the Sovereign People of their once subject state, declared that the days of hereditary rule were numbered; that kings and queens, for the little while that remained to them of their ancient state and dignity, would live obscure and die scarce noticed; that the world had outlived the age in which the hopes and aspirations and the best feelings of a nation could be summed up in the person of one man or one woman. Vain words that held no more than a little fragment of the truth! Where are now those who uttered them with untroubled assurance, where now those who put their faith in them? Dead and forgotten, or else alive and unheeded, and meanwhile this realm of England, and that wider realm of the Empire of Britain, stretching to the furthest coasts and confines of the earth, is mourning, as few people have ever mourned before, a Queen who has so long represented to them all the qualities that most befit a constitutional Monarch and all the noblest attributes of humanity. For England, it is true, the days are centuries past when it was felt that her safety and prosperity depended upon the strong arm and subtle mind of her ruler. The succession is secure, the policy of the State fixed, the people themselves the guardians of their honour and their rights. Out of the changing conditions of earlier times there has evolved

> "A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent."

And yet the nation sorrows to-day more deeply and with a heavier heart than it has sorrowed for any king or queen that ever sat upon the throne of England. What is the explanation of this seeming paradox? A very simple explanation, which hardly needs pointing out. Our grief at the loss of our beloved Queen is a personal grief, a passionate regret that one of whom we have always thought with affection, almost with tenderness, as of the Mother of her People in a real sense, should have passed beyond reach of the manifestations of our love and gratitude. Other Sovereigns have been honoured for their might, respected for their statecraft, feared for their power. Queen Victoria was loved for her character, her wide and quick sympathy, her readiness to share in fullest measure the joys and sorrows of us all. Though the time has gone by for Sovereigns of England to leave names behind them renowned for sovereignty, there is yet a nobler name that they can win, a name honoured for nobility of soul, for kindness of heart, for goodness and gentleness of life. Such is the honoured name our dear, dead Sovereign leaves, to "swell sweet and blossom in the dust." Such is the record that history shall make of her reign, that, being a woman, she represented to the hundreds of millions who owned her sovereignty the touching beauty and the noble grace of womanhood. When she spoke to her subjects—in moments of gladness, as at her Jubilee, or in hours of national sorrow—as she did in her simply-worded letters, always brave in face of the heaviest blows a woman can sustain, always inspired by that touching sincerity which shone through all her public as well as her private life, her words went straight to the heart. Her numberless kindly acts, too, sent a thrill of affection through her people, when they were made known, and yet only a small proportion ever were known. Of her it might be said—during all her later life, at any rate—that, like One whom she followed, she went about doing good. Words and acts alike touched the chord of common humanity, and bound close to her—closer than ever a great nation has been bound to a monarch before—the multitudes of every race and creed who called her Queen.

The same treasure of respect and affection these multitudes are ready to pour out before King Edward VII. He has only to show the same qualities which made Victoria great and the same reward will be his. All his life as Prince of Wales gives promise that in goodness of heart and in that quick and kindly consideration for others, which has so great a value in Royal persons, the King will fall no whit behind the noble tradition he inherits. He takes up the burden of Kingship, well knowing that the weight of a crown in these days is not less than it has been, even though the nature of its responsibilities has altered. For the welfare of the realm, the Sovereign is no longer alone responsible, but no less grave than that is the responsibility of setting to all men an example of high character and abounding charity. England is blest in having an Edward VII. to ascend the throne left vacant by Victoria, a King who is zealous to show himself, as he already has shown himself while Prince, ready to lead in all good works, to strive for the welfare of the uncared-for and unfortunate, to blend all classes into a self-respecting, mutually dependent people, and to be the Father of the People in no mere formal sense. For tact, which does so much to smooth the pathway of life in every rank; for sympathy and unostentatious kindness; for a determination to keep strictly within the limits of the Constitution and to discharge with punctual devotion all the duties that fall to the lot of Royalty, Edward VII. has long been distinguished. No one can doubt that the same qualities which shone in the Prince of Wales will shine with added radiance in the person of the King.

> "Why, then, be sad,"

we can imagine him saying,

> "But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
> Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
> For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured
> I'll be your father and your brother too;
> Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares."

The Navy and the Army greet the King with sincere and deep loyalty like all his subjects, and with a special enthusiasm of their own for a Prince who has always taken a keen interest in Naval and Military questions.

The duties of his great position prevented the Prince of Wales from following a very active Military or Naval career himself. But his eldest son was a smart soldier, and the Navy will never forget that the Prince who now becomes Heir Apparent is a sailor-prince, not a mere ornamental sailor, but a Naval officer who has gone through the mill and learnt his work like another in the school of experience. "Gentlemen, the King," will sound strangely at first, and, for a little while, even painfully, in the ears of His Majesty's officers as they go through the accustomed ceremony at mess. But the toast will be honoured with genuine feeling throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, and with a sentiment of gratitude to the Scheme of Things for the fact that, after a reign which has given us such cause for thankfulness, there follows one which gives us such good ground for hope.

TO HIS NAVY AND ARMY.

The following messages are promulgated respectively to the Navy and to the Army by His Majesty's command.

Osborne, 25th January, 1901.

I am desirous of expressing to the Navy my heartfelt thanks for its distinguished and renowned services during the long and glorious reign of my beloved mother the Queen, to whose Throne I now succeed.

Her Majesty, ever proud of the great deeds of her Navy, the protector of our shores and commerce, watched with the keenest solicitude its vast progress during her reign, and made it the profession of my late-lamented brother, as I also chose it for the early education of both my sons.

Watching over your interests and well-being, I confidently rely upon that unfailing loyalty which is the proud inheritance of your noble service.

EDWARD R. & I.

Osborne, 25th January, 1901.

On my accession to the Throne of my ancestors I am desirous of thanking the Army for the splendid services which it has rendered to my beloved mother the Queen during her glorious reign of upwards of sixty-three years.

Her Majesty invariably evinced the warmest interest in her troops, especially when on active service, both as a Sovereign and as the head of her Army, and she was proud of the fact of being a soldier's daughter.

To secure your best interests will be one of the dearest objects of my heart, and I know I can count upon that loyal devotion which you ever evinced towards your late Sovereign.

EDWARD R. & I.

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The Commonwealth of Australia.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The Viceregal Procession Passing Up King Street, Sydney.

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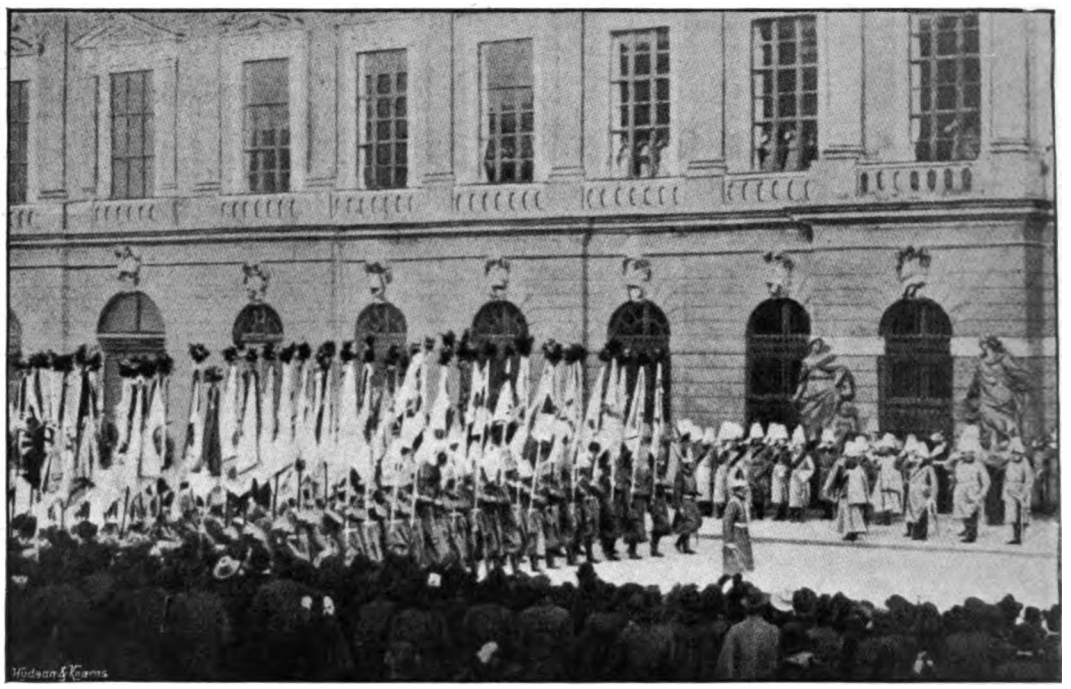
The Prussian Monarchy.

WE present to-day three pictures illustrating the ceremonial commemoration at Berlin of the Bi-centenary of the Prussian Monarchy. On January 18, 1701, the Elector of Brandenburg became King Frederick I. of Prussia, and it was peculiarly fitting that the Royal Arsenal, one of the most ancient historical monuments in the German capital, which was built at the Elector's command, should have been made the scene of the initial function of the memorial festivities. Our pictures show His Majesty the Emperor and King saluting the colours of the Guard Regiments stationed in the capital, inspecting the troops of the Imperial Guard, and addressing the officers in the courtyard of the Arsenal.

Interesting as this celebration was from an historical and military standpoint, it had for the people of Great Britain a further significance, one to which it is impossible to attach too great importance. We cannot forget that it was during the course of the festivities in connection with this Bi-centenary that our late beloved Queen was prostrated by the illness which resulted in her lamented death. In all the circumstances of the case the German Emperor might, without forfeiting our regard, or showing any lack of feeling, have remained in his capital and have entrusted to others the ceremonial observance even of that personal sorrow which the Queen's serious illness must in any case have caused her Imperial grandson. But William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, was quick on such an occasion to display that lofty sentiment and those generous impulses which have been the distinguishing characteristics of his career. The moment he learnt that the condition of the Queen was really serious he hastened with all speed to Osborne, was recognised by the dying Sovereign, and formed one of that illustrious group of her children and grandchildren surrounded by whom she passed peacefully away.

The mere fact of the solicitude and good feeling displayed by the German Emperor on this sorrowful occasion is a beautiful instance of that tender regard for family sentiment which is such a marked trait in the German character. But to the people of Great Britain it is something more than this. In times past misunderstanding has arisen, let it be frankly recalled, between the German Emperor and ourselves. Our feelings as a nation were jarred by an act to which, in a tense condition of susceptibility, we attached, perhaps, exaggerated importance. On the part neither of the Kaiser nor of the people of Great Britain was anything like a formal attempt at a *rapprochement* possible; but by his recent action the German Emperor himself has simply obliterated all trace of former misunderstanding, and has gained a place in the affections of the people of this country which is only comparable with the genuine popularity he enjoys among the people of his own



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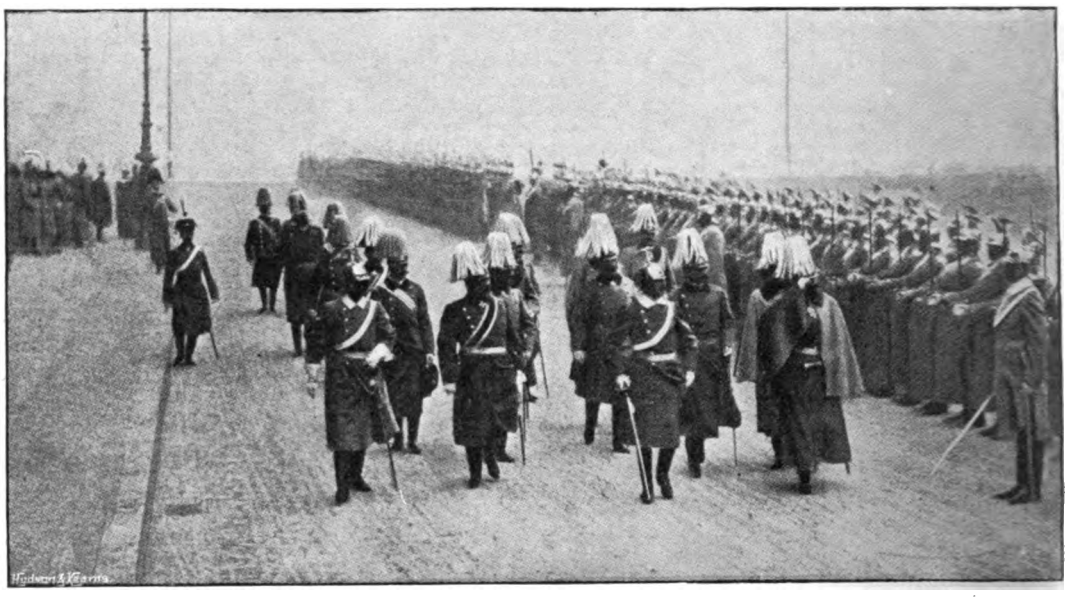
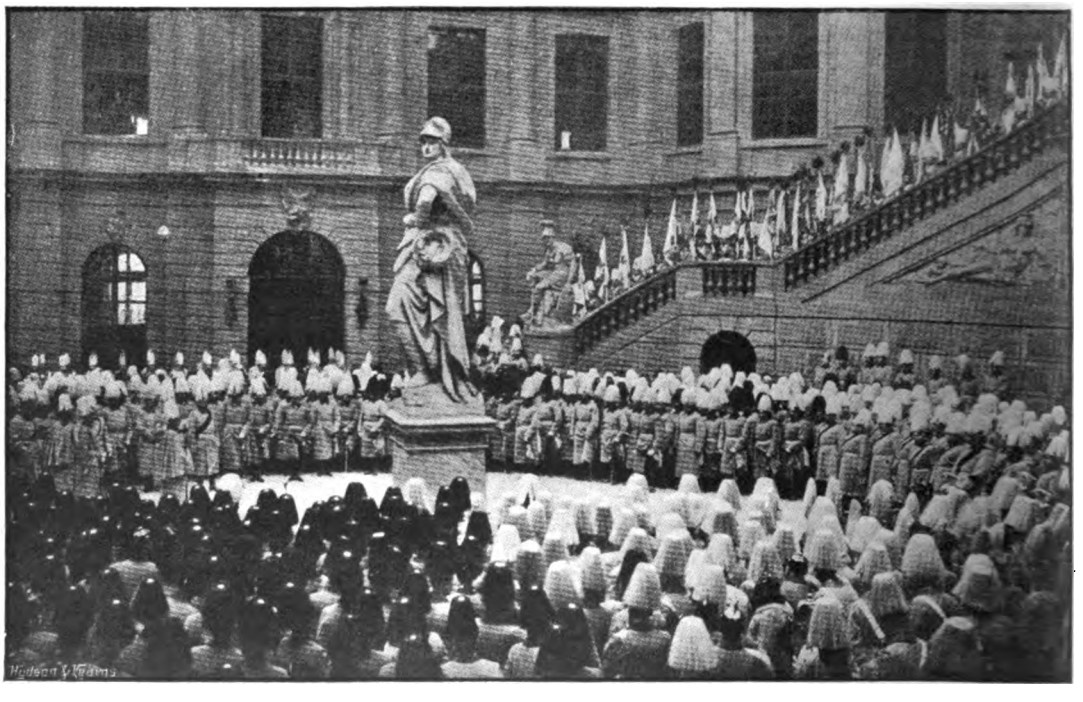
THE BI-CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.
The Emperor and King Saluting the Colours of the Guards.



THE MILITARY INSPECTION.
The Emperor and King Passing Down the Line of the Imperial Guard.



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IN THE ARSENAL COURTYARD.
The Emperor and King Addressing the Military Officers.

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Queen Victoria and Her Sailors and Soldiers.

THE relations between the Queen and all ranks of her Navy and Army have always been of a singularly close and even affectionate nature. The devotion of the British sailor and soldier to their Sovereign has naturally been intensified by the chivalrous feeling of the fighting Services for a Mistress who, despite her sex, proved as fine a Chief of the Navy and Army of Great Britain as any of her male predecessors. From the day when she first reviewed her troops, in the uniform in which she appears in one of the pictures which accompany this article, the Army's uppermost thought in war and peace has been to prove itself worthy of its Queen. From the first day when, journeying by sea, she was attended by war-ships from her Fleet, the Queen could reckon on such loyalty from her Sea Service as has never been excelled, and seldom approached, in the history of all Navies. Alike in peace and war, the Queen has been something very much more than a mere figurehead in the eyes of her sailors and soldiers, and, by womanly tact, as well as by those Royal gifts which made her what she was, she caused their love and admiration for her to increase steadily until, at the time of her lamented death, it amounted to something akin to a noble fanaticism.

THE QUEEN IN UNIFORM
As she appeared at her First Review.
After a Contemporary Sketch, 1839.

To recount in detail the hundreds of occasions on which Her Majesty was brought into close and personal contact with her Sea and Land Forces would prove a laborious task. It will be sufficient for the purposes of this sketch to single out a few such instances and to treat them quite discursively. Of the first review in the Queen's reign we have already spoken, and it would not be difficult to enlarge almost indefinitely upon such an inspiring theme. What a strangely instructive and striking comparison might be drawn between Her Majesty's appearance at this function, in the first flush of youthful Queenhood and joy in the glittering spectacle before her, and a scene which was witnessed not so many weeks back, when the aged Sovereign went to visit her wounded soldiers returned from South Africa in Netley Hospital. The word "comparison" seems really more appropriate than the word "contrast," since both episodes show the Queen to some extent in the same light, and testify to the abundant pride she was so ever ready to display in the possession of an Army that was so truly hers in word, thought, and deed.

Other and kindred reflections are aroused by memories of the Queen's presence at great historical Naval reviews, such as those in connection with the war in the Crimea, and, at a later day, the superb spectacle at Spithead, which marked indelibly on the pages of history the Navy's contribution to the glories of the Diamond Jubilee. The Queen's interest in the Navy may be described as of exactly the same character as that which she habitually evinced in her Land Forces. She aimed to identify herself completely with it, and her pride in its glorious efficiency was shown on every possible occasion on which it could be exhibited without hurting those continental susceptibilities which, as one closely connected with several European dynasties, she was ever careful not to offend. As, by right of her position, Lord High Admiral of the British Fleet, she necessarily deputed her administrative powers to others, but she gave a son to the Naval Service, two of her grandsons as midshipmen made a cruise in the "Bacchante" round the world, and when at reviews the Royal Yacht, with Her Majesty on board, threaded its way down the long lines of battle-ships and cruisers, one felt, indeed, that the Royal Standard flung its folds over the real ruler of the British Navy. It was natural that Her Majesty's opportunities of reviewing her troops should be much more frequent than those which she enjoyed of inspecting any great assembly of her ships. The Navy is always more or less on active service, even in the piping times of peace, while Military reviews, even in time of any ordinary war, have sometimes to be arranged at Aldershot and in London for reasons not perhaps wholly military in character. To Aldershot the Queen paid many visits in the course of her career, one of the most interesting being in the early days of the Duke of Connaught's tenure of the command, when Her Majesty made a brief stay at the Camp, and a great

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OSBORNE HOUSE.

The Queen's Well-loved Residence in the Isle of Wight, where she Died

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Military tattoo was held in her honour. But the most notable and, from the sentimental as well as spectacular standpoint, the most important of such functions took place in 1897, and was known as the "Jubilee Aldershot Review." Some 25,000 troops were gathered on Laffan's Plain, and the review was attended by a great number of distinguished foreign visitors, who must have been impressed by the wildly enthusiastic manner in which the Queen was greeted by her soldiers.

But if on repeated occasions the Queen had the gratification of holding great Military reviews in times of peace, it also fell to her lot to bid her troops a farewell on the eve of several hard-fought and devastating campaigns. Of these, two have stood out in specially strong relief—the war in the Crimea and the present war in South Africa. Other wars and expeditions—the Indian Mutiny, the first Ashanti Expedition, the Afghan War of 1879-80-81, the Zulu War of 1879, in which the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment at Windsor. Here was no great gathering of Regular soldiers belonging to *corps d'elite*, but a mere handful of a hundred Volunteers who, at the call of the Government, had sprung to arms, and were offering their services in a difficult and dangerous campaign. The inspection was held in the St. George's Hall at Windsor, and the Queen was wheeled in and took her place in a chair in the middle of the hall, surrounded by a few members of the Royal Family and of the Court. One remembers with a pang in what a clear resonant voice Her Majesty addressed those Volunteers and wished them a safe return. It was a quaintly simple, yet deeply impressive, function, to some minds perhaps even more so than the inspection of the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry which preceded it by some weeks.

The Queen's relations with her principal Naval and

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

After a Portrait by Drummond, Showing the Fashion of the Early Victorian Period.

the Prince Imperial was killed, the Boer War which terminated so ingloriously in the disaster of Majuba Hill, the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, the Chitral Campaign of 1895, the Indian Frontier Risings of 1897-98, the Khartoum Expedition—have kept the Queen's soldiers pretty actively employed through each successive decade of "the longest reign." But in none of these cases were the efforts made such a strain upon the country as in the cases of the Crimean and the present Wars. Of this fact the Queen's appreciation was complete, and in either instance the eager solicitude she displayed and her tender regard for the sufferings of her Army are matters of history. Few more touching military scenes could be witnessed than some of her farewells to the corps about to be embarked for South Africa. One such instance is recalled forcibly to the writer's mind, the inspection namely, by the Queen, of the Service Company of Military officers have habitually been of the most cordial description. Special interest is attached, of course, to the extreme confidence which Her Majesty naturally placed in the Duke of Wellington, who, in the earlier days of her reign, was to her indeed a guide and friend. In him she must have put greater reliance than, perhaps, she was able to place in the gallant and chivalrous, but somewhat impetuous, Lord Gough, who, though he succeeded the great Duke as Commander-in-Chief, did not, of course, take his place as a statesman, and, moreover, shared with the Duke of Newcastle some of the blame which resulted from the sufferings of the troops in the Crimea. Lord Gough was succeeded by the Duke of Cambridge, whose tenure of the Chiefship for thirty-nine years was marked by the happiest relations between the War Office and the Crown. On the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge it was well known that the Queen would have been

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pleased to see him succeeded by another Royal Commander-in-Chief, in the person of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who by real merit had brought himself into the front rank of British Military commanders. But the claims of Lord Wolseley were indisputable, and were gracefully admitted by the Queen. Her Majesty, moreover, entertained and displayed a strong personal liking for the great soldier who had worked so hard and fought so splendidly for her. When but a few weeks back Lord Wolseley was succeeded by Lord Roberts, and the latter returned from South Africa crowned with further honours, the Queen received him personally at Osborne, and conferred on him the Earldom he had won by devoting himself to the conduct of a trying campaign at an age and in circumstances which would fully have justified his standing aside. One of the Queen's latest

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

As Painted by Fowler when the Queen was Twenty-one Years of Age.

interviews with her chief advisers was with Lord Roberts, who was summoned by her to Osborne on the Tuesday preceding her fatal seizure. With Naval Commanders-in-Chief Her Majesty's association was not less close and kindly, and service in the Royal Yacht was ever an object of Naval ambition on personal grounds, as well as for the reason that the Queen never lost sight of those who had served near her and served her well.

During the Queen's reign great, in some respects astonishing, changes took place in both the Navy and Army. "Our modern Royal Navy," writes the author of "The British Fleet," "is practically the creation of the past thirty years," dating, in fact, from "the introduction of armour and rifled ordnance, the appearance of which on the scene condemned the older Navy to vanish off the face of the sea." When the Queen ascended the throne even the application of steam to the purposes of the Navy was in its extreme infancy, and it was not until shortly after her accession that the first steam sloops of war were built, of which the most notable was the "Cyclops," of but 1,862 tons displacement and 320 horse-power. Before the Crimean War no Naval gun more powerful than the 68-pounder existed, and that was "a cast-iron smooth-bore piece of practically the same type as the ordnance of Queen Elizabeth's time, nearly three centuries before." It was not until 1861 that the first broadside ironclad, the "Warrior," was completed. Her Majesty lived to see not only the conception but the realisation of very different ideals. Last year was launched at Chatham the great battle-ship "Venerable," of 15,000 tons, and a speed of 18 knots, and carrying 12-in. guns, which, to those of the pre-Crimean days, are almost as a modern rifle is to a peashooter. Her Majesty's Navy has for some years contained mighty cruisers such as the "Powerful" and "Terrible," which are, practically speaking, battle-ships with a speed of over 22 knots an hour. Another deeply-interesting development of Naval progress during the Queen's reign has been the introduction of the torpedo, the torpedo-boat, and the "destroyer," which last has reached a speed of 35 knots by means of the turbine principle, only introduced within the last three or four years.

The changes in the Army have been scarcely less subversive. To the soldier of 1837, brave and loyal fellow that he was, has succeeded a type not less personally courageous, steadfast, and devoted to Queen and country, but of an altogether superior class so far as education, morality, and even discipline are concerned. Mr. Cardwell's introduction in 1872 of the military system, by which "the Home Army is

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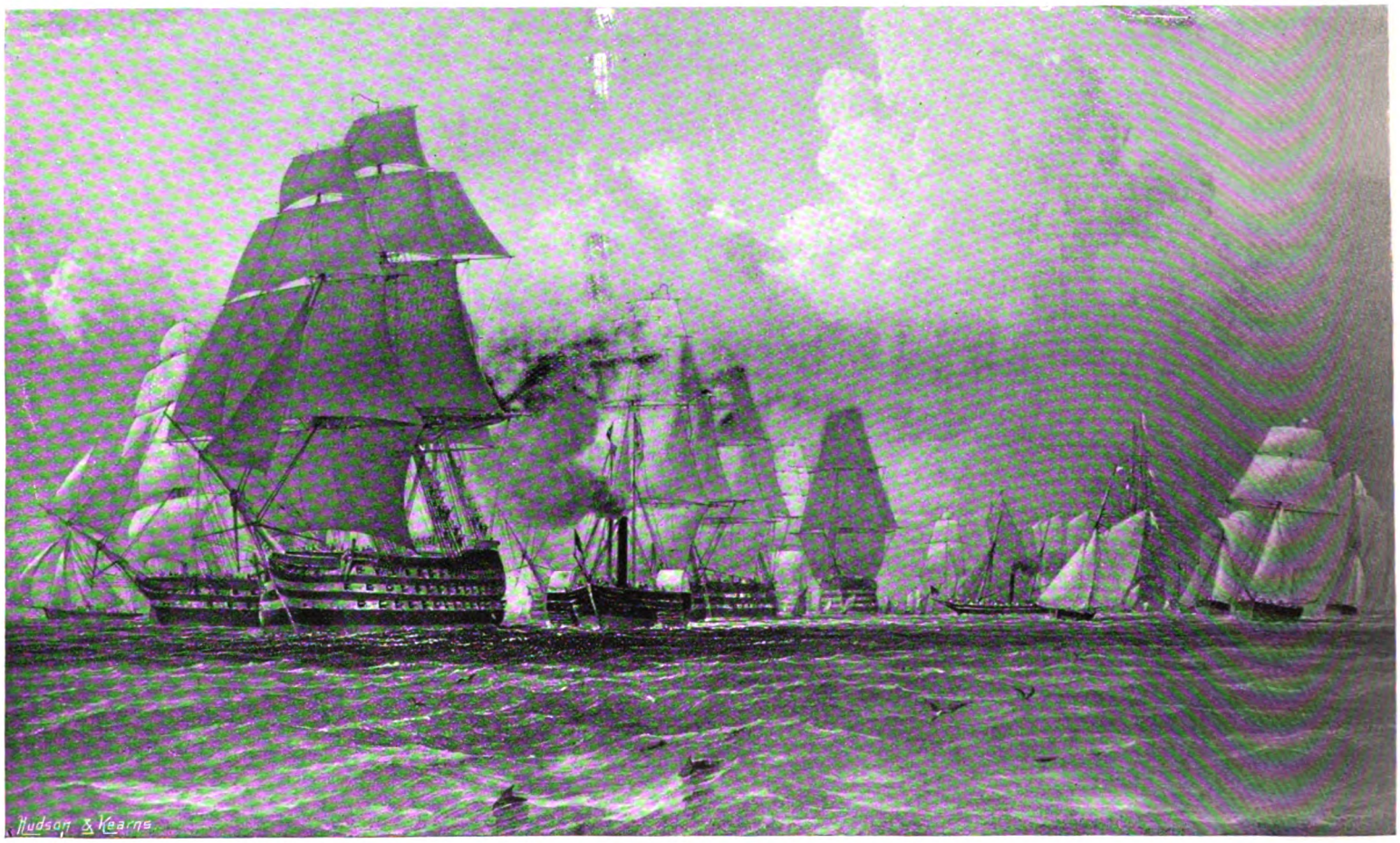
A FAVOURITE CORPS.

Presentation of Colours to the Gordon Highlanders after Dargai.

used as the machine for raising, and the school for training, the drafts required to maintain the Army abroad, supplementing it in case of emergency by calling out the Reserves," effected a reform which was carried to its logical conclusion by the scheme of territorialisation, brought about by Mr. Childers in 1880. These changes were so drastic and comprehensive as to cause much heart-burning; but the correctness of the general principle involved has been clearly demonstrated, and the introduction of such sweeping and progressive measures is, without doubt, one of the most remarkable products of the Victorian period.

But from the sentimental and, indeed, largely from the practical point of view, an even greater interest is attached to the development during the Queen's reign of the Imperial Idea, which has received such magnificent illustration during the war in South Africa. The gradual approximation of the Colonies to the Mother Country might have been brought about in course of time by natural and peaceful causes, but the Military necessities of the Empire have accelerated the process in a manner which has surprised and even startled the world at large. The manner in which the Colonies have sprung to the assistance of Great Britain has produced a sentiment of pride and security which it is difficult to describe and impossible to exaggerate.

What is of peculiar significance is the fact that to the generation of this idea the personality of the Queen contributed in a wonderful degree, and the idea itself was fostered carefully by Her Majesty's repeated and most gracious reception of colonial contingents. Not less fervent, but on a somewhat different plane, is the loyalty of the Indian Army, which has belonged to the regular Military Service of the Empire ever since the transference of the "raj" from the old East India Company, and which constantly evinced the most enthusiastic devotion to the great lady who, next to being Queen of England, took special pride in being, as no ruler had ever been before, "Kaisar-i-Hind."



THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

The Queen's Review of her Fleet.

From a Lithograph After J. M. Gilbert

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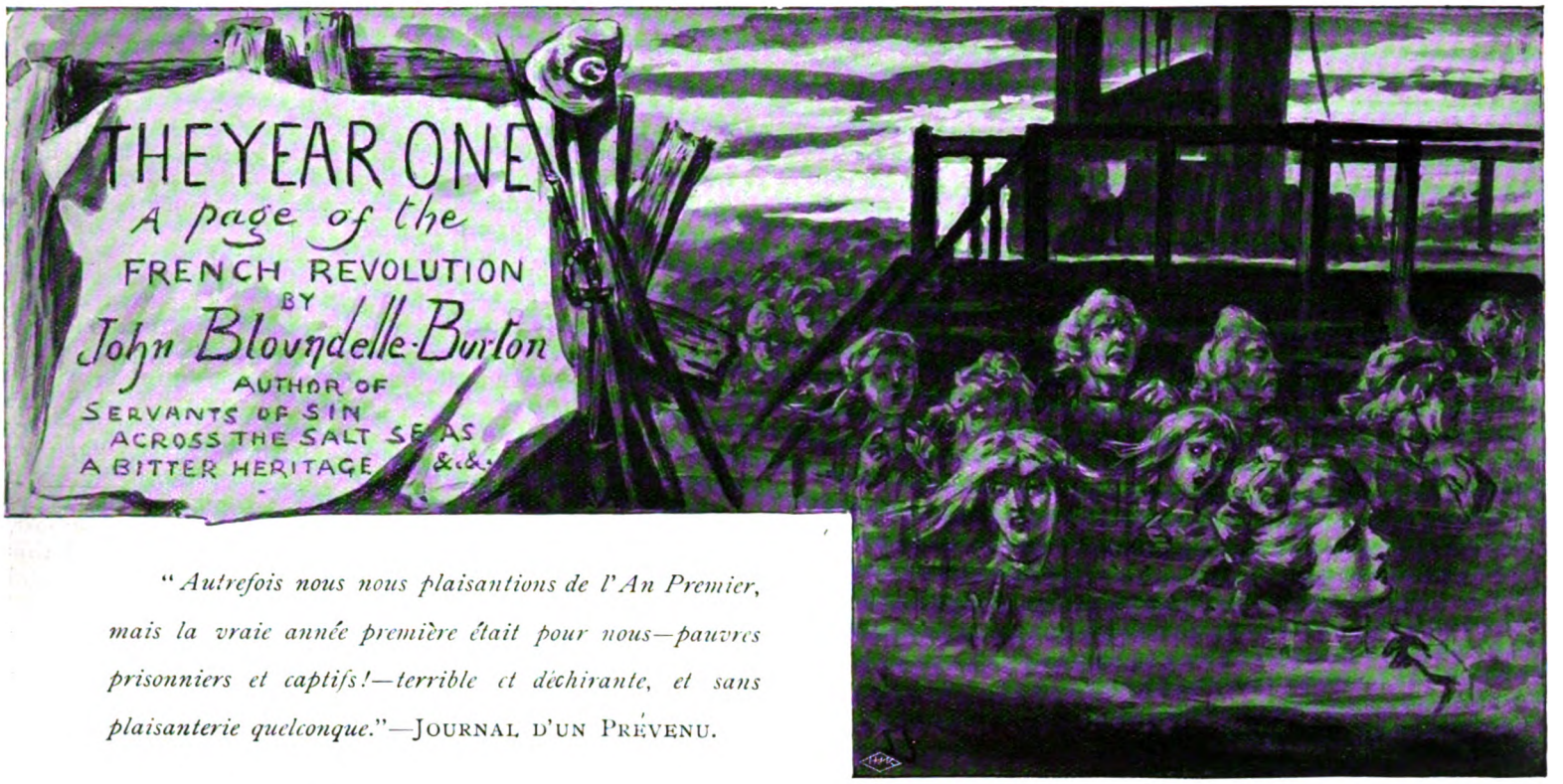

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE HOPE, of the "Dragon," has gone ashore with the ship's launch at a small village on the coast of Brittany, named Bricourt, with a view of procuring water for the casks. Here he has encountered a young and beautiful Frenchwoman, who, after stating that she is the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, and, of course, of the Royalist side, informs him that she is anxious to escape from France and the horrors of the Revolution, and asks if she can be received on board the English man-of-war. Receiving his captain's permission to fetch the lady off to the "Dragon," Hope goes ashore for her at night and brings her away, after having first stumbled across another woman in the churchyard whom he at first imagines to be she. When they have proceeded half the distance they are, however, intercepted by two chaloupes from the French ship. A terrible hand-to-hand fight then takes place, the lieutenant in command is slain by George, and he, himself, is wounded, and, at the moment of his triumph, he falls fainting at the feet of the insensible marquise. Directly after this they are captured by some men of the Republican forces quartered in the neighbourhood and are taken before Lucienne's husband, who is now the Mayor of the Commune, and is styled Jean Aubray, since all titles have been abolished. He, after hearing the evidence of the officer who had superintended their capture, forwards George and Lucienne to the local tribunal at Rennes, leaving it for that body to decide what shall be done with them.

CHAPTER IX.

UPON THE ROAD.

A LUMBERING waggon, with a hood of glazed canvas stretched upon a frame over it, halted some six weeks or so later outside the town of Dreux, while the three white horses, which, in truth, were now a dirty grey from the dust of the roads, bent their heads together and drank long and thirstily from a trough placed by the side of the road.

In that waggon a number of people were seated, few of whom appeared to have much that was in common with each other individually, though, if divided into two groups and thus considered, each group might have been regarded as formed of persons of a similar condition. For the first was composed of prisoners on their way to Paris, there to be tried for crimes committed, or imagined, against the Government. The second was composed of prison warders having the others in their charge.

Along the parched and dusty roads that waggon had come during the torrid heat of July, it having passed on its way from Rennes by cool woods and over bridges spanning the streams, and by farmhouses with orchards round them, in which the branches of the trees were almost bowed to the earth by the weight of ripening fruit; and so at last it had arrived outside Dreux, which is forty miles west of Paris. Upon the journey, those within that waggon other than the gaolers and the two carters, who were free men, had looked frequently with longing eyes at the laden pear and plum trees, and more often still at the wells from which children and old women were drawing up the ice-cold water; and equally as often at the shade beneath the trees in the woods, while dreaming, perhaps, of their own neighbouring woods where once, in bygone summers, they had lain plunged in the ferns and long lush grass. But those days were gone they reflected silently, or whispered to each other; they might never see their own homes again, nor the woods outside their own towns, nor the rivers that lapped those woods; they might, in truth, soon have no eyes with which to see even the hot baked streets of Paris and the crowds of which they had heard. For they were all criminals, or, at least, deemed to be criminals, and they were going to Paris to be tried for their lives.

These unhappy prisoners formed indeed a strangely-assorted group. On the left side of Lucienne d'Aubray—the Citizeness Aubray—there sat an old woman bent double with years; a poor old creature whose face was lined and seared with wrinkles as well as burnt brown from labour in the fields; an old infirm woman who was accused of having sent, or tried to send, a few silver pieces sewed up between cards to her grandson who had emigrated. By the side of George Hope, who himself sat next to Lucienne on her right, was a French sailor from St. Malo, who was accused of having seen a large English fleet hovering for some days between Jersey and the French coast, yet was so unpatriotic that he had not warned the authorities of the fact. This was his crime. Then, by the side of this man, was a girl of eighteen who had said at Fougères that she could never believe the King assumed the red bonnet willingly, and that force must have been used to make him do so; while next to her was an old notary who acted as intendant or steward to the Marquis Guy de Geneste, who had escaped to England. To this master the intendant had forwarded money, wherefore he was now on his way to be also tried for his life. Yet even worse than all this, was the presence of young Raoul de Geneste himself, a boy of sixteen, who had been left behind with an uncle by his father, until the latter could find means to send for them. But the uncle had died suddenly in a fit, the boy had been discovered hiding in the Château de Geneste, and *he* was now on his way to Paris to be tried for being—the son of his father! His mother was dead, so that he stood alone in the world, with nothing but a prison and *something else* before him.

All these had left the prison at Rennes a week ago, while ahead of them, as well as following them, were other waggons filled with prisoners. For, in that town there was as yet no tribunal which felt itself called upon to exercise the highest judicial functions—while also, something else of considerable importance was wanting. The guillotine had been adopted as the instrument by which all persons were to be executed (one reason being that the aristocrats should no longer alone possess the privilege of suffering decapitation), and a large number of the machines had been ordered for use in provincial cities. They were not, however, manufactured at present, and their non-existence was, consequently, one reason why hundreds of persons were sent to Paris for trial, and, as a natural sequence, for execution.

At Rennes, George and Lucienne had been detained for a very short time, since in that town there was scarcely any accommodation for *suspects* or *détenus*, slight as such accommodation ordinarily was, it generally consisting of a stone-flagged cell, in which a dozen people were often flung pell-mell. The old prison had been destroyed in the great conflagration of seventy years before, and what still served as places of detention were very meagre in their capacity. There were, however, private houses in which well-to-do prisoners might be lodged while either awaiting examination

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by *le Comite*, or their transport to Paris; and in one of these, which was kept by a gendarme, George and Lucienne found themselves. Here, for a dozen livres a day, each had a room, while they might have for provisions anything which they chose to order and to pay for.

To woman is given more often than not the power to divine something in our circumstances which we, because of our manhood, would never venture to divulge to her, and so it was with Lucienne. She divined, ere they had been in this *maison d'arrêt* a day, that George had little money about him wherewith to pay for any necessaries which he might require: while she, who had hoped to escape to England and never more to set eyes on France—if in doing so she should be compelled to see her husband again—had carefully concealed about her (principally in her hair) a large sum of money, or, at least, a sum which would be sufficient for her requirements for many months to come. She had, therefore, unknown to her companion, or, as she had called him more than once, her champion, made all arrangements with the gendarme for the hire of the two rooms, and had also given to the man's daughter the wherewithal to provide their meals.

"But," exclaimed George, when he learned all this, as he did almost at once, and when he recognised that the time had come for him to speak out plainly and without false shame, "how is it all to be paid for? I have no——"

"Hush! hush!" Lucienne said, stopping him at once. "Oh! hush. What!—have I brought you to this pass—God forgive me! Have I led you into this snare—and is a question of money to arise? I beg you never to speak of it again so long as we are together; so long as we are fellow-prisoners. All that I have is yours. Nay," she said, seeing that he was about to interrupt her, "do not reply. And—and—since we are alone," which they were, as now they were eating their first meal in the gendarme's parlour, "I desire to hand over to your keeping all that I have, all——"

"It is impossible," George said, "impossible. Even though I may let you pay for my small necessaries, even though I may borrow from you until I can some day obtain my own, I must not let you confide your money to me. It is impossible," he repeated, while adding, "and we may be separated ere long."

"Yes," she said, with a glance at him from those eyes that, even in sorrow and distress, could not lose their loveliness; "yes, we may," while there was an emphasis in her words that he could not fail to understand. "We may," she repeated; "it is more than likely."

"It cannot be as you think," George said, as he discontinued the sorry meal that they were making—sorry, because the small resources of Rennes were taxed to their utmost now by the fact of there being some three hundred rebels (rebels!) in the town, as well as a large number of the eleventh battalion of Paris soldiers quartered there, since already the whole of Brittany was regarded as a hotbed of counter-revolution, already the impending war of La Vendée was like a thunder-storm coming up against the wind and making itself heard by far-off mutterings, and turbulent outbreaks had by now taken place in the town itself. It was well, the Government thought, that there should be none but those soldiers quartered in it who had no connection with the neighbourhood.

"It is as I think," Lucienne said in answer to George's remark, "it cannot be otherwise. I am a would-be *emigrée* taken in the act; at present it is the worst crime one can commit."

"You were fleeing from a bad husband and not from the country; that alone should stand you in good stead."

"Yes, it was from him that I was fleeing. But he has espoused what is called the cause of the people; partly because we, those to whom such as I belong, despised him; partly, too, because those who have forced their way into the circles of the upper classes are regarded as even worse than those who were born into them. And he feared what might happen to him. To-morrow—in a month's time—in a year—if the King's cause should ever rise again, he would return to it—also through fear."

There was silence between them for some time after this, a silence which George would willingly have broken had not delicacy prevented him from doing so. For he was very desirous of knowing who and what that other woman was who had already played so fateful a part in the troubles of this unhappy aristocrat—that dark-eyed, cruel-looking, though handsome woman, to whom was undoubtedly owing the fact that Lucienne had failed in her endeavour to escape with him. Yet he thought that he could guess, he thought that the very manner in which she had sat by Aubray's side when he and his companion were brought before him, told its own tale. There was no need to wound Lucienne by asking any questions.

The silence was broken, however, by Lucienne herself, who said suddenly:

"Think me not indifferent to your fate, I beseech you, while I talk of my own. But in truth, I feel sure that you have little to fear. Already France dreads the coalition forming against her, and doubly dreads that England will join it. They will not dare to hang you, especially since you had your captain's permission for what you did."

"I am under no apprehension," George replied, "in spite of my having killed some Frenchmen in our attempt to reach the 'Dragon.' That I shall be punished—perhaps imprisoned—is more than likely, but, up to now, this new order of things, this new Government has not shown any particular desire for cruelty."

"Up to now," were his words. "Up to now!" And, so far, what he said was the case. For it was at that time only the middle of July, there was still nearly a month ere there should dawn the first black day in the most awful calendar of blood and cruelty that the world has ever known—the day that must ever stand forth hideous and revolting in the world's record, August 10! Could he have foreseen that day now drawing so near, even as they talked together; the day which should usher in what has been called the "human hæmorrhage," the slaughter of old and young, of innocent men and women; of dotards, such as Dupin, aged ninety-seven, and children aged fourteen, such as Charles Dubost, would he have felt so little fear for himself? Or, could this brave young sailor have known that, upon that day of awful crimes, he would himself, as would also this fair young woman who was his fellow-prisoner, stand amongst a seething, maddened crowd all drunk with the long-felt, and now gratified, lust of blood—would he have spoken as confidently as he did? Mercifully, however, he was not permitted to peer into the future, nor through the dusky veil that hung between him and coming events, no matter how much those events might cast their shadows before.

Upon the next morning they both, in common with some fifty others, were taken before the tribunal, which was empowered to decide whether they should either be acquitted at once as innocent of any serious misdemeanour against the Government, or forwarded to Paris, there to appear before what was called *la haute cour nationale* on charges termed, in the act of accusation, "high treason against the State." And of every one of the number, which was composed of aristocrats, male and female, of road-menders and old women who had earned their living in the fields and farms, of priests and shopgirls, lawyers and *filles perdues*, of sailors and tradesmen, not one was released! All were deemed sufficiently guilty and were sent forward. While, since justice herself was a thing which, by some strange oversight, had been more or less forgotten, no witnesses accompanied them, their written depositions being considered quite sufficient to either condemn or acquit the suspects when they should be tried in Paris.

In the place which was called a court, George and Lucienne saw Jean Aubray seated, a picture of grave and dignified distress, while near him, as ever, was the woman known as Adèle Satigny, she having upon her face the same look of intense malignity as before. On the bench where the tribunal sat were bottles and glasses and pipes—a sign not so much of debauchery as of a free and easy equality existent, at last, amongst all—before them were papers which, in some cases, but not all, were supposed to be the written evidence of witnesses. One form or kind of pretended justice was, however, indulged in, since, as each prisoner passed through the door leading into the so-called court, his or her *acte d'accusation* was put into their hands. An *acte d'accusation*, which some could not read and others did not understand—partly owing to their terror!—and which in more cases than one, and notably in those of Lucienne and of George, was thrust contemptuously into a pocket after a casual glance had been bestowed on it. Then, amidst the rapid mumblings of the president, who, perhaps, was one of those officials who hardly knew his alphabet, a glance would occasionally be shot by this personage at the supposed witness—supposed, because very often the wrong person was regarded—who had tendered his evidence, as though affirmation of it was sought for. Indeed the whole of this examination was a farce that, in less terrible circumstances, might have been ludicrous, but which, owing to those very circumstances, was, in truth, a weird and ghastly tragedy.

This mockery of a tribunal sat every day as it had now been sitting for some time; and every day those who had long since made their appearance before such a travesty of preliminary justice were, when their turn came, forwarded to Paris, as all over France, from north to south and east to west, similar droves of human beings were being forwarded, so that the roads of the land were black with them. And, at last, after another period of detention in the *maison d'arrêt*, the turn of Lucienne and George came, too.

At five o'clock on a superb July morning a gendarme strode into the room occupied by George, while another hammered and beat upon the door of Lucienne's apartment—had he not been a man with daughters of his own he, too, would probably have strode into her room, since neither male nor female suspects were allowed to have a door which locked—and bade them both arise.

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"*Levez vous*," these men cried; "pay all you owe and follow us. Also, leave behind all knives, scissors, razors, and other weapons. We want no brawls upon the road. For clothes, each may take a packet a foot square. *Vite, mes amis, vite*—the line is being formed. The men will have to walk and ride by turns; the women will go in the waggons. *En route pour la belle Paris.*"

While, as Lucienne hastily arrayed herself for the departure, she heard one of the fellows humming to himself a then popular song, beginning:

"*Quand ils m'auront décapite*
Je n'aurai plus besoin de nez."

CHAPTER X.

Drawing Near.

Since there were none amongst the prisoners in the waggon who could understand a word of any tongue but their own, or who, even if they had been able to do so, would have repeated what they overheard, Lucienne and George were able to converse at perfect ease in the language of the latter. They did not, however, always use English since, otherwise, they might have offended the susceptibilities of those amongst whom they had to pass some days upon the road, but only did so when they happened to be more or less out of earshot of the others. This was a thing which occurred frequently, since, whenever the waggon halted for the horses to be refreshed, they were all allowed to descend and sit down by the roadside, while, at these posts, the change was generally made between those who were now entitled to ride and those who had to walk in their turn; while many who were permitted to ride all the way—these being the women—often elected to use their feet and thus get some exercise.

And now, as the waggon stopped outside Dreux, those two companions so strangely thrown together (and each of whom thought it highly probable that, though they might be parted in Paris, they would meet again upon a common ground — the tribunal, or the scaffold) stood and talked by the wayside.

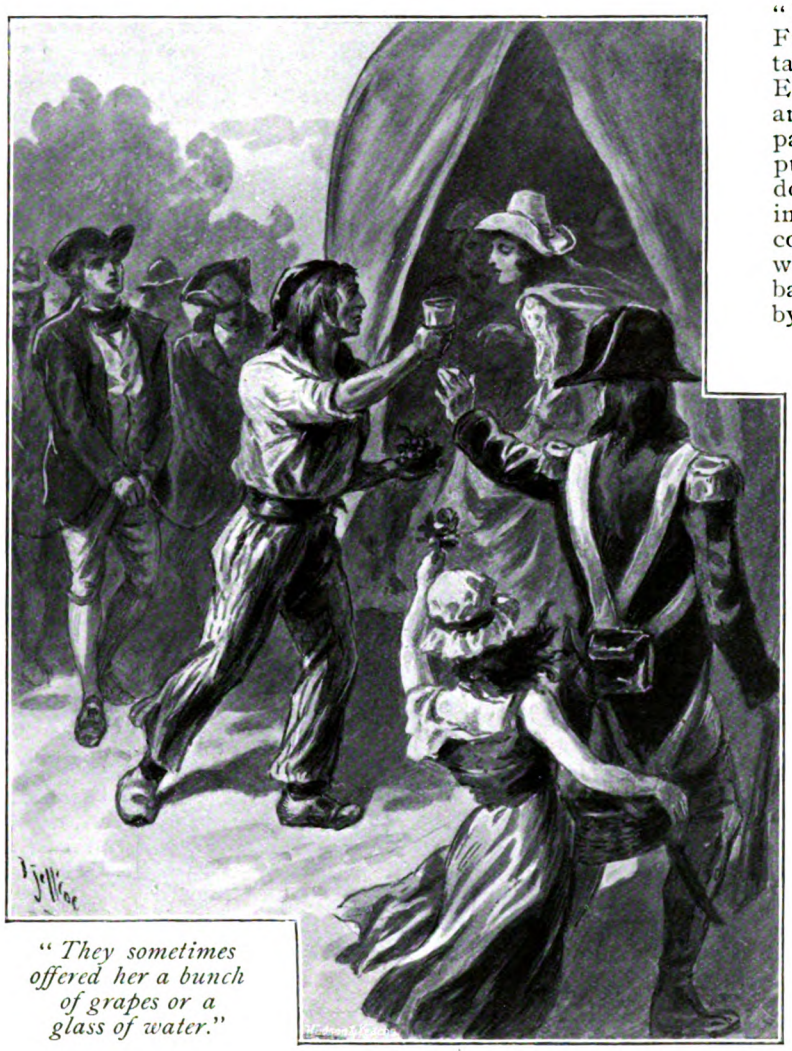
"It is agreed then," said George, "that we make our escape if possible? Yet, I know not how it is to be done; while more especially I know not how we can do it together. The soldiers are before and behind us; these men," and he indicated the warders and waggoners as he spoke, "keep very close to us. If it were not for the former we might with ease overpower the others."

"I fear it would be useless," Lucienne replied. "Even though we might escape for the time we should merely be recaptured. And you remember that which was read out to us at Rennes. 'Whosoever, man or woman, endeavours to escape, or escapes and is recaptured, will be instantly shot without trial.' For myself," she continued, "I care not. As well a bullet as this new instrument of death of which they speak. But for you, *mon ami*, for you! Oh God! if that were to happen and I were left behind, even for a week, a day, I should go mad. Mad, or slay myself!"

But still George pondered on what chances of escape might come their way, even while he resolved that he would avail himself of none which should not also bring freedom to Lucienne. Never, he told himself, would he do that. They were united now by a common bond of danger; a danger that undoubtedly grew more menacing as they approached the capital, since it was easy to be observed that the soldiers of the eleventh battalion marched nearer to them than before. A danger of which they heard from people with whom they could sometimes exchange a word in the towns where they slept.

Moreover, how could he ever leave this woman until the day should come, if it ever did come, when he could do so in safety? How could he leave her, knowing for a certainty that she was doomed beyond all hope, unless one thing should happen—namely, her escape! And how could she escape without him? While, also, he knew, he felt, that even if such a chance should come in her way, she would not take it, unless he also could obtain his freedom. No! he whispered to himself, they were together now for good or evil until both were free or both were dead. Then, if the former should happen, which, he did not disguise from himself, was a most unlikely thing to occur, it would be time to think of parting. "Of parting," he repeated to himself, and drew a long breath as he did so. Of parting! Heavens! It seemed impossible that they should ever part now, except in one way. The way in which, if all accounts were true, so many were about to part from those who were near and dear to them.

All in the waggon and all, also, who were in the one preceding them as well as in that which followed them, slept this night in a church in Dreux, the women in the left aisle and the men in the right, and here they partook either of the meals which were dealt out to them or of those which they could afford to buy. Amongst the men the lawyer and the young boy, Raoul de Geneste, were, with George, the only persons who had any money to do the latter; George spending at this time the last of that money which he happened to have in his pocket when he quitted the "Dragon," or rather some of the French assignats which he had taken in exchange for an English crown or two. But amongst the other men of their party not one seemed able to purchase anything from the vendors who brought cooked food into the church, and these were, consequently, forced to put up with the black bread and rancid bacon distributed amongst them by the warders.



"They sometimes offered her a bunch of grapes or a glass of water."

"My friend," said George, to the sailor from St. Malo, "that is a poor supper before you; let me offer you a drink from this bottle of wine and a slice of this meat; it is better than the Government allowance."

"*Merci*," said the sailor, accepting the offer eagerly. "*Merci. Mon Dieu!* how much longer are we going to be treated like cattle in a hold or a drove of sheep upon a road? When do we arrive at this infernal Paris they speak of?"

"To-morrow," said young Raoul de Geneste, while tossing a pear to a shop-boy who sat near to him, and with whom he had struck up an acquaintance on the journey, in spite of the difference in their rank and position. "To-morrow. I heard a warder say we must start at four o'clock for two reasons. One is that they want to use the church for the gangs coming behind us; the other that we must complete the remaining thirteen leagues in the day."

"To-morrow!" repeated George. "So that we shall be prisoners under lock and key by then. Ah, well! 'twill be so much nearer the end."

At which words the lawyer groaned piteously and the shop-boy turned white, while young Geneste curled a disdainful lip and cursed the *canaille* in the contemptuous manner which he had acquired from his father and uncle.

"If we five were all men," said the sailor to George in a low tone of voice, "if you were men," and he glanced at the notary and the pallid shop-boy, as well as at the young aristocrat, "something might be done, especially as there are others from the waggons down there," and he pointed along the aisle. "Amongst us we might throttle these cursed gaolers as they sleep, and perhaps escape thus."

"As for me," cried Geneste, interrupting, "I would cut all their throats with pleasure but for one thing—my hands would be soiled with their vulgar blood."

"And I have a lady to protect," said George. "If I could make sure that she would escape with me, I would attempt anything."

"All attempts would be useless," the notary said

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peaking in a low and shaking voice. "The soldiers will bivouac outside and around the church to-night, as they have done at all the places we have stopped at. We should have thought of this earlier if we had intended to do it at all, and when the soldiers did not keep so near us."

"*Peste*, that is true!" the sailor said. "I, too, should have——"

"Silence, all you down there," roared out a voice now, proceeding from one of the warders at the church door. "Hark, the church clock strikes ten; at four to-morrow we must be ready to set out on the last stage. We go straight to Paris to-morrow."

"And you may go to the foul fiend," said the boy Raoul, in no very subdued tones, tones full of that contempt for the people which he had inherited from his ancestors.

"As you will go to your doom ere long, *sale aristocrate*," the man called back through the darkness, "boy though you are."

After which episode silence did at last fall on all within that church, and most of the weary prisoners slept. George was, however, not one of those who did so, since, although he thought but little of what might be his fate, Lucienne was never absent from his mind. For how was it possible for him to ignore the terrible position in which she stood? She had undoubtedly endeavoured to emigrate, to quit France; and who would believe her when she stated that it was not to fly from her country, but from her husband, that she had done so? Who would be desirous of believing her word, the word of a woman descended from the oldest and highest of the noblesse, against that of a man who had once been enabled to become a member of the noblesse, and had then—as he stated—discarded that nobility in scorn and had again become one of the people. He certainly would not state that her emigration was due to a desire to escape from him, and he would be aided in anything he might choose to advance against his wife—who was already accursed in the eyes of the people owing to her high birth—by that other woman who was her enemy.

"That other woman! Ah!" said George to himself, "there is the second, if not the chief, of all Lucienne d'Aubray's woes. What was it she told me yesterday as we halted in the woods outside Mortagne? What! That this fellow, this Aubray as he is called, having wronged that woman once, had promised her marriage, and had then repudiated the promise since he found that he could make the Marquise his wife. And that now—now—there can be no doubt Adèle Satigny looks forward to obtaining the fulfilment of that promise at last. By—by—by her rival's death, and that a death which she has brought upon her own head by her attempt to quit the country. Heaven help her! If that other woman but pursues the advantage she has already gained, if she has but stated what truly happened—and she need tell no lies, since the facts alone are damning!—Lucienne d'Aubray is lost—lost beyond hope!"

And, with a groan, George cast himself down at the foot of the monument against which he had been reclining, and endeavoured to sleep, while wondering, as he did so, if over there, on the other side of the church, she of whom he thought so much could sleep herself.

That he had been able to obtain some rest he understood when, a few hours later, all within the edifice were aroused by the pealing of the bugle outside it. It was half-past three o'clock; already the sickly greyness which precedes the dawn was stealing in through the windows of the church; the time had come for them to set out upon the last stage of their journey towards the Capital. The last stage of a journey which, as many of the unhappy accused knew, would be also the final stage of their journey through existence. They knew it, they could not doubt it, since France had already been torn by revolution and almost anarchy for three years and by a tyranny which, as day followed day, was growing worse. Yet what had still to come, what was to come ere this very day now dawning—this early August day—should have closed, none could guess nor dream of.

At the first muster in two lines of all outside the church, it was at once apparent to at least five persons among the number that any hopes of possible escape, however slight, were gone. For, now, thrown down in the churchyard were huge coils of rope which the warders, assisted by a number of men of the eleventh battalion, were already lifting up and handling.

"For to-day, *mes enfants*," said one of those men who was the best natured among all his companions and had eased the journey to many by his kind-heartedness, "for to-day the men will have to go corded. We have arrived so far in safety, and without trouble; we must finish well and make a good entrance into Paris. Now, here are some pretty little pieces of jewellery for the men who ride in the waggon; for those who walk there is *la chaine*. Ha! *mon Dieu, la chaine. Voyons!* think of that *La chaine!* Imagine, my children, that it is the *contre-danse* you are indulging in upon the village green, and, lo! you will be as gay as though it were a May Day *fête*. *Allons, mes braves.*"

Whereupon he, assisted by the other gaolers, placed handcuffs of rope on the wrists of all who were to ride, while those who were to walk were attached to each other at intervals of three feet. "As for the ladies,' he cried, when this task, which took some time, was concluded, "well, it needs not to say that we are gallant admirers of the sex. We repose our trust in their honour and beauty, as well as the gentleness of their nature. They will not be corded."

"Why! you might almost be a gentleman," said the heir of all the Genestes, while looking up at his custodian with a scornful and saucy smile which he could not have repressed even though the newly-adopted guillotine had stood before him. "*Foi de Geneste!* we may have been wrong in our judgments after all," he continued, with a sneer.

"Citizen," replied the other, looking down gravely at him, "you aristocrats have all been very wrong. In your pride of race you have ignored the fact that human nature is human nature whether covered by silks and satins or by rags. You were wrong on a certain Saint Bartholomew's Eve; you were wrong in the south of this land—in the Cevennes—and you have always been wrong. I hope you may not have to suffer too heavily for the evil doings of your forefathers."

With something like a feeling of weird horror creeping over his young form, the boy looked up at the man who spoke to him thus, while, as he did so, some light seemed to break in upon him as to what had caused the great social upheaval that was now going on all round. And it was accompanied, too, by another light; one that seemed to be cast before by some dreadful, swift approaching calamity. Then, remembering all the lessons he had been taught from a child, recollecting how he had been told that he and his were as far removed from the people as from the pigs in their styes, or as the angels were from the worms, he shrugged his shoulders, while saying lightly:

"*Soit.* The sins of the fathers—if they were sins—shall be visited on the children. We have been told that long ago. Let it please God that we, who are the children, may know how to bear the visitation."

"You were thoughtless," said Lucienne to him gently, a moment or so later, "to speak thus to that man. He has been kind to us all on the route, and it is no part of a gentleman's conduct to make another feel his inferiority."

But now they and the other two groups of *prévenus* set out upon that last stage, upon that last journey which the majority of them were ever to make in this world. And some went forward gaily, some in fear and trembling, some cursing and blaspheming at their lot, and several in utter ignorance of why they were being sent to Paris at all. But still they went on, relieving each other in the waggons by turns, halting for shade and water beneath the trees, wondering where they would be incarcerated in Paris, and in what kind of places, and how long they would be ere they were set free or——!

But always on towards Paris through towns and villages, in some of which they were hissed and jeered at and in others treated kindly. While, if Raoul de Geneste scarcely understood why a great corpulent woman, with a red cap on her head, should have suddenly burst into tears and insisted on kissing his fair young face, Lucienne, at least, had no doubt of why men—also with red caps—gazed pityingly at her and sometimes offered her an egg or a bunch of grapes or a glass of water from the well.

She understood well enough that these men whose ferocity slumbered for a moment knew to what it was that she was going.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HANSARD."—The expression "Parliamentarians" was a Naval name for the youngsters on board the "Victory" in the forties who had been allowed in without medical inspection, through Parliamentary influence brought to bear on the civil members of the Board of Admiralty. They were got rid of through a clever ruse of the captain of the "Victory." On the occasion of the inspection by the Board of Admiralty, he had all the Parliamentarians on one side of the deck, and the remainder on the other. The contrast as regards physique was too palpable to escape the notice of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Haddington. The civil members of the Board were not a little bit shocked to find that the whole of the youngsters found fault with had been entered through their complaisance. The system was then put a stop to.

* * * *

"COLDSTREAM GUARDS."—When General Monk left Coldstream for the purpose of restoring the Monarchy, he took with him a regiment of Foot, known as the "Coldstreamers," which had been formed in August, 1660, from two of Cromwell's regiments, and which, unlike other such regiments, had never been disbanded. On February 14, 1661, from which day our Standing Army dates, this regiment laid down its arms as the Lord General's Regiment of Foot, and immediately took them up again in the King's Service as the Lord General's Regiment of Foot Guards. After Monk's death, in 1670, it became known as the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards. It was ordered to rank after the Royal Guards (now the Grenadier Guards), as although the latter were enlisted in the Standing Army after the Coldstreamers, they took precedence as the King's Own Guards, or First Foot Guards.

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The Passing of Queen Victoria.

THE last issue of the NAVY A D ARMY ILLUSTRATED had gone to press when the sad news arrived of the death of our beloved Queen. Throughout the morning and afternoon of Tuesday, the 22nd inst., the public had waited in almost breathless expectancy, and had scanned with painful eagerness the bulletins received almost hourly from Osborne. From details which have since been published it would seem that the early morning bulletin was founded on a knowledge that the end was near. All the members of the Royal Family who were within reach were, with the Bishop of Winchester, summoned to the Queen's bedside. Shortly before noon Her Majesty was able to recognise those assembled round her bed, and then she fell into a tranquil sleep. At four o'clock it was evident that she was sinking slowly, and at half-past six came the absolutely peaceful and painless end, the Queen breathing her last in the presence of her children and grandchildren, and of the Bishop of Winchester and the Lord Chamberlain.

On the receipt of the news in London the most profound sorrow was everywhere exhibited. The earliest announcement of the Queen's death was received by the Lord Mayor, who read the sorrowful announcement from the window of the Venetian Parlour to an enormous crowd, by which it was received in solemn silence. The great bell of St. Paul's was tolled, and passing knells were rung throughout the kingdom.

Wednesday was such a day of mourning as, perhaps, the civilised world had never before seen. In London everywhere the manifestation of grief was general and profound, the humblest members of the populace exhibiting some sign of the national sense of personal bereavement. As the day wore on hardly a shop was open that did not display a mourning board, while the driver of every public vehicle had a knot of crape attached to his whip. There was no ostentatious demonstration of sorrow, but rather an all-pervading aspect of subdued gloom, which indicated far more clearly than could any noisy lamentation the depth and breadth of the feeling involved. The official signs of mourning for the departed Sovereign were displayed with customary solemnity. Flags were flying half-mast high not only from the principal public buildings, but from numerous private establishments, and to a large extent business in the City was suspended.

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A JUBILEE REMINISCENCE.

The Queen at Newport, Isle of Wight, on the Occasion of the Presentation of the Mayoral Address, 1887.

It is needless to say that throughout the country and the Empire the note of mourning was echoed with sad profundity. While at noon the guard-ship "Australia" stationed at Portsmouth was firing a succession of eighty-one minute guns, the same melancholy salute was being rendered in Melbourne and at the Cape, and everywhere throughout the Colonies the most intense grief was manifested. Scarcely less impressive was the tribute paid both in personal demonstrations and in the public Press by foreign nations, whose heartfelt sympathy with the people of Great Britain in their overwhelming loss, coupled with touching and beautiful references to the character and career of the deceased Monarch, struck a very deep chord indeed of human sentiment.

The usual orders were issued to the Court and the Services for the observance of mourning for stated periods, those for the Army indicating that the drums were to be covered with black and that black was to be hung from the top of the Colour-staff of infantry and from the Standard-staff and trumpets of cavalry until after the funeral of her late Majesty. The funeral itself takes place on Saturday, February 2, at Windsor, the Queen having expressed a desire to be interred at Frogmore by the side of the Prince Consort. Her Majesty will be buried with full Military honours as head of the Army, and the Channel Squadron and all available ships assemble at Spithead on February 1. Her Majesty's remains will be brought from Portsmouth on Friday to Victoria Station, whence they will be removed on a gun-carriage to Paddington for conveyance to Windsor. At Windsor the body will be met by another gun-carriage and will be taken thence to St. George's Chapel, and afterwards to Frogmore. The funeral will, it is needless to state, afford a spectacle of very solemn magnificence, and will be duly attended by representatives of Continental Powers.

Returning to Osborne, we find the King constrained by reasons of State to leave the House of Mourning early on the 23rd in order to attend the first meeting of the Privy Council, officially known as the Council of Accession. Attended by the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, Mr. Balfour, and others, His Majesty reached London an hour after noon, received everywhere in reverent and respectful silence by a sympathetic crowd. An hour later the King held his first Council at St. James's Palace. Previously the Lords of the Council, of whom more than a hundred were present, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and other officials of the City of London, who attended in their robes of office, and other noblemen and gentlemen who were also present, approved a Proclamation proclaiming His Majesty as King Edward VII. and Emperor of India. This having been done, the King entered the Council Chamber, and delivered an address which is said to have been characterised by great earnestness and feeling, and which, by the time these lines are in print, will probably have been published. It is understood that in a few well-chosen sentences the King, "after expressing his resolve to be guided by the noble example of his mother, declared that he intended to assume the title of King Edward VII. so as not in any way to challenge comparison with the unique position of his illustrious father, who will be known to history as 'Albert the Good.'" The popularity of this decision is unquestioned. As has been pointed out, "Edward" is a name interwoven with English annals for ten centuries, and rendered memorable by a succession of great rulers, of whom the best known to history are the saintly Edward the Confessor and "the Greatest of the Plantagenets."

After the King's address to the Council His Majesty took the usual oath, and the Councillors all swore allegiance. The Ministers went through the ceremony of surrendering office, and received the customary gracious command to reassume their positions. The Councillors and noblemen were then severally presented to the King, kissing hands on presentation, and, when all had passed, the ceremony was at an end. Incidentally it may be mentioned that at the Privy Council meeting there were no Military officers of high rank present outside the Royal Family. The Navy was represented by Admiral Sir J.C. Dalrymple Hay.

On Thursday, the 24th, King Edward VII. was publicly proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India at St. James's Palace, at Temple Bar, and at the Royal Exchange. The ceremony at St. James's Palace took place in the presence of the Headquarters Staff of the Army, headed by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and the officials of the College of Heralds. The party awaited the striking of the hour of nine, and the moment the sound of Big Ben had ceased the Deputy Garter read out the Proclamation, and at the conclusion cried aloud "God save the King!" whereupon the heralds blew a fanfare, and the band, with the Guard of Honour, supplied by the Grenadier Guards, struck up the National Anthem. The Earl Marshal and the officials of the College of Heralds then proceeded to read the Proclamation at Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange.

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The Accession of King Edward VII.

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PROCLAIMING THE KING IN LONDON.

The Somerset Herald Reading the Proclamation from the Steps of the Royal Exchange when the Guns at the Tower of London were Fired.

Photo. Copyright. *A. G. Rider.*

IN THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CITY OF WINCHESTER.

The Town Clerk Reading the Proclamation in the Presence of the Mayor and Corporation in Full State.

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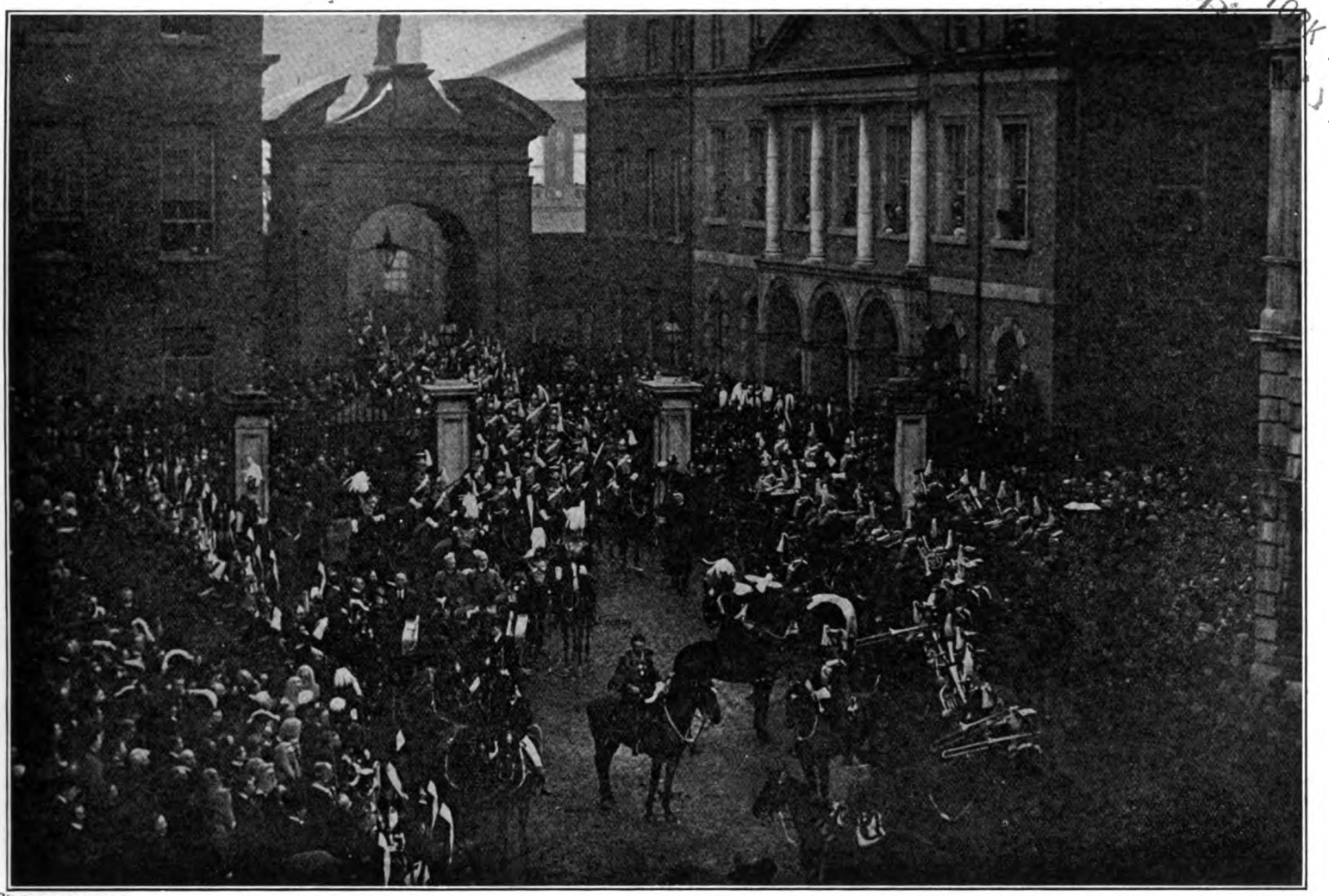

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PROCLAIMING THE KING IN DUBLIN.

The Ulster King of Arms Reading the Proclamation on Cork Hill, at the Entrance to the Upper Castle Yard, in the Presence of the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor, many other Notables, and a Vast Assemblage of the Public.

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AT THE MARKET CROSS, EDINBURGH.

Lord Lyon King of Arms Reading the Proclamation to an Enthusiastic Gathering of Scotchmen in the Ancient Capital.

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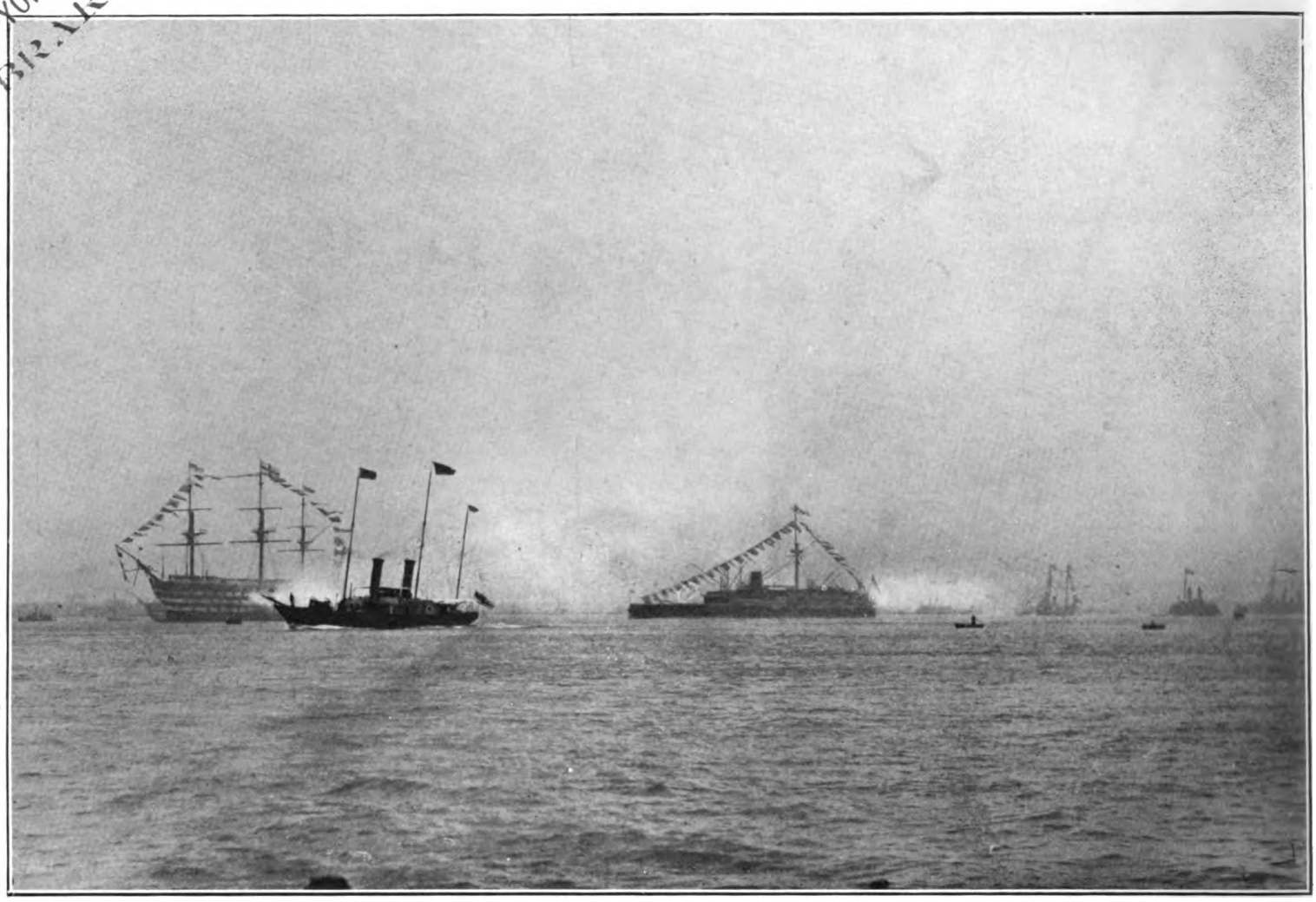

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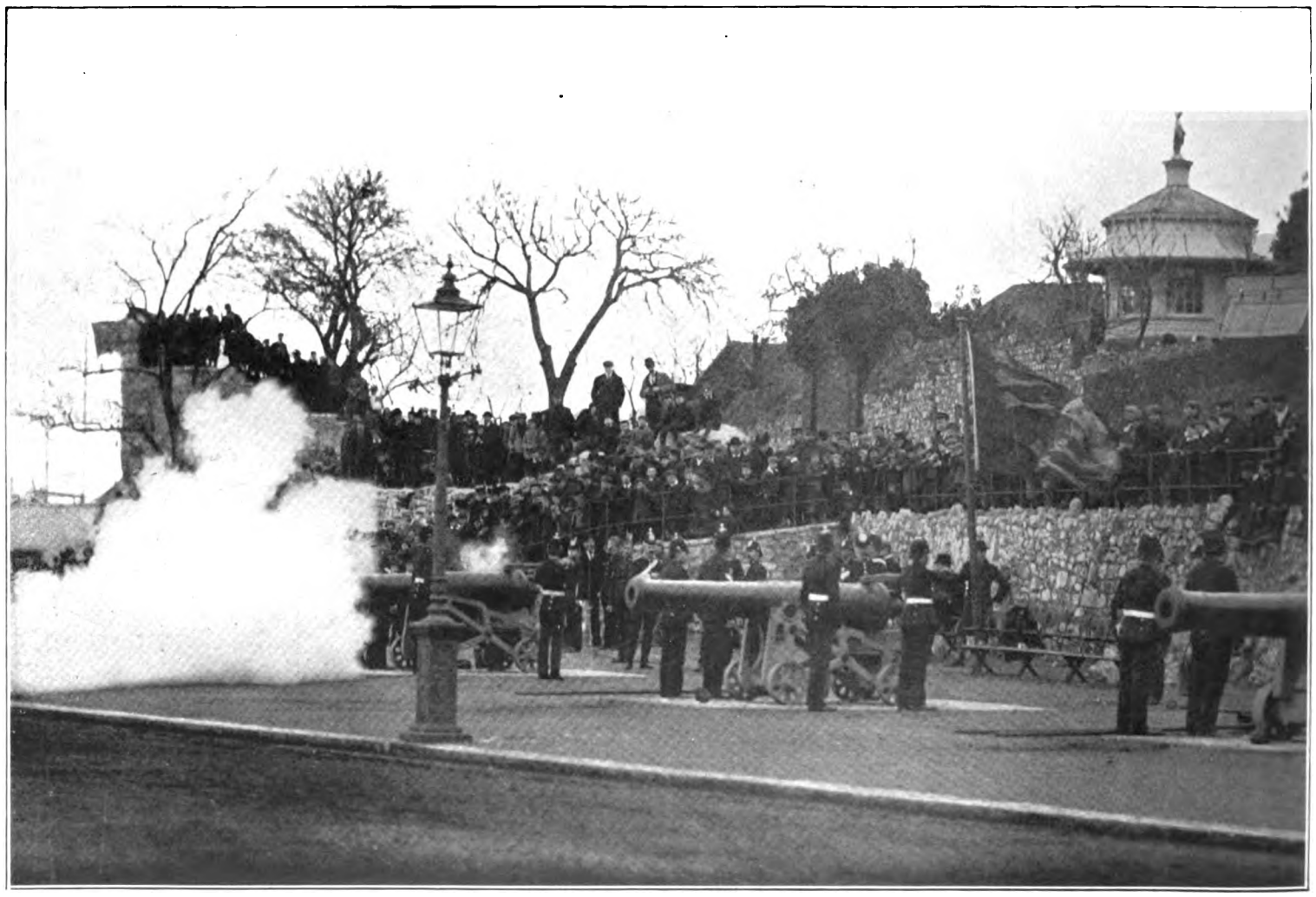
NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP SALUTES EDWARD VII.

The Ships and Forts at Portsmouth Firing a Royal Salute as the "Alberta," Flying the King's Standard, crosses to Osborne.



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ON THE WESTERN ESPLANADE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The Gunners Firing a Royal Salute in Honour of King Edward VII., Simultaneously with the Reading of the Proclamation.

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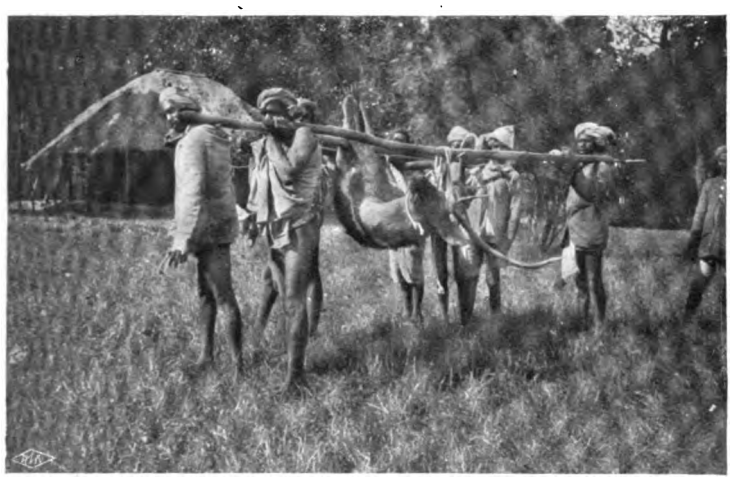
SPORT IN THE ARMY.

CENTRAL PROVINCES (*continued*).

FROM bison the transition to buffalo is natural. The habitat of this animal in the Central Provinces is to the south-eastward of the range of the bison, and notably in the district about Raipur. Of the buffalo I should almost feel inclined to say "let him alone," but such advice will probably be wasted on the ardent shikari. Anyhow he is a nasty, dangerous, treacherous brute, and I for one have had a wholesome



Bringing Home the Stag.

lesson on the danger of his pursuit. Buffalo are also found in Bengal, Assam, Burma, and in the Terai. My remarks about rifles in a previous article apply also to the buffalo, and if a man is going to hunt them on foot, he will be well advised not to use an Express. Colonel Ward gives a typical account of the killing of an old bull. He writes:

"In September I rode back to Raipur about halfway, near the Jonk River. I was met by an old Gond shikari, who had been out with me a good deal in better times; he pointed silently to the footprints of a huge bull buffalo in the middle of my path, evidently quite fresh. The track led parallel to my road, so I dismounted, took the rifle, and signed to the old man to lead on. After following for half a mile, the Gond stopped, slipped behind me, and, pointing to a belt of sal forest about 80-yds. in front, said, 'Come away, sahib; I know him well.' This did not quite suit me. The foliage was very luxuriant, and it was most difficult to make out even a large animal among the leaves; so I declined to move, and reconnoitred with the field-glasses. I then made out a large bull buffalo with only one horn. He, too, saw and heard us, and began pawing and tossing up the ground, uttering a low, deep bellow. The old Gond was by this time grovelling at my feet, and said that the bull had killed three men within the last week or two. I could not get a broadside shot, and the distance was too great for certainty. Time pressed, as I had still many miles to go, so I suggested to my old friend that he should draw the bull by running across the small glade where we were standing, and climbing up a tree on the other side, which had branches hanging conveniently low down. He said it was quite impossible, and meant certain death to him. I then said that we must both retire together; that, too, was certain death—to one or both. However, he presently saw that to climb the tree was the lesser of two evils, as I should check the bull's charge; so, mustering his courage, and telling me with his last words that he was going to his death, he ran across, yelling. He had not 20-yds. to go, while the bull had at least 80-yds., but the brute had evidently been waiting for someone to run, and came out with a rush at the first shout. The old man was up his tree like a monkey, well before the bull passed me at a gallop, about 8-yds. off. I shot him clean through the heart, but the impetus of his rush carried him on for about 100-yds., crashing through the jungle like a traction-engine let loose, till he fell dead against a tall tree, which quivered to the very top. We were both glad to be over that business."

The so-called swamp deer is the next animal on my list. It does not frequent swamps; as a matter of fact, the Indian red deer would be a better name. The natives call it barasingha (twelve-tined), and the adult stag generally carries that number of points—the bays and five on top on each side. The horns are not pretty, and at a distance a stag irresistibly suggests the idea that he has a couple of rakes growing out of his head. He is only elsewhere found along the foot of the Himalayas. As I never saw a wild deer of this species myself, and very few sportsmen have written about them, I am obliged again to place the magic pages of Forsyth under contribution for a description of the sport it provides: "At last I marked a small parcel of hinds, with two fair-looking stags, disappear over low rising ground, slowly feeding their way towards the forest, and making a long detour to gain the shelter of a deep crack which led into the valley they had entered, I stalked almost into the middle of them before I was aware. My first intimation of the fact was the sharp bark of a hind who had observed the top of my head over the bank, and the next moment a rush of feet informed me the herd was off. Stepping on to the bank, I made a clean miss of the first running shot; but, taking more time with the second barrel, I saw the hindmost stag reel and almost fall over to the shot. He made off, however, along with the herd, but presently left them, and took a line of his own towards the long grass cover in the middle of the plain. I soon hit

The Cheetul or Spotted Stag.

on his track where he had entered the grass, and found a little blood; but as the grass was a long way over my head, I sent back for the elephant with which to beat him out. Following the blood marks on the yellow stems for about a mile, we started him out of a patch of grass near the river, and I shot him through the back as he ran away."

The distribution of the red deer in the Central Provinces is peculiar. It is only found in the sal forests, but not in

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those of teak, a remark which applies also to the red jungle-fowl. Special permission is required to shoot in forest reserves, the conditions of which should be ascertained beforehand. It would not be granted in the dry season.

The last of the "burghers" of the forests of Central India is the spotted deer, found also in nearly every district of India to the eastward of that I am speaking of, but not in Assam. Its native name, cheetul, means spotted, and is the same word, or rather root, as cheetah, the hunting leopard. Like the sambur, the cheetul has only three points on each horn, but the antlers are thinner and smoother.

The spotted deer being such a common Indian animal, one would have thought that an account of the stalking of it would be easy to find; but the fact is that most sporting writers have very little more to say about it than myself, and the only information I can find in my own words as to stalking it consists of such very uninteresting items as "went out alone and shot a buck axis," and again, "after a fairly easy stalk, shot one." The fact is that axis, in wild countries, are easily stalked and easily killed, though this, I daresay, is by no means the case when Tommy Atkins takes much of a hand in their pursuit. The following is my own account of a drive, interesting in so far that it describes a very strange optical delusion, connected, in this case, with this deer, and one which I have since found mentioned by other and better-known sporting writers. "The ground we were to beat consisted of some tracts of high jungle. I was posted where a sort of path formed an angle, and the other two guns went on. The path was so narrow that it was obvious the rifle would not be of much use, so I put buckshot cartridges in my gun and leant the rifle against a tree." (This, I should add, was written in my early big-game days, and I should "think scorn" now to use anything but a rifle at game the size of a fallow deer. Better a clean miss with the bullet than a kill by plastering an unfortunate deer with shot.) "All was silent.

"I wonder if anybody has ever described a curious

A Midday Rest.

phenomenon which I have often in my young days noticed when big-game shooting. You stand waiting for, perhaps, half-an-hour, till, suddenly changing your direction, you see among the trees the object of your search. So it was with me in this case. I looked to my right, and there, looking straight at me, in the bushes, was a noble axis stag. I could see him so distinctly that I could almost count the points on his horns. I half raise my gun; but how unnaturally still he stands. Am I deceived? Surely not. Yet something tells me not to fire. At last I aim and whistle. Not a movement, and then the horns gradually dissolve into branches, the outline of the limbs is made up by growing trees and a stump, the very sparkle of the eye proves to be a dewdrop. It is almost difficult now to distinguish the outlines which had so nearly deceived me.

"Hark! a shot from the beaters and a shout recall me from my reflections on optical delusions, and I hear something coming hastily through the bushes. A spotted stag, with his antlers laid back, springs into the path, only to go down with a broken shoulder. Running up to him, I perform the last rites."

Cheetul are probably, in fact certainly, much less numerous than they were in the days of Forsyth, who speaks of a thousand head in one beat in the Nerbudda. Still there are enough to provide many a day's sport yet, in spite of the enormous export of horns and skins to England and elsewhere—a trade which certainly ought to be stopped.

SNAFFLE.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15 *and* 29.]

Crack Shots.

I HOPE the various societies for the protection of game will have the success they wish for. But it is unfortunately a fact that never in our history have we been able to combine for the proper preservation of game. This arises from many causes. One man says, "I pay my keepers to preserve for me, and I suppose others do the same." It is a most English but rather a selfish attitude, and, besides that, it is the worst possible form of selfishness—that of the dog in the manger, who does not get the utmost possible benefit even for himself. We are very fond of talking about good and bad game counties. In these Islands we could go further, and talk of good and bad game countries, for certainly Ireland holds the record for a bad game country. In Ireland they are all sportsmen, but few Irishmen ever dream of game preservation; yet the climate of Ireland attracts swarms of all the migratory game-birds—ducks, geese, swans, woodcock, and snipe. But the birds that breed there have such a bad time of it in their nursery stages of life that they cannot increase. Even one migratory bird has ceased to visit Ireland, because, when it did so, it was for the purpose of breeding—I mean the quail. Then there are English counties almost as bad over their smaller areas as Ireland is over its large one. There are Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, besides some Welsh counties, and there are Kent and Surrey, all of which are considered bad game counties. Then there are very few counties in which game is very plentiful, and the reason for this great difference is not to be found in the absence of the fox in the good game counties. Of course the fox makes a very marked difference, but Norfolk, which is not a fox county, is not so very much better than Cambridgeshire, which is.

* * * *

The land is said to make a great difference also, and no doubt there is something in that; but there is Essex—a fine game county—and the black spot on rural England, where the farmer starves and the labourer ceases to be. I know of course that the soil of Essex varies—that some of it is particularly light and some particularly heavy, yet Essex is a good game county in spite of its bad soil and its swarms of foxes. I cannot agree that these are the only things that go to make a good or a bad county for game; and I think that combination, not necessarily in name or in societies, is vastly more potent than any other factor whatever. If we take the good game counties, such as those mentioned, as well as Suffolk and Shropshire, we shall find that no associations have existed to make any difference; but every landowner has understood for many years past that the cultivation of the game is necessary to the preservation of the value of the freehold of his estate. Thus it happens that they preserve game from the Thames to the Wash almost without break. The same general system of preservation obtains in all the good counties, but in the others a very different system prevails.

* * * *

In most parts of Ireland there are places where some effort is made to preserve game; these places are mostly surrounded by others where no such attempts are made, but where, on the contrary, there are plenty of shooters who take toll of all the game that strays. The same thing happens in many parts of England where the same system rules, as it does in the New Forest. There are preserves in this forest in which none of the licence holders may shoot. Pheasants are bred there, and in every way high preservation is kept up, and those preserves are surrounded by thousands of acres of free shooting. The game is kept down pretty well in those preserves, by the shooting outside, in the forest, although if the birds did stop in the preserved parts they could not be shot; and that is a parallel case to what goes on wherever individuals go into a bad preserving district and resolve to raise its character. Individuals can do no more for any county than Mr. Gerald Lascelles can do for the New Forest. No real improvement is to be expected unless general preservation is adopted, for, as the New Forest amply proves, game will stray.

* * * *

The Norfolk and Suffolk Poaching Prevention Society and the Egg Guild have now been formed, to see whether they can do between them what previous societies have failed in. There was the Game Association of 1756, for instance, which had a short life in attempting to prevent the sale of game at a time when its sale was illegal. Compared with what has now to be done, this seems to have been an easy task enough. The principal offenders were the stage coachmen, who supplied with poached game the tables of the inns where they changed horses or dined their passengers, but when the law of 1831 made the sale of game legal, the programme of the society, had the latter not already long since died, would have become obsolete.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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Life Afloat in the Royal Navy.

THIS is not the title of the lecture on the Navy that Mr. West and his representatives are giving in various places at the present time. It is called "Our Navy," but the more important part of it is a description of life in the Navy to-day. This is exactly what is wanted. Descriptions of the growth of the Navy —from a material standpoint—are manifold. We want someone to tell us how the Navy looks from inside; how the lower-deck lead their life from day to day; what they do when they are on watch; what is their life when they are below; and, in fact, what is the daily routine of life for a sailor in a war-ship. This is the work which Mr. West has endeavoured to do, and with a good deal of success, and his illustrated lectures seem to cover all the ground. It is a gratifying fact that at one recent lecture sympathetic reference was made to the fortunate saving of the passengers and crew of the "Russie"—a deed over which everyone in this country rejoiced—and that a French member of the audience thanked the lecturer for the kindly feeling displayed, and promised that the sympathies of a British audience should be made known in France. It is by these little international courtesies that the *entente cordiale* which we all so much desire is to be best restored and preserved. Mr. West's lecture, however, has little to do with international courtesies. It deals essentially with Naval personnel. It starts with the boy on his entrance into the Navy, and takes him step by step through his training career until he is rated as an ordinary seaman and the time comes when he has to be taught gunnery. According to Mr. West this is a very simple business. It must be so, indeed, so far as the portrayal of teaching is concerned. There are things that cannot be shown on the screen, and the way in which a man learns to love his gun and to use it as if it were almost a part of himself cannot be reproduced. It is there, nevertheless, and it means good shooting. The men who have reached this pitch are those who would make themselves objectionable to an enemy when the day of reckoning came. In the meantime, Mr. West's lecture explains and illustrates the ordinary training.

The main point of the lecture, however, is the accurate description that is given in the second part of life at sea. The "Jupiter"—a first-class battle-ship—is taken as an example, and we have details of all the important work on board and of the way in which the "Handy man" spends his leisure. After all, this is quite as important as is his work. Coaling is, of course, now an important exercise, and the spirit of competition which is inherent in the British race has led to attempts to coal with exceptional rapidity. Dirt is everywhere, but then comes a general clean up, and with everything shipshape, the anchor is weighed and the ship gets under way in her turn, as is shown in one of our pictures.

Another very interesting feature in the life of the ship which recurs day by day, at eight o'clock in the morning, is the hoisting of the colours. Everyone on deck stands to attention and salutes. The band, if there is one, plays the National Anthem. In the absence of a band, the bugles sound, and thus the Naval ensign, the symbol of so much throughout the world, goes to its place and another day has begun. This is well shown in Mr. West's picture which we reproduce. When, too, doubtful waters have to be faced, or when fog has obscured the lights, the sailor has no resource but the lead. This is often his surest guide; but the heaving of it in a heavy sea is no child's play, as will be gathered from one of our pictures. A watch below does not always mean leisure, but it has sometimes that signification, and, like other people, Jack is very fond of a game of cards, and enjoys a quiet rubber. In old days, a request used to come aft that the men should be allowed to "skylark." This meant a game of "follow my leader," with one of the smartest topmen as the leader. But modern ships do not lend themselves to these methods, and nowadays physical exercise takes the form of leapfrog, as shown in one of Mr. West's illustrations. Altogether the lecture ought to be, as it has been, an enormous success. It shows life afloat as it really is, and brings home to the shoregoing citizen the surroundings of the existence that the sailor leads at sea. Mr. West has placed the country in his debt by the manner in which he has brought into prominence the ordinary daily details of a sailor's life; but we must none the less point out that this is exactly what NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has been doing week by week ever since it came into being.

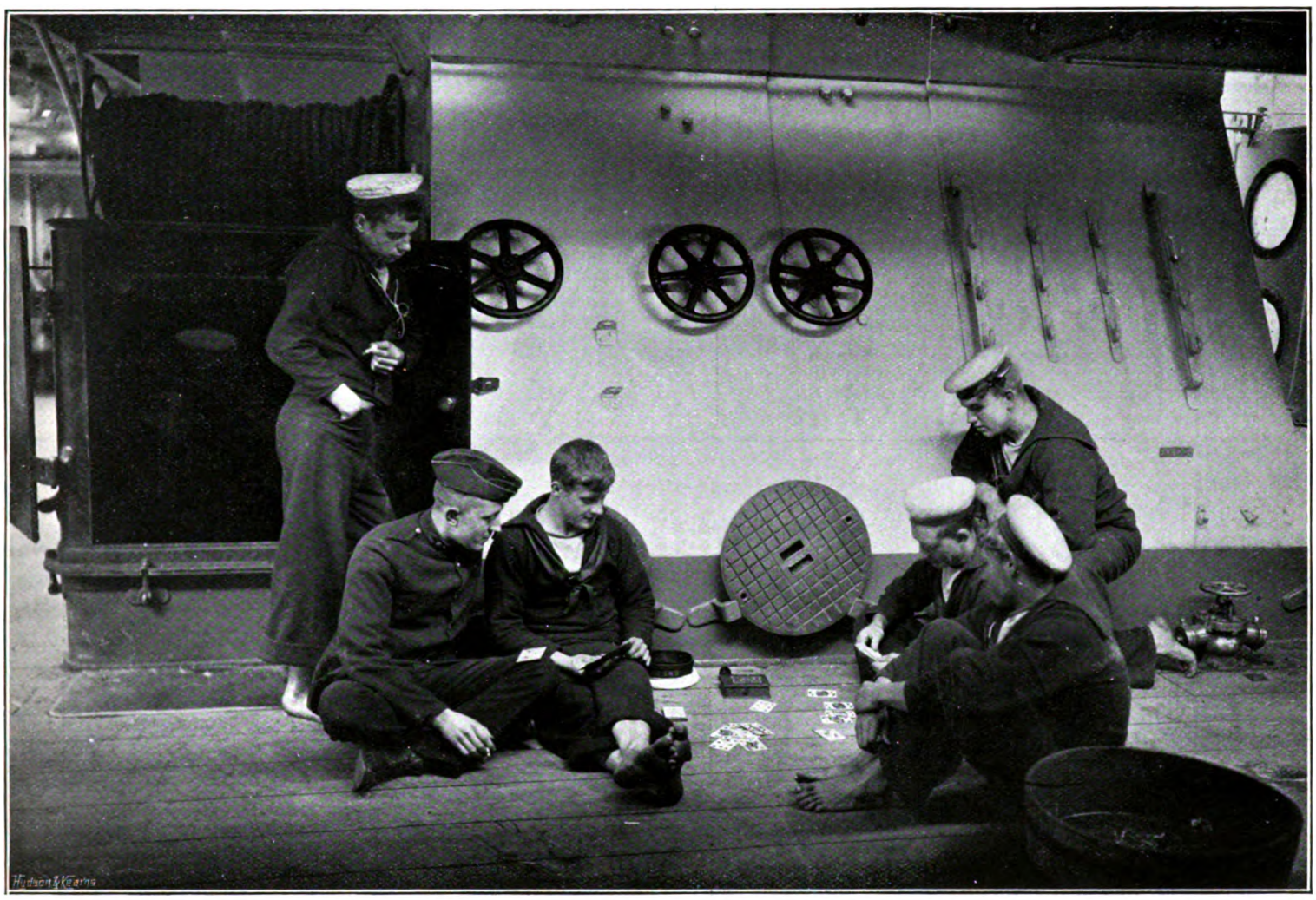

Photo. **Copyright.** *West.*

"TWO FOR HIS HEELS."

All Work and No Play would Make Jack a Dull Boy.

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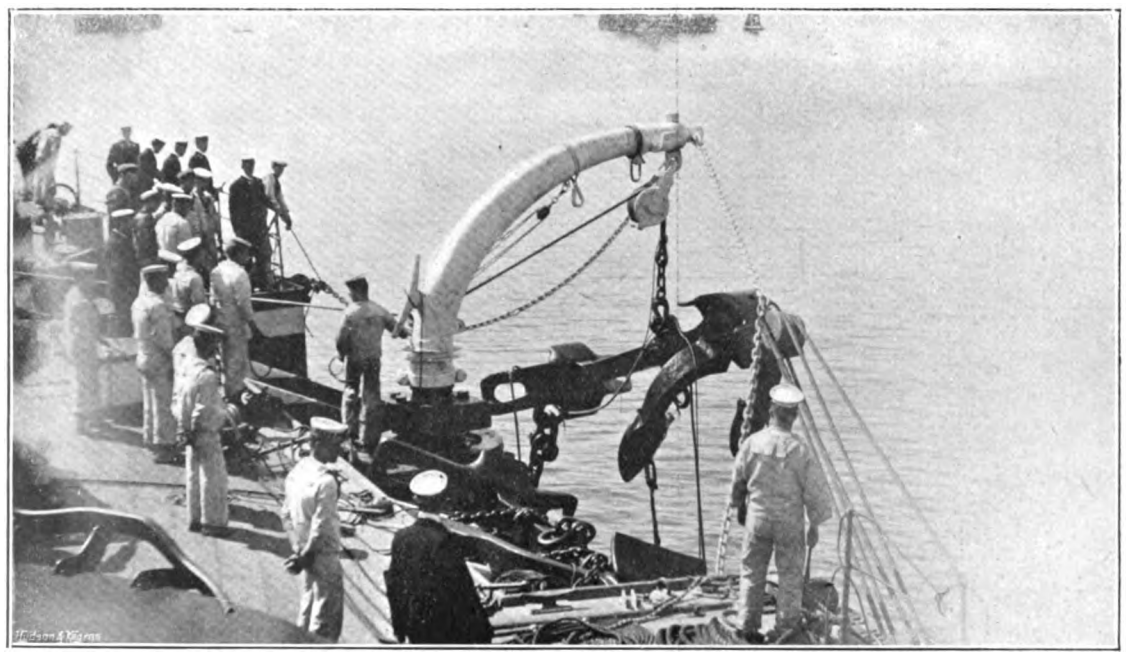
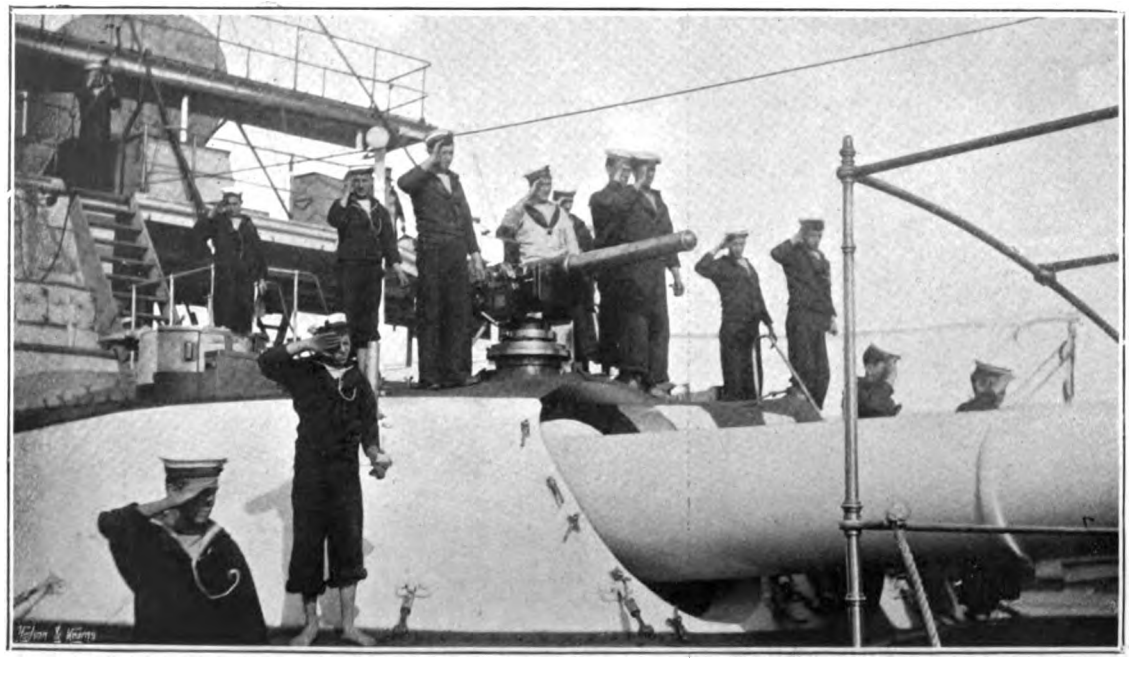
"Our Navy."



THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.
Leaving Harbour soon a ter Daybreak.

A LEADSMAN IN THE CHAINS
Work more Difficult than Commonly Appears.



EIGHT BELLS IN THE MORNING.
Saluting the Colours as they are Hoisted

A SUBSTITUTE FOR DRILL ALOFT.
Leapfrog as a Physical Exercise at Sea.

From Photos. Exhibited by Messrs. G. West at their Lecture on the Navy.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 210.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1901.

THE NEW
ORLD

THE LYING-IN-STATE AT OSBORNE.

The scene we depict is associated with the universal mourning of the people. Here, under the guard of faithful soldiers, lie the mortal remains of the best-loved Sovereign who ever occupied the English throne, or that ever ruled an Empire. The historic days that followed Her Majesty's departure from among her bereaved subjects are fully treated in these pages, and the impressive event of her lying-in-state in the quiet chamber at Osborne House will appeal to all who owed fealty to her throne.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE spectacle of the nation sorrowing at the obsequies of our beloved Queen will never be obliterated from the mind of England. As long as the impulses last that move our national life, so long shall the first weeks of the twentieth century be marked in our annals with the memory of an irreparable loss. Already a week has elapsed since the mournful day, and now, with a little longer perspective, we can regard the events of Saturday last, though the magnitude of the deep-seated national grief cannot yet be estimated. We may rejoice, however, that the remains of Her Majesty were borne to the grave, not only amid the sorrow of a nation, an Empire, and the world at large, but attended by all the honours which could be rendered by the two great Services with which she had been so intimately concerned. It was meet and right that a great fleet should salute, with minute guns and tokens of mourning, her dead Majesty on her last journey, in the stillness of dissolution, to the great Naval port of her kingdom. The fleet assembled was in itself a marked testimony to the wonders of the age in which Queen Victoria reigned, and when her mortal remains were transferred to the care of the Army for which she had such affection, they were in the hands of a service which owes a great deal to the influence of her personal care. The hardships of Military life which existed in former times have been swept away, and every soldier had learned to regard the Queen as a personal friend. Each could, indeed, recall some kindly thought or act on her part, and it was fitting that high Military ceremonial should attend our lamented Ruler to the grave.

Photo. Copyright. *Chancellor.*

ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

Sir Arthur Vicars, as Ulster King of Arms, Reading the Proclamation of the King at Dublin on January 24. It has been Stated that Ulster was Substituted in Lieu of Ireland King of Arms by Edward VI. in 1553, but that Monarch Designated it, at any rate, as a New Institution. Be this as it may, Ulster King of Arms, with all his Pomp and Ceremony, Occupies the same Position as Lyon King of Arms in Scotland, and Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy Kings of Arms in England.

IT was fully to be expected—and it was particularly gratifying to Englishmen—that foreign sovereigns would pay the last honours to Queen Victoria, and that foreign ships would assemble at Spithead to salute Her Majesty's remains. In the course of nature it may be expected that the future rulers of Germany, Russia, Greece, and Roumania will all be descended from her. Most honoured of her grandchildren is the German Emperor, who in this hour of trial has borne himself most nobly, displaying the fortitude of his race in a double anxiety and sorrow. He is now not only an Admiral of the Fleet, but a Field-Marshal of the British Army, which is proud of his comradeship. With him came his son, Knight of the Garter and future ruler of the great European Empire, and his brother, the sailor, Prince Henry. We shall remember, too, with gratitude the kindly feeling displayed by the French, Italians, and Spaniards. The Russian Royal Family, united to our own by close ties of blood, was rightly represented by the Grand Duke Michael, who bore with him the condolence of many good Russians. The aged King of Denmark, our new Queen's

Photo. *Deale.*

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. D. T. LAING.

This Gallant and, in a Professional Sense, most Accomplished Officer Organised Lord Kitchener's Body Guard, and Died in Command of it in that Memorable Fight in which 120 Men so long held their Ground, until, with a Third of their Number Disabled, and with their Ammunition Exhausted, they were Compelled to Surrender. Laing was among the Killed. He had Raised the Force as Major, and no Man was ever more Popular or more Trusted. He was One of the Best and most Cherished of Leaders.

Photo. *Lafayette.*

A LADY WHO HAS SEEN THREE CENTURIES.

The Dowager Lady Carew, the Grandmother of the Present Lord Carew, was Born in 1798, and has thus Lived during Three Centuries. At the Period of her Birth, Holyhead, where she was born, was a Small Fishing Village, and she is a Link with the Times—so far off to the Present Generation—of Wellington and Nelson. She was a Beauty at the Court of Louis Philippe as well as in London, and she still Enjoys Excellent Health and Spirits.

Photo. *Bourne & Shepherd.*

A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER OF A NATIVE REGIMENT.

This is Captain G. F. Hood, the Adjutant of the 7th Rajputs, who now Form a Part of the China Field Force. The Rajputs are One of the Recognised Fighting Races of India, and it is an Honour to any Native to belong to a Regiment called by that Name. After the Arduous March to Peking to Relieve the Ambassadors, Captain Hood was the First of the British Contingent to Enter the Legations. He made his Way into the Tartar City by a Sluice Gate.

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father, sent to England his eldest son, and there is not a country in Europe that has not honoured itself while honouring the obsequies of Queen Victoria. We are able thus, round Her Majesty's grave, to witness a quickening of international sympathy, and to regard the gathering of princes and people, high placed in their own lands, as of good augury for of Sovereigns could control the destinies of nations, but there is the new reign. The days are passed when the family relations still scope for sympathetic rulers to sway wisely their counsels, and Queen Victoria was a true example of this rare regal power.

WHILE we are thus sorrowing for a Queen departed, millions of eyes are turned with confidence to the advent of our new King. He has come to the throne well experienced in the constitutional laws of the land, and few know better than he the tendencies and requirements of the time. His Majesty is well equipped with powers of discernment and the sound common-sense of his mother, and on many occasions has given proof of good judgment and royal tact in dealing with the social questions of the hour. Although, as Prince of Wales, it was impossible for him to enter into international politics, and he found many barriers raised against him, he has been an alert watcher of the tendencies of the time, and has on numberless occasions played a useful part with kindly courtesy. He is animated by goodwill, and by restraint and moderation, and we may be well assured that his temper and feeling are identical with those of his people, and that with wise and prudent counsel his reign will become an assurance of progress and peace. A marked characteristic of King Edward VII. throughout his public life has been his deep respect for our constitutional laws and practices, and his true sympathy with every movement for the alleviation of the distresses of the people. In handling these matters he has shown a sound grasp of business, and has proved himself to be possessed of excellent judgment in dealing with men. These are guarantees that he will pursue the path trodden by his venerated predecessor.

Photo. Copyright *A. Debenham, Southsea.*

A TEAM OF LADY HOCKEYISTS.

A Prominent Lady Reformer has Recently Asserted that Athletics are Unfavourable to Domesticity. In East Southsea, at any rate, the Young Ladies have no Fears, and Vote for Athletics, as the above Picture of their Hockey Team shows. They are: Goal, Miss Redhead; backs, Misses Taylor and Hodgson; half-backs, Misses Aylen, Brook, and McCarthy; right wing, Misses Gibson and H. Aylen; centre, Miss K. Thomas (Captain); and left wing, Miss O. Hodgson and V. Tickell.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

COALING THE "CRESCENT" AT BERMUDA.

Our Picture represents the Fore Hold of the Collier "Shah," from which over Forty Tons were taken in One Hour and 644 Tons in Six Hours Thirty-eight Minutes. Last Year the Highest Average of the "Crescent," which is the Flag-ship on the North American and West Indies Station, was 119.29 Tons in an Hour. So much more Attention is Paid to Coaling than was Formerly the Case, that any Exceptional Performance is Worth Recording, and the "Crescent" has the Reputation of being an Exceedingly Smart Ship.

MR. BALFOUR, in the House of Commons, dwelt upon a point which deserves to be brought to the public mind at the present time. He declared his belief that the importance of the Crown is not a diminishing but an increasing factor. It must, as we may see, be increased largely through the growth and development of those free, self-governing communities, those new commonwealths beyond the sea, which are, perhaps, chiefly bound to us by devotion to the person of the Sovereign and to the Royal House as the living symbol of the unity of Empire. There was a time in the reign of Queen Victoria when political dreamers were ready to assert that the days of kingship were over, and that in the course of a few decades the sceptres would fall from Royal hands to those of the sovereign people. But what do we find instead? That the loyalty of the people has grown steadily with the passage of years, and with the expansion of Empire, and that the Sovereign, as Mr. Balfour well said, has now become a greater factor in the government and welfare of the State and the Empire.

THE visit of the King of Portugal was particularly gratifying. In Portugal, the reign of Queen Victoria will always be associated with the good understanding, to be regarded almost as an alliance, between the two countries. The genial Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James's has been raised to the dignity of a Marquis in honour of the circumstance, and Portugal is worthily represented by the Marquis de Soveral. In the Portuguese Cortes the greatest satisfaction has been expressed at the renewal of the intimate and cordial relations and the continuance of the old alliance between England and Portugal. Referring to the Boer War, the Minister for Foreign Affairs has applauded the action of his predecessor in facilitating the landing of British troops at Beira, and has declared that if a similar request were made now, the Government would adopt the same line as the late Government. King Carlos's maternal cousinship to Her Majesty has always been expressed in his warm regard for the members of her house.

ONE of the most encouraging circumstances during our time of trouble has been the admirable attitude of the colonies and dependencies. Lord Minto, expressing the feeling of Canada, said that no greater Sovereign had ever ruled over the British people nor one more honoured by her subjects than Queen Victoria, and that nowhere had this love

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and respect been more deeply felt than in the Great Dominion. From New South Wales, Victoria, Western Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania came many tokens of the sense of irreparable loss felt in the great Commonwealth. More significant even than these testimonies from Australia, New Zealand, and other possessions, have been the signs of grief felt in the Indian Empire, for it was there, perhaps even more than in any other part of her dominions, that the personality of Queen Victoria exercised the greatest influence, and it would be impossible to overrate the vast advantages that have flowed from her beneficent rule. Indeed, wherever we look throughout the Empire, we see that our children beyond the sea have experienced a grief which is not exceeded by our own.

A GALLANT soldier of Queen Victoria was Lieutenant-Colonel D. T. Laing, of whom we give a portrait. He was killed fighting against tremendous odds in one of those skirmishes which have attended the repelling of the invasion of Cape Colony. He was in Klondyke when the Boer War broke out, but started for the scene of operations, and was appointed by Earl Roberts to the command of his Bodyguard. When the Field-Marshal left for home he commissioned Colonel Laing to raise a special force of about 600, with two field-guns and some Maxims, but so great was the popularity of the lamented soldier that 1,500 had been recruited by December 2, and he expected 2,000 by Jan. 1. The greater establishment was sanctioned by Lord Kitchener, and Laing's force was employed with General Knox, and it was when operating with a small part of it that he met his soldier's death. He was of a bold and adventurous temperament. After serving in the ranks of the 93rd and 91st Regiments, he tried his luck in the South African goldfields. He saw much fighting with the natives, and in the Matabele Rebellion, of which he wrote a history, was besieged for six weeks at Belingwe. Sir F. Carrington sent a relieving column, of which Laing, was afterwards given command. He did splendid service, and was promoted to be a major in the Army. It was subsequent to this that his roving ambitions and adventurous spirit sent him to Klondyke. While the country can produce gallant men like Colonel Laing—who was a genuine, true, brave Scotsman—we have nothing to fear for its welfare.

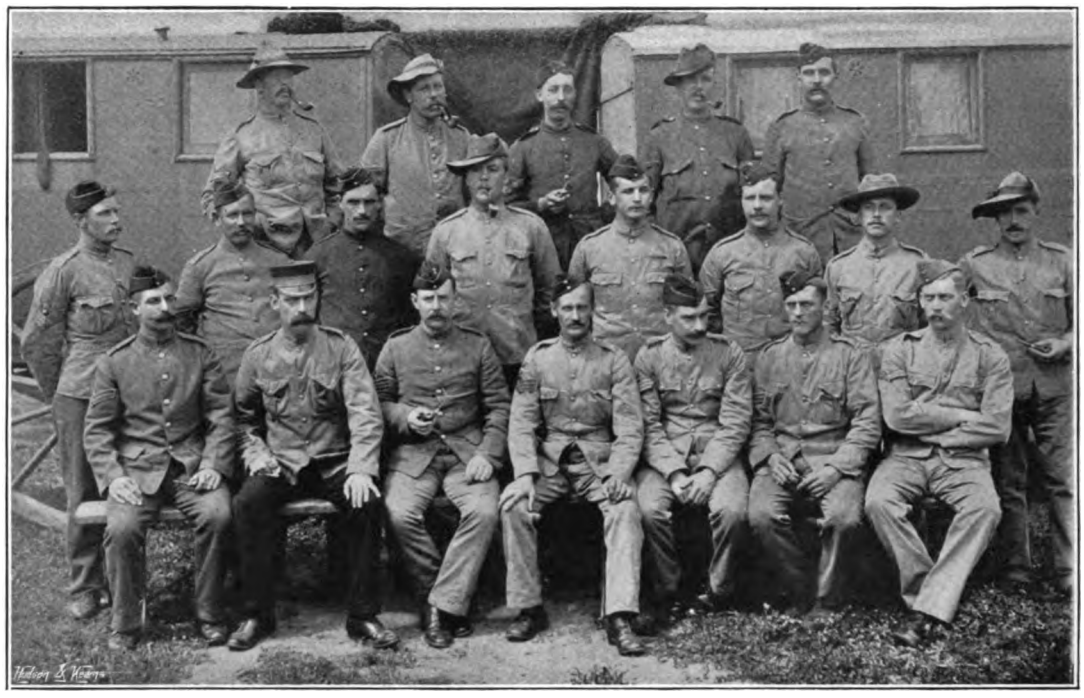

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

Not the least Important Portion of an Army's Work in the Field is the Maintenance of its Communications, and the Constant Work at its Bases, from which Reinforcements are Sent to the Front. In our Picture these Non-commissioned Officers of Royal Engineers are Simply Waiting for the Formal Order to Proceed with other Details to some Division where Fighting is Going On. Meantime they are Technically Waiting at the Base.

Photo. Copyright. *Grouzelle.*

A REGIMENTAL PET.

Almost every Regiment has its Own Fancy Pet, and the Australian Contingents in South Africa were no Exception to the Rule. The South Australians had a Huge St. Bernard, and the New South Wales Bushmen a Favourite Dog—named Bushie by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Chief Justice—whose Picture, with that of his Chief Guardian, Trooper A. Battye, is given above.

IT is natural at such a time as this to note the indications of prosperity in some parts of the Empire which King Edward VII. is called upon to rule. Let us look, for example, as a brilliant illustration, at the condition of Canada. There, in one of the fairest jewels in the Imperial crown, two races are united in loyalty, and are working together to develop their glorious country, and asking others to share in the work. Even now has Lord Strathcona invited Englishmen to emigrate to the Dominion, there to find agriculture flourishing, with large local markets and great exports, and a vast forest country to be opened up; mines and fisheries also, all capable of being developed with the advent of capital and more people. Thus in a healthy climate, where living is relatively cheap and taxation light, Englishmen can take their part in increasing still further the prosperity of the great Dominion. The development of Canada and its vast promise were, indeed, one of the happiest signs that marked the long reign of Queen Victoria. She saw the spirit of a great rebellion threatening the prosperity of that land; but it was crushed, and the strange quickening of kinship in the Empire, and the leadership of men like Sir John Macdonald Sir Charles Tupper, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, wrought a change of feeling, which the gentle sway of our late Queen confirmed.

Photo. Copyright. AN HISTORICAL RECEPTION AT PORT ELIZABETH *Goldsbrough.*

This Effective Picture represents an Illuminated Electric Car at Port Elizabeth at the Reception of Generals Baden-Powell and Brabant Amid the Group of Functionaries the Two Soldiers will be Recognised. General Brabant has his Arm in a Sling, and General Baden-Powell is on his Left.

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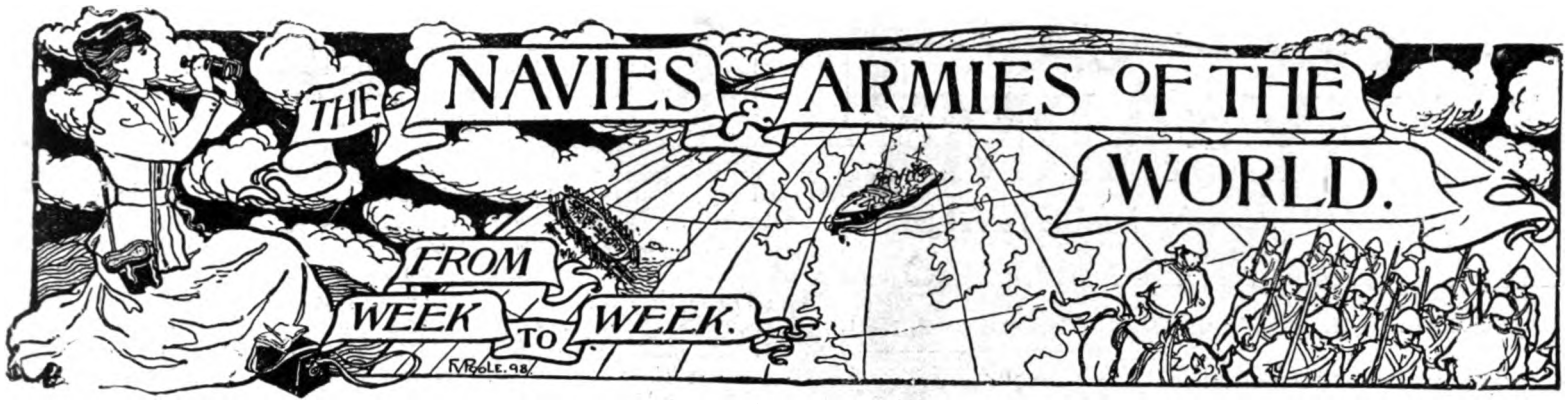

SOME little while ago I took occasion to dissent here from certain observations made by Captain Cairnes in the *National Review* on the use of the Navy in war. Captain Cairnes has returned to the subject in the February number of the magazine with an article on "The Duties of the Army and Navy"—a comprehensive subject. Of course I cannot presume to suppose that my humble criticisms of his former views have had any share in producing the present paper. It would be too flattering to one's vanity to think so, for the Captain has completely evacuated his position, which it was my purpose to prove false, and has taken up another where he can hope to leave his flanks less in the air. Then he thought it possible for us to send our Fleet half round the world while a serious invader was threatening our shores from the other side of the Channel or the North Sea. He also quite ignored our absolute obligation to keep the four seas of Britain clear for our commerce. His own mature reflections have brought him to see that this would not do. They have also made him realise a fact which he states very well, namely, that "it is idle to prepare an army to meet an invasion on a colossal scale, for no hostile Power having the game in its own hands, owing to having deprived us of the command of the sea, would be foolish enough to risk loss through attempting a quite unnecessary invasion." Therefore, of course, it is highly irrational to talk of the Army as an alternative defence of this country to the Fleet.

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This is excellent, and if Captain Cairnes's good example is followed by his brother officers, we shall be spared the distressing spectacle presented by "scientific soldiers" who discuss the defence of this country and leave the water out of account. For we have had examples without number of the kind of science, falsely so called, which speculates on that problem, and ignores its most important element. But the Captain is determined to show that we must have a big Army, and to prove its necessity he has to go into other investigations, in the handling of which he still, I venture to think, shows a want of grip of the facts. Incidentally he says things which, *mejudice*, show that he has assumed what it would, in the true sense of the word, have been more scientific to prove. Thus he lays it down as an uncontrovertible proposition that continental nations have little to lose by a purely Naval war with England. Now this is a point on which neither sailor nor soldier officer is necessarily a judge. He may be, but not because of his Naval or Military rank. Therefore he cannot speak on this field with authority, but must give his reasons. When General Sir A. B. C. says, "I am in command of the X district, and therefore I must be right when I tell you that the claret is not Pichon Longueville of '64, and that Miss Smith is a much prettier girl than Miss Jones," it may be worldly wise in the staff not to dispute with the superior officer. Still his rank does not make him a judge of claret or of female beauty. The question which Captain Cairnes decides so cavalierly is an economical and political one. The only observation I have to make upon it is that if foreign Powers think so lightly of a Naval war with England, it is wonderful they have not fought us before. The French did not profess all this indifference to the loss of a market for about a third of their exports at the time of the Fashoda affair. If all the British generals that ever were, and all the British admirals who ever hoisted the red, white, or blue ensign, or were promoted "rear-admirals in general terms," were to come back from the dead for the express purpose of assuring me that Germany would not care for the temporary destruction of her rising merchant Navy, I should only ask those martial and blessed of hosts for their reasons.

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This, however, is by the way. The serious thing is that Captain Cairnes urges that we shall need an Army capable of marching to the capital of a great Power with which we happened to be at war, in order to avert the perils of what he calls "an interregnum in the command of the sea." This interregnum I take to be the younger brother of Colonel Balfour's "intermediate stage." It is defined by Captain Cairnes as "a position . . . in which we should be strong enough to prevent the enemy either from closing the seas to our commerce or from endeavouring to land a great army of invasion upon our soil, but in which we on our side would be unequal to the task of quickly bringing to an end the career of hostile commerce destroyers, and would have to be content with a more or less defensive attitude, from a Naval point of view, till the exertions of our ship-builders had provided us with the number of fast cruisers which we needed." He draws the deduction that our commerce might be so upset as to stop the import of raw material and cause our manufactories to be shut down, which would distress us into surrender. His moral is that we must have an Army capable of supplying half a million of men able to march to Paris or Berlin, or take St. Petersburg or occupy Washington.

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This seems an extraordinary state of affairs. How can an enemy who is unable to shut the sea to our commerce prevent the entry of our raw material? Captain Cairnes leaves out the trade which would go on under the neutral flag, but that is not much. What is amazing is that he predicates a state of war in which the sea will be both shut and not shut to our commerce at one and the same time. This is a contradiction in terms. Of course an enemy's cruisers may capture a goodish number of our merchant ships, even when we are blockading his ports and sweeping his trade off the seas. But so he always did in the wars of King William and Queen Anne, in the Spanish wars, the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, the American War of 1778-83, and the Great War of 1792-1815. Yet our commerce went on increasing, in spite of a loss by capture about equal to that by wreck and stranding—2½ per cent. or thereabouts. The loss was kept within bounds by the use of convoy, to which we should most assuredly have to return. No doubt it is a restriction and disturbance of traffic when ships have to sail in convoy, but does any man suppose that we can go to war with an opponent possessing a fairly strong fleet, and having the skill and spirit to use it, without suffering some measure of inconvenience? War can never, by the very nature of it, leave us as free to follow our industrial occupations as when we are in peace. We can only reduce the interruption it causes to the narrowest possible limits.

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How is this to be done? Captain Cairnes says by having an Army capable of sending out 500,000 highly-trained men, who could rout the short-service conscripts of continental Powers and bring our foe to reason at a blow. This he thinks we could do without maintaining an Army on the continental model. It would be interesting to see the calculations worked out. For the present I am content to remark that Captain Cairnes's notion seems to me a devout imagination. But without going into this, he is vulnerable on another side. He asks whether it would not be better for us to incur the expense of an Army able to strike down the great Powers of the Continent at a blow than to incur the risk of being ruined "by an interregnum in the command of the sea." But he has acknowledged in the passage quoted above that we could drive the enemy's commerce destroyers off the sea if we had enough swift cruisers. To me, judging by the analogy of former wars, and going by what in my opinion is the only safe rule, that all presumption of time future is memory of time past, he seems to expect rather too much. Some loss there will be, if all experience is not to be falsified, from the commerce destroyers of the foe down to the last moment of the most triumphant Naval war, unless our antagonist is utterly destitute of courage and capacity, in which case he will not be dangerous. But accepting his view for the sake of argument, is it not perfectly fair to ask whether the cheapest and most effectual way of preventing an interregnum in the command of the sea would not be to build the needful number of swift cruisers? They and their crews would cost far less than an Army capable of landing 500,000 highly-trained men on the coast of France or Germany, and they would also be far more likely to achieve their purpose.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

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A Fresh Page.

THE mournful pageant and the solemn services of Saturday last closed for the time being the series of great events which have made the past weeks memorable in the mind of every living Englishman and Englishwoman. The Navy and the Army combined to lend to the last sad rites all the dignity and fitting pomp that the arrangements permitted. In this respect or that, these arrangements at first called forth, here and there, suggestions for improvement. But when it became generally known that the Queen had herself settled them some time before her death, all murmurs were silenced. On the whole, it would have been difficult to plan out a more impressive ceremony. The long lines of ships stretching with dipped ensigns from Cowes to Portsmouth, the military procession through the sorrowful streets of London, and the final office of the Church in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, committing Her Majesty's body to the earth and her soul to the mercy of Almighty God, combined to make up at once a stately funeral for a great Monarch, and a moving, sincere tribute to the memory of a great and good woman. So a noble page in the volume of History was closed, and the nation turned reverently away from the grave of its well-beloved Sovereign to take up once more the duties and distractions of everyday life.

All that had occupied our minds to the exclusion of everything else for the space of two weeks had happened so unexpectedly, and had followed, event after event, with so rapid a march, that it is only now we can settle down to think out the future. The rapidity with which it all took place was not the least striking feature of the mournful chain of occurrences. Voyagers who started from, say, South Africa on the day before the Queen's illness was made known to her people, must have arrived in England to find that Queen dead and buried, her successor on the throne, and the whole outward aspect of things altered in a manner that touches the life of the whole nation at many points. The suddenness of a change which, though we all knew it to be inevitable, we had never allowed ourselves to think of as being anything but remote, could not but exercise a bewildering effect upon the mind. Then, while we tried to grasp the effect of the change, and to accustom our tongues to the usage of "King," a title that seemed to carry us back to past ages in the history of Great Britain; to the disuse of "the Queen," which from our childhood had been the only term that held for us the significance of sovereignty; then the daily tale of preparations for the last ceremonies that are paid the mighty dead kept our imagination in thrall and held us back from speculation upon events to come. Now, with the relaxing of the strain, we turn suddenly to find that regret for the past must give way to thought and work for the future, and with a sigh we once more buckle to the task of grappling with problems that insistently demand solution if England is to hold her own at the councils and in the workshop of the world.

The great and pressing question that lies immediately before us is this: How are we to bind the Mother Country and the nations which own a like allegiance with her into such a World-State as shall truly deserve the title of an Empire, and which shall maintain during this century the supremacy of the British name and power, as Great Britain maintained it during the century that is past? It can be done. If we are in earnest about it, we shall say before long, "It must be done"; but it will only be done by continued effort and capable statesmanship. Between this time and the coronation of King Edward we have a clear twelve months to turn over in our minds the steps that are needed to lay great bases for futurity, and to let our representatives and administrators know what is the path we expect them to follow. One definite proposal, for example, that should at once be taken into serious consideration is that Canada and Australia should be recognised as States of the Empire by being included in the formal recital of the kingly title and style. Assuming that the Dominion and the Commonwealth are content that such form of recognition should be adopted, there seems to be nothing against the suggested change and everything in its favour. India is already mentioned in the Royal style, and we all hope that some day the United States of South Africa will also lay claim to similar enrolment among the nations that acknowledge the headship of the British King. Under the wise and mild sway of Victoria Britons all over the world have been drawn closer together, and what was once the vision of a British Empire has begun to assume a solid and visible shape. Let us, if we can, while the influence of Victoria is still a fresh memory, and while our hearts still swell when we recollect the tribute of love and honour that was universally paid to the Mother of her People, make it our endeavour to perfect the work she had so closely at heart.

Looking in this light at the visit which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York had arranged to pay to Australia and Canada during this year, it is clear that, unless strong reasons of State can be shown for postponement, the persistence of Their Royal Highnesses' plan is eminently desirable. However unreasonable the philosopher may call it, the presence of Royal persons does beyond doubt stimulate feelings of loyalty and comradeship, and gives a sense of solidarity to masses of people who, without such evidence of the common allegiance they are proud to own, would drift into mutual indifference and apathy. This is a duty and a privilege that attaches to Royalty no less in these days of constitutional monarchs than it did in times when rulers really ruled. Indeed, it is in these days even more of a duty and a privilege than ever it was before. Royal Houses are now representatives of their people; they are able to do much that is denied to any subject in the way of bringing their peoples into unity and of strengthening their kingdoms by internal bonds; and it is clearly due from them, as well as being in their own interest, that they should neglect no opportunity which can be relied upon to produce these happy results.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"IOMA."—Does the propeller revolve more quickly in cold water than it does in water of a warmer temperature? Yes, if we take into consideration the effect of the condenser upon the engine. But if we assume the propeller to be revolved in water by some other means than the condensing engine, we must consider the increase or decrease of resistance of the water due to its change of density with varying temperatures. Salt water continues to increase in density until it has descended in temperature to 27½-deg. Fahrenheit, when it freezes. The colder the water the more slowly would the propeller revolve, because the resistance offered by the water in which it moved would be greater on account of the increasing density. In the case of fresh water, the maximum density is reached at a temperature of 40-deg. Fahrenheit; below which the density decreases. Therefore a propeller revolving in fresh water would go faster from 40-deg. downwards, and also faster from 40-deg. upwards, because the density of the fresh water decreases in either case and the resistance offered to the revolution of the propeller is therefore less. It is, however, improbable that the slight increase or decrease in density only would be indicated in the revolutions of the ordinary marine engine, as it would scarcely be scientific enough. To take the two causes in combination, the increase in the efficiency of the engine would preponderate over the additional resistance due to greater density, and the engines would run a bit faster in colder water.

* * * *

"CLERICUS."—The Reserve of Officers was formed in 1880 for the purpose of enabling vacancies to be filled on any sudden expansion of the Army on an emergency; and equally for duty with the troops as for the many posts, especially those connected with the line of communications, which have to be created when an army is on service in the field. The Reserve of Officers consists: (1) Of those of the regular service who, having retired on pension or gratuity, are liable to service on emergency; and (2) Those who have been permitted to enter the Reserve and assume this liability. The latter category is filled as follows: By officers who, having retired from the Army or Militia without liability for further service, apply to be granted commissions as Army Reserve officers; by officers of the Yeomanry or Volunteers who have been permitted to hold commissions as Army Reserve officers in addition to their commissions in the Yeomanry or Volunteers; and by officers who have retired from the Indian Army and have been granted commissions as Army Reserve officers.

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The Passing of Queen Victoria.

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Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

FROM OSBORNE TO COWES.

"All eyes were fixed upon the coffin as it moved slowly forward on the gun-carriage, on the white pall and the insignia of Royalty upon it, on the drooping Royal Standard that draped it partially, and on the little group of Royal personages, so small it seemed, but yet so great, who walked sadly behind. All hearts and minds, again, were fixed upon that which could not be seen, but felt, that this was the last journey of Queen Victoria in the island which she loved so well."

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The Passing of Queen Victoria.

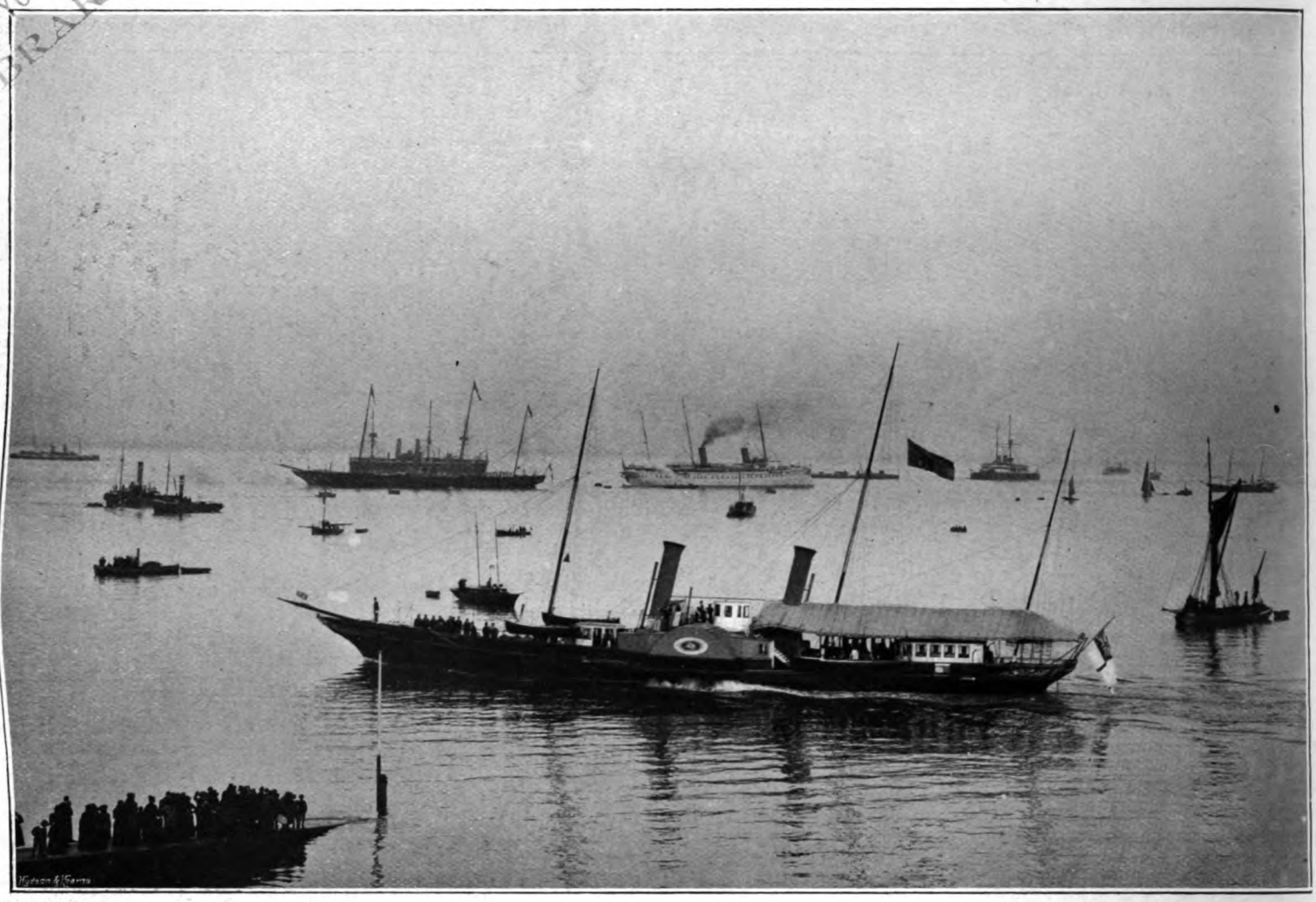

Photo. Copyright. *A. Debenham.*

THE DEPARTURE FROM COWES.

"Then began the most beautiful Naval ceremonial, the grandest and the saddest, that history records."

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

"Nymphe" (Germany). *"Leda" (British).* *"Dupuy de Lome" (French).* *"Hatsuse" (Japanese).*

"Alberta" *"Victoria and Albert."*

THE SEAMEN'S REQUIEM AT SPITHEAD.

The "Alberta," with its Pathetic Burden, in its Awful Stillness and Majesty, Borne Down "the Far-flung Battle Line" under the Sullen Roar of the Saluting Guns and the Sad Music of the Funeral Dirge.

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In the Lone Atlantic.

AN ISOLATED OUTPOST OF THE EMPIRE.

Ascension Island as Seen from the Sea.

DOES the average man ever think what small isolated islands really are? Here is one; and what is it? A more or less rugged mountain-top rising up sheer in pinnacle fashion from some plain in the mighty depths of the ocean. It has broken the surface of the waters and risen above them, and so we describe it as an island. Had its elevation been a little less, had even its most exalted point been still below the surface of the waves, we should have called it a reef. And what an isolated spot it is, this Island of Ascension, typical in its wild seclusion of so many other islands half forgotten in the solitude of great oceans. It is only a tiny place at best—about eight miles in length by six in breadth, says McCulloch, though in reality its area is probably a little greater. It is one of the results of the more active stages in the earth's life history. What mighty volcanic convulsion was it that built this pinnacle of tufous limestone, so abrupt as it stands, so widely separated from all else that we now call land? Eight hundred miles to the south-east lies the almost equally isolated Island of St. Helena, but Cape Palmas, the nearest point of the African continent, is distant about 950 miles, and if we follow the island's parallel of latitude we shall have to traverse nearly 900 miles before we reach the neighbourhood of San Paul de Loando. The distance to South America is too great to be worth considering. Could isolation be more complete? The mighty convulsion which wrought the island must have taken place long ere man appeared upon the earth, and such records as we possess of the seafaring nations of antiquity give us no hint that the ancient navigators knew of this barren rock in the lone Atlantic, or thought its existence worth mentioning if they did know of it. Like many other places, the island owes its recognition on modern maps to the mediæval enterprise of Portugal, then at the zenith of its energy as an exploring power. True, the discovery of the island was made by a Spaniard, Juan de Nova, but Spain had enough to do in those days in playing the part she had assigned to herself in European matters and on the then recently discovered American continent. Prince Henry of Portugal had set the fashion of the exploration of the West African shore, and Juan de Nova, though a Spaniard, was in Portugal's employ. It was on Ascension Day, 1501, that he lighted on the bleak and uninviting spot. No sign of vegetation greeted him; no curious inhabitants lined the shore. Did he land in search of the fresh water to be so scantily found from a few springs, or were the rollers so well

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

THE UNCHANGING DANGER OF THE SHORE.

The Rollers that Come In from the Atlantic.

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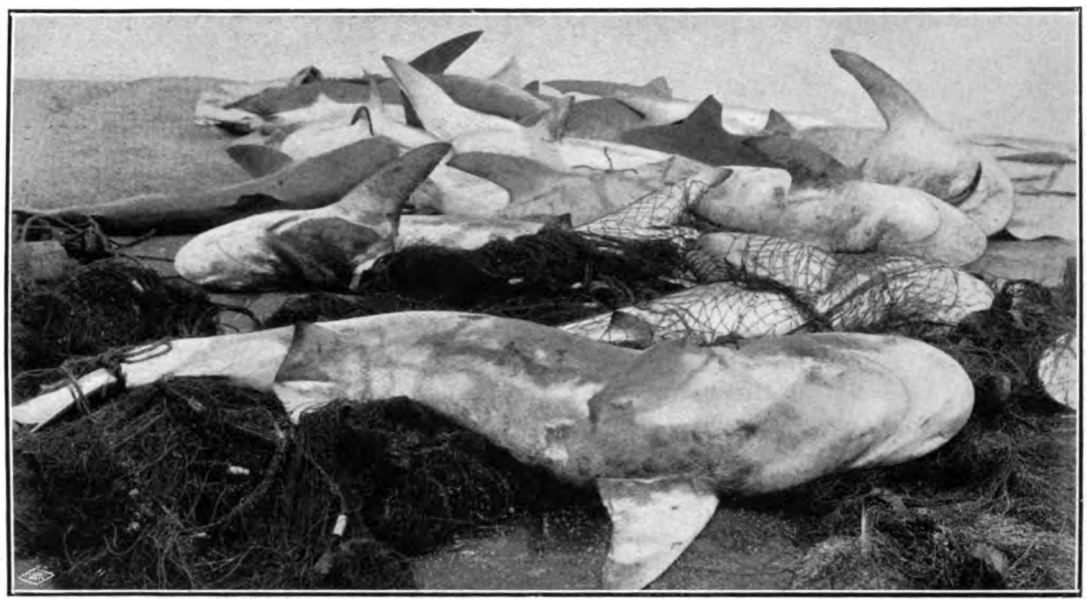
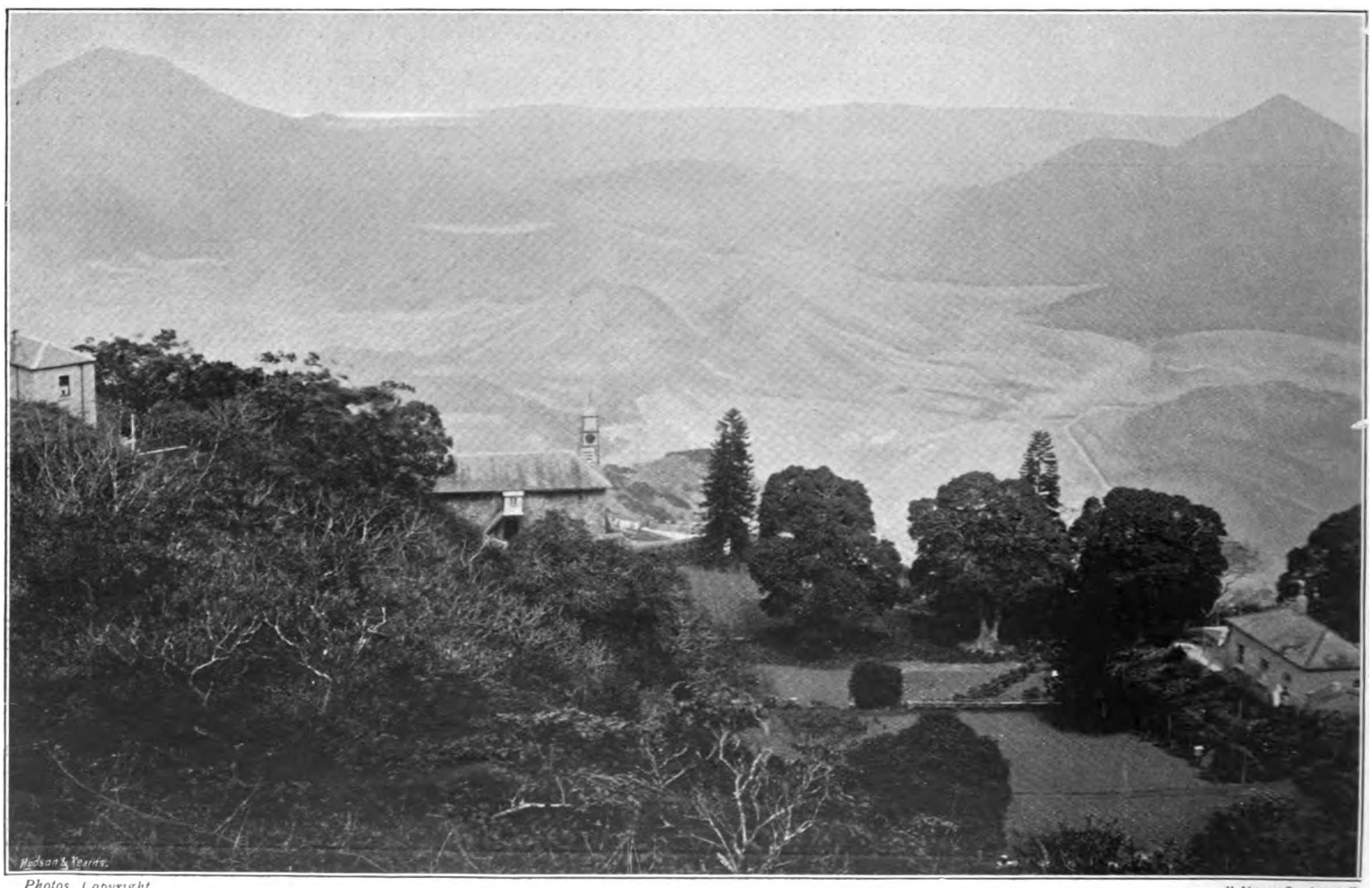
depicted in one of our pictures, whose ceaseless roar, as they tumble in from the broad Atlantic in never-ending succession, is one of the familiar sounds of the island, too heavy just at that time even for his hardy and intrepid seamen? The record may exist somewhere, but it is not before us. At any rate, thenceforward Ascension Island had a place in the life of the civilised world, and its existence was duly recorded in such charts of the Atlantic as were drawn from time to time.



A BIG HAUL OF BABY SHARKS AT ASCENSION.
Forty were Caught in One Trammel Net.

It is hardly surprising, however, that no emigrants should have been eager to exile themselves to so wild and desolate a spot, and the island, bare of trees and with scarcely a blade of grass growing on it anywhere, was left to the turtles and the penguins until an event occurred which brought it into modern history. The battle of Waterloo was fought; the downfall of Napoleon followed; and the French Emperor became the exile of St. Helena. It was strategically impossible to leave Ascension uninhabited—to risk, in fact, the possibility that it might become the focus of an intrigue for the release of Napoleon; and, consequently, the British flag was hoisted, and the island was occupied by a small garrison. Then it was found that the climate was remarkably healthy, and a Naval station was established there, partly as a sanatorium for ships whose crews had suffered from the malarial influences of service on the West Coast of Africa, and partly as a depôt for stores and a place where ships could obtain coal and water. In the Navy List, indeed, the establishment, apart from the medical portion, is dignified by the title of a dockyard, but it is quite certain that any repairs which could be carried out there would be of the most slender description. Nevertheless there is a Naval officer in charge—a captain who rules his tiny realm with despotic sway. His power is absolute throughout the island. Any decree of his is no more to be gainsaid than if he were on his own quarter-deck at sea, and in so narrow a community the system works well. No other, indeed, would be possible in such a place. Save the officials and the garrison, there are necessarily hardly any inhabitants, for who would court such complete isolation? All told, the normal population is perhaps from 200 to 300, and it is only at intervals that a ship makes her appearance. Nor indeed, even when one is lying in that open roadstead, which nevertheless affords good anchorage, is it always possible for her to communicate with the shore, by reason of those rollers of which mention has already been made, and whose ceaseless turmoil must be coeval with the formation of the island itself.

Our characteristic series of pictures affords a very good idea of a spot which, lonely as it may be, is none the less interesting. Desolate indeed it is, and one of our illustrations well shows it in an incidental way. Take that which portrays the home of the mountain garrison. There is vegetation in plenty, trees are in abundance, but look beyond, and note the bleak barren hills. Apart, indeed, from the gardens of the officials and from Green Mountain, whose summit forms the subject of another of our pictures, there is scarcely a blade of grass in the island. The reason is of course the deficiency of water. There are a few springs, and the produce of these has been supplemented by the sinking of wells, but the supply is not abundant enough to allow of much being wasted on experimental attempts to reclaim barren land. Nevertheless,



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

ONE OF THE FEW SPOTS OF VERDURE.
The Mountain Abode of the Garrison.

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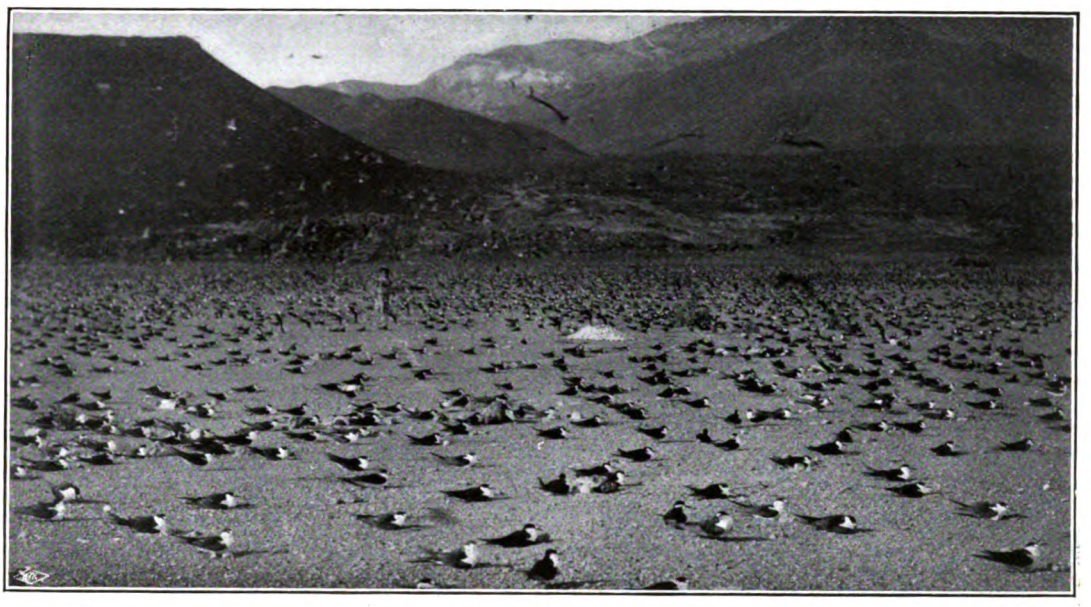
where cultivation has been attempted, it has been conspicuously successful, and the tomato, the castor-oil plant, pepper, and the Cape gooseberry flourish luxuriantly. The mountainous district is in the south-east of the island, and our view from the sea presents its north-western aspect. It is here that George Town lies—the only town in the island—and this consists merely of a fort, military and official quarters, and a few detached residences. The sea abounds with sharks—one of our pictures will convey a fair idea of their number. The exports are principally turtles and the eggs laid by the myriads of sea birds which frequent the place. Both are shown in our illustrations, and the number of penguin is indeed remarkable. The turtle, which weigh from 600-lb. to 800-lb., are caught in great numbers from Christmas to Midsummer, during which period they come to lay their eggs. The method of procedure cannot be better illustrated than by an extract from the autobiography of the veteran Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel. He writes under date July 2, 1829: "Called at Ascension. . . . Its redeeming point was the kind manner in which the finest turtle landed to deposit their eggs on the numerous sandy inlets. This they preferred doing on bright, moonshiny nights, never dreaming that they were being watched. And having covered with sand as many as or more than a hundred luscious eggs, the size and shape of a large orange, left them for the sun to hatch. Their own tracks carefully sprinkled with sand, on returning to the briny deep, they little thought they were to be turned on their backs, above high-water mark, by huge Royal Marines, there to await passage to the table of the First Lord of the Admiralty or his friends. Of course, the male turtle is never foolish enough to land if he knows of it."

Our readers will observe that in our picture many of the turtle have been turned upon their backs. When once they have been placed in that position they are effectually captured. It is impossible for them to right themselves, and they can only await the time when it pleases their captors to move them another stage on the road towards their inevitable doom. It is obvious that an island situated as is Ascension must be dependent upon the outside world for its supplies, not merely of stores to be forwarded in turn to the ships on the station, but for nearly all the necessaries of life, and the Naval store-ship "Wye" makes periodical visits to the island to convey Naval stores and articles of all sorts necessary to the life of the inhabitants. At the same time, the success which, as has been already noted, has attended existing attempts at cultivation, is calculated to suggest that there is no absolute reason why the island should be so wholly dependent upon the outside world. Probably a larger area could be cultivated with advantage. The scarcity of water is, of course, a difficulty, but the question arises whether this could not be met by sinking additional wells. There may be good reasons, however, why so large a portion should be allowed to remain barren of this isolated peak in the lone Atlantic.

THE ALDERMANIC DAINTY IN ITS NATIVE HOME.
Ascension is Famous for its Turtle.



"DID YOU EVER CATCH A 'PENGUIN' ASLEEP?"
Stupid they may be, but always Wide Awake.

Photos. Copyright. THE VERDANT TOP OF GREEN MOUNTAIN. *"Navy & Army."*
An Oasis of Vegetation in an Island Desert.

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Politicians in the Ranks.

ACCORDING to a well-known aphorism, "The British Army has no politics," but, for all that, its commissioned and non-commissioned ranks have from time to time harboured many earnest and occasionally very notable politicians. At the top of the scale we find men like Marlborough and Wellington, who, with very varying degrees of credit, were intimately associated with the higher administration of the State. On a far lower plane we have the politician private of to-day, who in the barrack-room is an acknowledged authority and a vigorous controversialist even on knotty points of Parliamentary discussion. Quite recently a most interesting intermediate development has taken place, in the shape of a patriotic participation of professed politicians in the Military service of the country. The sacrifices made by members of the House of Commons in order to take part in the war in South Africa have received appreciative mention in various quarters. But no article with such a heading as "Politicians in the Ranks" could fail to take notice of the gallant and high-spirited English gentlemen who, at such a crisis, have voluntarily left the bloodless and comparatively comfortable arena of St. Stephen's for the risks and privations of South African campaigning. In the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry there are many, both members of Parliament and others, whose absence is severely felt in political circles, but whose fine self-sacrifice in placing themselves at a time of Imperial need under Military discipline, often in quite subordinate positions, will redound to their everlasting credit, quite as much as if they had stayed at home and drawn the highest prizes in the lottery of political distinction.

LEARNING THE GOOSE-STEP.
Cobbett as a Recruit in the 54th Regiment.

At first sight the trio of pictures which accompany this article would seem to have little connection with our subject-heading. But in reality these caricatures from the pencil of Gillray have a genuine topical interest, since they illustrate scenes in the Military life of a very noteworthy politician indeed. In the latter days of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries William Cobbett made a very distinct mark upon contemporary annals as a Radical of Radicals, and one of the foremost political writers of that or any age. It is a highly remarkable fact in the history of the British Army that such a man should have spent no inconsiderable portion of his life in its ranks, and have owed to his career as a private soldier much of the intellectual development which led to his future success.

IN THE ORDERLY-ROOM.
Cobbett Signing his Accounts before the Adjutant.

Cobbett was eking out a miserable existence as a lawyer's copying clerk when the idea of Military service first entered his mind. In the words of an historian, "he gasped after any opening for escape, and to enlist was the outlet which offered itself." Intending to take the King's shilling for the Marines, he found that he had made a mistake, and had entered himself as a recruit in the 54th Regiment of the Line, then serving in Nova Scotia. For the first year of his service he was attached to the depôt of his regiment, then at Chatham, and employed his time usefully in study, notwithstanding the distractions of Military duty and rude companionship. It is almost inconceivable how he could have found means to improve his mind in such an environment, but he did so with the success that is born of natural aptitude, coupled with the most marvellous tenacity of purpose. As an illustration of his perseverance it may be mentioned that, in order to remove his deficiencies in grammatical knowledge, he learnt the whole of a contemporary text-book on grammar by heart, and used to repeat it from start to finish when on guard. Some of his privations during this period were recalled by him nearly fifty years later, one almost historical instance giving a lurid example of the difference between the "Advantages of the Army" then and now. "Fourpence was as much as could be saved for food out of the sixpence a day, after washing, clothes, hair-powder, and pipe-clay. The whole week's food was not a bit too much for one day. For pocket-money there remained twopence a week." One day Cobbett had managed by rigorous economy to save an entire half-penny, which he proposed to spend royally on a red herring as an addition to the next morning's breakfast. On undressing that evening he found, alas! that somehow he had lost his little all. Writing of the incident as an old man, he said, "I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug and cried like a child."

Promoted corporal on account of his ability to read and write, Cobbett, on arriving at the headquarters of his regiment in Nova Scotia, was given the important post of regimental clerk, in which he appears to have made himself extremely useful as a sort of military maid-of-all-work. In a little more than a year from his disembarkation at Halifax he was made regimental sergeant-major—surely an unprecedented advancement for one who had served for less than three years in the ranks. But in spite of this speedy promotion, Cobbett's career in the Army could not have been by any means a pleasant one. He appears to have regarded his officers as grossly incapable, and to have openly spoken of them on several occasions with extraordinary and, indeed, objectionable freedom. He declared subsequently that he would have been more than once flogged if his superiors had not depended upon him for "easing them all of the trouble of even thinking about their duty." In 1791 the regiment went home, and Cobbett obtained his discharge. He subsequently distinguished himself by an unfortunate attempt to procure the arraignment of his former officers before a court-martial for defrauding the men of their bread, clothes, and fuel, and cheating the Revenue by false musters. Whether through his heart failing him at the last moment, or from the discovery that his evidence was inconclusive, Cobbett failed to appear on the day the court met, and the case fell to the ground. Cobbett himself narrowly escaped a criminal prosecution, and it must be admitted that this phase of his connection with the Military Service of his country was anything but a satisfactory one.

COBBETT ASSERTS HIMSELF.
Teaching Incompetent Officers their Work.

We must not close this desultory sketch without some reference to another famous politician who at one time served in the ranks of a regiment of Dragoon Guards, and who, like Cobbett, rose to distinction as a Radical politician. Although in some respects his public conduct and private opinions were not held in anything like universal esteem, Charles Bradlaugh eventually commanded in many quarters much greater liking and respect than fell to the lot of such a "good hater" as William Cobbett. Putting aside, however, such personal considerations, the careers of both these remarkable men in their relation to Army life give rise to some very interesting reflections, which we may safely leave our readers.

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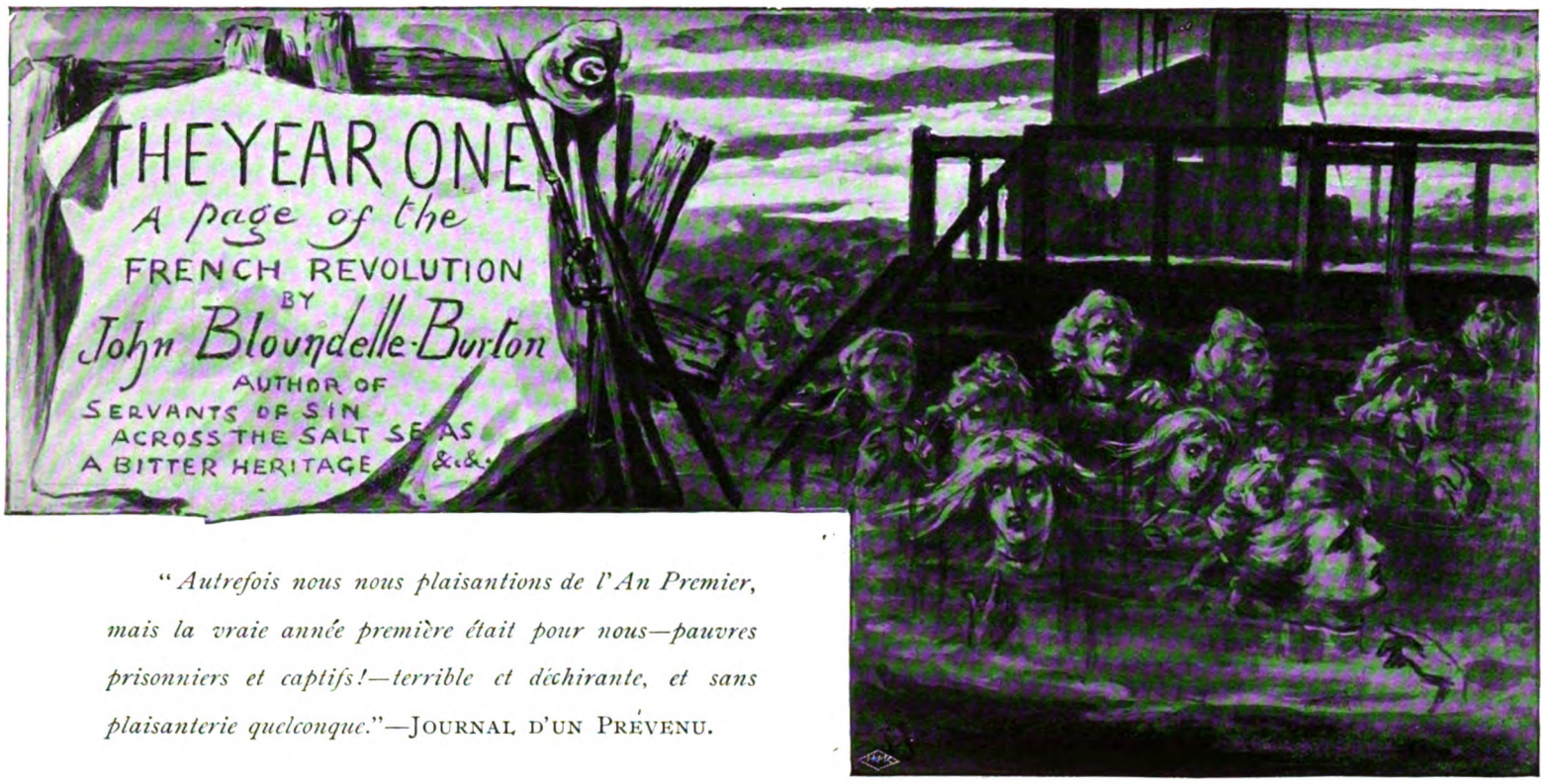

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE HOPE, of the "Dragon," has gone ashore with the ship's launch at a small village on the coast of Brittany, named Bricourt, with a view of procuring water for the casks. Here he has encountered a young and beautiful Frenchwoman, who, after stating that she is the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, and, of course, of the Royalist side, informs him that she is anxious to escape from France and the horrors of the Revolution, and asks if she can be received on board the English man-of-war. Receiving his captain's permission to fetch the lady off to the "Dragon," Hope goes ashore for her at night and brings her away, after having first stumbled across another woman in the churchyard whom he at first imagines to be she. When they have proceeded half the distance they are, however, intercepted by two chaloupes from the French ship. A terrible hand-to-hand fight then takes place, the lieutenant in command is slain by George, and he, himself, is wounded, and, at the moment of his triumph, he falls fainting at the feet of the insensible marquise. Directly after this they are captured by some men of the Republican forces quartered in the neighbourhood and are taken before Lucienne's husband, who is now the Mayor of the Commune, and is styled Jean Aubray, since all titles have been abolished. He, after hearing the evidence of the officer who had superintended their capture, forwards George and Lucienne to the local tribunal at Rennes, leaving it for that body to decide what shall be done with them. It, after a perfunctory examination of the charges brought against them, forwards George and Lucienne to Paris in company with several other *prévenus*, so that they may be tried there. They have now drawn near to the Capital after some weeks have elapsed since the time of their arrest at Bricourt.

CHAPTER XI.

"LOST AND SAVED."

THE cool night breeze had come as a blessed draught from Heaven after the burning heat of the almost tropical August day, and had brought upon its wings a feeling of delicious freshness. Soothed by it, several of the occupants of the waggon in which were George and Lucienne, had fallen asleep at last and directly after the final halt had been made at Versailles, their heads being bent forward on their breasts if old and worn, while of the younger prisoners, many reclined with their heads upon their comrades' shoulders. Among these latter, the boy Raoul de Geneste slept peacefully by Lucienne's side.

But she was not asleep herself, nor was her companion, George, who sat upon her other side and with whom she conversed in a low tone so that the slumbers of the rest might not be disturbed.

That she should have slept would, indeed, have been impossible at this time—a time when, as she very well knew, the hour was close at hand for each of them to be consigned to some gloomy prison or dungeon or *maison d'arrêt*, from which, in all probability, there would be but one exit—an exit to the tribunal first and next to the *charrette*, or tumbril, with, for conclusion, the scaffold.

"Yet," said George, in the low tone he had used since darkness set in, "I cannot think, dear madame, but that you exaggerate the danger. Surely your story is, must be, as worthy of belief as your husband's. Surely they will not condemn a woman for leaving such a man."

"They will condemn me for leaving France; for attempting to do so—they will overlook all else or will not consider it. And he, my husband—my husband!—is of their side. There is no hope. What has to be will be, and must be borne."

"But," she went on, a moment later, "it is not of that I think or care. Nay, rather, I can meet death without fear, knowing that thereby I am free. But oh! oh! what of you? To what have I brought you! Had I never appeared in the churchyard of Bricourt on that fateful day, you would have returned to your ship, you would have gone away safe—happy."

For answer, George turned his eyes to her while meeting her own as he did so and seeing how sadly they gazed at him beneath the stars now spangling the heavens; then he said: "If I could make you believe, if I could convey to you how little I consider any danger, any trouble that may come to me, in comparison with the hopes I still have that all may yet be well with you, that you may yet lead a happier life, a life of freedom, it would enable me to regard my lot with indifference, no matter what that lot may be. Ah! madame, if we had but escaped together—if we should yet escape together, who knows what happi——"

"Nay," said Lucienne, "let us not talk of that. We did not escape, we shall never escape. I, at least, shall not do so. And even if we were to do so, even if we were free in your own land——"

"Yes," George whispered eagerly; "yes, if we were free in my own land—what then? What? What?"

But instead of any answer issuing from Lucienne's lips, there came an interruption, harsh, and, in the circumstances, terrible. The waggons had been halted suddenly at the top of a road bordered by woods, at which they had all arrived together; a road, long and straight and surrounded on either side by avenues of trees, at the further end of which there glistened innumerable lights. And, once, it seemed to all as though, afar off, a musket was discharged, and once, too, as though a volley had been fired.

Yet this was not the interruption that disturbed George and Lucienne so much, but a nearer and more ominous one for them. A warder belonging to the waggon in front of theirs had commenced to call out a list of names from a paper he held in his hand, while another man held a lanthorn close to the paper so that the first might see the characters. And even as the first fellow called his roll, he added to each person's name another word. A word that sounded in one case like L'Abbaye, in another like the Conciergerie, or La Pitié, or Saint Lazare, or La Force.

"It is the name of the prison that each is to be sent to which he reads out last," Lucienne whispered in George's ear. "Oh, God! we shall be separated. We shall never meet again. And I shall never know whether I have sent you to your doom, or if you will go before or after me, or whether, as I pray to Him may be the case, you have escaped," while as she spoke she fell almost fainting against his shoulder.

"Nay, nay," he whispered, sheltering her with his arms even as he tried to soothe her with his words. "Nay, I beseech you, do not think of such things. We shall both escape; I know it, it is borne in on me. We shall not die, but, instead, find our freedom together. And—and we may be in the same prison. Something may occur to aid us——"

But his voice was drowned by the loud, stentorian tones of one of the men in charge of the waggon in which they sat,

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who now mounted the steps while, as in the former case, another stood by his side holding a light for him to read by.

"Listen all," this man said, "and pay attention. Likewise, answer promptly to your names. Thereby shall you all get a lodging to-night, and we shall be saved much trouble." After which he called out from his list, "Marie Bontems, Saint Lazare."

"I am Marie Bontems," quavered the old woman of the labouring classes, who seemed by now to be more than half dead with the fatigue of the journey.

"Raoul Geneste, La Conciergerie."

"*Me voici!*" said the young aristocrat. "It is not my proper name and title. But no matter."

"Pauline Dubois, Port Libre," the man went on.

"That is I," whispered one of the shop-girls.

"George—George—*Sacre bleu!*—Hope—is it? Luxembourg. Ha! yes, you are English. All the English are sent to the Luxembourg."

"I am George Hope"

"*Hein!* but stop, the Luxembourg is full. The name is crossed out and La Force takes its place."

"One is the same as another to me."

"*Bon*—that is the way to regard things." Then the man continued his reading. "Lucienne Aubray. La Conciergerie," he cried.

"Ah!" wailed Lucienne, "we are parted. God help us!"

"Lucienne Aubray, La Conciergerie," repeated the man fiercely, while glancing his eyes around those in the waggon.

"I am Lucienne d'Aubray."

"There are no *ci's* in France now." Then he went on calling out more names until all had replied to them.

"Now," he said, we will proceed to the end of the Champs Elysées. There your various prisons will be called out and you will be marshalled into groups. Forget not which you all belong to or it will be worse for—*Fichtre!*" he broke off to mutter, "why in the name of ten thousand fiends do they fire salutes? We are not such a worthy pack, nor so uncommon a one either, as to require these civilities."

Yet his words were justified. One might well have supposed that volleys of salutes were being fired far down the long avenue.

"Cheer up, cheer up," whispered George to Lucienne, who now lay against his shoulder in an absolute abandonment of grief. "Take heart. All will yet be well, please God. And, see, Paris cannot be so terrible. They are evidently *en fête* here. Besides the salutes, they illuminate the city." And he diverted her attention to where, a mile or less off, the evening sky was brilliant with a crimson glow. A glow that, as he spoke, became more and more dense; one with which was mingled now some tongues of flame that appeared to be shooting up as though desirous of reaching and mixing with the red canopy above.

"I cannot be cheered," Lucienne whispered in her turn, "my heart is broken at last. Oh! to think of you being a prisoner away from me. And I," she said, as she had said before, "without knowledge of your fate."

"Our separation is the worst blow of all," he replied. "The very worst. Together, in the same prison and with these accursed things off my wrists," and he glanced down at the handcuffs of cord, "something might be done, some attempt made at escape. But, apart, what can we do?"

While they had been talking, the waggons—all together now and having the soldiers close in front of and behind them—had progressed slowly down the avenue, and, if one might judge by the muttered words of those who were in charge of the prisoners, something unusual was going on in and around Paris.

"Where are the crowds?" asked the stern warder (who had read out the list of names and prisons) of the kindly-hearted one who had rebuked young de Geneste. "There have generally been large ones when we came before—many spectators. *Mon ami*," he said to a man who at this moment passed him, a man whose face was shrouded by his cloak, "what is to do in Paris? Is it a *fête?*"

"A *fête!*" the stranger exclaimed, lowering his arm from across his face, and with it his cloak. "Is it a *fête?*" Then he laughed a low, bitter laugh. "Ay, it is. Do you know who and what *les chevaliers du poignard* are?"

"Why, yes," the warder stammered, "the—the followers of the Ki—of Capet."

"'Tis so. Do you also know who and what are *Les Suisses?*"

"The guard constitutional of this same Capet. Naturally I know that."

"Good! Well! 'tis the *fête* of those people. Continue your route and—you will see the *fête*," while, with a haggard scowl, the man slunk away behind the trees.

"Heugh!" exclaimed the good-natured warder, drawing a long breath, "there is something strange happening. *Dieu des Dieux*, what is that?"

"The tocsin," replied the other. "From a dozen churches. What is it? What does it mean?"

But now the waggons, followed and preceded by the soldiers, had reached the foot of the Champs Elysées, and were almost at the Place Louis XV., while all the prisoners they carried were in a state of intense excitement.

It was natural that they should be so, since, at this time, men were rushing by in dozens, some groups were fighting with others, pistols were being discharged and swords brandished in the starlight as well as in another light caused by innumerable torches borne in the hands of frenzied-looking men. While, to add to the horror of this night scene, the road was strewn with dead bodies that must have lain there some hours.

"What can it be!" cried George to Lucienne, while he struggled to wrench his wrists free of the handcuffs that gripped them. "What? Have the King's troops triumphed over his enemies at last? Is——"

"I pray God," whispered Lucienne, shuddering at what was going on around.

"'Tis that," cried Geneste, springing to his feet and waving his manacled hands in the air, fastened together though they were. "'Tis that. *Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!*" he shouted in his excitement.

Yet that cry only brought harm to him. A man running past the waggon—a man whose face was a mask of congealed blood—jumped up to the side of the vehicle and struck him in the face with his fist while calling him *puant aristocrate.* Then a moment later the warder suddenly roared out an order for all *prévenus*, male and female, to descend from the waggons to the road. The next instant the soldiers of the eleventh battalion received an order to form round the three waggons in a ring. All recognised, all understood, that something awful and desperate was happening. Who could have doubted it who saw what those poor creatures huddled together in the road now, saw as well as heard?

Bands of men were by this time rushing past them, followed by others in a military uniform, who either cut them to pieces or were themselves cut to pieces as the former suddenly turned on their prisoners; other bands were running by screaming out: "*Vivent les sans-culottes! A la lanterne! à l'abbaye avec les aristocrates! Tuez tous! Cassez! Brisez.*" And sometimes, too, a bullet struck one of the wretched prisoners who had been transported so far, and brought him or her to the ground, while more than once a number of infuriated creatures, crimson with blood, would rush amongst the prisoners, yelling that they had already slain twenty or thirty aristocrats that day, and would then, while they so cried, cut a male or female prisoner to the earth.

"This is our journey's end," Lucienne, who was half fainting, murmured to George, while he endeavoured to support her as well as his handcuffed wrists would let him. "This is the end. Oh! forgive me for what I have done, forgive me ere I die."

"Forgive you! Nay, I am proud and happy to die with you. Proud and happy to think that, to me, there fell the lot of endeavouring to save you. And happy, too, in knowing that we perish together. For, in truth, the end is at hand, though even now I know not what has happened."

It did, indeed, seem as though the end was very close. The mobs still ran and fought, and turned and ran and fought again, and now there was a *mêlée* going on all around the waggons and those poor prisoners trembling in the road; now, too, the soldiers of the eleventh battalion were firing wildly not knowing what they were doing. Then, suddenly, above all, was heard a cry uttered by hundreds of voices: "*Voilà les Suisses, voilà, nous sommes perdus!*"

After which it seemed as if all was over. For out of the Place Louis XV. there came a body of men dressed in a handsome uniform, men who were fighting hard for their lives against some hundreds of *sans-culottes;* not men who, to judge by the cries of a moment earlier, were driving others before them. These were *les Suisses*, the King's guards, and they were being overpowered and cut down with axes and reaping-hooks and bill-hooks, and pikes and scythes; they were being hacked to pieces even as they retreated towards the Champs Elysées.

Yet with death close upon them, round them everywhere, they fought nobly and courageously, and kept their faces ever turned towards the brutal blood-drunken mob; and so they backed and retreated until they came to where the waggons stood surrounded by the soldiers and the prisoners who were close by them in the road.

Ah! God, what a scene was that, what an awful spectacle for any onlooker to have observed from some coign of vantage. Those brave Suisses fell in dozens, in scores, close by the waggons, while knocking down some of the prisoners in their fall and separating others as they did so, and while driving George forward with their sidelong rush so that he, though still a prisoner and grasped by the hands of one of the warders who was still alive, was parted from Lucienne; but

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still a prisoner and a manacled one, a prisoner separated from the woman he had sacrificed his existence to save.

Separated from her, from Lucienne, who, in that common rush of victims and murderers, in that last ghastly onslaught had been thrust between the wheels of the waggon and now lay senseless beneath it. And not only senseless—which was a mercy vouchsafed to her by heaven—but to all appearances dead.

CHAPTER XII.

Farewell, Lucienne d'Aubray.

Two hours had passed. It was now the darkest period of the summer night, and over the spot where so much slaughter had taken place a short time before, silence, or something akin to silence, reigned. For whatever cruel carnage there was to be, whatever other slaughter and murder was to take place on that night of loathsome memory, it was not to be continued here at least, but in some other part of the city. So that—although occasionally a pistol shot would still ring through the silence of the night, or a shriek would sometimes be heard issuing from a side street or pealing down from the avenue above, or the clash of steel would disturb the air—here, in this spot where Lucienne had fallen insensible and numerous others had fallen dead, all was as silent as the grave.

In the heavens, however, there was still the crimson glow which reflected the flames from the burning palace—the Tuileries; to the eastward of those flames there was another light, faint and indistinct and grey and cold! a light which, as yet, was only a glimmer that told of where, some hour or two later, the sun would rise and cast its rays upon all that remained in evidence of the horrors of the night. But not for some hour or two yet were those horrors to be laid bare; for the present they would continue to be shrouded in the darkness of the night.

Amidst a heap of other forms, a heap composed of men, and, in several cases, women—girls!—whose eyes would never see that approaching dawn, Lucienne lay like one who was also dead. Yet, since through her brain strange fantasies were passing and strange forms appearing, it may be gathered that she still lived, and that neither stray bullet from soldier's musket nor stab from assassin's knife had deprived her of the life which she had for days past come to regard as forfeited.

She lay there amidst that scene of bloodshed, and she dreamed of things that were as far from her surroundings as it was possible that any dreams could be, though, even thus, the figures haunting her brain would sometimes twist and turn themselves into the figures of others that were nearer and closer to her present day's existence. The mail-clad figure of the first of the D'Aubrays of whom record was known, the man who, side by side with Courtenai had fought for the possession of the golden crown of Byzantium, would disappear, and in his place there came another. The Paladin whose picture had stood for centuries in the hall of their old château of Bricourt would vanish, and a younger, fairer man than he, a man upon whose face the waves were dashing and in whose hair the brine was clinging, would appear instead. In that dance of delirium in her brain, Ru d'Aubray—the grizzled, scarred warrior bearing on his shoulder the knightly cross and, in his hands, the great cross-handled sword was gone, and George Hope had come instead. Yes! he—the man who had told her that such was his name, the man whom she had seen fight the waves and the French sailors and, later, the French soldiers who captured them, as bravely as ever her Carlovingian ancestors fought infidels and savages, had displaced the noblest of those ancestors. No wonder, therefore, that, as thus her sleep or her insensibility was haunted, his name should have risen to her cold, pale lips and that, from those lips, the word "George" should at last have escaped.

Then she passed from out of her delirium and awoke.

To what?

At first she did not know, and in her lack of recollection deemed that she was in the room she had occupied in the *maison d'arrêt* at Rennes, but, gradually, as raising herself upon her elbows she looked around, memory came back to her and asserted its sway; that which she saw even in the shadows of the night, told all. For, dark as was everything which encompassed her, there was still that weird and hateful glow in the heavens above; there was still that gleaming which threw back a pale flame-coloured light to earth and so illumined every object near her with its blood-tinged veil.

Letting her eyes roam over everything by which she was surrounded—seeing quite close to her a dozen men in that handsome uniform which she did not recognise, and some more in other uniforms, as well as several hideous looking men clad in rags—all dead!—she sought for one form, the form of one man, and thanked God fervently a moment later that it was not there. Yet, even as she did so, she whispered to herself, "Had he been here and slain, then, at least, I should have known it. Better so than to know that by now he may be dead elsewhere, or doomed to die—that he is still a prisoner."

"And now there was a mêlee going on all around the waggons."

But, swiftly—as swiftly as the lightning rives the heavens—that word "prisoner" brought to her mind another thought, the thought that she herself was free. Free! She was free! The waggons were all gone, so, too, were the warders and the soldiers of the eleventh battalion who were not slain; they had passed on and left her lying there for dead. She was free!

"Ah, God!" she moaned, "had we but been together—had he, too, been left behind here, we might have escaped from this town—from France. But I am free and he is still in their power. Of what use is freedom to me now?"

"Of what use," she meditated, as she still sat there surrounded by the dead. Then a moment later she whispered to herself the question, "Was that freedom of no use? Of no use? Surely, surely," she thought—"Ah!" she muttered hastily—"ah! yes, better one free than neither, better one outside and able to work for the other's escape than for both to be prisoners; better, far better. Yet what can I do? What?"

She could not think, she could not divine, all distraught as she was; yet even to her racked mind the knowledge was borne in that this freedom which had come to her was a priceless thing, a thing that in some manner might be turned to good account—for him. A thing so priceless that it should not be thrown away, but, instead, seized at once. Yes, at once, at once! "In an hour—in two hours," she thought, as she regarded the heavens, "it will be daybreak. And with the day will come detection and recapture—the abandonment of all chance of saving him. I must away at once ere it is too late."

Attempting to rise, her foot touched something soft, and, on looking down, she saw that it was a woman's hand, the hand of a dead woman who was lying upon her back with her arm stretched out. Then, as Lucienne bent over this woman to see if she were absolutely dead, she observed that she had been young and fair, and also that she was one of the people and no prisoner belonging to one of the other waggons. Doubtless she had been among the crowd which had followed the murderers of *les Suisses;* perhaps she was the sweetheart of one of those murderers and so had kept near to him, to her own destruction. That she was dead not even Lucienne, unfamiliar with death as she had hitherto been, could doubt. Beneath the girl's fair hair, as it clustered over her brow, was a horrid gaping wound, where doubtless

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a bullet had entered; the crimson glow from above showed that her lips were leaden—coloured. And, also, she was growing cold.

"A woman of the people," Lucienne muttered, observing the girl's rough dress of Nimes serge, the red cap that lay by her head, and her coarse linen; "a woman of the people. In that dress and with that cap upon her head she should have been safe from everything, except that by which she met her death—an accident. In that dress," Lucienne found herself repeating, "and that cap; in those——" and then recognised what was passing in her mind.

If she, too, had such a dress as that instead of the one she had worn for so long, and was known by to so many—a dress fit for travelling, for escaping from France, yet one of inexpensive quality—if she had that other's dress, might she not also be deemed one of the people; might she not go unrecognised and unsuspected with that dress and that cap of Liberty? Yet time was going on; the cold greyness of the east was quickening into a warmer, softer glow; it was becoming of a primrose hue. If she were to possess herself of that dress it must be done at once, otherwise it would be too late.

Nerving herself to that which was horrible and repulsive, yet still an act of self salvation, she unlaced the dead woman's dress as swiftly as she could, thanking God meanwhile that it was a loose, coarsely made gown all in one piece; and then, raising the body to a sitting posture, she drew it gently over the head and, an instant afterwards, had removed her own, and put that upon the woman in the place of the other. After which, because of some strange feeling that possessed her that she must not deprive the dead of anything more than was absolutely necessary, Lucienne plunged her hand into the pockets. Yet there was nothing to restore beyond a packet of assignats for small amounts, a small paper of coarse tobacco, purchased, perhaps, for that lover whom Lucienne had imagined to herself, and a bunch of keys. Well! insignificant as these things were, she would restore them to the girl: they belonged to her, dead though she was; she should be robbed of nothing but the dress for which Lucienne had exchanged her own.

She decided, therefore, to place these things in the pocket of her own dress which was now upon the lifeless body of the other, to thrust them deep into that pocket, while resolving to steal away from this place of horror to some far-removed spot the moment after she had done so. But as she began her task, as her hand entered the pocket, the back of it touched something in her own dress which had lain forgotten or ignored ever since she put it there.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "ah! That! That! I had indeed forgotten it."

Whereon, retaining the dead woman's small belongings in her hand, she drew out with the other the object she had touched, and looked at it while a thousand thoughts were rushing pell-mell through her mind.

For the thing was a piece of crumbled paper. It was her *Acte d'Accusation* which had been given her as she entered the court at Rennes, and which she had thrust contemptuously into her pocket after glancing at it. Her *Acte d'Accusation* which described her as the Citoyenne Lucienne Aubray, *ci devant* Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, charged with treason in the shape of attempted emigration, and now summoned before the tribunal at Rennes so that it might be decided whether she should be forwarded to Paris for judgment by the High Court or at once enlarged.

"And now it is here," she thought, "here in my hand. And—ah! God—if I place it there—there in that woman's pocket, in the pocket of the dress she now has on, and she is searched—searched without being recognised by any one; if I do that—then—then—there is no Lucienne d'Aubray, no Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt. *She* is dead; she will be dead and gone. Another and an unknown woman will be left alive in her place to strive for the salvation, the freedom of George Hope."

A moment after it was done the *Acte d'Accusation* of Lucienne Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt—if ever found—would be found upon the person of the dead woman. Surely that should be enough.

Leaving the poor creature lying there, Lucienne withdrew from the scene which had witnessed such horrors. Yet, ere she went, she nerved herself to do one more thing that sickened her and made her grow faint even as she went through with it. She carefully examined the face of every man lying dead upon the ground, and, as she gazed at the features of each, thanked God fervently that George Hope was not among them.

An hour later and Lucienne sat on a bench on the other side of the Seine; a spot to which she had wandered almost aimlessly after quitting the loathsome place where she had lain insensible through a portion of the night. Here, at least, it seemed as though she had escaped from some of the horrors which had occurred across the river, since all was tranquil upon the quay, while—beyond the fact that firing was frequently to be heard, that cries and shouts reached Lucienne's ears as they were borne across the water, and, also, that still the palace burned and the heavens were tinged with that hateful blood-red hue—none might have deemed that this night had witnessed the end of a massacre that would be remembered in countless ages yet to come.

She had not, however, reached the spot where she now sat without some risk, nor without observing how necessary it was that she should be on her guard against arousing suspicions of being what she really was. As she drew near the Tuileries—not knowing their name, since she had never before been in Paris—she had overheard a whisper pass from one man to another as both went by her; a whisper which said: "*Est elle aristocrate?*" "Observe, she has neither tricolour scarf nor red bonnet. Shall we turn and follow her?"

"Nay, nay," the speaker's companion replied. "We have other things to do. There is plunder to be had to-night and—and—*Diable!* we have slain enough. Now we will enrich ourselves. After all, gold is more useful than blood."

So they passed on, yet as they did so their words conveyed a warning to Lucienne. For she had forgotten to assume the cap of the dead woman ere she left her lying amidst all the others who had been slain by her side, while, as for the tricolour scarf, she was unacquainted with the fact that without such a thing she was open to grave suspicion. But, now, the words of those ruffians told her that she must at once possess herself of both scarf and cap if she would pass through the streets of Paris in safety, if she would be as she had said, that humble, lowly woman of the people who had arisen in the place of the late Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt. And, sharpened thus, Lucienne recognised that there were still other things which it was necessary for her to do. To wit, her hands were too white for the character she now meant to assume, since she had been enabled to wear gloves all through the dusty journey to Paris, while her hair, although long since deprived of any assistance from her maid, had still been dressed by her own hands into something resembling the fashion that prevailed among ladies of her class. And also, she told herself, what had to be done must be done at once and before the daylight, now close at hand, should appear.

Determined, therefore, to lose no time, Lucienne immediately set about altering her appearance and, in a few moments, had made such changes in her hair as was necessary, the locks which at this time she wore brushed upover her head being smoothed out in the basin of a fountain that she passed, and then coiled into a great loop behind. As for her hands, they were soon arranged. After washing them in the same basin, so that they might at least be free from the blood with which they had become stained as she touched the dead woman's head—a sight that had made her shudder more than once when she glanced down—she at once proceeded to soil them again by rubbing them in the earth at her feet, and by taking care that the dust and dirt should be well worked into and around her nails.

"And now," she said to herself, with always one thought in her mind—the thought of George Hope and how she could find out where he had been taken to, and thereby, if it were possible, save him, "now, there remains nothing but the red cap and the scarf, and I can begin my task. The task of striving to do for him that which he endeavoured to do for me; of striving to save him or of dying in the attempt"

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"INLAND COUNTY."—A second cook's mate ranks with ordinary seaman, and is paid 1s. 3d. a day; a cook's mate 1s. 7d. a day. After signing for continuous service, an allowance of £2 10s. for clothing is made free. This would be equivalent to about half a kit. About four and a-half years elapse before the grade of second ship's cook is reached, pay then being 2s. 4d. a day. Promotion then goes by roster to ship's cook at 2s. 9d. a day, chief cook 3s. a day, and after three years 3s. 6d. a day. Before obtaining the rank of second ship's cook, a training of three months is given in bread baking, etc. There are further chances of obtaining pay by good conduct badges, at the rate of 1d. a day per badge. These badges are given after three, eight, and thirteen years' service. It is considered by many Naval officers that a fourth badge will be allowed before long.

* * * *

J. J. GREGORY.—A small detachment of the Post Office Volunteers, under the late Duke of Teck, served in the Egyptian War of 1882. With this exception Volunteers have not been employed abroad on war service in strength until this present war. The C.I.V. numbered 1,800 of all ranks, and comprised a field battery, two companies of mounted infantry, and one battalion of infantry. Companies of Volunteers, each 116 strong, were furnished to sixty-three line battalions to take the place respectively of the mounted infantry company formed by each line battalion. The Post Office Volunteers supplied 400 men for the Post Office Corps and Telegraph. The 1st Northumberland Volunteer Artillery furnished a field battery (the Elswick) of modern 12½-pounder quick firing guns; and sections of Volunteer Engineers volunteered for service with the Royal Engineers. Yeomanry were employed for the first time on war service abroad, twenty battalions, each consisting of four companies of 121 officers and men, volunteering for service.

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The Passing of Queen Victoria.

PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE EMPIRE'S CAPITAL.

The Cavalcade of Cavalry, a most Picturesque Sight, the Long Array led by the 21st Lancers, whose White Plumes and Gay Pennons were in Striking Contrast with their Dark and Spreading Cloaks.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE ROYAL MOURNERS.

King Edward, his Look and Attitude full of Nobility and Kingly Dignity, the German Emperor on his Right, and on his Left the Duke of Connaught, with a very Splendid Following, the Scions of Many Dynasties.

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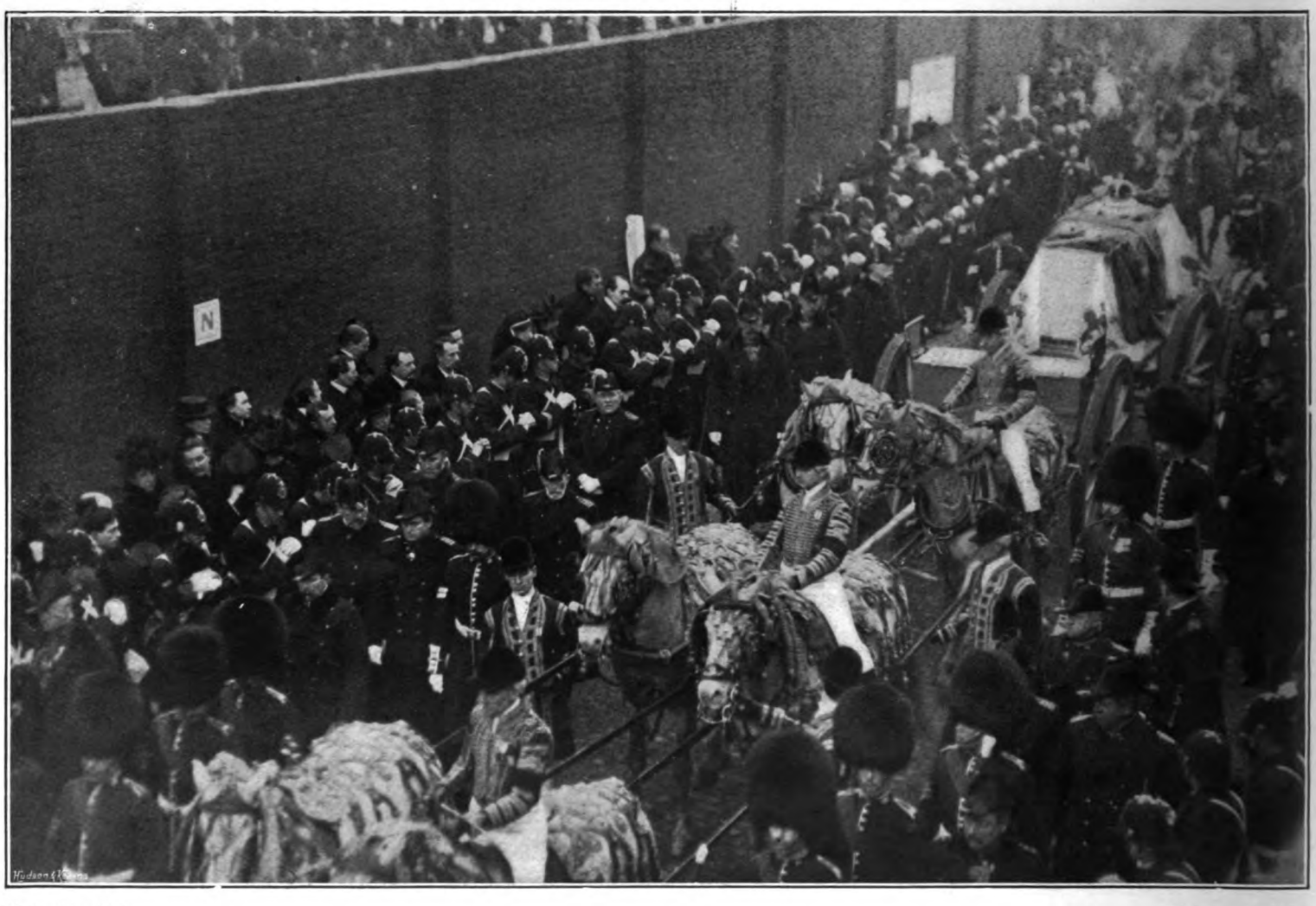
The Passing of Queen Victoria.

THE PEOPLE'S UNSPOKEN SORROW.

Perhaps the most Impressive Sight of all was the Countless Thousands of Silent Spectators, all in Deep Black, Massed behind the Lines of the Military, on the Pavements below, and in the House Fronts above.



Photos. Copyright. *Foulsham & Banfield.*

ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF THE QUEEN.

The Coffin of her Late Most Gracious Majesty of Blessed and Glorious Memory beneath a White Embroidered Pall, the Gun-carriage Drawn by Cream-coloured Horses, caparisoned with Gorgeous Saddle-cloths and Decorated Head-pieces.

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The Passing of Queen Victoria.

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THE SCENE AT WINDSOR.

Owing to the Restlessness of the Horses, the Team were Removed and their Places taken by the Blusjackets who Formed the Guard of Honour. With Ever-ready Handiness they turned the Traces of the Harness into Draw-ropes, fitted themselves to the Gun-carriage, and Pulled it with its Precious Burden from the Station to the Chapel.

Photos. Copyright. *Hill & Saunders.*

AT THE ENTRANCE TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

The Grenadier Guards Bearing the Coffin through the Archway, followed by a Train of Mourners, Royal and Representative, Significant at once of the Sympathy of the World and of the Vast Extent of the Empire.

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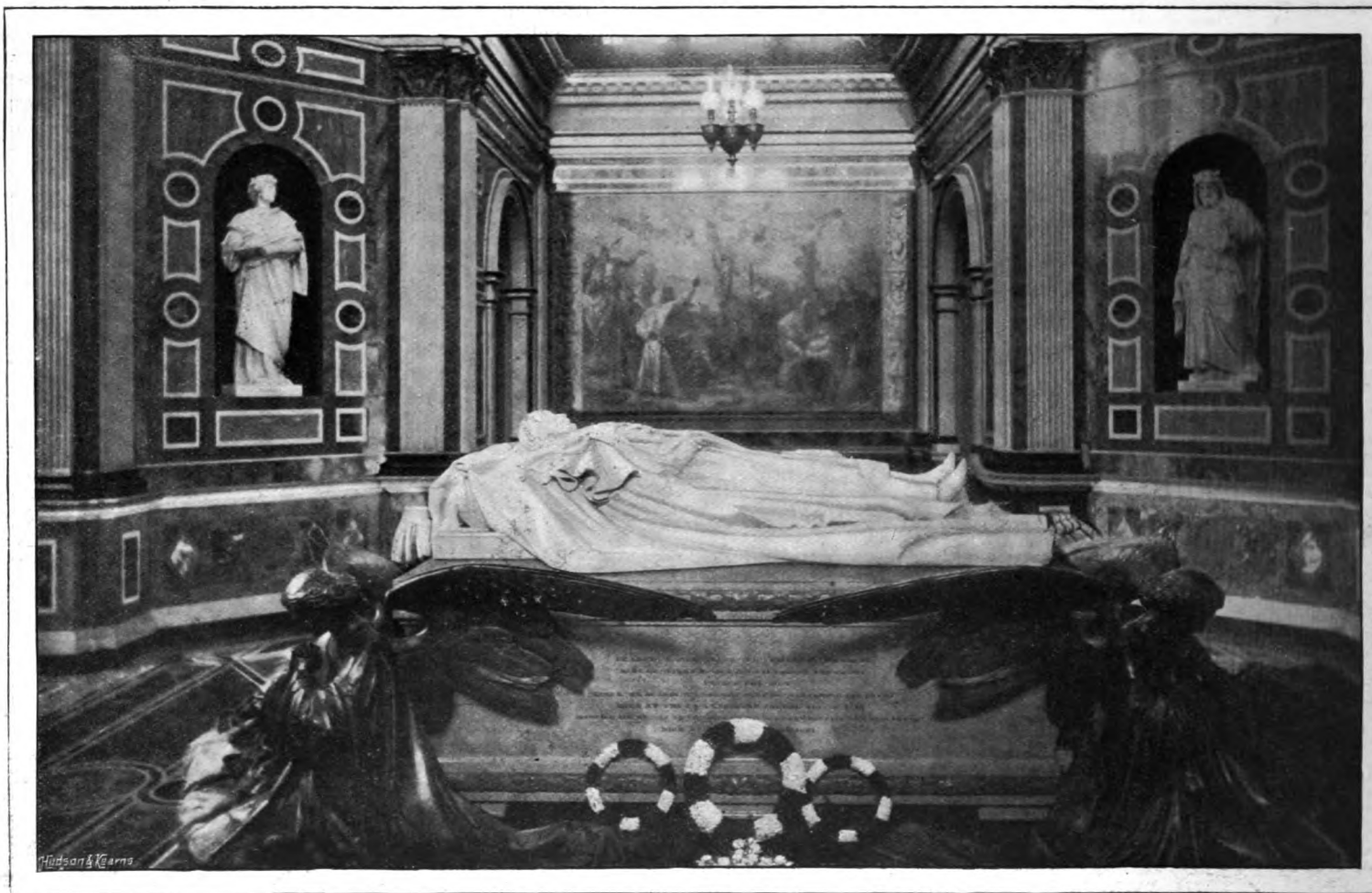
The Passing of Queen Victoria.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.
Where the Funeral Service was Held.



Photos. Copyright. *H. N. King.*

HER MAJESTY'S LAST RESTING-PLACE.

The Mausoleum, Frogmore, where Lies the Prince Consort.

These two pictures illustrate the sad occasion which we all are mourning with peculiar distinctness. One shows the mausoleum in which her late Majesty annually paid the tribute of devoted affection to her departed husband, the other that historic edifice in which her remains were placed prior to the funeral. No more pathetic reminiscence exists of our late beloved Queen than this beautiful memorial to the noble Prince Consort, and no fitter preface to her final obsequies than the surroundings of this magnificent chapel.

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THE MINIATURE RIFLE TRIALS.

By G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

THE question of an allowance of sighting shots has exercised my attention a great deal, and having had many consultations with members of the gun trade, I have come to the conclusion that trial shots are objectionable, in the sense that they make it unnecessary to sight a rifle accurately; on the other hand, they are necessary when there is any wind blowing, and for this reason it has been thought desirable to put up a parallel range for the purpose of trial shots, one which will be subjected to exactly the same influences of wind as the competition range. The question of guarding the ranges from wind has been raised, but I do not think this would tend to the discovery of the best rifle for all practical purposes, for there is always more or less wind. The highest-velocity rifle is always the best, other things being equal, and so, instead of guarding against the effect of wind, which it is really the business of the rifle-maker to guard against to the utmost, by the design of his rifle, his charge, and his bullet, I have decided to carry on the trials for nine consecutive Wednesdays, in order that we may get, by a long series, an average of performances in all winds and weathers. The awards will, therefore, be made to the best targets; to the best three targets; and to the best nine targets in each class.

Measurement of targets will be made (when they become necessary) from a centre selected within a 3-in. bull to the centre of each bullet-hole.

It has been suggested to me that a mechanical rest would be advisable, but to this I cannot agree. I do not think that it would be difficult to make a mechanical rest to give just the same sort of bearing as the hands do, but at present it has not been done, or, what amounts to the same thing, it is not generally recognised that it has been done. Besides, it would be distinctly unfair to adopt a mechanical rest which one or more makers have been using and others have not. Moreover, the idea of a machine rest presupposes the absence of wind, for its use would be gone if the aiming had to be readjusted for every fresh alteration of wind.

The admission of the variations caused by wind in a trial of rifles seems to me to be wise on other grounds also. The flatness of trajectory is always a great advantage in a rifle, but there is no way, by trial at known distances, of bringing out this advantage except by the admission of wind. Of course a test at unknown distances would be no trial of the rifle; a test of velocities, and a calculation of trajectories based upon them, would be only a theoretical trial, and if we can do without theory so much the better. The effect of the wind upon the flight of the bullet is really caused by the same factor as that of the curve of the bullet earthwards. Gravity, like wind, only affects results by reason of the length of time to which the bullet is exposed to the influences. So that the variation of shooting caused by wind is really a test of flatness of trajectory also, within limits. It does not apply exactly as between a hollow bullet and a solid one, or between a round bullet and an ogival-headed one; but, roughly, the bullet that is most affected by gravity is the light bullet with a large diameter, and that most affected by wind is also the light bullet with large diameter. It might be said that the long bullet exposes most surface to the wind, which is true; but, on the other hand, in practice the long bullet is the heavy one, and therefore it is the one which loses speed least quickly, and gives the wind least time to affect its direction. That is an additional reason for not stopping the wind out from the range.

There is some idea that 100-yds. range is not far enough to test the best miniature rifles, and as the distances for practice at rifle clubs can never be generally settled, but must be regulated by the possibilities of the situation of the individual rifle butts, there is a very great deal to be said for longer distances; but, on the other hand, it has to be remembered that 200-yds. is a distance at which the Service rifle competes, and it is besides questionable whether any miniature rifles yet built are of any use at such distances for the teaching of shooting. I have always insisted on the necessity for exact accuracy of the rifle, in order that the learner might be in no doubt between his own faults and those of the weapon. When doubt of this kind arises, there is an end of learning until it has been set at rest. I do not think there are many miniature rifles which will not create that objectionable doubt at anything beyond 100-yds. If there should prove to be those that are to be trusted beyond this distance, it will probably be necessary to extend the scope of the trials at some future time beyond the limits now proposed.

In deciding to give facilities for trial shots I have had to bear in mind that, although a rifle should be properly sighted before it comes on to the field, three things may upset the calculations of the best of shots, even at 100-yds., and when also the sighting of their rifles is perfect. This is the weight of the atmosphere, which will affect the fall of the bullet according as the barometer stands high or low, and also it responds to a rise or fall of temperature. But neither of these alterations are so important at 100-yds., as the different effect which different powders display in the trajectory of a rifle. This was well explained by Mr. Metford many years ago; but at that time black powder of various grains was only used, and consequently the great differences found by him are enormously increased now there are so many kinds of powders, and so many charges of detonating material in the caps. The flip of the barrel may always be altered by any of these different powders or caps, and, more than this, the velocity of the bullet as well the angle of elevation may be altered by the strength or weakness of either of them. It would therefore be quite out of reason to ask any rifle-maker to use two different powders without sighting shots.

In Mr. Walsh's rifle trials, which were for different classes of rifles from those now going to be handled, some elaborate trials were made in order to test trajectory by the fall of the bullet passing through successive paper screens. These brought out some rather queer disagreements between theory and practice, which might have been because resistance by atmosphere to the gravity fall of the bullets was not taken into theoretical account. Mr. Metford showed that resistance by the air to this acceleration of gravity was greater at the long ranges, when the ball was passing onward, comparatively slowly, than it was when the ball was travelling fast, near to the muzzle. The late Mr. Toms, who worked out the trajectories from the bullet marks in the sheets of paper, found various irregularities in the curve of some of the bullets; possibly these might have been explained had the differing resistances of air to the gravity fall been known exactly. They were not known nor are they known now, and Mr. Toms worked on the broad lines laid down by him in a chapter in Mr. Walsh's work, "The Modern Sportsman's Gun and Rifle," Vol. 2. He said: "Supposing, for instance, that a number of guns, all differing in dimensions, charges of powder, and weight of shot—varying, in fact, from the largest cannon down to the smallest rook rifle or saloon pistol—were levelled horizontally on the top of a cliff, say 100-ft. above the level of the sea, and that, on being fired, the whole of the different projectiles started off evenly together from the edge of the cliff, the various kinds of shot, whatever their weight or velocity, would drop in the water at the same moment; the time of fall (at 16-ft. per second, without air resistance) being 2½-sec. for the 100-ft. And if, simultaneously with the shots being fired, other bullets were dropped in a straight line down the face of the cliff, or let run down inclined planes, without friction, they would reach the same level in the same time, although some of the shot may have been propelled a quarter or half a

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mile, and described curves of various dimensions, while others may have run down slopes of different angles, and others not have varied at all from the perpendicular."

This contains a good deal of error. For instance, the surface of the sea is circular, consequently the level aim would be to a point further above the sea the further it was away; and the shots therefore would not all reach the sea together. Again, it is, of course, a mistake to say that the inclined plane does not make a difference in the time of the fall. Mr. Toms confused this with the speed arrived at upon the bullet attaining the same level. In the case of the perpendicular fall and the fall of the bullets from the guns, there would be nothing but air resistance to overcome; but in the other case there was the resistance of the inclined plane. Nevertheless, for the period in which it was written, the book was sound, and I only name this mistaken basis for the work of trajectory finding, in order to say that, until the laws which govern the trajectories of bullets are far better known than they were then and are now, I propose to leave the theoretical portion of it severely alone in these trials, being assured that in practice the flattest trajectory always has the best of it at the targets, only to a less extent than in the field of sport.

Crack Shots.

FOR the first time in sixty-four years sport has ceased to exist. Why, will be so well treated in the other columns that I shall say no more here, except that I must pay a tribute to the pigeon shooters who had gathered at Monte Carlo once more, to fight the continental marksmen for the most coveted of all the trophies of the shot-gun. The Grand Prix du Casino was not an English event. It was not all pleasure either, for Monte Carlo cannot divorce itself from a spirit of business, whatever it does. Pigeon shooting has grown to be quite as much of a business as a pleasure everywhere; and at Monte Carlo the business element is always more prominent than anywhere else where the fashion of the dove tournament prevails. But sport not only ceased by mutual accord, without consultation and without thought, throughout the Empire, but the band of Englishmen who had foregathered on foreign soil to bring back the £800 and the silver art bowl, as they have done eleven times before, refrained from firing a shot; so that for the first time on record Englishmen did not compete. More credit to them, and all the more that there is just that spice of business in pigeon shooting; and, in fact, the honour of the thing was done to death when Englishmen discovered that game birds flying at the shooter were so much more a test of skill than trapped pigeons flying away from him.

* * * *

I confess I looked with feelings of anxiety and doubt to see what Englishmen on foreign soil, with a high stake pending and each believing that he could secure it, had done; for I knew the £8 entry and the cost of journey and hotel bills were only a minor part of the total cost of preparation for pigeon shooting. Indeed, some years ago I heard of one man who had had 1,000 practice birds at 2s. or 2s. 6d. each before he thought himself properly trained to shoot for the great shot-gun contest. Not many men now go to this cost over their training. Why should they? Of late the prize has fallen to men who have had very little training, and frequently to beginners, as was Mr. Curling, the last Englishman who won in 1898. This year again a new comer, and a beginner as well, has taken a prize. It was to my discredit that I doubted Englishmen anywhere, even when hidden in a foreign gambling resort. None could or did forget that the bond of Empire and the link of unity had been broken, and that noble as the woman was, her office had been the fountain of honour for all.

* * * *

The last fight for the 17,980-fr. was between Belgium, France, and Italy; the latter has eight times taken the prize; France, with this victory, four; Belgium twice; Austria-Hungary three times; Spain last year, and once only; America once also, in the very first event. At the thirteenth bird all the four best men had killed twelve each, and their shooting off the ties was not a very long affair, for the winner killed fifteen out of sixteen birds; this was M. Guyot, a Frenchman from Lyons, who took to pigeon shooting last year. The next two rivals were M. R. Moncorge, who had already won the trophy in 1899, and therefore stood back one mètre from the twenty-six and twenty-seven mètres for all who had not won before; he now tied and took 2nd and 3rd prizes, of 14,000-fr. odd, with Signor Catenacci, an Italian. Fourth man was Count de Robiano, a Belgian, who killed twelve out of fourteen, to the thirteen out of fifteen of the second and third men.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

Regulations for the "Navy and Army" Rifle Trials.

1.—The trials will take place on nine consecutive Wednesdays, February 13, 20, 27, March 6, 13, 20, 27, April 3 and 10 at the London Sporting Park, Cricklewood.

2.—Each rifle entered will be entitled to shoot three targets each of ten shots, on each of the nine days, unless there are more present on any particular day than time and ranges will accommodate. When this is so the number of targets shot by any rifle shall not exceed one or two, as time may allow. But in no case will one rifle be allowed to shoot oftener on any day than others entered in the same class with it and present on that day, except as in Regulation 3.

3.—Any rifle may be entered for two or more powders, the entrance fee being separate for each, and when so entered it will be treated as a separate entry, and will be entitled to shoot one, two, or three times, as in Rule 2, for each different powder, but it must be separately entered for each.

4.—The procedure of shooting will be in accordance with the dates of entries; but any shooter may resign his turn and come on later in the day if others are willing to go on out of turn, or exchanges of order may be made between shooters. In order to facilitate the getting away of shooters without keeping them on the ground while others are using the targets, it will be open to the manager to allow anyone in occupation of the range to fire his three targets consecutively, should it appear probable that all present will have time to fire their three targets during the day. If in the end, time has not permitted this, then the last one or two targets of the three made will not count in the competition.

5.—In order to avoid having time lost by entries being made with no serious intention to go through the trials and merely for the sake of amusement, it will be necessary to charge each rifle entered a nominal fee, unless the entry is made by a gunsmith by invitation and is shot by his deputy or the management. The fee will be 5s.

6.—All known gunmakers are invited to enter one of each kind of rifle sold by them without fee. It should be stated what the make of the rifle is and what ammunition it will require to the Editor, NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, with the words "Rifle Trials" in the left-hand corner of the envelope.

7.—Rifles sent for trial otherwise than by a representative of the sender may be placed in the care of the London Sporting Park, Hendon, or sent to the office of this paper. The first named course is preferable.

8.—There will be two ranges, and shooting can take place simultaneously at each of them.

9.—Whether or no prizes should be awarded is a question which has had the serious attention of the proprietors of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and it has been decided that there shall be prizes given, not to the winning rifles (the makers of which will receive some suitable memento of their successes) but to the shooters in each class, thus:

For the best target in each of the three classes ...	£3
For the best three targets in each of the three classes	£3
For the best Nitro-powder target in any class ...	£3
For the best three Nitro-powder targets in any class	£3

10.—In order that time may not drag, outside the above competition there will be continuous pool shooting whenever both targets are not occupied in the competition; and it will be the endeavour of the management to allow this to proceed at all times during the day. The pool may be on the competition targets, or on others which will not count in the competition, or be recognised in any way except for competition in the day's pool, which will be divided each day for the best target made during the day in each of the three classes, and taken separately. The entry for this pool competition is 2s. for each target of ten shots to be made on the ground and with unlimited entries.

11.—In all cases shooters are expected to find their own ammunition, but Messrs. Kynocks and Messrs. Joyce have kindly, for the purpose of the trials, offered to supply ammunition gratis to those who wish it. No free ammunition will be supplied for pool shooting.

12.—Should any targets prove equal on counting the points by the bull's-eye and the rings, then a measurement from a centre selected in the bull will be made to the centre of each shot hole, and the total measurement divided by 10 will form the value of the target for the purposes of comparison and position.

13.—The range will be 100-yds. The bull, as in the Martin Smith, 3-in., and the position any, with or without rest.

14.—Every rifle entered must bear its maker's name, and this must be that of a recognised gunmaker.

15.—Nothing may be added to a rifle for the purpose of making it heavy unless the addition serves some other known and recognised purpose.

16.—The rifles to be such as are generally acceptable for target practice at ranges up to 150-yds.; breech-loading action; central or rim fire; calibre not to exceed ·320 of an inch; any arrangement of sights, and the retail value of the rifle shall not exceed £10. To be shot in three classes, having price limits of £4, £6, and £10 respectively. Should any objection be raised as to the class of rifle in view of price, the weapons objected to will be submitted to Mr. Thomas Turner, Proof Master at Birmingham, for final decision.

17.—All expensive sights, such as telescopic sights, will be included in the cost of the rifle in classifying them.

18.—All arrangements of the trials will be in the hands of Mr. G. T. Teasdale-Buckell; but should any objection be raised in any case as to the measuring of a target, the matter will be referred to Mr. W. W. Watts as referee.

19.—The ammunition—suitable for any such rifles—limited to a retail price of 6s. per 100 rounds, and the powder charge limited to 20 grains black powder, or its equivalent in any Nitro compound.

20.—Entries may be made at any time before any day of shooting, and particulars of ammunition required to be used should be given at the same time.

21.—The awards to the makers of the rifles—unlike those to the shooters—will be given for the best target, for the best three targets, and for the best nine targets.

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The Proclamation of the King.

IN the last issue of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED a brief description was given of the proclamation of King Edward VII. as King at St. James's Palace, and pictures were added illustrating the ceremony as performed in the English, Scottish, and Irish capitals, in the Royal and Ancient City of Winchester, and at Southampton, where, simultaneously with the reading of the Proclamation, a Royal salute was fired on the Esplanade. It will have been noted that at St. James's Palace the Proclamation was read by Deputy Garter King of Arms, at Temple Bar by York Herald, and at the Royal Exchange by Somerset Herald. At the Market Cross, Edinburgh, Lord Lyon King of Arms read the Proclamation, and in Dublin that historic task was performed by Ulster King of Arms. These picturesque officials belong to three separate institutions. The home of heraldry in England is the College of Arms or Heralds' College, in Queen Victoria Street, City. This is a very full establishment, including, besides the Earl Marshal, three Kings of Arms, six Heralds, and four Pursuivants. In Scotland there is the "Court of Lord Lyon," including Lyon King of Arms and Lyon Clerk. The Office of Arms in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle includes Ulster King of Arms and Athlone Pursuivant. The ceremony of proclamation in the three capitals was naturally much embellished by the ornate presence of these richly-dressed officials, whose gorgeous uniforms not only enhanced a brilliant scene but added considerably to its interest, by recalling a long train of historical associations.

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THE PROCLAMATION AT NORWICH.

Of Special Interest Owing to the King's Long Residence at Sandringham.

To-day we present pictures of the proclamation at four important country centres, namely, the Royal Borough of Windsor, Portsmouth, Norwich, and Derby. Although lacking in some of the more picturesque adjuncts of the ceremony as carried out in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, the proclamations throughout the country, of which these four pictures are happily typical, were certainly not wanting in the more essential attributes which lie at the root of all such ceremonial. Interwoven with the still active sentiment of sorrow which is, and for some time to come will be, the predominant feeling of the nation, there was everywhere in evidence that singular readiness of loyalty, coupled with sincere, yet for the present necessarily subdued, enthusiasm, which is marking the accession of our new King. Wherever, too, circumstances have allowed, the proclamation was attended by some sort of local display, in many cases pleasantly accentuated by bringing some special feature of local history into prominence.

At Royal Windsor the ceremony of proclamation was naturally one of remarkable interest. The Proclamation was read from a temporary rostrum near Queen Victoria's Memorial on the Castle Hill. The procession then walked to the Henry VIII. Gate, the entrance to the Lower Ward of the Castle, where it was met by the Dean of Windsor and a number of Castle officials, including the Military Knights of Windsor. Here the Recorder read the Proclamation, and the National Anthem was sung by the lay-clerks and choristers. The procession then passed over Windsor bridge to the Eton side of the Thames, where it was received by the Provost of Eton College, the Head-Master, and the Eton boys. Then for the third time the King was proclaimed, everyone singing "God Save the King" to the accompaniment of the Life Guards' Band.

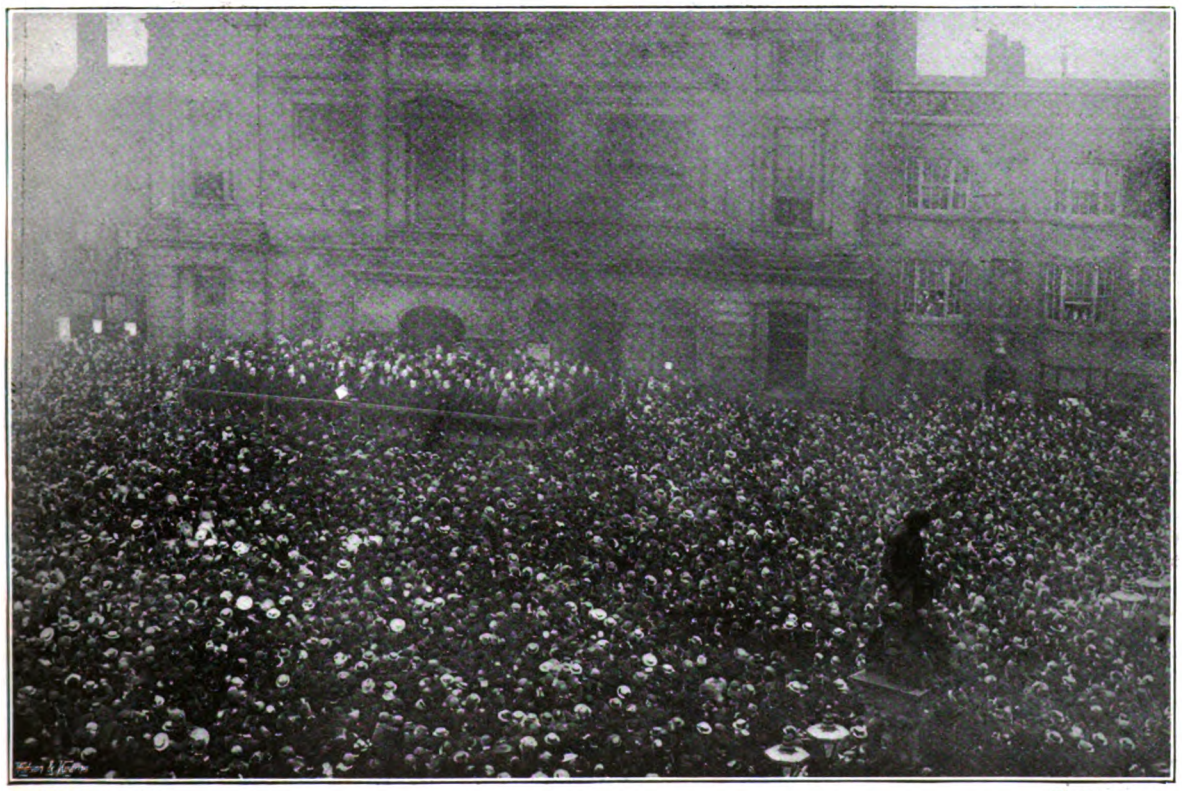

Photo. Copyright. *W. W. Winter.*

IN THE HEART OF THE MIDLANDS.

The Proclamation of King Edward VII. in the Market Square at Derby.

Our readers will not be slow to indulge in at least a passing reflection upon the happy association of ideas created by this ceremonial proclamation at Eton. There was singular appropriateness in giving Eton College a proclamation to itself, not only for the reason that Royalty has had many connections with that home of polished learning, but also because from Eton comes such a goodly proportion of that cultured

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aristocracy which, in a sense, forms the inner bodyguard of the Throne, while at the same time it undoubtedly acts as a bulwark of the State. It is meet that at such a function a separate and conspicuous part should be played by this great school, at which princes have been brought up with commoners, learning at times the useful lesson that boyhood is no great respecter of persons and can see more virtue in manly qualities than in the attributes of lineage or wealth. In this connection, a happy augury for the welfare of our King is indirectly provided by the fact that of the hundreds of youngsters who cheered his proclamation at Eton on January 28, there was surely not one who did not regard him not only as a great monarch, but who looked up to him with respect and affection as a very fine specimen of an English gentleman.

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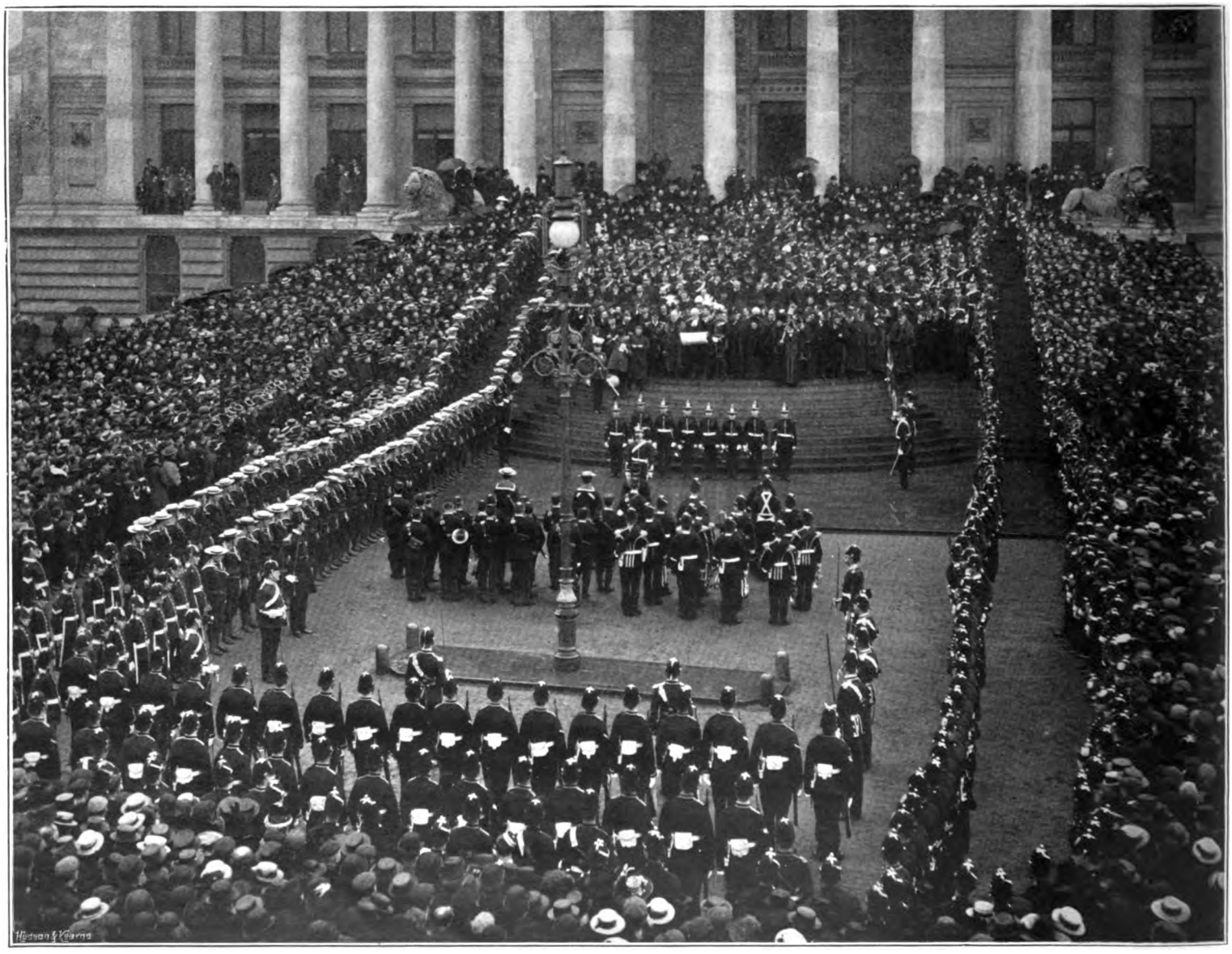
IN ROYAL WINDSOR.

The Proclamation was Read Twice in the Borough of Windsor, and again in Eton.

At Portsmouth the proclamation was made in front of the fine Town Hall by the Mayor, Alderman A. L. Emmanuel, whose name is "familiar in men's mouths" as a "household word" in that great Naval and Military centre. A King's guard of Bluejackets from the "Excellent" was posted on the right of the Town Hall steps; a King's guard of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry occupied the left side; and Volunteers were drawn up in front.

On the steps in the space enclosed by the guards were about 200 Naval and Military officers, and the various civic bodies. After the Proclamation had been read, the bands played the National Anthem, and three cheers were enthusiastically given for the King. Here again the proclamation involved a happy combination of circumstances, in that Portsmouth to a greater extent than any other place in the Kingdom is associated with both the fighting Services, which owe particular fealty to the Throne.

A very interesting old city is Norwich, and many a Royal proclamation has it seen. On this occasion a lofty platform was erected in the market-place, adorned with Royal Standards and Union Jacks, and the large square was crowded. A similar ceremonial was observed at Derby, where 20,000 people assembled in the market-place to hear the Proclamation read.



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AT A GREAT NAVAL AND MILITARY CENTRE.

Proclaiming the King from the Steps of the Town Hall, Portsmouth.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—NO. 211.] *SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1901.*

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

The dear and gracious lady who, as consort of the King, occupies the throne of England, was welcomed among us as "Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea," and exhorted by the Laureate to "come to us, love us, and make us your own." Queen Alexandra has truly identified herself with our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and our aspirations. Foremost in every good work, she is loved by every English heart, and lifted to the lofty height of the throne with the great desire—"*Ad multos annos!*"

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ROUND THE WORLD

A FORTNIGHT has elapsed since the impressive and heart-moving scenes were witnessed which attended the obsequies of the great Queen—whose death, to use Lord Rosebery's phrase, touched a larger number of the inhabitants of the globe than any other death in the history of humanity—and King Edward now enters upon his Royal duties by opening Parliament in person and in State. Fifteen years have passed by since the late Queen proceeded to the House of Lords to perform this duty, and the ceremony of the week, though shorn of some of its brilliance, therefore gives the utmost satisfaction to the people. Two generations of men, as genealogists count them, have passed since the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, striking thrice with his rod on the door of the Commons, has announced "His Majesty's pleasure." Very impressive is the continuity of our constitutional forms of government, and remarkable the fact that the accession of a new monarch causes no dislocation of business in the public offices. It was otherwise when the Ministers of State were servants of the Crown and sometimes creatures of the King. This stability of our institutions is our main safeguard; our constitution is the admiration of the world, and happily we have a King to rule over us whom his liege and devoted subjects have learned to respect and admire, and who, in a solemn moment, seized the opportunity of expressing his fixed intention of upholding all the constitutional guarantees of his country. He is a King well fitted to be the fountain of justice, mercy, and honour, those ancient attributes of the throne.

Photo. Copyright. *Armstrong, Whitworth, & Co.*

THE SHIP THAT PAID PORTUGAL'S LAST HONOURS TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Smallest Navy in the European Concert Sent One of the Most Modern and Efficient Ships of her Class in the World to Represent Portugal in the Line that Paid the Last Honours to Victoria the Good. She was the Second-class Cruiser "Dom Carlos I.," and she was in a sense a Tribute to our Sea Power, for she is an English-built Ship Launched from the Works of the Great Elswick Firm a Couple of Years Back. Portugal has always been a Staunch Ally of Great Britain, and her King and her Navy were quick to Pay the Last Honours to our Dead Queen.

IT was in 1780 that Mr. Dunning moved and passed in the House of Commons the famous resolution that the influence of the Crown "had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished." Now we know that the same power has increased, not as George III. would have increased it, but in the true sense of a bond of states. "This Realme is an Impire," says old Blackstone, a realm, in other words, possessing the hegemony among and being the mother of the other States which are its own. The

Photo. Copyright. *Horne.*

"CEAD MILLE FAILTHE."

Nowhere throughout his Broad Dominions did the Welcome to King Edward VII. Ring Out more Loyally than in Ireland. Our Picture shows the Proclamation of the New Sovereign at Queenstown, which Took Place on the Very Spot where the Queen Landed on her First Visit to Ireland in 1849. In Compliance with the Wishes of the Inhabitants Her Majesty Changed the Name of the Town, and the Historic "Cove of Cork" became the Queenstown that the Cross Atlantic Traveller knows so well to-day.

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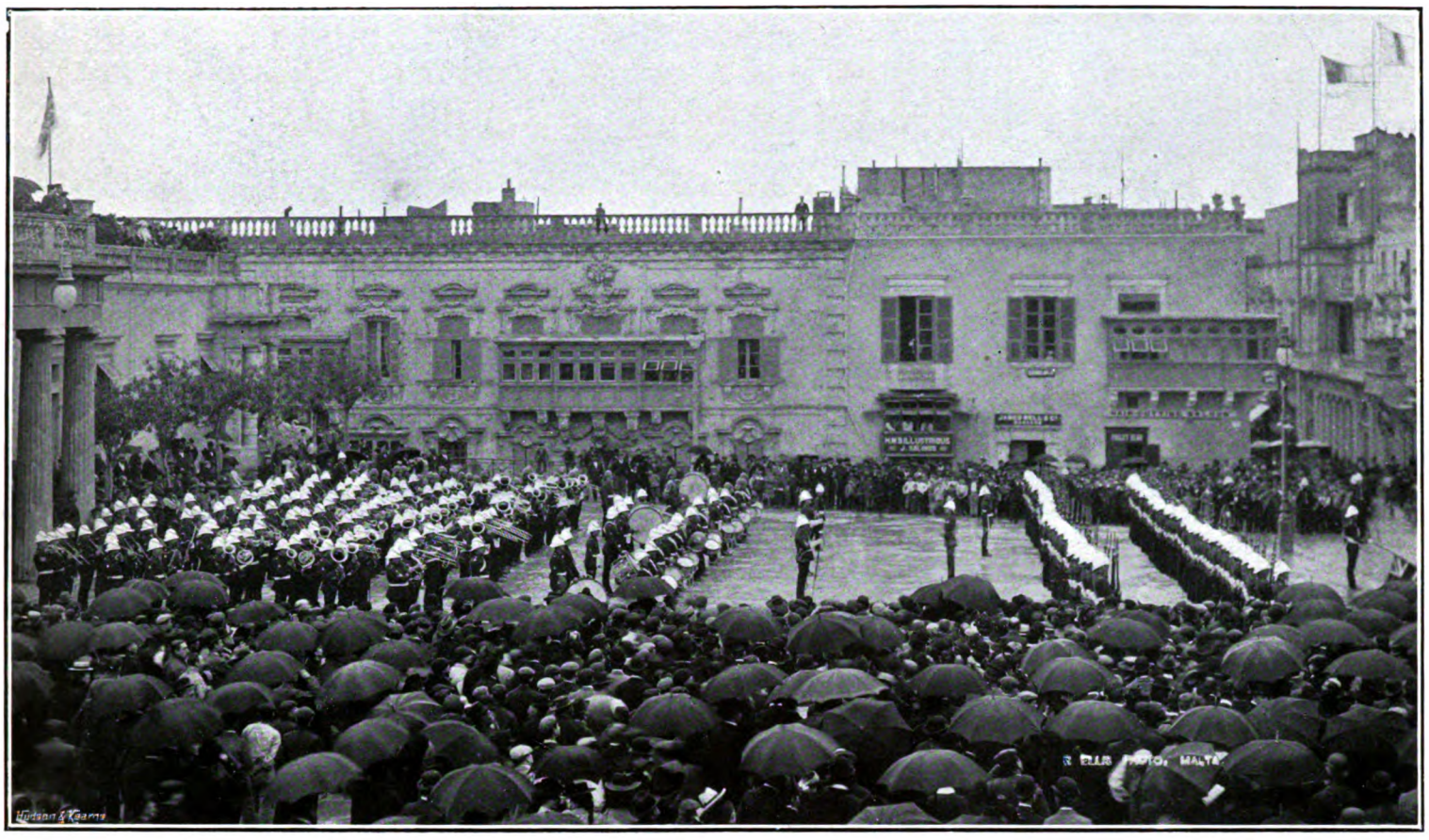

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KING EDWARD VII. PROCLAIMED AT MALTA.

On Monday, January 28, His Excellency Sir Francis Grenfell Proclaimed the accession of King Edward VII. from the Governor's Palace at Valetta. Malta is the Headquarters of the Mediterranean Fleet, and the Largest Military Station in the Inland Sea, and naturally the Services Loomed Large in the Function. There were present the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, Sir J. Fisher; the Admiral-Superintendent of Malta Dockyard, Rear-Admiral Burges Watson; Lord Congleton, Commanding the Infantry Brigade; and the Foreign Consuls. The Royal Salute of 101 Guns was Fired, the Massed Bands of the Garrison Played the National Anthem, and a Fanfare of Trumpets from the Balcony of the Palace concluded the Ceremonial.

soundest view, then, of the increasing power of the Crown is that it is the imperial safeguard; and it was a proclamation inspired with the genius of true statecraft that made the King "Supreme Lord of and over the Transvaal." Here is recognised the existence of the subject State as a permanent entity. The same must be the case with all our colonies and dependencies, each maintaining its separate, individual, and yet, with the Empire, corporate existence. The Emperor Francis Joseph has not less than forty-six territorial titles, each one associated with the traditions and ideals of various classes among his subjects, and he is emperor, king, grand prince, margrave, and seigneur, while the Kaiser is also king, margrave, duke, burgrave, count, and seigneur. Such is the natural constitution of empires, whose many parts constitute the governmental whole, and this condition, though not fully expressed in our King's titles, is the ideal underlying his imperial rule.

Photo. Copyright. *Montegriffo.*

THE KING PROCLAIMED AT GIBRALTAR.

It was from "The Convent," the Official Residence of his Excellency Sir George White, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of "the Rock," that the Inhabitants of Gibraltar had Conveyed to them the Announcement of their King's Accession. A Plain Building, but very Commodious, it was formerly a Convent of Franciscan Friars, and Dates from 1480. From its Porch the Proclamation was Read by the Chief Justice, Sir Stephen Gatty, Saluted by the Acclaim so Novel to our Ears, "God Save the King."

THE changes made necessary in the National Anthem by the accession of King Edward have vexed many minds. We cannot be proud of the words of that famous expression of loyalty, and we do not now habitually "confound their knavish tricks." When Henry Carey first sang the anthem he desired to emphasise the fact that he did so in honour of "Great George, our King," for there were pretenders still in the background; but the day of the Georges being over, "William" was found an intractable word, as "Edward" would be, and so "our Gracious King" came in. It is not well known that a curious attempt was made in the National Anthem to honour William IV. by name before he came to the throne. The author of the attempt was Louis XVIII., who, after the fall of Napoleon, was conveyed back to his dominions in a ship in the command of the Duke of Clarence. The following was the royal effusion, with a pleasant Naval flavour, and perfectly correct in syntax, metre, and rhyme, according to French ideas, but much astray in its English accents. Louis had a very pretty fancy for pleasant conceits, and prided himself greatly on being a classic scholar, but the swing of our English verse will always defy a Frenchman.

"God save noble Clarence,
Who brought her King to France,
God save Clarence!
He maintains the glory
Of the British Navy,
O God, make him happy!
God save Clarence!"

There is no necessity, however, to give the King's name, and so "God save our gracious King" will answer, unless, as has been suggested, we use the form "God save our Lord the King," which would reproduce the "Domine, salvum fac dominum," of James's Latin hymn.

WE must all congratulate the Emperor of Russia upon his restoration to health and activity, after being detained for a long time by his severe illness at Livadia. The Czar Nicholas has constantly displayed the most friendly personal feeling towards our Royal House, and his visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral in 1896 is well remembered. His Majesty is the nephew of Queen Alexandra, his mother having been the Princess Dagmar, a daughter of the King of Denmark, while the Empress is a grand-daughter of our late Queen. She was the Princess Alix Victoria, daughter of Princess Alice and of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and had great affection for our dead Sovereign. Upon receiving condolences from the Russian people recently, she said that the death of her grandmother, who had been like a mother to her, had

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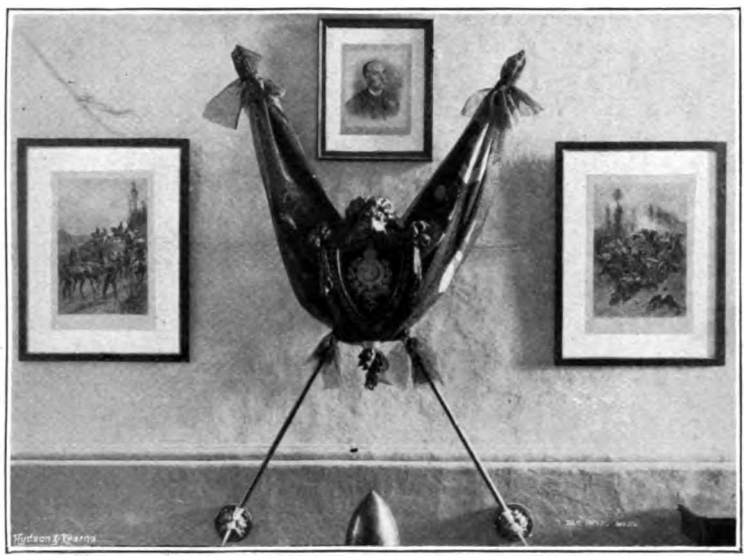

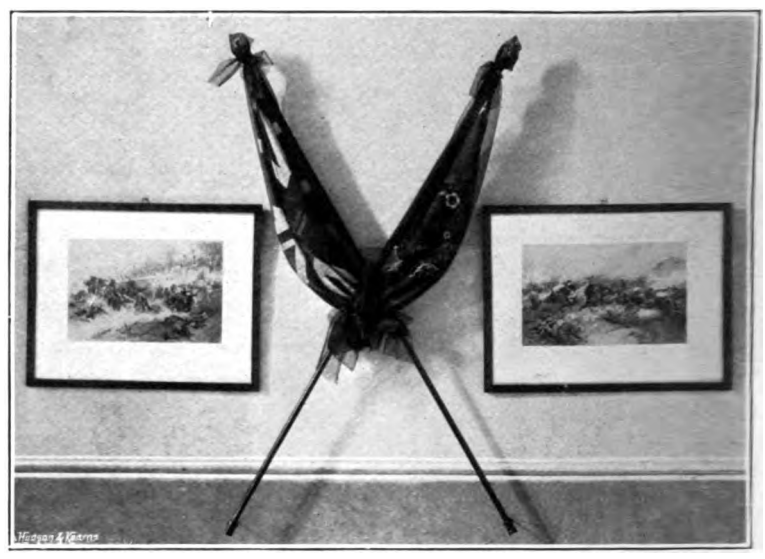

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SORROW DARKENS HAMLET AND HALL.

Our Illustrations are of the Colours of the Two Battalions that Form the Royal Malta Regiment of Militia. Draped in Funereal Crape, they Hang on the Mess Walls, a Tribute of the Heartfelt Grief of One of the Famous Corps that were in a Sense Peculiarly the Queen's Own, for its Badge is the Royal Cypher. Its Legend, "1800," is a Proud One, for it was in the Last Year of the Eighteenth Century that the Maltese themselves, Aided by some British and Neapolitan Troops, Forced into Capitulation the French Garrison that had Held it since Napoleon had Ousted the Knights of St. John in 1798.

been an inexpressible grief. However divergent, therefore, may be the interests of the British and Russian Empires—and their differences, let us hope, are not fundamental—it is gratifying that such close relations exist between the Royal Houses of the two countries.

THE reign of King Edward is likely to witness even greater triumphs in Polar exploration than that of his predecessor, though foreigners will now be more strongly emulating us in friendly contest. The "Discovery," which is expected to be launched at Dundee next month, will leave with Captain Robert Scott's expedition for the Antarctic in July or August. The gallant officer has a most capable scientific coadjutor in Professor J. W. Gregory, assisted by an efficient staff. The second in command of the expedition will be Lieutenant A. B. Armitage, R.N.R., who will be navigating officer. He was for some time with Captain Jackson in Franz Josef Land. The senior executive officer appointed is Lieutenant Royds, R.N., and the engineer is Mr. Skelton, who also belongs to the Navy. This expedition will explore from 90-deg. East to 90-deg. West, and will co-operate with the German expedition under Dr. Drygalski, which is well advanced in its preparations, and will navigate from 90-deg. West to 90-deg. East. It is a vast field of work, in which a Scotch gentleman, Mr. William Bruce, who is fitting out another expedition, is anxious also to share, while Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, a nephew of the famous Baron Nordenskjöld, is energetically preparing to attack the Antarctic stronghold, leaving at the same time as the British and German expeditions. But the North Pole is not losing its fascination for explorers. Already three expeditions, of which intelligence is anxiously expected — under Captain Sverdrup, Lieutenant Peary, and the distinguished Russian Baron Toll—are working in the Polar region, and now Mr. Evelyn Baldwin, the American, supported by the unlimited resources of Mr. Ziegler, a Transatlantic millionaire, is making ready to advance to the attack, apparently from the direction of Franz Josef Land, and is burning with zeal to plant the Stars and Stripes where no man has ever trod.

IN this matter he has a most determined rival in the person of Captain Bernier, the intrepid Canadian, who proposes to adopt Dr. Nansen's plan, with variations, in order to explore the Polar hinterland of the Dominion, and to hoist the Union Jack at the Pole. It is both a scientific and patriotic purpose, and the whole scheme has been well matured. The Colonial Institute was delighted with Captain Bernier's development of his ideas in a recent address, and it is believed the Canadian Government will assist him. Dr. Scott Keltie at Toronto in 1897, at the meeting of the British Association, made a powerful appeal to Canada. "She had," he said, "educational, scientific, and literary institutions that would compare favourably with those of other countries. Could she not enter upon the path which makes for the glory and pride of a nation, and explore the seas between her and the Pole?" He threw out the suggestion for the consideration of those who had the honour and glory of the great Canadian Dominion at heart. It was an appeal little likely to be disregarded, for the public spirit and patriotism of Canada are beyond all dispute, and her advancement and growth in material and intellectual respects have been among the brightest achievements of the reign of Queen Victoria. Captain Bernier is the very man for the work, for he comes of a family of sailors long familiar with navigation in the icy seas, and had so well attained their craft at the age of seventeen that he was appointed master of a vessel bound to England. His Polar achievement would form a crown to the prosperity attained by Canada in the late Queen's reign.

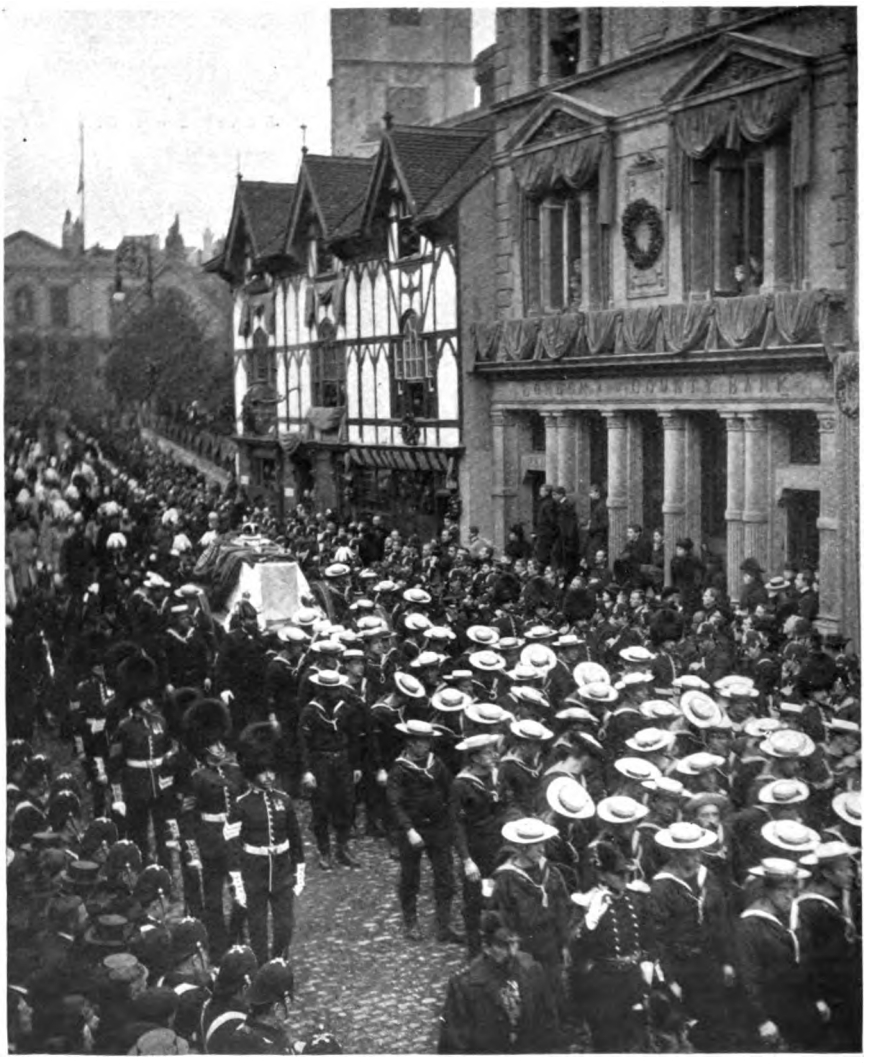

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

TO THE NOISE OF THE MOURNING OF A MIGHTY NATION.

As our Dead Queen Left her Sea Home at Osborne, her Remains were under the Tender Handling of her Beloved Bluejackets. And so, by what looks like a Divine Interposition, it was at the End of her Path to the Tomb. No more Pathetic or Striking Incident will Live in History than how, by the Merest of Accidents, it came to be that all that was Mortal of the Greatest Monarch of the Greatest Sea Empire the World has ever Seen was "Towed to her Last Moorings" by the Hands of the Stalwart Bluejackets who Loved and Served her so well.

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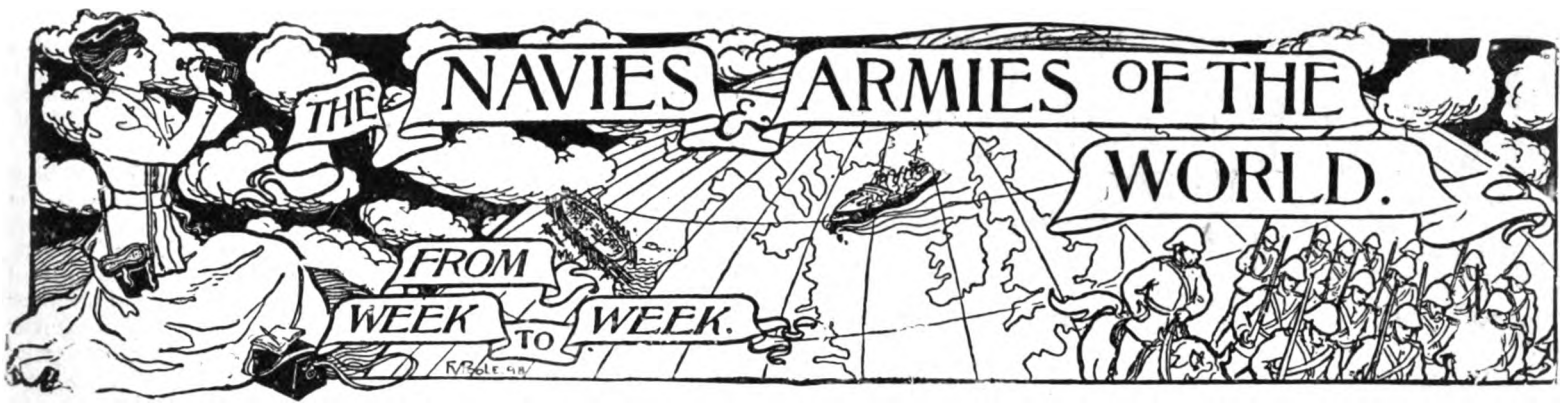

A LITTLE while ago I repeated in these columns, without expressing, or, to be candid, entertaining, any doubt of its truth, the old story that Sir Thomas Troubridge was the son of a baker in Westminster. My attention has been called to the fact that this tale rests upon no solid foundation. Captain E. T. Troubridge has pointed out to me that it had its origin in an obscure pamphlet published in the course of the controversy which raged round St. Vincent's reform of the Navy Office and dockyards. It was taken thence by the *Naval Chronicle* and conveyed to Ralfe's biographies, and so obtained general currency. As told by the *Chronicle* and repeated by Ralfe, the account of Sir Thomas's entry into the Service can be shown to be erroneous in various particulars. For instance, it is wrong in saying that the father of the future admiral was alive when he went to sea in the Navy, after a possible, but not proved, voyage in a merchant ship. Therefore we may presume that it is otherwise inaccurate. This being so, nobody has any right to assert that as a matter of fact Sir Thomas Troubridge was the son of a baker. So I withdraw the too peremptory assertion, and offer such apology as is proper in the case.

* * * *

At the same time, here is a curious example of the way in which legends become established, and also of the obscurity which hangs over so much of our Naval history. Observe, the statement was made in the pamphlet (which I have not seen, by the way) while the admiral was alive. It was repeated in the *Naval Chronicle*, a publication known to every Naval officer of the time, bought and kept by many of them, while the son of Sir Thomas, himself a distinguished officer, and many of his messmates were also alive. Ralfe takes it without hesitation. Of Ralfe, Mr. Laughton says in "The National Dictionary of Biography" that "the matter of the several memoirs in the 'Naval Biography' seems to have been, for the most part, contributed by the subjects of them, and may be accepted as correct as to facts," though "the inferences are less certain." This, if I may venture the expression of a private opinion, seems to be an accurate statement of the case. There is a glaring example both of the contribution by the subject and of the wild inference of the biographer in the life of Sir R. Waller Otway. Still Ralfe, though like many other worthy men he did not know what evidence means, does not appear to have been the kind of writer who takes any statement which comes in his way blindly. Finally, no contradiction is recorded to have been made. It is not, therefore, wonderful that this version of the admiral's family history should have been accepted.

* * * *

Yet we see that it cannot be proved to be true, and it is accompanied by demonstrable errors, so that nobody has a right to repeat the details in the *Naval Chronicle* as trustworthy. The admiral does not appear to have known, or if he knew did not say, what his father had been, and all research has failed to clear up the mystery. The elder Troubridge died when his son was two years old, and the boy was sent to get his education on the foundation of St. Paul's. Thence he went to sea, perhaps for the first time in a merchant ship, and perhaps not. Considering that Suckling sent his nephew, Horatio Nelson, on a voyage in a merchant ship to the West Indies, practical training of this kind must be supposed to have been thought valuable. It certainly cannot have been counted incompatible with the position of a gentleman, or else Suckling would hardly have chosen it for his nephew, who on his mother's side at least, for the origin of his father's family is obscure, was connected with some of the longest descended people in the Eastern Counties, where pedigrees are much thought of and are long. What the Troubridges were, except that they lived in Marylebone and cannot have been affluent, nobody can discover. The admiral tried to establish a connection with a county family of the name, but failed to get evidence satisfactory to the Heralds' Office. All enquiries seem to lead the investigator up to a blank wall. That this should be so is an example of the extent of our ignorance about our Naval heroes. It is also a remarkable and highly honourable proof of the admiral's honesty of mind. If he had chosen to assert that his family were cadets of the "Troubridges of Modbury," who could, or would, have contradicted him? He would not say so till he knew it was true, and as the world goes this is very high virtue. If anybody doubts this, let him devote a little labour to verifying the statements concerning the pedigrees of more or less distinguished persons whose names are in peerages and baronetages. He will very soon discover that Thackeray was not exaggerating in the least when he invented the burlesque pedigrees of the De Mogyns of "The Book of Snobs," or that very respectable family the Newcomes.

* * * *

Those who talk so highly and confidently as some among us do of conscription, would do very well to study the proposals for the reduction of the length of service in the French Army presented to the French Senate by M. Adrien Lannes de Montebello. It may be presumed from his name that this gentleman has some connection with the famous Jean Lannes, Duke of Montebello, the famous marshal who commanded in the siege of Saragossa, and was mortally wounded in Aspern. He can have no hereditary hostility to the Army. Yet he is found making proposals which many of his countrymen know must be destructive, and which would, indeed, destroy the French Army as it stands. What he would do, if he could, is to reduce the length of compulsory military service to a year, provided the cavalry, the horse artillery, and the whole body of non-commissioned officers could be formed of voluntary long-service men. How far this scheme is capable of being carried out I do not undertake to say. Obviously it depends on the success of the Government in persuading a large body of Frenchmen to make a profession of the Army for years. As it is found almost impossible to induce a sufficient number of them to remain as non-commissioned officers, the prospect of turning the plan of M. Lannes de Montebello into a real and applicable scheme of military organisation cannot be called good. But the point which concerns us is, that the Senator would hardly have come forward with his suggestions if the burden of universal military service were not found so galling. France has a smaller population than Germany, and one which does not increase. As she wishes to maintain an Army equal to the German, she is compelled to make a much more severe draft on her people. Germany calls eleven per thousand to the colours, and keeps the bulk of them for two years. France calls fifteen per thousand, and keeps the bulk for three. Therefore Germany has a great industrial advantage over France, in that she loses less of the productive labour of her sons, and the difference is acutely felt by our immediate neighbours.

* * * *

There are also other aspects of the matter. In spite of all the sentimental talk about the grandeur and the duty of being qualified to defend your country, it is a frightful breach in the life of an educated man to have to pass even a brief interval of early life in barracks. Germany reduces the obligation to a minimum, in the first place by not drawing the conscripts she could, then by allowing all who can pass certain not enormously difficult examinations to serve as volunteers for a year, and finally by allowing the one-year men not to live wholly in barracks. In Germany this works well enough. The vast majority of Germans are still poor, and for the agricultural class, which lives largely on rye bread and potatoes, it is a clear gain to get into barracks. In France these conditions do not obtain. Even for many of the peasantry it is a hardship to have to live as a soldier, while for the very large class who are educated and have some money, military service is a martyrdom. The French have imitated the German system of allowing exemptions for education, and have carried it even to an absurd extent. At the same time, their ideas about equality will not permit them to go so far as the Germans in releasing the upper classes from the hardships of the common soldier's life. Hence, although the French shout "Vive l'armée" loudly, there is a constant underhand fight against having to belong to its ranks. Which of the two countries do we resemble most, France or Germany?

DAVID HANNAY.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *In the issue for February 2 was published a photographic reproduction of a presentation of colours by her late Majesty. This was unfortunately mistitled, as it was referred to as a presentation to the Gordon Highlanders, when, as a matter of fact, it was the presentation of their first set of colours to the 2nd Battalion Cameron Highlanders (Queen's Own) at Ballater.*

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Queen Alexandra.

THERE was no more pathetic figure in the sad procession which slowly passed down the hill from Osborne House to Cowes than the black-robed form of her whom England has always known till now as Princess of Wales. Borne down by the trappings and the suits of woe, and walking with painful steps and slow, the new Queen followed the old Queen's funeral. On the next day, too, while the military pageant wound its way through the hushed millions of sorrowing London, you could see, if you looked intently into one of the State carriages, a crape-veiled figure with beautiful, familiar features that sent a thrill of pity and sympathy through many whom the gaily-uniformed and splendidly-mounted mourners left cold. It was a reminder, which was not out of place, of the real meaning of the procession; it kept in view the tender human element of the day's great event. The sight of the new Queen, bowed down by grief, brought to mind the true womanliness of the Queen we had lost. It reminded us, too, that the same qualities which won for Victoria the love and devotion of her people, shine conspicuous in Alexandra; that, although we sing now "God save the King" instead of "God save the Queen," the throne will still be aureoled by the soft radiance of womanly sympathy and womanly grace.

With Queen Alexandra, on the part of the British nation, it was a case of love at first sight. The pretty Danish Princess with the sweet, gentle expression took every breast by storm. There was no need for Tennyson's exhortation:

"Welcome her! thundering cheer of the street."

Her progress was a triumph; wherever she went "the old walls rocked with the crowd and cries"; and the sea-king's daughter from over the sea won in the inmost heart of the sea-girt people who rule the sea a place that she has held ever since, and will hold henceforward with even stronger claims upon our affection and honour. Thackeray wrote of Queen Victoria many years ago as "the Sovereign wise, moderate, exemplary of life." "I salute," he said, "the good wife, the good mother, the accomplished lady, the enlightened friend of art, the tender sympathiser in her people's glories and sorrows." We can use almost the same words of Queen Alexandra. Her position does not call, it is true, for the statesmanlike grasp of affairs, the wise judgment of men and measures, that dignified and distinguished the Queen—we shall still say "the Queen" for many a long day, when we speak of her who lies at rest after life's fitful fever in the mausoleum at Frogmore. But by all the other qualities that moved Thackeray to this outburst of loyal eulogy, our new Queen is so well adorned that her character and life have gained her as much respect and esteem as her beauty has extorted admiration.

As a daughter, as a wife, and as a mother, Queen Alexandra has set an example for which we cannot be too thankful. Everyone knows the story of the early life of the three sisters for whom Fortune had in store such lofty destinies—one to become Queen of England, another Empress of Russia, and the third Duchess of Cumberland. Everyone has heard how, for members of a Royal house, their parents—the present King and the late Queen of Denmark—were poor, and not able to give their children the unstinted allowances which the public mind associates with Royalty, in whatever degree. The mental picture which specially affects most of us is that of the young Princesses helping to make their own dresses. This was, no doubt, a task rather intended to occupy their time usefully than to save dressmakers' bills; but they certainly were brought up on very wise principles, and the fruit of these principles is seen to-day. In the same sensible manner the Princess of Wales brought up her own children—with constant loving care and watchfulness, but with a complete absence of that fussiness, that instant gratification of every whim which produce so many spoilt children in the humbler as well as in the more exalted ranks of life. In the terrible blow which fell upon her when Death struck down her eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, the deep feelings of the nation went out to the heart-broken mother, and, if anything could have blunted the sharpness of her grief, it must have been the knowledge that the heart of the British race sorrowed with her, praying that she might be comforted and consoled.

As for her sympathy with every form of suffering and oppression, it is so widely known, and has struck roots in so many directions, that merely to enumerate the chief amongst her good works would take much time; also it would at the end be, after all, a work of supererogation, since the name of the Princess of Wales is closely connected in everyone's mind with numberless agencies for relieving pain and distress. During the war in South Africa she has been indefatigable in her efforts to cheer and alleviate the lot of our sailors and soldiers. Not many weeks ago we urged the claims of her touching appeal for the Fund bearing her name, which looks after the homes and the families of those who are fighting our battles. Two other notable war organisations that were specially associated with the Princess of Wales were her own Hospital Ship and the Military Hospital at Surbiton. For the poor she has always been known to feel keenly, and although her children's dinner scheme in the Diamond Jubilee year did not meet with the unanimous approval of experts in almsgiving, yet it was a very touching evidence of her affectionate pity for the little ones into whose lives enters so small a share of plenteousness and good cheer.

Sailors especially will be enthusiastic subjects of the sea-king's daughter, and soldiers will recollect how their Queen has always worked whole-heartedly on their behalf in many a scheme for bettering their condition. We have now a stately and beautiful Queen-Consort to play her part in State ceremonial with queenly grace, to touch the imaginative instincts of all who understand how "the ceremonies that to great ones 'long" ought, in their fair aspect, to symbolise the settled order and seemly proportions of the State itself. And in Queen Alexandra we have, too, a Queen of tender sympathies, of kindly nature, of simple, homely life, who will carry on the traditions that have clustered round the throne of rule by love instead of rule by power.

"For first her beauty conquered us; and next,
Her loving heart, embracing all mankind
In one desire to raise the fallen up,
Restore the suffering, comfort them that mourn,
Outweighed the eye's delight, and lifted her
From admiration into love; and soon
All that looked on her cried: 'Her face is fair,
But fairer still the soul that shines beneath.'
So was she throned within the people's heart."

MIDSHIPMEN do not keep night watch in harbour now. The general rule would be for the watch-keeping midshipman to go on deck at 5.30 a.m., and to go off watch at 10 o'clock at night. The watch-keepers always have two days out of four, known as the "two days off," on which they can go ashore; the other two days, on which they have to look after the routine and write up the log, etc., are known as the "two days on." The watches would run as follows: The first day on, there would be the forenoon watch from 8.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., the "first dog watch" from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., and the half of the "first watch" from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. On the second day on there is the afternoon watch from 12.30 p.m. to 4 p.m., and the second dog watch from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. On the second day off the midshipmen would have a portion of "the morning watch" to keep from 5.30 a.m. to 8.30 a.m. There is nothing exhausting about this for young boys, and the midshipmen go away from this watch for instructions, as, for instance, school work on every weekday, except Saturday, from 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m., and gunnery, torpedo, seamanship, or steam instruction from 1.30 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. The meals for the watch-keepers are designed to fit in with these arrangements, breakfast being at 8 a.m. or 8.30 a.m., luncheon at noon or 12.30 p.m., and dinner at 7 p.m. or 8 p.m. Tea is served at 3.30 p.m., or seven bells, and is therefore known as seven-bell tea.

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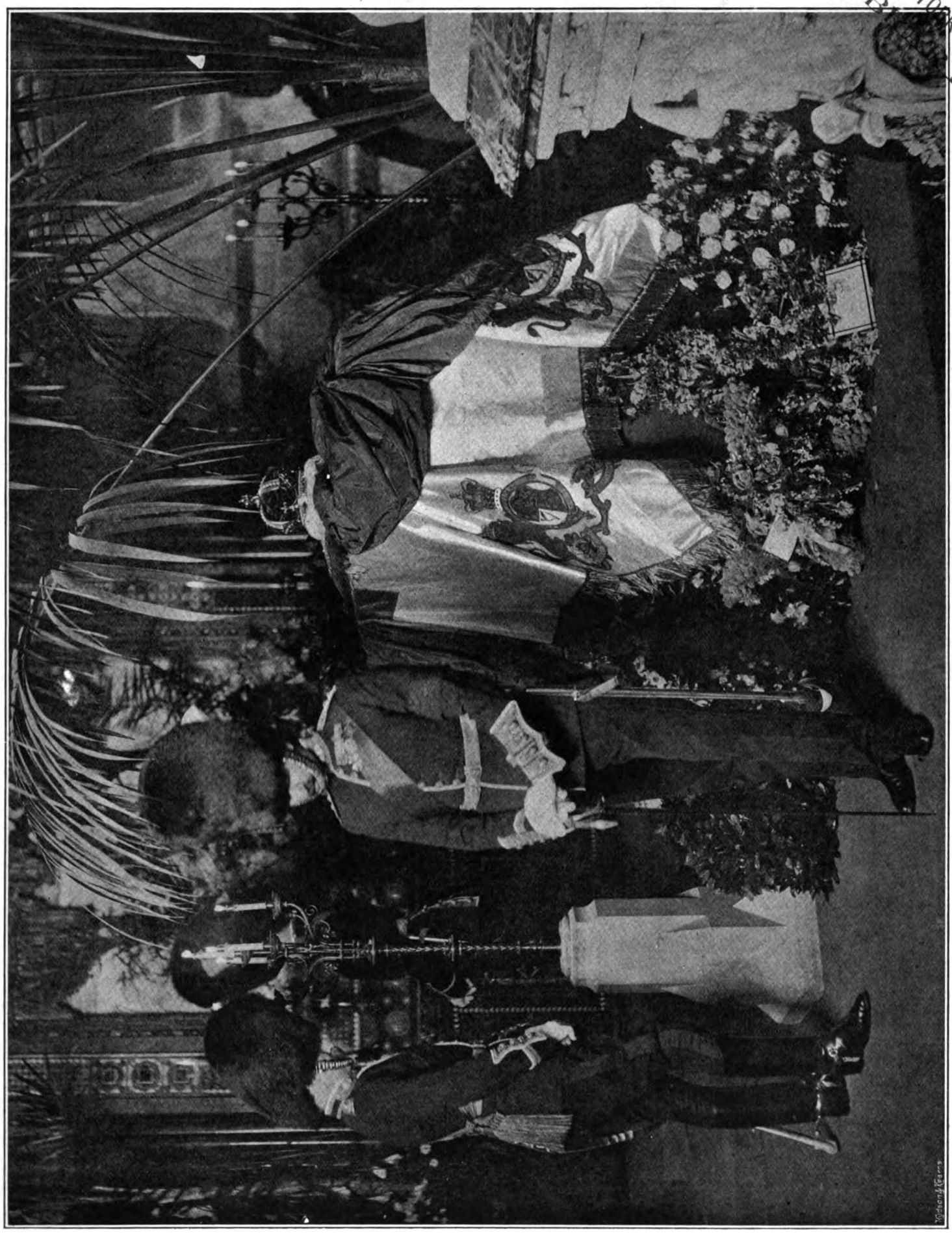

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THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA—IN THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.

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The Bluejackets at Windsor.

THE ARTILLERY HORSES PROVE RESTIVE.

Photos. Copyright. THE BLUEJACKETS LEND A HELPING HAND. *C. Luff, Slough.*

The above two pictures depict an historic incident, of which the following is an authentic account. When the funeral procession was about to start from the station yard at Windsor, the horses became unmanageable, and were replaced, at the suggestion of Prince Louis of Battenberg, by the men of the Naval Guard of Honour.

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MARSTON MOOR is one of the many incidents in history that have been the theme of endless discussion, dispute, and contradiction. Contemporary accounts are so scanty and irreconcilable, the fight itself was such a *mêlée*—generals on both sides fleeing from the field before the battle was over—and the ultimate issue so doubtful almost to the last, that it has been difficult for modern writers to give an accurate account of the event. However, in quite recent times we are fortunate in having graphic and interesting histories of the battle by Markham, Herman Merivale, Mr. Gardiner, and Mr. Morley, which, although differing in some details, coincide in leaving with us striking and vivid pictures of the main events of the day.

But Marston Moor was too fateful a battle to have been forgotten by posterity, even if historians had not broken a lance over it. It was the first decisive action that taught the Cavaliers that theirs might indeed prove the losing cause, and those practical men who had sent their sons to fight for the Parliament began to congratulate themselves for their foresight "in making to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."

The conduct of the war for the Parliament was under the control of the Committee of the Two Kingdoms. Essex and Waller were engaged in the blockade of Oxford; Manchester and Fairfax, together with the Scots, were laying siege to York, which was gallantly defended by Newcastle with troops he had raised at his own expense. On June 13, 1644, the city was at its last gasp. The enemy had information that it could hold out but six days longer, and there is no doubt that it would have fallen had it not been for the jealousy between generals preventing that happy co-operation of all the troops at the time appointed for the final assault. This failure on their part gave renewed life to the garrison, and Newcastle sent word to Rupert in Lancashire imploring him to come to their aid. Rupert now, as ever, was ready, whether wisely or unwisely, to lead his men to action. He needed no second bidding. Using a letter from the King as his commanding orders, he dashed into Yorkshire, cleverly avoided the enemy's forces drawn up on the road to York, and entered that city on July 2, effectually raising the siege, for the Parliamentarians withdrew their army and marched away southward.

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, KNIGHT.
From a Print Published in 1808.

Rupert spent the next day in York trying to pacify the soldiers, who were tired of the lengthy siege and now clamoured for pay. So he missed the opportunity of pursuing the enemy and attacking them on the flank or rear. Trevor, the special correspondent of the day, says, "The army continued within the play of the enemy's cannon till five at night, during all which the Prince and Marquess were playing the orators to the soldiers in York (being in a raging mutiny in the town for their pay) to draw them forth to join the Prince's foot, which was at last effected, but with much unwillingness."

This business settled, as the afternoon wore on Rupert did march out of the town, and took up his position on Marston Moor, on the very ground recently evacuated by the Roundheads. But so little did he expect a fight that evening that he advised Newcastle, who came out in his coach and six, to return to his carriage and go to sleep, for there would be no fight until the morning. Newcastle, nothing loath, did as advised, lit his pipe, and slept peacefully until the din of battle awoke him to the realities of the evening.

Events soon proved that Rupert's calculations were wrong. The Scottish infantry had nearly reached Tadcaster when news came that the Prince had marched out of York and was preparing to attack their cavalry. So the men were at once ordered back, and almost before Rupert could place his troops in position the battle had begun.

"You cannot imagine," says an eye-witness on the Parliament side, "the courage, spirit, and resolution that was taken on both sides, for we looked, and no doubt they also, upon this fight as the losing or gaining the garland. And now, sirs, consider the height of difference of spirits; in their army the cream of all the papists in England, and in ours a collection out of all the corners in England and Scotland, of such as had the greatest antipathy to popery and tyranny—these actually thinking the extirpation of each other. And now the sword must determine that which a hundred years' policy and dispute could not do."

On both sides the armies were drawn up in lines nearly a mile and a-half in length. The Royalists numbered about 19,000 men, the Parliamentarians from 26,000 to 27,000. The Parliamentarians had the advantage in occupying the higher ground between the villages of Long Marston and Tockwith. Their left wing, consisting of Manchester's horse, led by Cromwell, and his infantry, under Crawford, was close to

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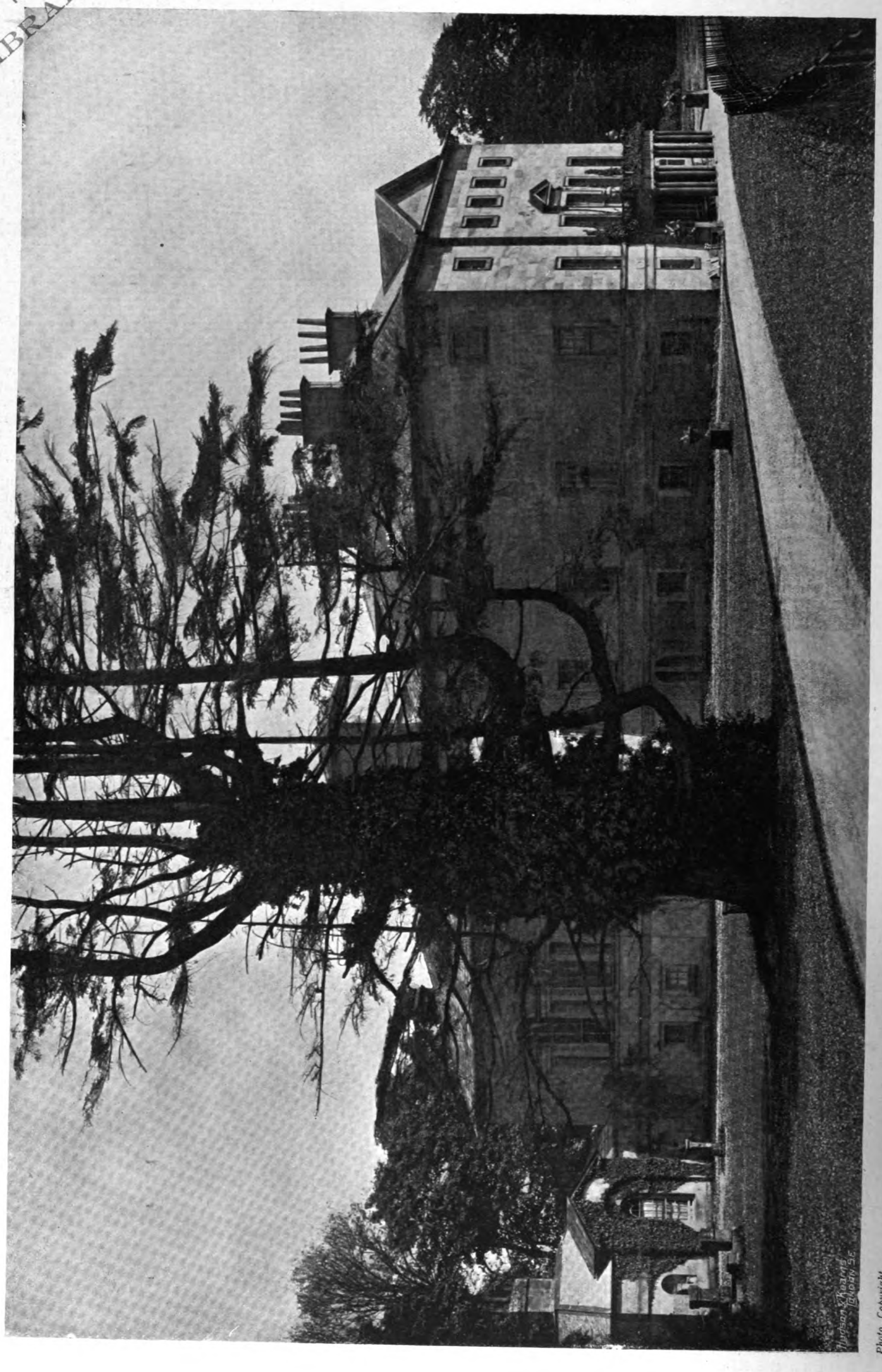

ROKEBY HALL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Where Bertram Risingham, One of Sir Walter Scott's Characters, tells the Tale of Marston Moor.

Photo. Copyright, "Navy & Army."

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Tockwith, and three regiments of Scottish horse, under David Leslie, in the rear on a rabbit warren at Bilton Bream. To the west of Tockwith there was rising ground known as "rye hill," where were placed a handful of Scotch dragoons under Colonel Frisell. The Scottish foot under Leven and Baillie were in the centre, whilst the right wing of horse, with the reserve of Scottish infantry, commanded by the Fairfaxes, was opposite the furze-covered piece of moor near Long Marston.

The Royalists' lines rested along a deep and wide ditch, or natural trench, bounded by a hedge on the southern side. This ditch was defended by musketeers. Rupert's horse was on the right, Goring's on the left, Porter's division of infantry on the right centre, and Newcastle's White regiment on the left; the whole army was commanded by Lord Eythin, and so near were they to the enemy that Watson, Cromwell's scout master, says, "their foot were close to our noses."

Seven o'clock came, and then the whole body of the Roundheads advanced together, horse and foot combining in one great charge against the enemy's lines. Like "thick clouds they went on, divided into brigades, consisting of 8,000, 10,000, 1,200, 1,500 men apiece, and some brigades of horse consisting of three and some of four troops." The Cavaliers advancing simultaneously, the rival forces met in a terrific crash of swords and pistols, muskets and spears, with banners waving and trumpets blowing, with shouts of "Mary" from the Royalists and "God and the Parliament" from the Roundheads. In one murderous charge they

> "Met front to front, the ranks of death;
> Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now,
> Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow.
> On either side loud clamours ring
> 'God and the Cause'—'God and the King.'
> Right English all, they rush'd to blows,
> With naught to win and all to lose.
> I could have laugh'd—but lack'd the time—
> To see in phrenesy sublime,
> How the fierce zealots fought and bled,
> For king or state, as humour led."

Some accounts tell us that this desperate fight was begun by Byron leading his men to the charge, others that it was Rupert and Cromwell who first came together in deadly combat, Rupert beating back the cavalry (to whom he now gave the name of Ironsides) and wounding Cromwell. But David Leslie with his Scottish troops hurried forward, and enabled Cromwell to rally his men, when, falling tooth and nail upon Rupert, the two forces "stood at the sword's point a pretty while, hacking one another." At last, after disputing every inch of the ground for about an hour, Rupert took to flight, and was pursued by Wilstrop Wood and along the road to York for three miles.

In the meantime the Fairfaxes were suffering disaster on the right. Lord Fairfax had led his men through the furze up Moor Lane and on to the moor, where they were received with a terrific fire from Newcastle's "Lambs." At the same time Sir Thomas charged Goring's Horse, a work of the greatest danger, on account of the difficulty of the ground on that side. But at the head of his own regiment he threw himself upon the Royalists, and after a desperate fight routed one body of cavalry and pursued them to York. Then returning to the battlefield, he found Goring in his turn had completely broken the Parliament right wing and had shaken some of the Scottish infantry, who, with Lord Fairfax himself, had fled to Tadcaster. "Horse and foot were mingled together" says Trevor, "speechless, breathless, full of fear: shoals of the Scots crying out, 'Wae's us, We are all undone': ragged troops, consisting of four men and a cornet: four officers, without hat or sword, or indeed anything but feet, and so much tongue as would suffice to enquire the way to the next garrison." "It was a sad sight," says Mr. Ash, "to behold many thousands posting away amazed with panic fears."

In the confusion that prevailed on the moor Sir Thomas found himself wounded and alone in the midst of the enemy, but calling a handful of his troopers to his side, he rode right through without being discovered, and went over to the support of Cromwell and Manchester, who were at this moment halting their victorious cavalry after having completely routed Rupert.

Victory was now, however, with the Royalist left wing, and the day was practically in its hand; but instead of following up the advantage the men fell to plundering the enemy's baggage, leaving the issue of the battle to the centre of the army.

Now began the most furious part of the whole battle. Newcastle's White Coats, supported by the cavalry of Lucas and Urry, made a furious attack on the right centre, which was already making a desperate stand against Porter's division. Twice the Royalists charged, and twice they were repulsed; but at the third charge the reserve of the centre broke and fled, and with them Lord Leven, who, like old Lord Fairfax, thought the day was lost. But though Leven fled, Baillie stood firm. The cavalry of the Royalists came down from their plunder to share in the fight, but they were at once utterly routed. Then Sir Thomas Fairfax, Cromwell, Leslie, and Crawford joined forces for a combined attack, and the last struggle of the day began. "Then," says a Parliamentarian, "three brigades of foot of the Earl of Manchester being on our right hand, on we went, with great resolution, charging them home, one while their horse, and then again their foot, and our horse and foot seconding each

MARSTON MOOR
As it Appears To-day.

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KING JAMES'S ROOM AT NORTON CONYERS.
Cromwell is said to have Caused the Death of Sir Richard Graham at this Place.

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other with much valour, with sound charges, that away they fled, not being able to endure the sight of us, so that it was hard to say which did the better, our horse or foot. Major-General (David) Leslie, seeing us thus pluck the victory out of the enemy's hands, could not too much commend us, and professed Europe had no better soldiers."

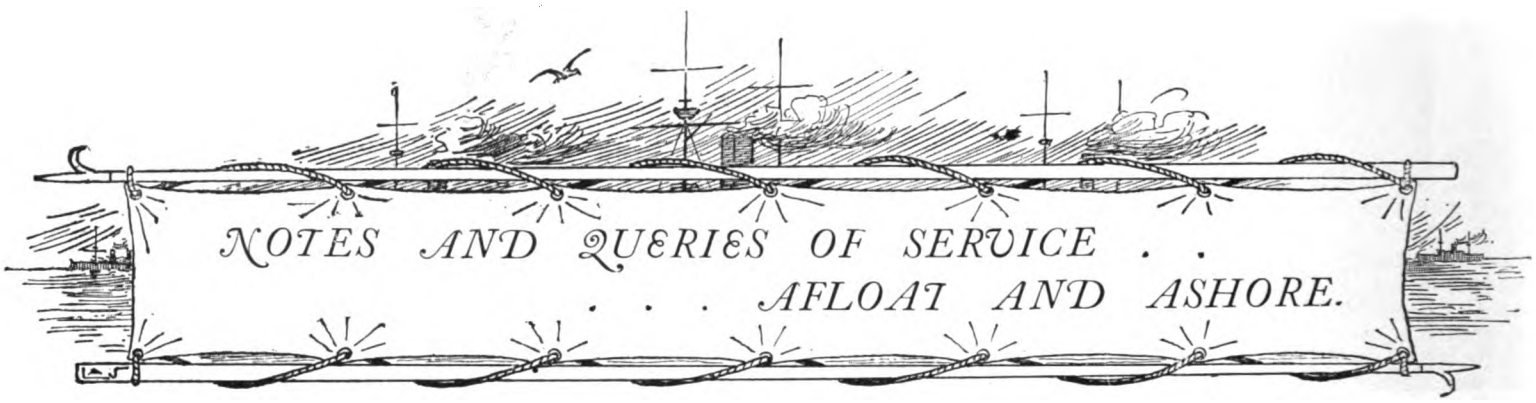
Newcastle's White Coats were the last to hold out. Retreating into an enclosure—probably White Syke Close—they stood gallantly against the murderous assaults led by Leslie, resolutely determining, each man amongst them, to die rather than surrender. "Never," said Captain Camly, of Manchester's horse, "in all the fights I was ever in saw I such resolute brave fellows, and I saved two or three against their wills."

Before ten o'clock had struck that night all was over. Lord Leven, as he was getting into bed, heard that the expected defeat had been turned to victory, and he wished that he had died upon the field that day, whilst Lord Fairfax, it is said, returned to the scene of the battle in time to send the great news to the Mayor at Hull, whence it was transmitted to London.

The loss of life on Marston Moor was terrific. Over 4,000 dead were buried by the country people in Wilstrop Wood and in White Syke Close, whilst 1,500 Royalist prisoners were taken, besides Sir Charles Lucas, Goring, and Porter. A story told of Sir Charles brings the scene home to us in terrible reality. He was led over the field by his guard to identify the prisoners, which he absolutely refused to do; but there was one gentleman with a bracelet of hair on his wrist, which bracelet Sir Charles desired should be taken off. "I know an honourable lady would give thanks for that," he said. So, unknown and undistinguished, all the dead, noblemen and commoners, officers and men, were buried side by side, close to the field where they had fought so well.

"The courtly Marquis," who had woke up in his coach in the middle of the battle, had from that moment fought bravely until the day was lost. That defeat was, however, too great a blow for him, and next day, deserting his master, he rode off to Scarborough, and thence sailed to France; whilst Rupert got together about 6,000 horse and rode south towards Oxford.

As time goes on all great battles gather about their memory many a legend and romance, and Marston Moor is no exception. Stories have been told and ballads have been written of it, telling of gallant deeds done first by this side, then by that. Tales in the country-side are still told about the battle, one lingering around Norton Conyers, which in those days belonged to the Grahams, loyal supporters of the King. Sir Richard Graham, it is said, fled, desperately wounded, from Marston Moor; he was followed by Cromwell, who rode into the hall and up the staircase, and shook Sir Richard in his bed until he died. As the horse came down the staircase the print of his hoof was stamped on the top stair, where it may still be seen. This story may be believed by those who enjoy such legends and deplore the strict accuracy needed if history is to bear unflinchingly the fierce light of modern criticism! Rokeby too is memorable for its connection with Marston Moor, although this connection is avowedly naught but fiction; but all lovers of Sir Walter Scott will remember that it was at Rokeby that Bertram Risingham told the tale of the battle, and of the death of Mortham, killed by Bertram's own hand in the midst of the fight.



"J. J. P." (Newtown-Smith, Kingstown).—You ask me to answer a very interesting question. If two nations were at war, say England and France, could not all the merchant ships of both countries be placed under neutral flags, and so escape capture? The second clause of the Declaration of Paris, 1856, declares that the neutral flag covers enemies' goods with the exception of contraband of war, and the third that neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag. If the Declaration be regarded as effective, our steam mercantile marine, which is of prodigious value, must be immediately transferred to a neutral flag when war becomes imminent. But there has been no thought or plan as to how this momentous operation is to be conducted in the hurry and commotion of such a time. There is the further difficulty that France declines to recognise the neutral flag at all unless all arrangements connected with the transfer have taken place previous to the declaration of hostilities. Moreover, it is provided by the Declaration that the captains and crews must be, if not entirely, at least in large part, of the nationality whose flag flies at the peak. Lastly, there is the fact that contraband of war has never been defined. It is an elastic phrase that would almost certainly include coal, and that might easily include foodstuffs and raw materials for manufacture. Mr. Douglas Owen, who has written a legal book upon the subject, describes the Declaration as of the crudest description. "It establishes principles, but makes no sort of attempt to define their application to cases." Many thinkers upon this subject have declared that it is our interest to withdraw from the treaty, which Lord Charles Beresford has described as "false, rotten, misleading, and treacherous." Captain Mahan in his latest volume makes the following remark: "If the Sea Powers embrace the proposition that has found favour in America, and, by the concession of immunity to an enemy's commerce in time of war, surrender their control of maritime communications, they will have abdicated the sceptre of the sea." This remark will show that the whole question of the Declaration of Paris and of the status of commerce in war needs to be investigated and the arrangements defined. In regard to the neutral flag, much might, of course, depend upon the ability of the Power affected to maintain it by force of arms.

* * * *

"J. S."—A correspondent writing above these initials, who has held a commission in the Volunteer Artillery for twenty-two years, has just obtained his Volunteer Decoration. He has worked hard as a Volunteer officer, and is naturally and laudably proud of the distinction which he has won. He asks me to tell him all the occasions when it is permissible to wear the miniature decoration. I fear lest he may consider the reply to his question somewhat unsatisfactory; but the fact is, the matter is one which depends a good deal upon himself. By regulation, miniature medals and decorations must not be worn by Volunteer officers in uniform. As regards mufti, if "J. S." follows the practice of Regular officers, he will not wear his miniature on any occasion; but if he is anxious to display it at evening parties, there is no rule to prevent his doing so. Most Volunteer officers who possess the Decoration are, I believe, content to wear it only in uniform, and on the occasions prescribed by the Queen's Regulations, eschewing the miniature altogether.

"IOMA."—The depth of water in which a ship is steaming makes a difference to her speed up to certain limits. If a deep draught ship be run at a fairly fast speed in shallow water, there is a very considerable retarding effect on her speed due to the drag of the water which she carries along with her over the sea bed, and the drag varies according to the distance between the ship's bottom and the bottom of the sea. This has been found to occur when steam trials of large vessels have been run in the shallow waters of the Solent, and so all large vessels are now taken for their measured mile trials to a deep-water course near Plymouth, in Whitsand Bay, between Rame Head and the Dodman Point, where proper marks are set up and the distance between them accurately known, the speed of ships steaming between being thus easy to definitely determine. Provided that a sufficient depth of water underneath the bottom of the ship is obtained, the effect of the drag disappears, and there is no practical advantage to be gained by going into deeper water still. The speed will therefore remain constant, other things being equal, after the necessary limit of depth is reached.

* * * *

"F. W. W."—Your triple query as to the number of troops we have now in South Africa, how many are on the way out, and how many are ordered out, is one which it is, practically speaking, impossible to answer with complete accuracy. In round numbers it may be stated that at the beginning of the year about 210,000 British and Colonial troops were under arms in South Africa. By about the third week in January, some 3,000 cavalry and mounted infantry were on their way out or about to embark from home, and Australia was sending 3,000 mobile troops, and offering to send as many as might be required. The Government had further decided to enlist 5,000 additional Imperial Yeomanry, the Volunteers had been invited to furnish fresh detachments for the Volunteer Service Companies, and Militia commanding officers were being sounded as to the desirableness of re-embodying their battalions with a view to further reinforcement of the troops under Lord Kitchener. Of course, in many cases these reinforcements will only take the place of troops returning home; but it may be roughly stated as probable that, by the end of February, the total number of troops in South Africa will not be far short of 230,000 all told.

* * * *

"ALMANACH DU DRAPEAU."—Through the courtesy of the librarian of the Patent Office Library, I have been enabled to find out all the coats of mail patented for the last seven or eight years; but there does not seem to be one that corresponds with your description of chrome steel coats. The last invention in the way of body armour that has been patented seems to be one dated 1900. It consists of a coat made of hexagonal embossed steel plates or shells, tempered, stitched on canvas. The patentee is given as Thomas Macdonald, Monument Buildings, Pudding Lane, Eastcheap, E.C. Another invention of a similar kind is one invented by Dr. N. Cobbs Vaughan, which was patented by Messrs. Herbert Haddon and Co., 18, Buckingham Street, W.C. This consists of a number of metallic plates joined together by circular links. There are other jackets or breast-plates which claim to be bullet-proof; but these cannot be what you want, for they are made of leather, sheepskin, felt, and such materials. THE EDITOR.

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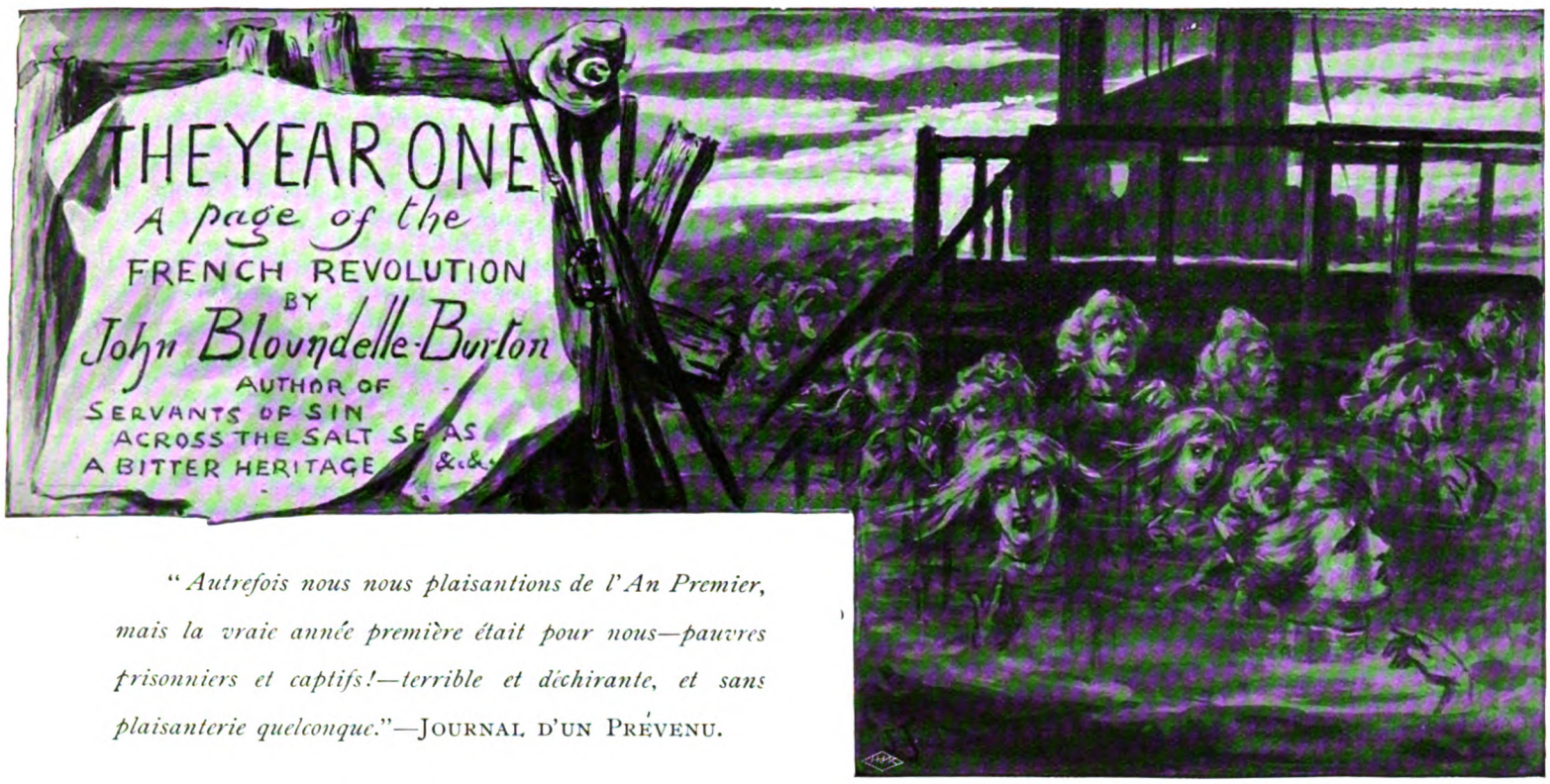

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE HOPE, of the "Dragon," has gone ashore with the ship's launch at a small village on the coast of Brittany, named Bricourt, with a view of procuring water for the casks. Here he has encountered a young and beautiful Frenchwoman, who, after stating that she is the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, and, of course, of the Royalist side, informs him that she is anxious to escape from France and the horrors of the Revolution, and asks if she can be received on board the English man-of-war. Receiving his captain's permission to fetch the lady off to the "Dragon," Hope goes ashore for her at night and brings her away, after having first stumbled across another woman in the churchyard whom he at first imagines to be she. When they have proceeded half the distance they are, however, intercepted by two chaloupes from the French ship. A terrible hand-to-hand fight then takes place, the lieutenant in command is slain by George, and he, himself, is wounded, and, at the moment of his triumph, he falls fainting at the feet of the insensible marquise. Directly after this they are captured by some men of the Republican forces quartered in the neighbourhood and are taken before Lucienne's husband, who is now the Mayor of the Commune, and is styled Jean Aubray, since all titles have been abolished. He, after hearing the evidence of the officer who had superintended their capture, forwards George and Lucienne to the local tribunal at Rennes, leaving it for that body to decide what shall be done with them. It, after a perfunctory examination of the charges brought against them, forwards George and Lucienne to Paris in company with several other *prévenus*, so that they may be tried there. They have now drawn near to the Capital after some weeks have elapsed since the time of their arrest at Bricourt, and have been witnesses of the massacres of the 10th and 11th of August. In the *mêlée* Lucienne has, however, been knocked down and has lain prostrate under the waggon which, later, has moved on while containing all the other *prévenus* who are to be incarcerated in the various prisons. Lucienne is, therefore, now at liberty while George Hope is probably in La Force.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT.

LEAVING the neighbourhood of the fountain after she had used it for the purpose described, Lucienne wandered on aimlessly, as has been said, not knowing whither she was going nor in what direction her steps were leading her. For, since Paris was utterly unknown to her, every place seemed alike as well as strange, though, even so, it appeared to her that across the river which she could now observe on her right hand, was another portion of the city more calm and undisturbed than any other she had yet passed through. Yet, at present, no possibility of her reaching that other side presented itself to Lucienne, no bridge loomed up before her nor were any boats visible, while, more than once, small mobs had passed her, howling, gesticulating, and cursing as well as assaulting solitary passers-by who endeavoured to avoid them, and—once—seizing upon her.

"Who are you, what are you?" cried a man who, accompanied by two others, sprang out from one of those mobs and seized her by the wrists. "What are you? Say! You have neither scarf nor *bonnet rouge*. Are you an accursed aristocrat?"

"An aristocrat!" exclaimed Lucienne, with a laugh—although one which she feared would betray her, so nervous was she, since she was horribly afraid that, already, her newly found freedom was gone, that once more she would be a prisoner. "Yet," she told herself, while the men stood regarding her, "if I would keep my freedom both now and henceforth, if I would be free to help and work for him, nervousness, fear—ay! even womanly self-respect—must vanish. I must be a woman of the mob, a female rebel. Heaven give me strength to appear so."

Therefore, deciding thus promptly and in an instant, and determining that so far as lay in her power she would act the part which she recognised as necessary, she repeated, "An aristocrat!" while again she laughed—this time in a louder, bolder, and, if possible to her, coarser way.

"What are you then?" the fellow said. "And where is your cap and scarf, *hein*, pretty wench?—for pretty you are."

"My cap and scarf," cried Lucienne, mockingly, "*my* cap and scarf! Where are they? Why! where should they be? The cap knocked off by the soldiers we were slaying—the soldiers my Jules was helping to slay—the scarf torn off my back. And I have no money to buy more."

"No money!" cried the fellow laughing, and, then, in a moment, and with incredible swiftness, he had plunged his hand into her pocket, while crying, "I'll be sworn you have enough to buy Jules a *pigeolet*. Is it not so, mignonne? Ha! what is this?"

For his hand had lit on the packet of coarse tobacco and the keys of the dead woman, which Lucienne—thinking that they would be a strange accompaniment to the *acte d'accusation* of a *ci-devant* Marquise if found upon the body—an accompaniment that might arouse suspicions—had retaken at the last moment and had placed in the pocket of the dress she now wore. Yet, even as she laughed shrilly at the fellow's act and cried, "Oh! do not take that! do not! do not! 'tis for Jules when I find him," she felt that she was trembling at a thought which rose to her mind; at the memory of what she had escaped. She thought of what peril she would have stood in at this moment, if, instead of this paltry discovery, the man had found in her pocket that very *acte d'accusation* which she had discarded!

"For Jules, eh?" the man cried now, "Jules, who has helped to slay *Les Suisses*. *Bien!* we will not deprive a brave man of his comforts. Keep it for Jules." Then, beneath the light of a lantern hanging in the street, he read the name of the tobacconist imprinted on the paper, "Niery, Rue Jacques," and said, "So, pretty one, you are in our section."

"Yes, if that is yours."

"So; so. *Bon!* Pass on, citoyenne, and if Jules should—well! not come back, and you want a sweetheart in his place, ask for me, for Pierre Legros. You *are* pretty; we should suit each other. *Adieu, chèrie.*"

"And the scarf and cap," said Lucienne, as the man and his companions moved off, "what of them? Am I to be stopped again by some brave men who are not half so kind nor so handsome as you? I shall never get home to my poor old mother if I am. Give me yours, *mon gaillard.*"

"*Fichtre* for you women! You are all alike; always wanting something from us. And—and—you are my weakness, especially when as good-looking as you. Here, take my *bonnet*," and he clapped his red cap upon her fair hair and placed his scarf over her shoulders; "they know me; I can do without them till I take someone else's. But I must have a kiss in return," and he stretched out his arms.

"What!" cried Lucienne; "what! and rob Jules! Never. Good-night, *bonhomme*," while with another merry

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laugh—God knows it tore her heart to utter it!—she evaded his intended grasp and ran away.

Then, sick with grief and with her whole soul in revolt as well as full of despair, she went on, not knowing where she was going to nor what might happen next, but still hoping that, with every step she took, she might be drawing near to some chance which would help her towards assisting the man who had lost himself for her. Determinate, resolute, she went on, while vowing inwardly that, no matter what horrors might come across her path, what further loathsome familiarities she might have to submit to, nor what atrocious creatures she might have to herd with, she would still suffer all. For him, for that hero, that brave man who was suffering now for her!

Terrible sights—strange sights, too—continued to meet her eyes as she went on, and, unknowingly, drew near to that bridge which is so old yet is known as the Pont Neuf. She saw a woman, young as herself, one who was *adorned* with the red cap and tricolour scarf, fleeing past her, shrieking, "*Vivent les sans-culottes! illuminez, cassez les vitres!*" Yet a woman who was, nevertheless, pursued by half-a-dozen men armed with pikes and axes, who cried, "With it all she is an aristocrat. We know her; she is the Comtesse Dufresnoy. We will slay her as we have slain a hundred to-day; she cannot deceive us with her false cries." And one of the men added, "I was her servant once; I ought to know her." Then, a moment or so later, Lucienne's ears were horrified by an awful, piercing shriek followed by a call to God for help, and the sound of groans and a hoarse voice which cried, "*Voilà, c'est fini. C'est une de plus.*"

Trembling all over, shaking in every limb, Lucienne still went on, and again she witnessed strange sights. She saw a man and a woman pass her—and surely they were aristocrats she thought, if one might judge by their tones while disregarding at the same time the coarse clothes which they had doubtless assumed for a purpose—and she saw that they were being followed, tracked, by a band of men and women. Yet they, it seemed, knew how to save themselves, how to throw dust in the eyes of those sleuth-hounds behind, since, as they drew near the north wall of the burning palace, they resorted to a strange artifice. There was one of the *ci-devant* royal coaches standing there unhorsed; a coach which had been rifled of its cushions and hangings and cloths, and had had all its windows broken, while, over the spot where the Royal Arms had been, pieces of dirty paper were now pasted, papers on which were proclamations, and on arriving at this coach those undoubted aristocrats, who knew that they were being followed, performed that artifice—the woman struck at the great yellow and red coach with her hand while crying, "*A bas les tyrans,*" while the man drew his sword and thrust it through the panel and spat into the interior.

"*To the downfall of the Tyrant.*"

To such a state of fear had twenty-four hours' outbreak reduced many a noble gentleman and lady and made cowards of those who, in more ordinary circumstances, would have shed their last drop of blood for their King and his throne! In truth, that night of outrage and murder was a fitting advance-guard to the New Year that was, a month later, to be born and created—The Year One.*

A little later Lucienne saw near her the Pont Neuf, bathed in the roseate hue of the flames from the King's Palace, and she resolved to cross the bridge to that other side of the Seine which looked not only so dark and deserted but so calm.

And now, as she sat upon the bench which she had traversed, she mused and meditated upon what she should do next. In all Paris she had no friend so far as she could recollect who would be in a position to assist her, since of all those whom she knew belonging to Brittany, every one was, like herself, of the noblesse, and all had emigrated who could do so, or, if remaining, had sworn to bring about a counter revolution—the counter revolution which, a year later, came to be known as the War of la Vendée.

She could not recall one person who might be in Paris and able to assist her, though she thought that she had heard how some of the Lescures and La Rochejaqueleins were here—yet of what avail could they be to her? For she did not even know where their great Paris hotels might be situated; know!—why she did not even know where the street was situated in which was the old Paris hotel of her own family, the D'Aubrays, though she remembered its name—La Rue de Bretagne. Her father had not been in Paris for years, while, hitherto, she, herself, had never been at all—and her miserable husband, when he visited the capital alone, had generally stayed in a street of far different reputation from any in the Quartier St. Germain, and, in his horribly ignoble spleen, had been in the habit of insulting her by afterwards narrating the loathsome life he had been indulging in during his absence. Nor, even had things been different; had she been merely a woman of rank who happened to find herself in Paris on such a night of horror as that which was now passing away, instead of an ex-prisoner, a *prévenue*, would it have been wise for her to go to that old house of her family, the house belonging now to the man from whom she had fled—to her husband. The Paris hotel of an aristocrat would, it seemed, be the last place where an aristocrat should venture to appear at this time.

"Therefore," she thought, "I am alone. There is no living soul to whom I can go—to whom I can appeal for advice. Not one! What shall I do; how shall I commence the task to which I have vowed myself—the task of saving him? I do not even know as yet whether he has been taken to La Force—which was the name of the prison that warder read out; I do not even know if he has reached it, or whether—God help him!—he has not been slain on his road there."

As she uttered these words she became overmastered not only with her fears for the safety, the very existence, of that man, but also with all that she had gone through, with all she had suffered of late, capped by the horrors she had been witness of during the past night. The night which had now departed, the night whose dusky veil—blood tinged—was gone, giving place to a pure, bright day. From the heavens the morning sun was now streaming down upon Paris and all within it—upon the river on whose breast more than one dead body was floating; upon that scene of carnage across the river where so much murder had been done; upon the prison to which an innocent, though weak, King had with his family been led shuddering, while five thousand of his subjects lay dead in the streets and open places.

Overcome, overmastered at last by her emotions, by her misery, Lucienne wept unrestrainedly now as she sat alone upon that bench on the Quay. And if, as may well be, our grief passes away with the bitter tears we shed in our darkest

* This year commenced at midnight on September 21, 1792.

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hours of despair, then such was the case now with this fair yet distraught woman—this woman who, even now, had not long left her girlhood behind her and stepped across the dividing line between that and maturity. Yet, as she wept in her abandonment and misery, there came to her another consolation sweeter and more comforting than even tears. For, as she wept, so, also, she prayed—prayed that the dark horror which had been gradually engulfing her country for three years might be rent asunder by God in His own time, and that, to all who now bowed beneath the chastisement of His hand, peace might be at last restored. Also, she prayed for one man and his earthly salvation, for the brave, resolute sailor who, coming suddenly into her life, had fought and striven to save her, even as of old one of her own knightly ancestors would have fought and striven for some helpless woman who besought his aid.

So, at last, there was peace within her pure breast, or if not peace at least resignation, and with that resignation the deeper and deeper growing determination to never falter in what she had begun; to—so long as life should last—and Heaven alone knew how long that life would be!—continue her appointed task.

"I will find him," she cried. "With God's aid I will save him. And if that can never be, then I will die with him. If he is in that prison of which the man spoke, or in any other, and I cannot contrive his escape, then, no matter how loathsome, how appalling the place may be, I will share it with him. I am that most accursed thing in all France to-day—an aristocrat; let me but proclaim this outside the walls that encompass him and, a moment later, I, too, shall be within them. And," she continued to herself, as now she sprang to her feet, "after that the end for both of us."

Whereon, with her determination taken to, first of all, exert every power she possessed, and all means she could contrive, to save George Hope—means which she would have to secure under the garb of a woman of the people, of the Revolution—and, secondly, if this failed, to die with him—she passed along the quay.

Along the quay and back across the bridge to where the partly-burnt palace still smouldered beneath the rays of the early sun; back to where soldiers and guards and members of the noblesse lay thick as autumn leaves, with that sun streaming into their sightless eyes. Back, and with one more glance, in what was now broad daylight, to make sure that he, her hero, was not one of those dead men, while thanking Heaven fervently, again and again, that there was no sign of him. Back to the crowds composed of drunken, maddened men, and of women who, ere long, would be the furies—*les vengeresses*, *les tricoteuses*, of the most wicked and most blood-thirsty revolution that has ever stained humanity. Back to, if it so pleased God, become one of them to all outward seeming and thus save George Hope, or, in her own proper undisguised character, to share his fate—a fate brought upon him by her.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Toute la Révolution se peut conjuguer ainsi: J'ai peur, tu as peur, il a peur, nous avons peur, vous avez peur, ils ont peur."—JOSEPH MICHAUD.

LUCIENNE was now back in the streets on the other side of the Seine—those streets whose names were changing and passing away, even as everything that was old and had once been respected was passing away in France.

She had returned, shuddering, horrified at all that she saw beneath the bright sun, and, traversing the gardens of the Tuileries, had reached the Rue St. Honoré—six weeks later to be known as the Rue Honoré, the transformation taking place in company with a hundred other streets and *places* which were to be shorn of their *Saints* and *des*. She turned down this street, therefore, while feeling that, ere she could do more or proceed further, she must obtain some nourishment. For, although she scarcely felt hunger, her thirst was very great, and she knew that if she did not refresh herself soon there would be no strength whatever left in her.

Continuing on her way, while searching for some place where she might obtain sustenance, however simple, and noticing that hardly any shop was open as yet, she came at last to one having inscribed over it, "Agathe Verac, Limonadière et Fruitière," and observed that a comely-looking woman, though one whose pleasant face appeared strangely blanched, was finishing the taking down of the shutters. A woman who, while she did so, gave nervous glances to the right and left and over her shoulders, as though fearful of something terrible that might suddenly spring at her, as well as of one or two rough-looking men who were lurking about at the corners of side streets and the entrances to various alleys.

"Citoyenne," Lucienne said gently, "I am very thirsty this morning; will you let me have something wherewith to quench that thirst?"

For a moment the woman looked at her, while observing the scarf and cap she wore; looked at her, indeed, with a very perceptible increase of that terrified glance which Lucienne had already observed—doubtless she deemed the latter one of the furies who had been let loose during the past night—while upon her face there came the sign of a determination to refuse the request; a sign expressed by the hardening of her features. Then, suddenly, something, some womanly intuition, seemed to counteract that determination and, in almost a whisper, she said, "Come in, come in."

Following this woman, Lucienne did enter the shop, while the former busied herself in pouring out some lemonade from a large carafe and placing it, with some *brioches* and a bunch of grapes, before her. After which, and while Lucienne was drinking the welcome beverage, the other bent over her counter, and said in a low tone, though not before she had cast careful glances across as well as up and down the street:

"Madame's disguise is excellent—in part. Yet—yet—if I might counsel her! Her face—the shape of her hands—the lack of any signs of hard work, betray her. I would suggest she should at least stain her face——"

"Is it so perceptible?" Lucienne stammered, paling a little, while she recognised a moment later that here was one who was no Revolutionist, one who would not denounce her. "You deem that I am a——"

"I know it! But that does not matter; the fear is that others should know it too."

"What shall I do?"

"Do? Why—nay!" she broke off, "do nothing for the present except turn your back to the window, so that none shall see your face. Three or four of those men in the street are coming this way; you have aroused their curiosity, perhaps their suspicions. Yet, do not fear, I can make it right, I hope; take your cue from me, Madame. And—and—slip off your wedding-ring." As she spoke, she suddenly turned round to the shelves at her back and dragged out a great jar of wine and rapidly filled two glasses, while removing at the same time the lemonade. Then, even as she did this, two repellent-looking men, on one of whose foreheads was a smear of blood, while the other bore marks of the same thing on his clothes, drew near and glanced into the window.

"And so, Margot, *ma petite*," the woman named Agathe Verac said now, in loud, clear tones, "and so you have reached Paris at last, and are come to help your poor old aunt at her business. Well, you arrive at the right moment—to see the downfall of a tyrant. *Fichtre!* Capet and all his brood are doomed. Come, another cup to our brave comrades of the nation. Down with it," and she bent forward and clinked her glass against Lucienne's, while motioning to her with her eyes to drink without hesitation.

"*Bon—bon, ma petite nièce!*" she cried, pouring out more wine; "*bon, mon enfant!* Now, see, we will make you drink so many toasts to the Nation ere you have been here a week, that we will ruin that peach skin of a complexion which you have brought from the country; which," she added, "will be a good thing. You will have to work hard here, and we want no namby-pamby looking aristocratic faces in Paris; that will never do for us. Drink, therefore, child, drink. *A la santé de la Nation!*"

"Citoyenne," said one of the men outside, while thrusting his head in at the open door, "if there is so much liquor going, we could drink a toast or two ourselves," while as he spoke he strode into the shop and took up a glass. "Come," he went on, "don't be niggardly; pour out, and let us have a drain together."

"Good," said Agathe Verac, while she held the wine-jar half turned down in her hand; "good, you shall have a drink. Yet only for one consideration, which is, that you drink to the downfall of the tyrant; not otherwise! No toast, no drink!"

"The downfall of the tyrant!" cried the man. "Why, *ventreboumine!* What have I been working for all night? What have I been slaying *Les Suisses* and the aristocrats for, *hein? Ho-hé!* Give me and Gilles the drink!" Whereon he seized the jar and poured out a glassful for himself and drank the toast, and then filled another for his comrade, who imitated him.

"While, as for you, *ma belle*," he said, looking at Lucienne, who still kept her face turned as much away from him as possible, "do what your good aunt tells you. Drink plenty, work hard, and, above all, get rid of that rose-and-milk complexion. Otherwise you will one day be taken for a vile aristocrat and then—well, the aristocrat's friend, the Devil, won't be able to save you."

After which, both the men strode out of the shop, the second giving Agathe Verac a piece of advice at parting.

"Citoyenne," he said, "if you are wise you will put up the shutters again for to-day. We mean to make a *fête* in honour of the great deeds of last night; those who keep their shops open and work to-day will not be considered as good citizens. Shut up the business and take your niece out to see the sights. There are some brave ones, I swear!"

One part of the ruffian's advice was followed by the good woman; she did close the shop for the day, a thing which

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Lucienne offered to assist ner in doing, but which she would not hear of. The other part, that of going out to see the "sights" was not indulged in, but, instead, the two women retired into a back room together, Lucienne doing so without experiencing the slightest compunction in trusting herself in this woman's hands after the manner in which she had been assisted by her. She knew, she felt sure, that here, in this humble though quick-witted shopkeeper, Providence had provided her with a friend, an auxiliary, who might be, and seemed as though she was very willing to be, of vast service to her. Nor did she hesitate to tell Madame Verac so as they sat in the back room together, while now the woman forced her to partake of a substantial meal and promised her a good bed and rest later—indeed, she not only told her so, but blessed and thanked her over and over again.

"I see now that, but for you," she said, "I should not have deceived these monsters for many days. Oh! thank God, thank God, that He directed my steps towards your house!"

"I thank God, too," said Madame Verac with solemnity. "Indeed, I do, for I assure you, madame, that in spite of your cap and scarf, as well as that coarse dress which is not truly yours, you would not have deceived many of them for long. Alas! they can scent out an aristocrat as easily as a dog in Perigord can scent out a truffle, and, if not the men, then their women can do so."

"Your sentiments are not with the—the——"

"The murderers of last night; the assassins of the Swiss Guard and the nobility! Ah, God forbid! Madame, I was nurse in the house of the De Rochefeuille's for five and thirty years, and maid, too, to Madame La Duchesse de Rochefeuille who is now a prisoner in La Force."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lucienne, while her heart seemed to beat against her breast at the last name; "at La Force! My God! At La Force!"

"Madame," the other said, observing her emotion, as none could have failed to do; "madame, what is it, what have you to do with that prison? Tell me, confide in me. You may do so. And perhaps, if anyone who is dear to you is there—your husband maybe, since you wear a wedding-ring—I might be of assistance to you. I am allowed to see my old mistress sometimes, and to take her little delicacies and occasionally to wash her linen—such as she has. Heaven knows it is not much, since the packets which are permitted in the prisons are very small. Tell me, madame, but speak low—very low. We are afraid of our own walls now—none know where a spy may have hidden himself."

Half-an-hour later Lucienne had told Madame Verac all, or very nearly all, of her story, one part alone being glossed over through her womanly sensitiveness, perhaps her womanly shame. She did not tell her newly-found friend of the state of things which existed between her husband and Adèle Satigny, and had existed long prior to his marriage. She could not speak of that to one who was still a stranger, nor dilate on an infidelity which had caused her to feel herself a degraded, insulted woman whenever she allowed her mind to dwell upon the subject. Instead, therefore, she simply said that he was cruel and insulting to her, while taunting her with the manner in which she had had to humble her pride of race in becoming the wife of one who was the son of such a man as his father had been; and she also stated that his adoption of the new order of things in France, and his rabid hatred of the Monarchy and aristocracy had been the culminating point which drove her to endeavour to quit France.

"And so," exclaimed Madame Verac, when the narrative was concluded, while still she spoke in whispers and with always upon her that terror which was now over all in France who did not welcome the Revolution—a terror of which it has been said that it caused people to be afraid to speak to each other in the streets, to be alone in their own rooms, or to converse above their breath; "and so you are the last of the D'Aubrays. Ah! what a noble family—what legends are told of them! 'Tis indeed a mercy you have escaped out of the hands of the Jacobins."

"Yet now," said Lucienne, with a pale ghost of a smile, such a smile as might well have brought the tears into the eyes of any who saw it, "now, do you know what I desire most of all to do?"

"What?" exclaimed Madame Verac, speaking as before in a whisper, yet a whisper which had in its tones some expression that denoted lurking fear and dread. "What? For the love of God, madame, do not desire, do not endeavour to do anything rash. Anything," she added, while sinking her voice still lower, if such were possible—"that may lead to—to—— "

"I know what you would say. Yet, listen, I beseech you. Ah! listen. You spoke of me this morning to those hateful men, those ruffians stained, as I could see, with the blood of their overnight victims, as—as your niece, Margot, fresh from the country! Ah! my friend, my friend, I must in truth be that niece if you will but let me. I must—I must—get admission to——"

"Where?" the elder woman exclaimed, her face white, her lips trembling now.

"To"—and Lucienne's own voice sank to its lowest depths—"to La Force. Oh, I must! I must! Think of what he did for me. Think how he risked his life, his freedom, everything, for me; think of how safe he was in that ship of his, and surely there is no safer place in all the world, no greater place of security for an Englishman than in an English ship of war—and, oh, think of him now! God! I must find him—see him—save him, if I can—or die with him."

"It is impossible," the other said; "impossible. You might get in, it is true, and die with him, but, as for the rest, it could never be."

"It could be and it shall be. Remember I am your niece, the niece of the old servant of Madame la Duchesse de Rochefeuille, of the woman who sometimes takes her little delicacies, who fetches away her linen and takes it back to her. Remember that I beseech you; on my knees I implore you to remember that. And, one day, you might be ill; your niece would go in your stead. With my face stained, my hands made coarser—even my hair dyed or darkened—none could discover me. And—and—ah, I might see him—at least I should see the prison—I might observe something."

"Stay! stay, madame," said Agathe Verac; stay! Let me think;" while, acting on her words, she did think for some moments during which Lucienne kept silence. Then, at last, she spoke again, still in a whisper:

"But yesterday I conveyed a message to the Duchesse from a friend outside ——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Lucienne, pressing both her hands to her heart as though to still its bursting. "Ah! A message! Can that be done?"

"In three little strips of paper rolled up," went on Agathe, "and each one placed in a hole bored through some sticks of cold asparagus which I had cooked for her. Yet I could not do that again; they would suspect. Everything is scrutinized so carefully by the *concierge*——"

"But there are a thousand other ways," said Lucienne, "that we might devise; and—and—the Duchesse would perhaps communicate with him. Oh!" she gasped, "help me; help me. By to-morrow I will think of a dozen methods of sending a message first, and then of obtaining admission myself."

"It will not be easy; these chances do not come often. And the *concierges* are getting cunning since they have found out so many ruses of the outside world for communicating with those in the prisons. They know now that the paper which wraps up eggs, or butter or cheese, or a bunch of grapes has sometimes one word scribbled on it in pencil, or that each piece has a letter which, when all are put together, help to form a word—ah!" she broke off to exclaim, while as she did so a harsh voice was heard bawling in the street outside; "ah! there is the *colporteur* with the journals," while, thrusting her hand into her pocket, she brought out some sous and then went to the shop door and opened it.

"Now," she said, "we shall hear something of last night's doings. At present, I know little more than you have told me. Yet I can understand."

Then, as the door was opened by her, the man's voice was heard plainly crying out, "*Le Courrier, Le Moniteur, Le Thermomètre du Jour, La Chrônique de Paris!* All the news! Treachery of the Swiss Guards against the Nation! Duplicity of Louis! Louis sent to *Les Feuillants!* End of the Capets! The Nation triumphant! *Vive la Nation! Deux sous le Numero. Le Courrier, Le Moniteur*," etc., etc.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A. L."—On board every vessel in the Navy, such as, for instance, the "Majestic," there is a compass closet, where are stored, ready and waiting, "Dent" compasses, to the exact number of the boats on board. Each compass costs £9 10s. They are beautifully made, carrying a candle-lamp and binnacle, are 13½-in. by 11-in. in size, and are the best that can be turned out. Each coxswain knows exactly where to find his compass. It is the first thing he sees to when the order is given to lower boats, and not many seconds have passed, you may be sure, before he has it stowed away at the stern of his boat.

* * * *

"JOHN BULL."—There is nothing unprecedented in the fact of commanders in the field with allied armies exercising the command on alternate days. Marlborough had to content himself with this fractional command on occasions, and it was doubtless this precedent that led to its adoption, in at least one modern instance, when the allied French and British armies were operating in China in August 1860. We read in Lord Loch's reminiscences of the campaign that "to obviate as much as possible the inconvenience and uncertainty that is inherent in divided command, it had been arranged between Sir Hope Grant and General de Montauban that they should take alternate days for commanding in the field." Charles I. solved the difficulty by himself taking the command of the Royalist Army; but the selection was disastrous, for no sooner had he accepted Prince Rupert's advice than another favourite would gain his ear during Rupert's absence and fresh plans would be resolved on, and so on.

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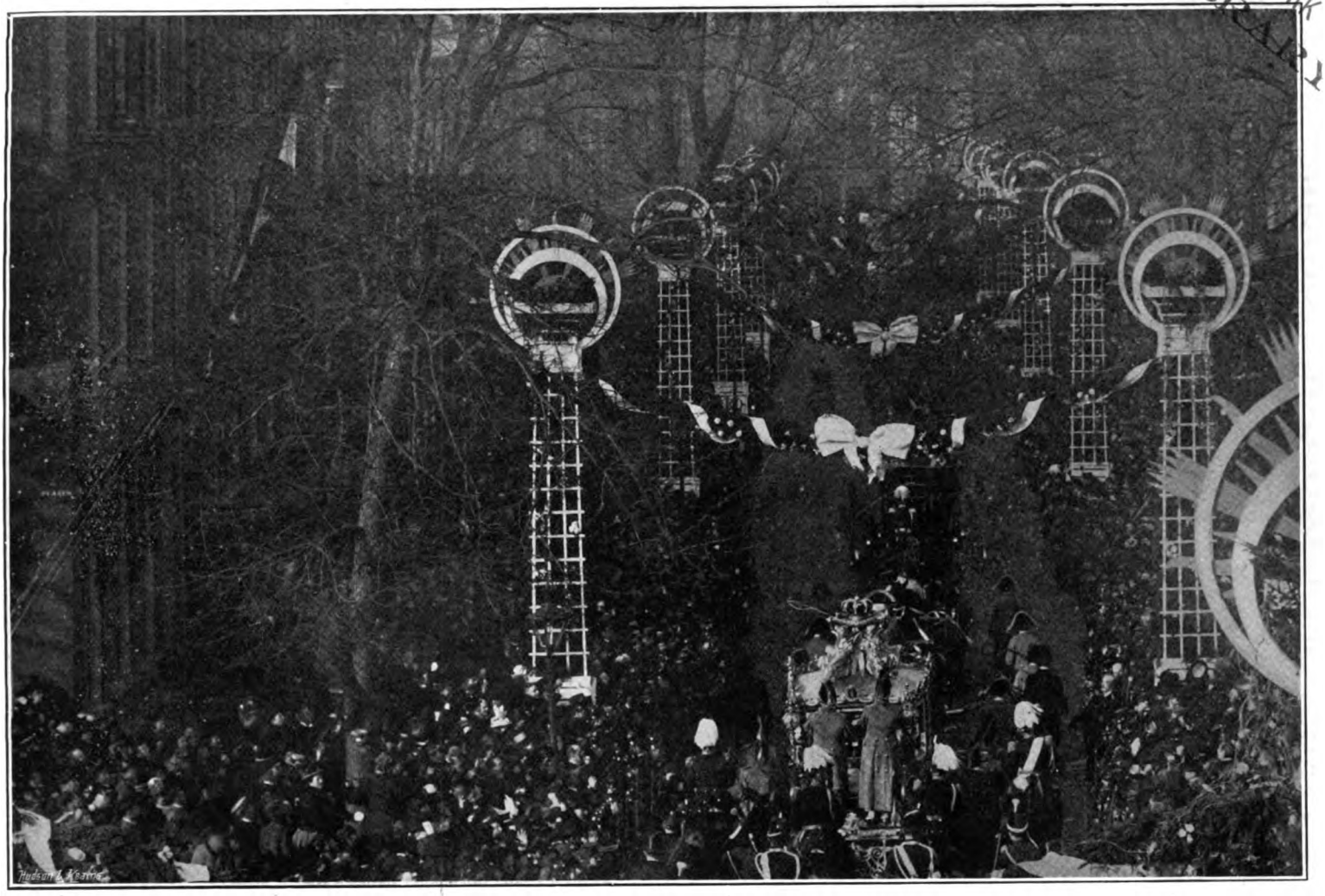
Queen Wilhelmina's Wedding.



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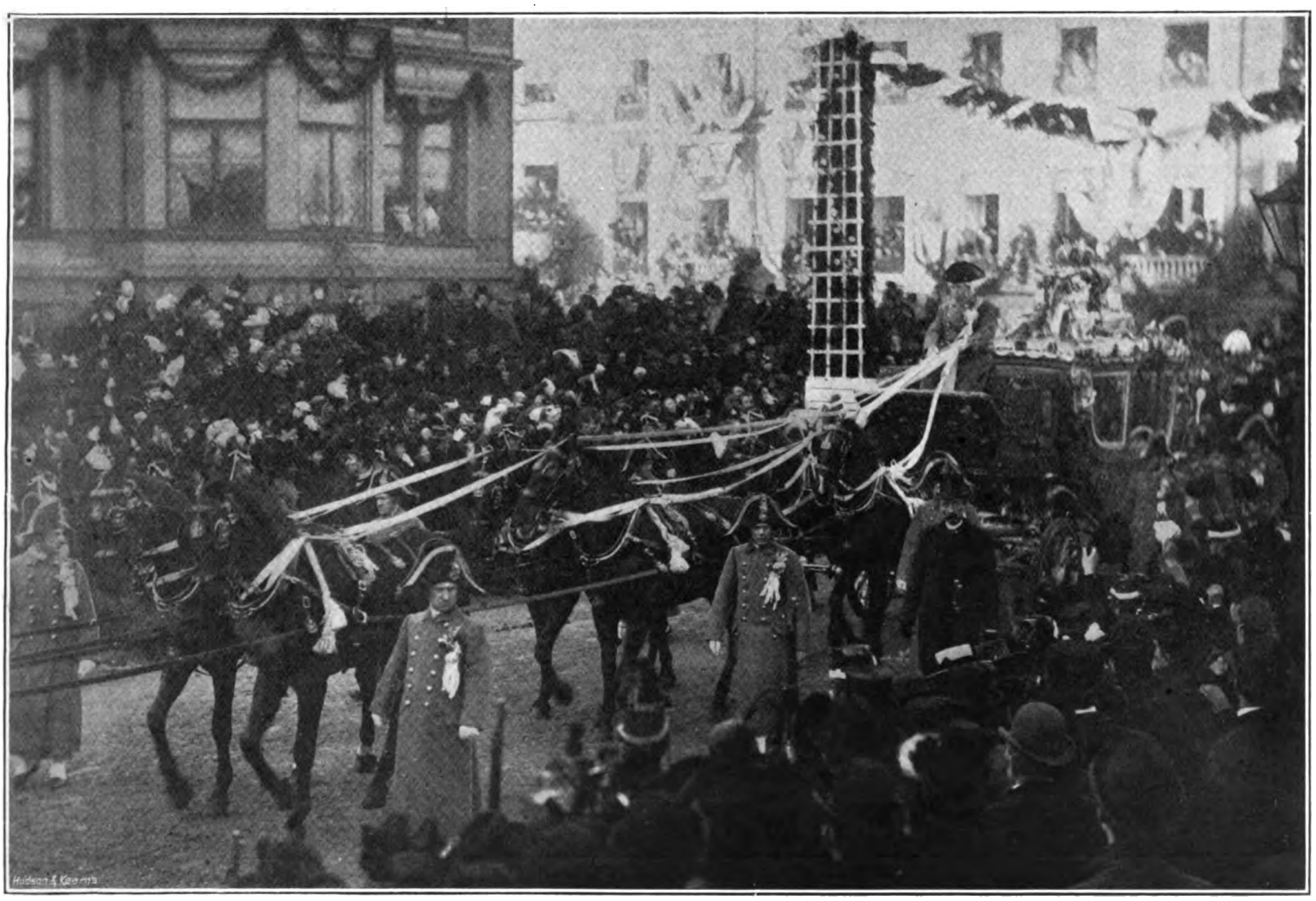

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RETURNING THROUGH THE GRAVESSTRAAT TO THE PALACE.

After the civil ceremony in the Royal Palace, the bride and bridegroom drove in State to the church, where Pastor Van Der Vlier pronounced the Benediction and gold rings were exchanged. Queen Wilhelmina and Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, having received the congratulations of their families, returned to the Palace through the Vijverburg amidst every demonstration of loyal affection.

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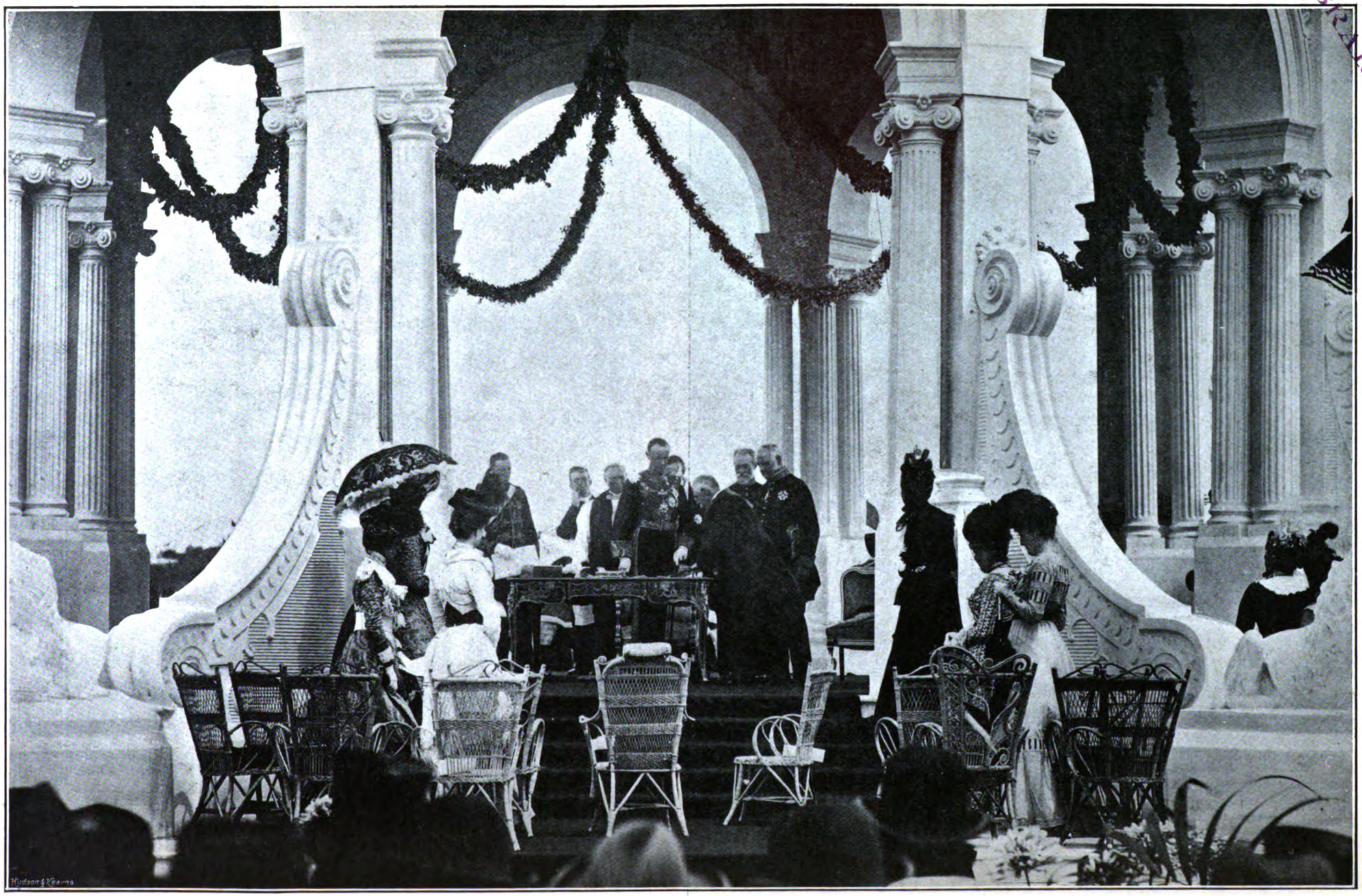
The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth.



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SWEARING IN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The ceremony took place on January 1 in a pavilion in Centennial Park. This was a handsome structure in pure white, emblazoned with the names of the federating colonies. It was erected in a level hollow in the park, surrounded by rising ground forming a vast amphitheatre, which enabled thousands of people to witness the proceedings. After a special prayer by the Archbishop, Lord Hopetoun took the oath of office, which was the signal for firing a salute, the National Anthem was played by the massed bands, and prolonged cheers were raised.

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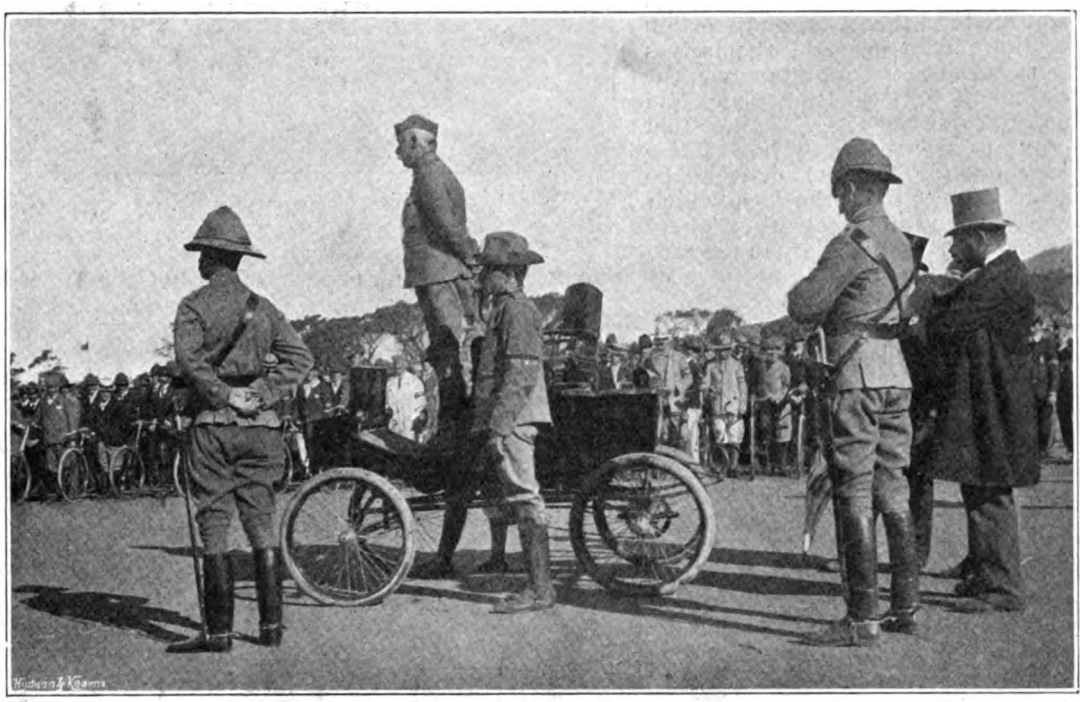
Preparing for the Invasion at Cape Town.

IT would be idle to deny not only that the last few weeks have witnessed a great recrudescence of Boer activity, but that this has aroused a keen feeling of disappointment. There was a time not so long ago when everyone in this country hoped, and most people believed, that the war was practically over. Such wars as that in which we are engaged usually pass through three stages. There is, in the first instance, the period of pitched battles; then, when the stern arbitrament of combat has decided upon which side victory is to rest—and in the present case the ultimate result was, of course, certain from the first—we reach the stage of guerilla warfare, to be followed in its turn by the mere predatory raids of marauding bands. In the present contest, we have left far behind the period of regular hostilities, and it seemed a few weeks ago as if guerilla warfare—even in a country so suited to it alike by natural conformation and by the sparseness of its population—was drawing to its end, and would leave us nothing more to apprehend than the sporadic efforts of a few bodies of bandits recruited from the offscourings of Europe. Unfortunately these anticipations have been falsified by the event. When we first began to hear again with increasing frequency of encounters with considerable bodies of Boers, it was supposed by some people that this meant only that our troops were taking a more vigorous initiative. It has become clear, however, that this is not the case, and that we are confronted with the fact that the task of completing the pacification of the country still remains to be accomplished. There is, perhaps, some truth in the suggestion that to a great extent we have brought our present troubles on ourselves. We have been too lenient, particularly in the earlier stages of the war. We hesitated to proclaim martial law in districts which were notoriously disaffected, and even now we relieve of a great anxiety and a great burden the very men who are fighting against us, by undertaking the support of their wives and families. With their farms in our hands, and their women and children sheltered from all harm, those Boers still in the field, who are really former burghers of the defunct South African Republic and Orange Free State, may easily feel that they have not much to lose by continuing the contest as long as that store of rifles and that supply of ammunition on which we have not succeeded in laying hands continue to hold out. On the other hand, the more intelligent of them must surely sometimes ask themselves what they have to gain. They must see that ultimate victory is out of the question, and that the possibilities of intervention of which they once fondly dreamed are non-existent.

It is well that due weight should be given to these considerations. Of late, however, we have acted with more decision so far as martial law is concerned. We have been driven to recognise the necessity, and first one and then another district in the Cape Colony has been proclaimed, until there has seemed a possibility of this drastic measure being applied even to Cape Town itself. This energetic action on the part of the authorities has naturally met with the hearty support of all loyal citizens in the Colony, who have been unable to understand why it was not adopted before. Being on the spot, they have heard the loudly-raised voices of sedition; they have seen the scarcely veiled aid and sympathy extended to the foe; and they recognise that the only remedy is suppression by the strong hand. There can be no doubt that the presence of this sedition in Cape Colony itself was the determining factor in inducing the Boer raid into the Colony. De Wet, it will be remembered, was turned back in the early days of December, but soon after other parties of Boers invaded both the eastern and the western portions of the Colony. One force crossed the Orange River at Rhenoster Hoek, and a second band crossed near Sand Drift It was estimated in the first instance that the total force of the invaders was about 2,000 men, and this was probably under rather than over the mark. At one time a very gloomy view of the situation was adopted in Cape Town. Loot was probably one of the motives of the Boer raiders, but they were also undoubtedly impelled by a desire to obtain recruits, who, they expected, would join them from among their own relatives on the southern side of the border, and also from the general body of the Dutch population. To some extent, no doubt, their anticipations in this respect were realised, and they succeeded in obtaining a certain number of recruits; where, moreover, they did not secure active fighting assistance, they received in many districts all aid short of active participation. On the other hand, their looting propensities offended a great many who might otherwise have sympathised with them. It is doubtful, too, whether the recruits that joined them came anywhere near to their expectations, and it is probable that, in the long run, it will appear that from a military standpoint the incursion was never so formidable as it was supposed to be on the spot.



A SPEECH FROM THE MOTOR-CAR.
General Brabant and the Inspecting Officer Addressing the Men.

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A PARADE OF THE CAPE TOWN DEFENCE GUARD.
"*Three Cheers for the General.*"

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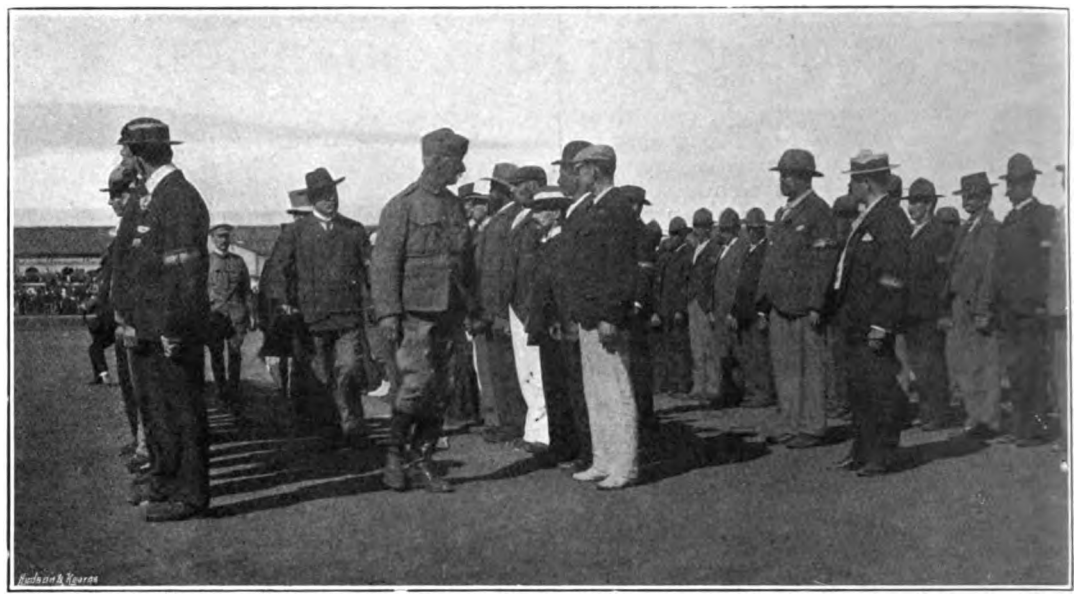
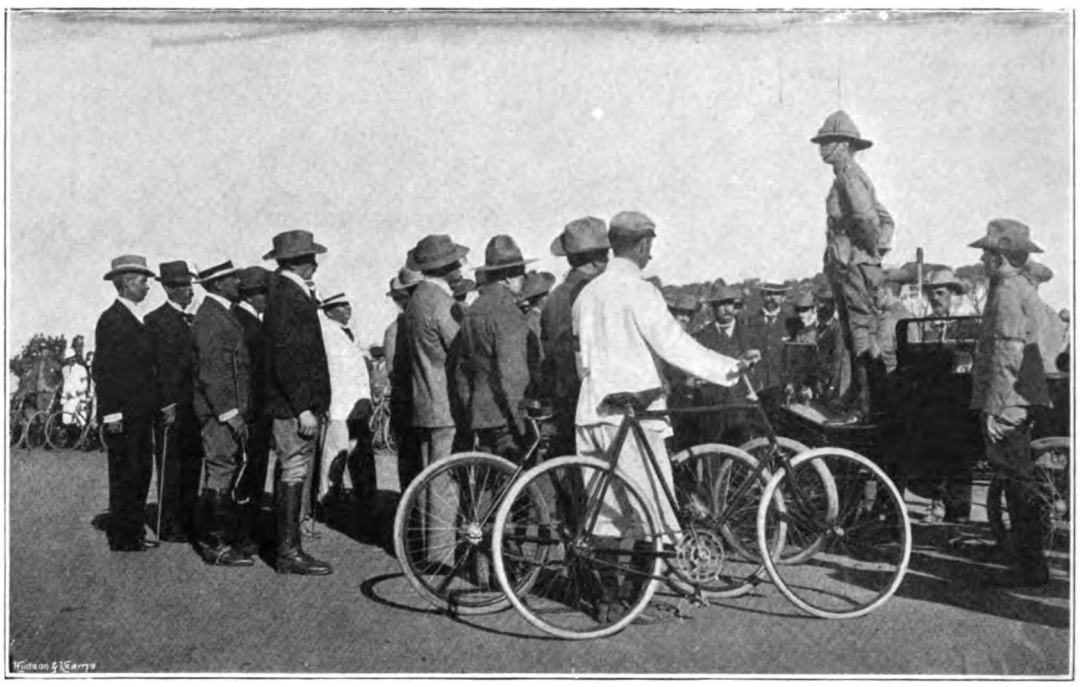


DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE."
General Brabant Inspecting the Defence Guard.

Even an unimportant invasion, if it be not instantly checked, looms large to those who may possibly be affected by it. The irruption of the Boers, however, had one effect that the invaders probably little anticipated. It brought forth a call for the enrolment of local levies of all descriptions—some for service at the front, others for the defence of their own districts—and this call met with an immediate and enthusiastic response among the loyal inhabitants of the Colony. Everywhere men hastened to enrol themselves, and "Have you joined yet?" became the common salutation of the day. It mattered not that a large proportion of those who enrolled themselves were absolutely ignorant of even the rudiments of drill, that many had but little idea of rifle-shooting, that only a few could ride. These were qualifications which could be acquired, and the enthusiasm which was aroused throughout the Colony brought forth the energy of the race and induced men to make light of difficulties. In all parts of Cape Colony armed forces sprang up as if by magic, and no amount of time seemed too much to give in order to acquire, as speedily as possible, such an elementary acquaintance with drill and the use of the rifle as should suffice under the peculiar circumstances of the case to render a man an effective combatant. All classes were drawn together; clerks and employers, lawyers and artisans vied with one another in their martial activity, and the result cannot fail to make itself felt in the future, not only of the Colony, but of the Empire. Our valuable and interesting series of pictures gives an idea of some of the scenes which presented themselves in Cape Town itself. The metropolis of South Africa was by no means behind any of the other towns and districts in the eagerness of its inhabitants to do what in them lay to resist invasion. The Drill Hall, where the enrolment took place, was besieged by crowds of volunteers eager to enter their names, while the pavement outside was dotted with groups of men discussing the circumstances, and the methods to be adopted to acquire the greatest amount of knowledge in the shortest possible space of time. Drill went on almost without interruption by night and day. The favourite spot was the parade ground, a large open space at the rear of the General Post Office, but the market square, unused buildings, and even quiet and comparatively deserted streets, all echoed to the sound of the drill instructor's voice. Then came the day when the newly-enrolled members of the Town Guard made their first appearance as a unit and were inspected on the Grand Parade by Colonel Cooper. About 3,500 men were on parade. A few were clad in khaki, with slouch hats, and this of course improved their appearance from a military point of view; others were in ordinary civilian dress, and their accoutrements were as varied as their attire. When a few simple movements had been gone through, General Brabant addressed the men, and told them, that no doubt so fine a force would speedily furnish a body of volunteers for the front. This produced a ringing cheer, and another went up when Colonel Cooper insisted on the importance of proficiency with the rifle. Truly such scenes as these enable the stay-at-home Englishman to realise the depth of the foundations of the Empire and the broad basis of love and patriotism on which they rest.



INSTRUCTION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.
Colonel Cooper Addressing the Captains of Companies.

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ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.
Saying Farewell at the Station.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

THE EAST INDIES STATION (*continued*).

AFTER leaving Mauritius, the usual course of procedure is to retrace one's path to India or Ceylon, by way of Madagascar and the Seychelles. Madagascar has no attractions for a sportsman, but the harbour of Diego Suarez is well worth a visit. This is the headquarters of the French squadron in these seas; the harbour is one of the finest in the world, a narrow entrance leading to a spacious basin capable of sheltering a large fleet. The entrance is defended by a fort on the south side, and could easily be rendered impregnable. The place is healthy in the winter months and the climate is delightful, a strong trade wind blowing regularly through the day and giving place to a land breeze by night. This part of the island—the north-east—is well suited for raising stock, and vast herds of cattle roam over the pastures. The surrounding country is well timbered and watered by streams, and admirably adapted for game, especially deer, but no large animals are indigenous to Madagascar, such as abound on the mainland adjacent. Thanks to my friend George Robinson of Mauritius, I was able to introduce some deer into the island, a couple of stags and some hinds, which were doing well when I last visited the place, and which, if not killed by the French soldiers, may form the nucleus of a herd.

Guinea-fowl are numerous in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and quail fairly abundant. A few semi-wild cattle are to be found in the woods, also wild pig, a kind of lynx, and thousands of lemurs, but that is all. Probably in the interior other species may exist, but we had no means of ascertaining. During our expeditions in the forest we came across specimens of the celebrated traveller's tree, also wild cotton, india-rubber trees, etc. There is also a poisonous tree of the acacia species, which it is as well to avoid. I managed to get stung by this tree; it put me in a fever for an hour or so, and the irritation, spreading up my arms, made me feel sick, and bathing only made it worse. I fancy this tree must be identical with the manchineel of the West Indies.

St. Juan de Nova, or Farquhar Island.

A ship leaving Diego Suarez, if bound to the Seychelles, must pass near to this place, a tiny speck on the chart, but which, though little known and seldom visited, deserves a passing notice.

Like other islands of coral formation, Farquhar lies low, the highest point being but 60-ft. above the sea, and is not visible from a ship's deck until she is close upon it; consequently ships usually give it a wide berth, especially as the currents run very strong in its neighbourhood and set dead on to the reefs which surround the island. But for a steamship, secure of her reckoning, there is no danger. The reef extends all round the weather side of the island, upon which the sea breaks heavily, but on the north-west or lee side there is an opening in the reef, forming an excellent harbour, wherein a large ship will find secure anchorage close to the shore. The island is a dependency of Mauritius, and is leased to a company for the manufacture of cocoanut oil; a considerable trade is also done with turtles, which frequent its shores in the breeding season. Maize has been cultivated, and grows to perfection. Millions of sea birds breed in the scrub, and land crabs of gigantic size and repulsive appearance are in countless thousands. A few guinea-fowls were introduced by Mr. Spurs, the proprietor, and they have multiplied to such an extent as to become a nuisance, consequently the sport with these wily fowl is first-rate.

A HUNTING PARTY AT MAURITIUS.

The first time we visited Farquhar we only remained twenty-four hours. We found the inhabitants, some twenty in number, in want of the necessaries of life, as they had not been visited by a ship for eighteen months; so having supplied their immediate wants, we took our departure, promising to return on our next round. This we did for three years in succession, on each occasion making large bags of guinea-fowl.

The island is a long narrow strip, in places only a few hundred yards across from sea to sea, covered for the most part with dense scrub and occasional clearings planted with maize. The birds roost in the scrub, and come out to feed on the corn at early morn and eve, so it is necessary to be astir at daylight. At the first shot clouds of guinea-fowl (pintares) rise and make for the shelter of the scrub, out of which it is difficult to get them. Our plan was to form a line, with a Bluejacket between each gun, and walk them up. The birds kept running ahead till they reached the sea, when they rose

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and came back overhead, giving us splendid rocketing shots. In this way we bagged 220 in two days, and if we had had dogs we might have doubled the bag, as we lost at least 50 per cent. in the bush.

Old Spurs was delighted at the slaughter of his guinea-fowl, and wished we had killed them all, as they destroyed his maize; but there is no fear of their being wiped out, unless by disease, as they breed twice in the year, and lay twenty to twenty-five eggs in a nest. Spurs introduced cats to destroy them, but without success, as the cats preferred young boobies and other seafowls, which were easy to catch.

Partridges would do well on the island, and as I was desirous of introducing them, I sent Spurs a crateful; but he would have none of them, and sent them back, and those which survived the journey were turned loose at the Seychelles. I also turned out six couple of guinea-fowl and some rabbits on Felicité, one of the group, and I heard afterwards that the birds were doing well, but that the rabbits were destroyed by wild cats.

Besides the attractions of guinea-fowl, there are on Farquhar wild pigeons, parrots, and curlew, and sea fishing and turtle turning in the season. Beautiful shells and corals may be gathered on the reefs, and there are fine sandy bays for seining. Egg-collectors could obtain some rare specimens from the seafowl. To sum up, I cannot imagine a more delightful spot for a yachtsman to spend a quiet time shooting and fishing, and if he be an artist he would find ample scope for his talents in reproducing the lovely emerald tints of the tropic sea, with a background of coral strand and waving cocoanut trees, and he might even pay his expenses by running a cargo of turtle to Mahé, the principal settlement in the Seychelles Archipelago.

The Seychelles.

A run of some 400 miles with a "soldier's" wind will carry a ship from Farquhar Island to this lovely group, the principal island of which is Mahé, the seat of government, and a favourite resort for His Majesty's ships, for there the Bluejacket is in his glory, dancing and flirting with the dusky maidens of that favoured clime. For the officers the attractions are perhaps not so great, but even for them there are social entertainments, such as dances and picnics given by the hospitable inhabitants, which are much appreciated by Naval officers after a sea cruise, also sea fishing, boat sailing, and seining parties.

The harbour of Mahé is sheltered from all winds, and large ships can moor head and stern inside the reef. Sport there is none, at least on the main island, but on Felicité, the property of Messrs. Baty, there is a little shooting, as I have mentioned. On some of the adjacent islands, such as Amirante, Indian partridges have been introduced and have multiplied, and there are a few on Mahé. The Seychelles are remarkable for being the home of the coco de mer, or double cocoanut, which flourishes on several islands of the group, notably on Praslin, where a fine avenue of this handsome tree still exists. It has been successfully introduced into other islands of the group, and in the Governor's garden at Mahé and on St. Anns some fine trees flourish, but the endeavour to introduce it elsewhere has not been attended with much success. I sent some germinating nuts to the Government Gardens at Calcutta, and to the Peredinya Gardens in Ceylon, but as the tree takes fifty years to bear, I am not likely to hear of the result. To plant the coco de mer it is only necessary to dig a hole sufficient to cover one-third of the nut, leaving the rest exposed. From want of knowledge of this fact I lost two plants which I transported to the Admiralty grounds at Trincomalee. The principal industry in the Seychelles is the cultivation of vanilla and cocoanuts.

Turtle are brought over from the neighbouring islands and kept in ponds, and giant land tortoises are also brought occasionally from the island of Aldabra, where they are indigenous; thanks to my friend, Mr. Baty, I obtained some very fine specimens of this curious creature, and I sent a pair to the Zoological Gardens, where they may now be seen. I also shipped a pair to Lord Lilford in Northamptonshire, where they lived for some years; one of the latter weighed 350-lb., and was probably over 100 years old. In the wild state they feed mostly on jungle leaves, but take readily to plantains, pumpkins, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables. They are harmless, inoffensive animals, and soon become perfectly tame. The climate of the Seychelles is salubrious, and it would be difficult to find a more pleasant winter resort, especially for an invalid. The inhabitants are mostly French creoles from Mauritius, with a mixture of African negroes, and the language is a vile patois of bad French and broken English.

A line of steamers touch regularly at Mahé *en route* to Mauritius, Diego Suarez, and Réunion, etc. Having now done with the islands in the South Indian Ocean, I shall recross the Equator and return to Indian waters and the sport to be obtained there.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, 22, *and January* 5.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

THE King, as a sportsman, has already been the subject of many an article, but few have attempted to give more than a slight sketch of the subject, nor, in the short space allotted to me can I hope to do even that; but perhaps I may be permitted to try to supply a deficiency which has been all too obvious in many of these sketches. The King, as Prince of Wales, was merely a country gentleman—the leader of country gentlemen, if you will—but he had no official responsibility, and his income did not depend upon land. If, then, all the days which he could snatch from representing her late Majesty at Court functions had been devoted to sport, and none to the pursuits of the landowner from a business point of view, I do not suppose any voice would have been raised in protest; but nevertheless the example would have been a bad one. I like the title that you give to articles by other pens in another page. "Soldiers and Sailors at Play" seems peculiarly apt in a country in which we are a little inclined to treat sport too much as a business. Perhaps the King's devotion to sport has led some few thoughtless men to think that sport should be the first consideration in any man's life; if so, they have forgotten that the Prince of Wales had really no business to which he could turn his hand, except the management of a small Norfolk estate, which could not make much difference to his income in any case. That he made himself very busy in the public interest was all to his credit, and that he never spared himself when he had undertaken State work, such as that of his Indian tour is exactly what was expected of him; but even this took the form of a grand sporting tour, and perhaps added to the impression that the Prince's business in life was to be a good sportsman first, and everything else after.

* * * *

This, however, is the wrong view. That the King was a first-rate sportsman none will deny; nobody has authority enough to add a more telling or authoritative word to that which the late Duke of Beaufort said of him, and no one would say a word less. But, after all, to be a sportsman is, in Englishmen, almost the same thing as having opportunities for sport. It was not the Prince's fault, but his position, which made him appear more of a sportsman than a worker, but we shall probably now see that he only wanted the opportunity for work when, as Prince of Wales, he seemed to devote the majority of his time to sport. But this was only an appearance and not a reality, because his sport was in the knowledge of the public and the greater part of his life was private. I imagine that in future the King will not be less of a sportsman, but that his other work will be more in evidence; and that, therefore, although there may be no real change in the division of his time, yet there will, and cannot help being, an appearance of change. Sport, after all, in its best sense, is recreation, and not a business in itself, and it is a pity when circumstances make it appear otherwise in those whose leadership affects others. In future I should not be surprised, and should be glad, to see the King's sport enlarged to a greater extent than before; and after the period of mourning it may be that he will return to the Turf with more good horses than ever, bred either at Sandringham or Hampton Court; appear at some of the meets of the Buckhounds; have his annual deer drives, which he prefers to stalking, in the Royal Forest; preserve pheasants in Windsor Park and other Crown estates in a way that never has been attempted before, except at Sandringham; and, in fact, never forget that it is necessary for England to lead in sport as well as in business. However well the King may do things in future, there will be no possible chance of sport appearing to engross his attention too much, for he will be so much in evidence in every other direction as to make such a comparison impossible.

* * * *

That His Majesty has commanded that the Buckhounds hunt no more this season is only in accordance with the reverence he has shown throughout for the Throne and for his mother. I hear, too, that all his horses in training are to be sold, but that he will keep the Sandringham stud, which is evidence of his intention to return to the Turf, as is also the scratching of Ambush II. for the Grand National. The influence of a King in sport—one who has sampled it all and knows what is most fitting—will in many directions do great good. There have crept into it some evil influences of late years, and there is plenty to be done to get rid of them by example, and by the recognition of that only which is best. We want much less of the professional element in sports of most kinds.

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An Historical Group.

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THE LAST MEETING OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS AND HIS STAFF AT PRETORIA.

Key to Top (standing) Row, Counting from Left: Capt. G. F. Milne, R.A., D.A.A.G.'; Major W. Campbell, Gordon Highlanders, D.A.A.G.; Capt. A. C. M. Waterfield, I.S.C., Asst. Mil. Sec.; Lieut. H. T. Sawyer, A.V.D. Key to Second (standing) Row, Counting from Left: Lieut.-Col. G. F. Gorringe, R.E., D.A.A.G.; Capt. G. Knowles, 15th Hussars, Mounted Signallers, Army Headquarters; Lieut.-Col. J. S. Ewart, Cameron Highlanders, A.A.G.; Major J. E. W. Headlam, R.A., D.A.A.G.; Lieut.-Col. G. H. Sylvester, R.A.M.C.; Major J. S. A. Denison, Royal Canadian Artillery, A.D.C.; Col. H. N. Bunbury, Director of Transport; Major G. T. Forestier-Walker, R.A., D.A.A.G.; Surg.-Gen. W. D. Wilson, P.M.O; Lieut.-Col H. Cowan, R.A., Mil. Sec.; Major R. M. Poore, 7th Hussars, Provost-Marshal; Field-Marshal Earl Roberts; Col. J. L. C. St. Clair, D. J. Advocate-General; Major-General Lord Kitchener, Chief of Staff; Lieut.-Col. Sir H. Rawlinson, Coldstream Guards, A.A.G.; Col. (Local Major-General) G. H. Marshall, G.O.C., R.A.; Lieut.-Col. H. Sclater, A.A.G., R.A.; Col. (Local Major-General) E. Wood, Engineer-in-Chief; Lieut.-Col. R. L. Hippisley, R.E., Director of Telegraphs; Lieut.-Col. E. H. Bethell, R.E., A.A.G.; Major J. H. Poett, Dorset Regiment, A.A.G.; Capt. R. N Harvey, R.E., A.D.C.; Major G. Paul, A.S.C., D.A.A.G.; Major R. E. Gaisford, Royal Scots Fusiliers, A.A.G.; Major H. G. Morgan, A.S.C., A.A.G.; Major P. Hobbs, A.S.C., A.A.G.; Qr.-Mr. and Hon. Lieut. J. Bowers, A.S.C. Key to the Third (sitting) Row, Counting from Left: Major W. T. Furze, R.A., D.A.A.G.; Major C. Hume, R.A., Director of Mil. Int.; Col. I. Matthews, P.V.O.; Capt. A. Maxwell, I.S.C., Camp Commandant; Capt. J. H. H. Watermeyer, Cape Town Highlanders, A.D.C.; Col. (Local Surg.-Gen. W. F. Stevenson, P.M.O.; Major-General W. F. Kelly, Adjt.-Gen.; Col. E. Ward, A.S.C., Director of Supplies. Key to the Fourth (recumbent) Row, Counting from Left: Major O'Leary, Royal Irish Fusiliers, Director of Signalling; Major M. Sherston, Imp. Yeomanry; Capt. W. R. Birdwood, I.S.C.; Major W. R. Edwards, M.D., I.M.S.; Lieut. H. Wake, K.R.R.C., A.D.C.; Lieut. W. H. Cowan, R.N., A.D.C.; Lieut. Lord Settrington, Irish Guards, A.D.C.; Capt. Lord Kerry, Irish Guards, A.D.C.; Lord Stanley, Private Secretary; Lieut. Hon. J. Ward, Imp. Yeomanry, Press Censor; Capt. A. D. Kirby, R.A., A.D.C.; Major H. I. M. Hamilton, Royal West Surrey Regiment, A.A.G.; Lieut. Lord H. Scott, Irish Guards, A.D.C.; Lieut. Seddon, New Zealand Contingent, A.D.C.

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The Grief of Greater Britain.

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MOURNING THE QUEEN AT MALTA.

The Statue of Her Majesty Queen Victoria Draped in Black.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—No. 212] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, 1901.

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THE KING AND THE CANADIANS.

Having presented the men of Strathcona's Horse with their medals, the King came down the steps of the terrace, and, taking the flag in his hand, presented it to Colonel Steele with these words: "Colonel Steele, it was the intention of my beloved mother to have presented you with this colour. I do so now in her name and my own. Guard it in her name and my own."

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

The photograph of Rokeby Hall which was reproduced on page 530 in last week's issue, is the copyright of Messrs. A. Valentine of Dundee, and not as therein described.

New Cuffs for Old.

IF every article, like every sermon, had to be written upon a text, we should have this week a text to our hand. Let us give it out in the customary manner. In the latest official Navy List, at page 670, it is written:

"The regulations for the cuffs of the Flag Officer's full-dress coat are undergoing further consideration."

Now, the subject suggested in these lines might be treated in many different ways. It might be pointed out that it is necessary in the Services for all things to be done decently and in order, and that attention must be paid to correctness and propriety of costume. We might descant upon the greatness and goodness of our Naval administrators in regulating with scrupulous nicety even such a small matter as the cuff on a full-dress coat. Or, again, the text could be handled historically, and the gradual development of the cuff on the officer's full-dress coat traced from earliest times down to the pattern of to-day, the result of the "further consideration" above mentioned, of which a description has already been published in the newspapers.

But we will leave all these possibilities for other preachers, and confine ourselves to yet another way of treating our text. We will come at once to the heart of the matter, which sermons seldom do. We will try to indicate the futility and the danger and the folly and the wickedness of paying too much attention to trifles (such as the cuffs on full-dress coats). Mind, we do not for a moment assert that the Admiralty are guilty of this folly and this wickedness. We do not for a moment believe that they are. But, on the other hand, we do not for a moment doubt that the War Office has laid itself open to these charges over and over again; and what has happened in the War Office might conceivably happen at the Admiralty. If it should happen, then Great Britain's next Naval war will land us in difficulties as great as those in which we are floundering by reason of our present Military war, and they will be difficulties which we shall not be able to retrieve, as we are gradually retrieving our initial blunders and disasters in South Africa.

The tendency of the hardened official mind is always, in every age and in every country, to concentrate its energies, such as they be, upon the most trivial of details. Even powerful minds are hard put to it to keep a true perspective and see things as they really are when from day to day and from year to year they are called upon to deal with small questions of organisation—when their intellects are kept marking time instead of advancing to conquer fresh fields of thought and knowledge. And the percentage of powerful minds is not, so far as we have noticed, much larger among Government officials than in other walks of life. Some unkind observers have even hinted that it is not quite so large. No one can have failed to notice that, wherever any notable administrative reform is taken in hand, the impulse is from without, not from within. Government offices are, on principle, opposed to reforms. They have made their groove and they like to run in it, and anyone who proposes that they should take the trouble to make another is regarded by them, first as an impertinent fellow, next as a tiresome crank, and finally as a public enemy. "Upon my soul, you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know," protested Mr. Tite Barnacle, of the Circumlocution Office, to Arthur Clennam. And the only manner in which the public could get a Government office to do anything was further described—with Dickens's inimitable humour—by the other, airy, up-to-date young Barnacle. "You'll memorialise that Department—according to regular forms which you'll find out—for leave to memorialise this Department. If you get it—which you may after a time—that memorial must be entered in that Department, sent to be registered in this Department, sent back to be signed in that Department, sent back to be countersigned by this Department, and then it will begin to be regularly before that Department." No one who has experience of the ordinary methods of a Government office will deny that the picture is, allowing for the exaggeration of satire and indignation, just about as true to-day as it ever was. The Circumlocution Office is a perennial type. Its forms may have altered since "Little Dorrit" was written, but its spirit is the same.

Custom and precedent are good servants but bad masters.

> "What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
> The dust on antique time would lie unswept;
> And mountainous error be too highly heaped,
> For truth to overpeer."

We need administrators who will sweep away this dust and level these mountain ranges of error and indolence of mind. The situation of England to-day demands above all things clear-headed foresight and freedom from the fetters of bureaucratic convention. Small points of discipline and order may be left to small people. This is no time for any whose minds are fitted for large decisions and great enterprise to be cumbered about with much serving. If a dress-coat is to have a new cuff, let some tailor settle it under the supervision of a minor clerk. It is not about the coats of our sailors and soldiers that we need be careful, but about the men who wear them. Once more we say that at present we believe the Admiralty to be rightly busied with important affairs. All the same, this egregious notice in the Navy List is a reminder that this Department, like all other Departments, has a tendency to go the way of official flesh, and to occupy itself with trumpery details, even at a moment when every nerve ought to be strained in the accomplishment of matters that affect the very life of the nation.

Fortunately the nation has its eyes wide open to the importance of the issues that depend upon Great Britain's Naval supremacy. For ourselves, we are not inclined to take so gloomy a view as that which some writers on Naval questions have lately been putting forth. This is a critical year for us to pass through, for at this moment our strength is undoubtedly below the standard which we aim at and hold to be necessary to our secure position. But with careful diplomacy we ought, by all present appearances, to be able to avoid any causes of war until our ships now on the stocks are ready for sea service. By the beginning of 1902 we shall have three fleets in commission, the Channel, the Mediterranean, and the Home Squadrons, the last-named consisting of the ships that are stationed at various points on the coast. Each of these fleets will be composed of modern ships. We shall be in a position then to face with tranquil assurance any conceivable combination of Powers that might set its battle in array against us. But let no one suppose that even then we shall be in a position to fold our hands and desist from our labour. Conditions of Naval warfare change almost from month to month, possible adversaries grow stronger, possible allies change their policy. We must rely (under Heaven) upon ourselves alone, upon our constant readiness to repel attack, upon our never-ceasing preparation against every possible event.

THE Committee of Governors of the Drummond Institution for the orphan daughters of soldiers are anxious that the benefits of the institution should be made known to the widows of soldiers killed in the war in South Africa. The Editor, it is needless to say, has the greatest pleasure in acceding to the request of the committee that publicity should be given to the objects of the institution in the columns of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. Not a few cases have come to his notice during the war in which widows and orphans have failed to receive all the assistance they might perhaps have received, if the existing sources of charity and relief were more generally and completely known. Officers commanding regimental districts in particular will do well to cause attention to be drawn to the Drummond Institution at the various regimental depôts. It should be stated that girls are admitted to the institution from seven to twelve years of age, and no distinctions are made as regards religion.

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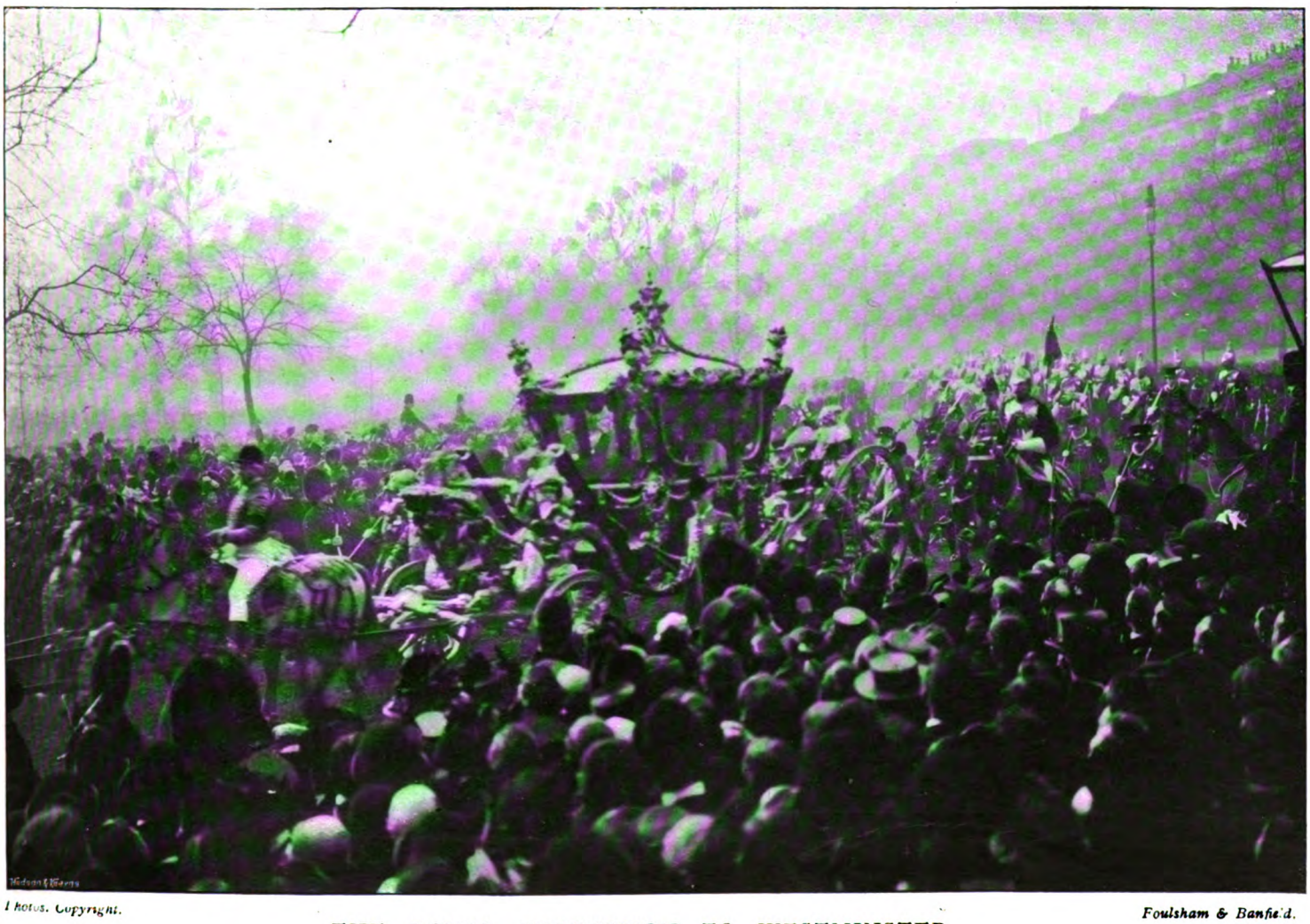
The Opening of Parliament.

THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY.

THE ROYAL BODYGUARD OF YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

This Ancient Corps Claimed and Exercised the Right on this Occasion of Forming an Escort to the State Coach. In Full Dress of Scarlet and Gold, Profusely Decorated, and Armed with Halberds, they Made a Brave and Martial Show Marching Down the Mall.



Photos. Copyright. *Foulsham & Banfield.*

THE ROYAL PROCESSION TO WESTMINSTER.

The State Coach, Drawn by Eight Cream-coloured Horses, Attended by Gold-laced Footmen and a Brilliant Escort, Passed Down the Mall between Dense Crowds of People, who Gave its Royal Occupants an Enthusiastic Welcome, the King and Queen Graciously Acknowledging the Salutations of their Subjects.

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The Opening of Parliament by the King in State.

THE STATE COACH ARRIVING AT VICTORIA TOWER, WESTMINSTER.

"The great panels of glass in the State coach permitted everyone to see the King and Queen, who sat on His Majesty's left hand, quite clearly, the King looking an ideal King in his Field-Marshal's uniform, the Queen looking younger and handsomer than ever, and sweetly pathetic with her tiny diamond crown and long black veil draped at the back."

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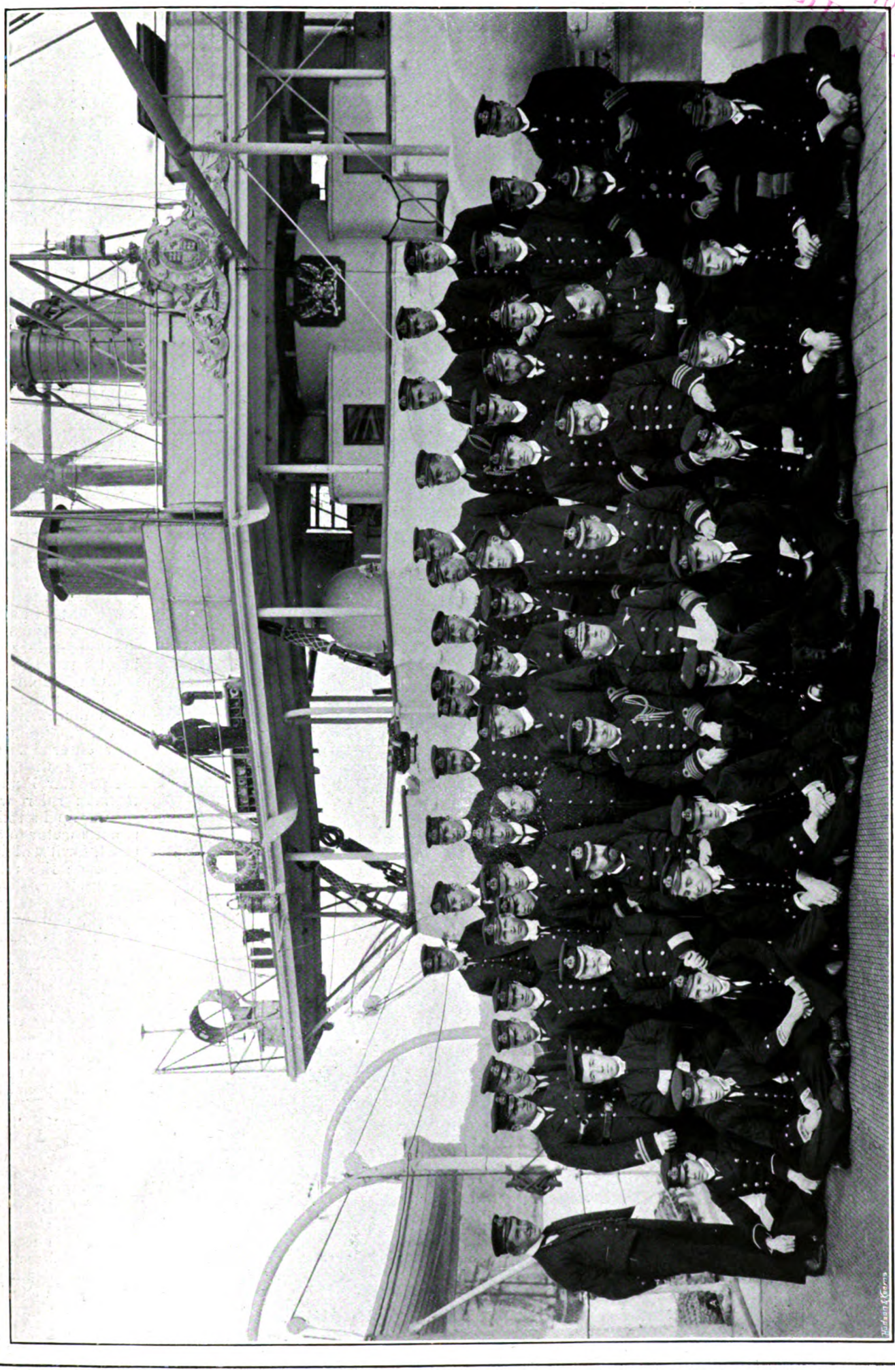
The Second in Command of the Mediterranean Squadron.



REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND OFFICERS OF THE "RAMILLIES."

From a Photo. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by Mr. R. Ellis on Board the Flag-ship.

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ROUND THE WORLD

GREAT disappointment would undoubtedly have been caused in all the colonies, and, by sympathy, in this country also, if the Duke of Cornwall and York's intended visit to the cities of the Australian Commonwealth had been abandoned. The late Queen was greatly beloved throughout her possessions, and the occasion is an excellent one for strengthening the regard for the Royal Family which already exists in every part of the Empire. It was clear that the visit would have a most gratifying effect, and would be peculiarly welcome at this important period in the history of the Commonwealth so happily created in the last year of Queen Victoria's reign. It is, therefore, on all grounds gratifying that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have been able to return to the original arrangement, which was tentatively in abeyance at the time of the demise of the Crown. The visit will now have even greater significance, and will arouse still greater enthusiasm, because the Duke actually stands next to the throne. As was the case with his father, he is desirous of visiting the outlying parts of the Empire, and it is good that the future ruler should be known to as many of his father's subjects as possible. Therefore, the further the journey can be extended the better. All Englishmen, and all colonials too, are most delighted to see the Duke restored to health after the sharp attack which unfortunately prevented him from taking his intended place at the funeral of the late Queen.

Photo. Copyright. BALMORAL, FEBRUARY 2, 1901. *J. J. Johnston*

Our Picture shows the Tower at Balmoral on the Day our Loved Queen was Borne to her Last Resting-place. The Royal Standard was Flying at Half-mast, and the Clock was Stopped—in accordance with an Old Scottish Custom—at the Hour of Her Majesty's Decease

MANY of the German papers laboured hard to explain the Kaiser's lengthened stay in England. They did not realise the feeling of family piety which prompted him to his ready solicitude. No one, we may be sure, desires to attach undue political significance to the spontaneous action of the Emperor, or to build an imaginary alliance on such a foundation. To do so would be unjust to a ruler who has shown himself on a multitude of occasions to be above all things a German of the Germans. His subjects need have no fear that William II. will ever place the interests of his country in a secondary position. Such political meaning as it is possible to read into the Kaiser's sojourn among us must arise from the higher appreciation of his character and friendliness which we now entertain. Germans, too, are realising this, and the popular liking for the German ruler which has sprung up in this country is not a factor to be underrated, for it will favourably influence the relations of the two Powers where common interests are concerned, and will lead to friendly co-operation. It is, indeed, most gratifying to witness the very cordial relations which the King has established and maintains with his Imperial nephew.

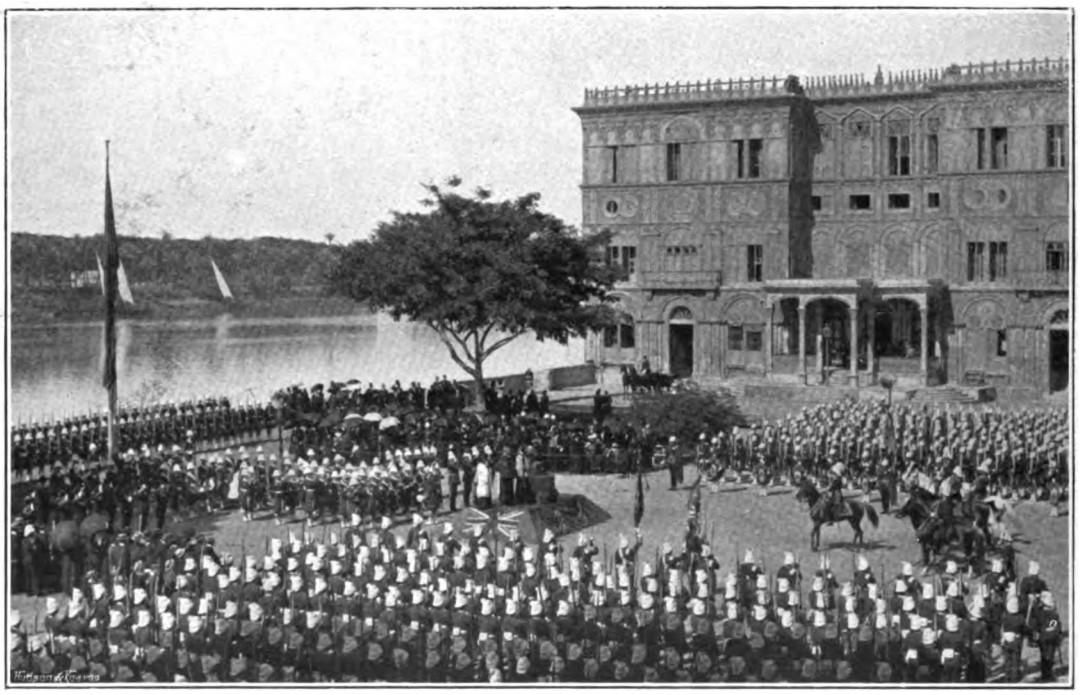

Photo Copyright "GOD SAVE THE KING." *"Navy & Army."*

Nowhere more than in Cairo was the Proclamation announcing the Accession of Edward VII. more Enthusiastically Received Our Picture shows the Historic Scene at the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks at Cairo at the moment when the Royal Standard was being Hoisted and the Enthusiastic Plaudit of "God Save the King" was Ringing Out.

THE welcome given last week to the 400 officers and men of Lord Strathcona's Horse was not less warm because by the death of Queen Victoria it was shorn of something of the festivity that would otherwise have characterised it. The Canadians have proved their loyalty too well for England to

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be forgetful, and we watch the advance of their country with unfailing interest. The federation of the Canadian provinces and the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway were Titanic steps in the advance, and Sir Charles Tupper, like Sir Wilfred Laurier, has deserved well of the country. The Dominion House of Commons has assembled in mournful circumstances, and its touching address to the throne will be graven in memory. But it has met to deal with prosperous conditions, and to continue a great work of consolidation and development.

THE Dominion has progressed indeed along with the rest of the Empire. On the other side of the world, in Burma, we have a country which benefited immensely by the hoisting of the British flag under Queen Victoria's rule, and as part of her Indian Empire. The last year was the most prosperous and tranquil which the country has experienced since it was incorporated in her dominions. The extension of the railway and the increase in the facilities for navigation are doing much to give quiet and prosperity, and when a better judicial system has been introduced for the densely-populated parts of Lower Burma by the institution of a separate judicial service, as in the older provinces, the conditions making for content will have increased.

EVENTS in South Africa continue their slow progress towards eventual conciliation. The invasion of Cape Colony did not realise the great expectations of the Boers, and the excesses they have committed have disgusted all well-wishers of the country. Unless De Wet can exculpate himself from the charges of murder brought against him, his name will evermore be execrated instead of being enrolled among those of brave but misguided men. General Vilonel, who was in command of a large force of the enemy before he came into prominence, has said with truth that the Boers are doing incalculable damage to the country, but that the prolongation of the war will have the effect of preventing any rising in the future, since all those who are still in the field have nothing to lose. We may be sure that Lord Kitchener will make the settlement conclusive.

AFTER reading Lord Roberts's despatches, which were a new and striking evidence of his military genius, we understand a great deal better than ever before the magnitude of the task that was laid upon him, and which now rests upon his successor, and realise the enormous difficulties which have confronted both. The vast tract of country to be covered, the danger attending the long lines of communication, the need for hastening forward, and yet the strong reasons that might have held weaker generals back, are all laid before us. We have long known the elusive skill of the Boers, but now we have before us the gallant Field-Marshal's testimony to their military capacity. The story of South Africa has been one of miscalculations and disillusionments, but Lord Roberts, at least, never, even at the very outset, failed to form a correct estimate of the military problem. Few men outside a general's staff can realise the sleepless vigilance, the constant call for sound judgment, where the grounds for forming it are slight, and the vexatious and exasperating disappointments that are the daily lot of the soldier holding an important command in war. But these things should make us look kindly upon failure, and above all should lead us to give whole-hearted confidence to Lord Kitchener—the able successor of the good soldier who bears the yet unfamiliar title of Viscount St. Pierre—who is assailed by shameless traducers who hesitate at no audacious mendacity.

ONE man deserves special consideration from us in the South African business at the present time. This is Lethorodi, the Paramount Chief of the Basutos, who, as Sir Godfrey Lagden says, being threatened and cajoled by Boer emissaries, tempted by his own people to throw off the yoke of government, and taunted by all those who saw their advantage

CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Lord Kitchener is One of the Ablest Organisers the British Army has ever Possessed, and he has Found no Difficulty in Organising in "Kitchener's Fighting Scouts" a Corps Unique for the kind of Fighting the Campaign in South Africa Entails. Picked Men all, they are now Recruiting to Fill the Gaps Strenuous Hard Work and Fighting has made. They are Commanded by Colenbrander, One of the most Noted of Colonial Soldiers, and a Leader not only of Brilliant Ability, but as much Loved as he is Trusted by the Picked Men who are Serving under him.

KIMBERLEY LIGHT HORSE.
Recruits Wanted.
This Regiment is being Recruited to its full strength and all Recruits to be sent up-country to Lord METHUEN'S 1st Division.
PAY - - 5s. PER DAY.
Apply to Capt. DOOLEY, D. FENN, DRILL HALL, CAPE TOWN.

KEENER FOR GLORY THAN PELF.

The Kimberley Light Horse was Raised by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Commanded by Major Scott Turner, One of the most Lamented Officers who Perished during the Siege of Kimberley, and has seen Continuous Service since October 18, 1899. As our Picture shows, it is now Enlisting 100 Troopers to Bring it up to its Full Strength, and as the Two Stalwart Troopers standing behind the Recruiting Officer show, the Corps Manages to Collar Splendid Specimens of a Colonial Soldiery, as Good as Any the World can Produce.

Photos. Copyright. CYMRU O'R BYD. *C. H. Temple.*

"Welshmen from the World Over" is the Translation of the Title we have given our Picture, for it Depicts the Recruiting Staff of a Corps that is Welsh throughout. It is the Prince of Wales's Light Horse, Commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Owen Thomas. Naturally the Principality's Badges are the Chosen Badges of the Corps—(1) the Prince of Wales's Plume, and (2) the Red Dragon, the Badge of Cadwallader, Prince of All Wales, which our Inimitable War Office invariably Transmogrifies into a Griffin. Nevertheless, Welshmen Fight under it just as well.

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in the white man's struggle, never, by word or deed, stirred from his allegiance to Queen Victoria, by which he had decided to stand or fall. It appears from the latest report that the Boers were constantly disparaging the power of England in Basutoland, courting the natives to their side by threats and seductive promises, and stirring them up to quarrels amongst themselves. Sir Godfrey Lagden told them that this was a white man's war, and that they were only entitled to defend their border. When Maseru was threatened, he certainly took proper measures of precaution, and forts were constructed, armed, and provisioned, and partly garrisoned by a small force under Lethorodi's brother. The Paramount Chief himself offered 1,000 men, but the Resident Commissioner wished to avoid warlike demonstrations, and it was not until the garrison of Wepener was attacked that the Basutos were hastened to the border. Much is due to Sir Godfrey Lagden for his skilful and diplomatic handling of the natives at a critical time.

THE progress of affairs in China has been slow and heavy in the extreme. Mr. Joseph Walton, M.P., in his address on this subject before the Society of Arts on Tuesday, was naturally not pleased with all that has occurred. We ought to have taken vigorous steps after the *coup d'état* of 1898 to prevent the Dowager Empress from gaining power and setting aside the Emperor. That evil must be undone; there must be no more of the lamentable ignorance of China and Chinese affairs that prevailed at the Foreign Office, and to reverse the effect of the *coup d'état*, and work for a regenerated China, must be the duty of the Powers. Mr. Walton believes that the reformers are more numerous than many people suppose, and perhaps he is right, but stable government must be established, and security for the heads of reformers be secured, before these can be expected to speak out. To such a Government increased import duties might be allowed, but all likin should be abolished, the appropriation of funds by local officials on the pretence of inadequate pay should be a thing of the past, and all restrictions on navigation and commerce must be done away with. Above all, England must take her place in the settlement to which her vast interests entitle her. All this is excellent, but there are Powers now holding a voice in the settlement which, in the last troubles with the Celestial Empire, had not risen upon the Chinese horizon.

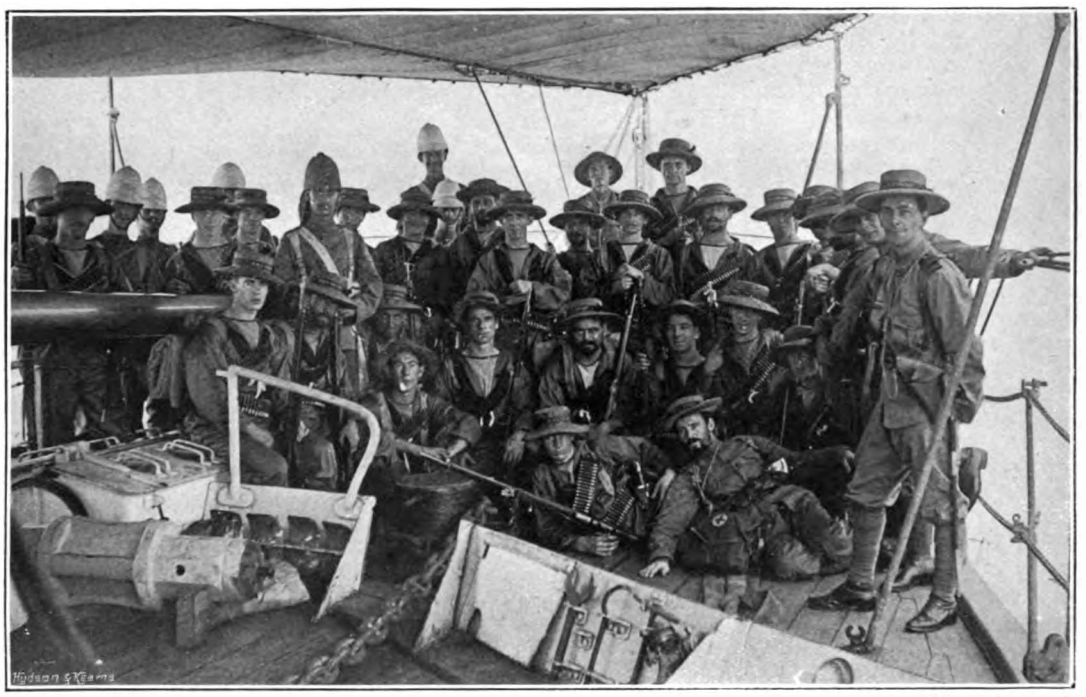

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

HANDY MEN—ALWAYS TO THE FORE.

As usual, the Handy Man has to Play his Little Share in the Trouble we have anywhere. This time he is doing his best with the Gambia Expeditionary Force, and our Picture shows a Landing Party from the "Dwarf" Fully Equipped for the Field. This Smart Little Gun-boat only Smelt Blue Water a few Months back, and her Crew are doing their First Commission in her on the West Coast of Africa. But they are in Luck, having got their Chance to see what the Seaman most Hungers for—Active Service.

Photo. Copyright. Mrs. Archibald Little.

BLUEJACKETS AND DIPLOMATISTS.

Our Photograph was taken on the Occasion of Sir Edward Seymour's Visit to the Friendly Yangtse Viceroy. In the Top Group (standing), from Left to Right, are: Lieutenant G. H. M. Fair, the Flag-Lieutenant; Mr A. J. Sundius, Consul at Nanking; Fleet-Paymaster F. C. Alton, the Admiral's Secretary; and the Viceroy's Interpreter. In the Bottom Row (seated), and in the Same Order, are: The Taotai of Nanking; Sir E. H. Seymour, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief on the China Station; Liu Kun Yi, the Viceroy of Nanking; Mr. Pelham-Warren, Consul-General at Shanghai; and Captain J. R. Jellicoe, C.B., Sir Edward Seymour's Flag-Captain.

MEANWHILE there is a disturbed situation in the country that ought not to continue. Pages might be filled with accounts of the robberies, lootings, and piracies in the Canton district. A short time since the village of Pa-Hau in the Sheung-Pun-U, about forty miles north of Canton, was surrounded by a large band of robbers, who demanded money and valuables, and stripped the place. The villagers complained bitterly that the soldiers would not help them, but the soldiers, on their part, declared that they were completely outnumbered by the marauders. This statement seemed to be supported by the fact that a party of them who had been active in arresting thieves were attacked at Lung-Wan, in the Pun-U, and four killed. Again, 300 soldiers were sent to assist the Hip Toi of Shui-Hing to hunt down robbers on the borders of Kwong-Sai, but they were attacked, a guard-boat burned, and one man killed. A punitive expedition was then sent up from Canton. A further outrage was the looting of the launch which runs between Canton and Yeung-Kong, the piracy being a business-like affair, for the robbers went at this work with a will, having evidently been apprised that specie was on board. They secured a sum of 10,000-dol., and one man, who attempted to defend his property, was killed. Much disturbance has also occurred at Ko-Iu, owing to trouble between converts and their neighbours. There is an evident need for strong and good government.

THE report of the National Rifle Association for last year is, on the whole, a gratifying one. Although many who would have taken part were absent in South Africa, the meeting was held in satisfactory circumstances. The entrance fees for prizes and pools fell off considerably, but this was perhaps inevitable, and the surplus in favour of the association has fallen from £28,625 to £27,952. The prize list underwent many alterations, which were generally approved. The most important change was in the introduction of a new competition in the sporting rifles class, provided by Mr. James MacNaughton, and shot for at 500-yds. with his patent double-barrelled sporting rifles. In the "Winans" competition telescopic sights were used with the service rifles, the target representing a mounted man partly hidden, but invisible to the naked eye, at 1,000-yds. Places in the prize list were gained by Messrs. Rigby and Mr. Mallock, and by Mr. W. Malcolm and Messrs. Julius King and Co. of New York.

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"Back to the Army Again!"

By An Army Reserve Officer.

ONE of the many and various side issues of the war in South Africa has been the recall to Army service of a number of gentlemen formerly holding commissions on the Active List, and subsequently belonging to what is known as the Reserve of Officers. Although it has been in existence a full score of years, and has frequently been alluded to in Parliament, as well as in Gazettes and other official notifications, during the past twelvemonth, the general public has probably a rather vague idea of this important institution, and the uses to which it has recently been put. The latter may seem to some trivial by the side of the larger questions which the war has brought to the front, and stay-at-home service of any sort is, of course, at a discount when the war-drum is throbbing. But this question of the Reserve of Officers is in reality one which lies at the root of our Military system, and to which special and searching enquiry will be devoted in the immediate future. Accordingly, the working during the past year of the present system, which has been largely experimental, merits attention from a public as well as a professional standpoint. The readers of this journal, too, will not, perhaps, complain if in the following brief sketch an attempt is made to brighten official fact by an occasional relapse into personal narrative.

The Reserve of Officers is composed of three classes. First come officers of the Regular Army who have retired "with liability for further service," by reason of the gratuity or retired pay which they received on leaving the Active List; next come ex-officers of the Regular Army who left without liability for further service, but who, either on leaving or subsequently, asked for, and obtained, a Reserve commission on the chance of making themselves useful on an emergency; and lastly, there are officers of the Militia and Volunteers who, on resigning their commissions in the Auxiliary Forces, have become Reserve officers in the next lower rank to that which they held on retirement. This brief statement indicates at once to those who understand these things the principal drawback to the Reserve of Officers as an aid to the Regular Army in a serious war, namely, the fact that it necessarily contains comparatively few subalterns. Of majors and captains there is an excellent supply, and a very fair sprinkling of officers of higher rank still. But the valuable subaltern of, say, five or six years' experience, who has not forgotten his work, and is ready at short notice to take his place in any regiment which has lost heavily in junior officers by war wastage, is sadly deficient, and naturally so. For when a man leaves the Army as a lieutenant, it is, as a rule, for reasons which tend rather to dissociate him altogether from Army life than to make him desirous of keeping up any sort of connection with it.

Officers who belong to the Reserve by reason of liability for future service can be called up without ceremony, but the average holder of a Reserve commission is not supposed to be employed, unless on an emergency, without being asked for his consent. Of course, in the case of the war in South Africa the emergency was clearly indicated, and the summons, therefore, was peremptory. "I am directed to order you to join the Depôt at —— for duty forthwith," was the particular mandate, signed "Evelyn Wood, Adjutant-General," which brought me and scores of others forth from our civilian retirement. In justice to the War Office it must be admitted that it does its best to ensure the prompt acceptance of its pressing invitation. Every Reserve officer on being called up is entitled to an outfit allowance of £100, and, as he is not obliged to provide himself with full dress, he can, whatever his circumstances are, find in this sum a margin for incidental expenses. The allowance, it is true, is not paid him until he has obtained his commanding officer's certificate that he has duly provided himself with outfit; but on the production of that certificate the £100 is paid at once, and if the officer has only recently left the Active List, and has his old uniform still by him, it is nearly all "found money."

On the whole, Government treats Reserve officers with considerable liberality. Those who retired without liability to serve receive, on being called up, the regimental pay and allowances of their rank, and, on the termination of their engagement, are given a gratuity of £100, with an additional £50 (for service abroad £100) for every completed year. Accordingly a captain who is called up for a year receives, in addition to his £100 outfit allowance, about £200 in pay, £100 gratuity on being relegated to civil life, and £50 for a completed year's service. If a man has been having a "dappled time," as R. L. Stevenson calls it, since leaving the Army, and is not sorry to get back to Military duties, the interlude of a Reserve engagement is neither unpleasant nor unprofitable. But, of course, there are many to whom the call to duty even at a Depôt means a heavy sacrifice. In some cases positions which simply cannot be kept open as in the case of Reservist privates have to be thrown up. I know of one instance in which an officer, on retiring a year or two back, bought a large business with a turnover of a good many thousands a year. He was just getting into the swing of this, and, being thoroughly wideawake and progressive, had achieved one or two important commercial successes, when the war broke out, and his liability as a Reserve officer brought him up for duty to a Dêpot. His pay and so forth are a mere flea-bite to what he may be risking by enforced absence from his business at a very critical moment. It must be remembered, too, that Depôt duty is a very different matter from war service, and, in many respects, much less pleasantly variegated than the life of an officer called out with an embodied Militia unit. Numbers of men who would gladly make any sacrifice to see the second, and to whom the latter is something of a holiday among old friends, find the routine of life at a Depôt, where for days together there may be only one or two dining members of the mess, exceedingly "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

My own experiences since I was called up have been anything but thrilling, but, personally speaking, I have no sort of grievance against the fate which brought me for an indeterminate period "back to the Army again." At the same time, it was a little disconcerting, after a good many years' absence, to find myself on joining ordered to take a party of recruits to a distant camp, and put them through the prescribed musketry course. Musketry had changed a good deal since I resigned my combatant commission, and my acquaintance with the Lee-Enfield was distinctly of the nodding sort. But the order, of course, did not admit of argument, and I was delighted to find that my party included a Sergeant-Instructor of long service whom I had known well and esteemed in bygone regimental days, and who, I was well aware, would be far more useful to me than ninety-nine out of a hundred subalterns. At first the sight of my recruits depressed me a good deal, most of my service having been in India, where your "men" *are* men, and can be treated as such. But my boys improved on acquaintance, and though here and there a "bad egg" was noticeable, the majority behaved capitally and did their best to turn out smart. What really did surprise me not a little was the fact that a very large proportion of these lads had a capital notion of shooting, and took a real interest in it. I fear that the kick of the old Martini-Henry would have produced very different results, but with the beautiful Lee-Enfield even youngsters who do not look more than sixteen seem to be able to plug the target at long ranges with commendable frequency.

After three visits with three separate parties to this musketry camp I put in some months of duty at the Depôt, and found it a pleasant and gentlemanly existence, though apt to become wearily monotonous. Under ordinary circumstances Depôts are manned by officers from the Line battalions, but during the war the rule has been that, beyond the officer commanding, none but Reserve officers should be employed. I believe that, taken all round, the experiment has been highly successful, and that the "modified warming-pans" have done their work very thoroughly and conscientiously. There are Depôts and Depôts, and it is not difficult to imagine one in which the conditions are very different from what they are in that to which I am attached. But with a commanding officer who is not only a good soldier but a level-headed man of the world, and an efficient staff of non-commissioned officers, there is no reason why a Depôt should not be admirably worked by Reserve officers, provided the latter retain some fondness for Military work and surroundings, and are not seriously preoccupied by business or domestic considerations.

It must not be supposed from the foregoing very sketchy narrative that all the officers who have been called up from the Reserve have been doing duty at Depôts or putting recruits through musketry. Some have been employed on the Staff, both at home and in South Africa, others in the various Departments, while a large number have been serving with the Royal Reserve regiments. But perhaps in no direction has the War Office found them more useful than at Depôts, where they have taken the place of valuable officers on the Active List, and, as a rule, have carried out the duties required of them with both efficiency and the zeal that comes from a renewal of old and usually cherished associations.

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The Australians' Return from the War.

Photo. Copyright. FAMILY TIES. *Mann.*

A Dare-devil Victorian Yields to the Soothing Influence of Home.

WE of the Mother Country think that we know excellently well how to welcome sailors and soldiers returning from a big campaign. But our Colonies have little indeed to learn from us in this respect, and in some instances may be said to actually "go one better" in the wholehearted, almost overwhelming, greeting which they extend to their home-coming heroes. Witness, for example, these four interesting pictures, illustrating the arrival at Port Melbourne in December last of the transport "Harlech Castle," carrying some hundreds of returned Australian soldiers, who, in the various contingents furnished by the Commonwealth and New Zealand, had taken a gallant part in the operations in South Africa.

The welcome which awaited these fine fellows was naturally accentuated by their splendid performances in the field. When these contingents were despatched from Australia in the full flush of loyalty to the Imperial idea, every confidence was naturally felt by their fellow-countrymen in them as representatives of all the excellent qualities for which the land of their birth is famous. At the same time, it was remembered that they were about to fight under the British flag side by side with regular soldiers, trained according to the most approved modern system, and bound together by strict ties of discipline. Some misgiving might have been felt here and there, lest even such grand material might not show to the best advantage in a war conducted to some extent on modern methods and with modern weapons. How such misgivings, if they existed, have entirely evaporated is now a matter of history. Time after time, since the men of the first Australian contingents arrived at Cape Town on November 26, 1899, has this magnificent body of men not only rendered yeoman's service in the cause of the Empire, but has achieved a notable prominence by reason of its singular efficiency in connection with such operations as those in which it was so seriously engaged.

Not once but a score of times have the Australians been most honourably mentioned in official messages and in newspaper correspondence, both for their fighting qualities and for the readiness which they displayed in adapting their admirable colonial training to the purposes of South African warfare. In Lord Roberts they found a leader who most thoroughly appreciated their remarkable faculty of doing the right thing at the right moment, without waiting for cut-and-dried orders. As a natural consequence the Australians have been habitually kept to the front, and have as habitually distinguished themselves whenever opportunity offered.

Whether the important services rendered by the Australian troops in South Africa may lead to the realisation of those dreams of a great colonial Army in which even the most sober-minded of military men have occasionally indulged, is a question which at present, perhaps, it is premature to discuss. But there is no sort of doubt at all that the work of the

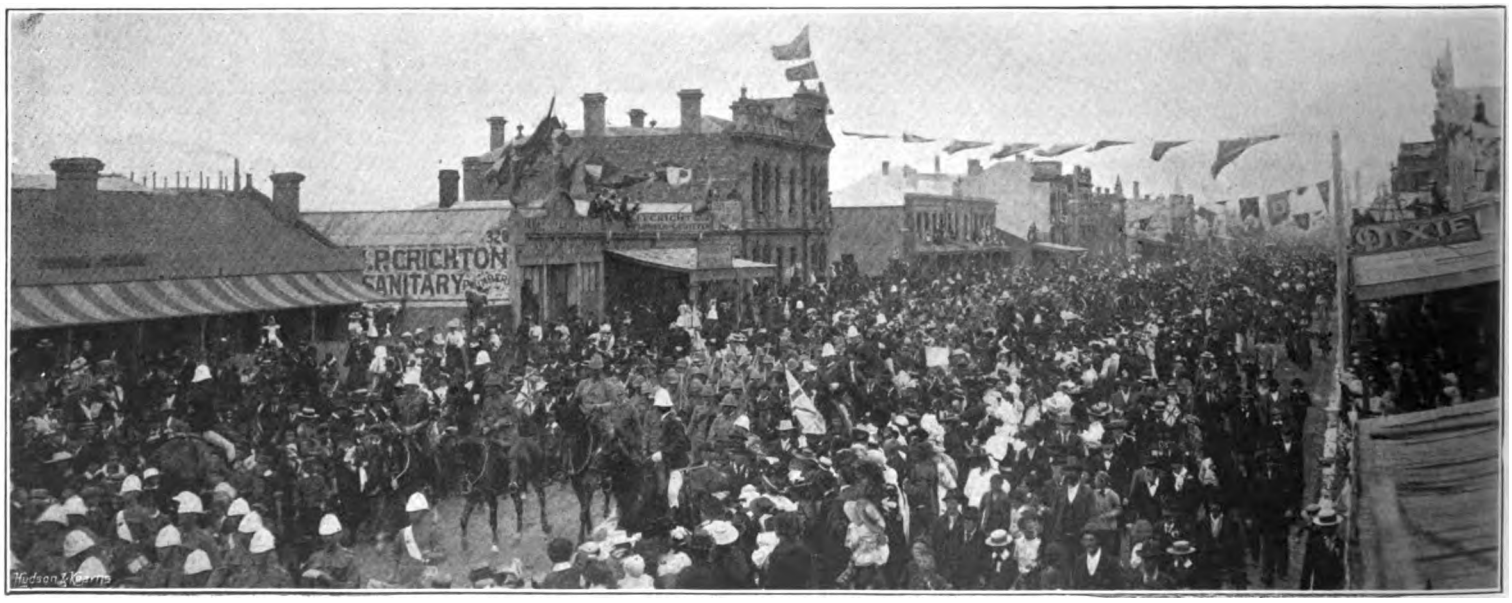

Photo. Copyright. *Bishop.*

PASSING THROUGH PORT MELBOURNE.

Colonel Tom Price, Victorian Contingent, Leading the Returned Australians.

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Australians in this campaign has led to some very serious reflections on the part of those to whom the efficiency of the Imperial military system is a matter of anxious consideration. Simultaneously it cannot but have produced in the minds of foreign nations a feeling of surprise, accompanied perhaps with modified satisfaction, at this latest manifestation of the latent military resources of the British Empire. The almost dramatic appearance of these stalwart Colonials in South Africa, and their amazing exhibition of military qualities of the very highest order, is a fact of which a doubtfully friendly Continent has, we may be sure, taken careful note, and in this sense, by a pleasant stretch of imagination, the Australian contingents may be said to have contributed not only to the successful prosecution of the present war, but to the maintenance of the world's future peace.

To return to the home-coming of these Australians, it will be easily seen from the accompanying pictures that their reception was a truly enthusiastic one; but even reproductions of photographs fail to convey the extraordinary fervour displayed by the inhabitants of Melbourne on this historic occasion. Judging from the accounts of eye-witnesses, the scene at different points baffled description. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the disorder which took place on the occasion of the home-coming of the City Imperial Volunteers was repeated in this instance, but it is pleasantly characteristic of colonial sentiment that the undoubted confusion which took place in connection with this tumultuous welcome was regarded with very much greater complacency than it would have been in this country. The troops themselves appear to have taken some pride and satisfaction in the extremely festive and rapturous manner in which they were greeted, nor were the populace one whit ashamed of themselves—small reason, perhaps, why they should have been—for having converted what was meant to be an orderly procession into a very uproarious and mixed function indeed.

The troops brought by the "Harlech Castle" were as follows: Victorian troops, 9 officers and 170 men; New South Wales troops, 3 officers and 109 men; Queensland troops, 1 officer and 30 men; New Zealand troops, 2 officers and 102 men; Tasmanian troops, 2 officers and 84 men. In the procession a number of other local troops took part, including an interesting detachment of veterans whose soldierlike bearing, notwithstanding the difficulties *en route*, excited general admiration. The returned troops from South Africa were led from the landing-place by Colonel Tom Price of the Victorian contingent, whose excellent reputation as a soldier in the field is evidently equalled by his popularity at home.

The whole route along which the troops passed was simply alive with spectators. The streets were bedecked with flags, and at Port Melbourne Town Hall a triumphal arch had been erected across the street, which is illustrated in one of our pictures. Scarcely had the procession cleared the docks, when, despite the efforts of the police, and in gay disregard of horses' hoofs, the crowd broke in upon the column and completely disorganised it. It is stated that even the excellent record of kissing established by Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the sinking of the "Merrimac" in the Spanish-American War, was outdone, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that many members of the original procession managed to arrive at the destination of the column, the Victoria Barracks, Melbourne. Here the troops were addressed by Major-General Downes, commanding the Local Forces of Victoria. The officers and men were subsequently given a sumptuous luncheon in barracks, nearly a thousand people being present, with the Premier in the chair, supported by His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor.

WAITING TO GO ON BOARD.

Putting Down the Gangway on the Arrival of the Transport "Harlech Castle."

Photos Copyright. *Mann.*

A SPLENDID OVATION.

The Column Passing the Port Melbourne Town Hall.

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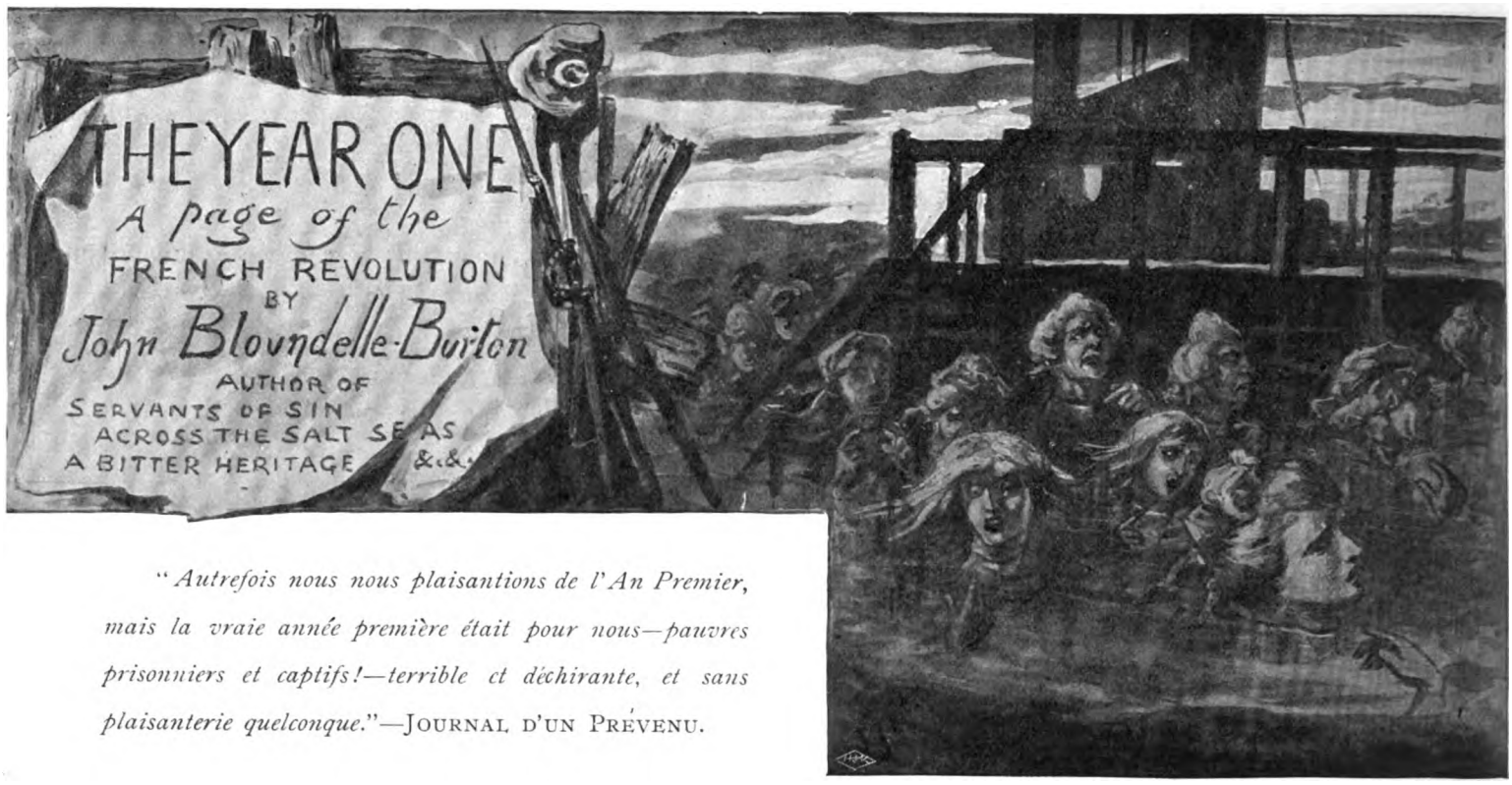

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE HOPE, of the "Dragon," has gone ashore with the ship's launch at a small village on the coast of Brittany, named Bricourt, with a view of procuring water for the vessel. Here he has encountered a young and beautiful Frenchwoman, who, after stating that she is the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, and, of course, of the Royalist side, informs him that she is anxious to escape from France and the horrors of the Revolution, and asks if she can be received on board the English man-of-war. Receiving his captain's permission to fetch the lady off to the "Dragon," Hope goes ashore for her at night and brings her away, after having first stumbled across another woman in the churchyard whom he at first imagines to be she. When they have proceeded half the distance they are, however, intercepted by two chaloupes from the French ship. A terrible hand-to-hand fight then takes place, the lieutenant in command is slain by George, and he, himself, is wounded, and, at the moment of his triumph, he falls fainting at the feet of the insensible marquise. Directly after this they are captured by some men of the Republican forces quartered in the neighbourhood and are taken before Lucienne's husband, who is now the Mayor of the Commune, and is styled Jean Aubray, since all titles have been abolished. He, after hearing the evidence of the officer who had superintended their capture, forwards George and Lucienne to the local tribunal at Rennes, leaving it for that body to decide what shall be done with them. It, after a perfunctory examination of the charges brought against them, forwards George and Lucienne to Paris in company with several other *prévenus*, so that they may be tried there. They have now drawn near to the Capital after some weeks have elapsed since the time of their arrest at Bricourt, and have been witnesses of the massacres of the 10th and 11th of August. In the *mêlée* Lucienne has, however, been knocked down and has lain prostrate under the waggon which, later, has moved on while containing all the other *prévenus* who are to be incarcerated in the various prisons. Lucienne is, therefore, now at liberty while George Hope is probably in La Force.

CHAPTER XV.

MARGOT VERAC.

THAT was how the journals of August 12 described the awful massacres of the two preceding nights; that was how *L'Ami du Peuple* amongst others—the organ of the execrable, blood-thirsty Marat, the foul wretch whose gangrened and ulcerated heart was as full of blood-lust as were those of Robespierre and Danton—described the gallant attempt of *Les Suisses* and many followers of the Monarchy to save their master and his family. Thus, too, was the downfall of Louis and his family spoken of, not only by one or two or three newspapers that afternoon, but by almost every one which was published. For those journals which espoused the Royalist cause, had all, or nearly all, ceased to appear, or, when appearing, failed to say a word upon the subject.

And, over the ill-printed, sometimes almost illegible, and always inaccurate and purposely perverted sheets—especially the purposely perverted sheets which appeared on August 12—hundreds of people were poring now in all parts of Paris, as those two women were poring over them at this moment in the back parlour of Agathe Verac's shop. People who, in some cases, were creeping about the city disguised as workmen, boatmen, shopmen, clerks, and porters, yet in whose veins ran the oldest and noblest blood of France; people whose long roll of names and titles it would have taken the whole page of a small book to contain. People, too, who were hiding in garrets in the neighbourhood of Antoine—late St. Antoine—while in what was the old St. Germain quarter their stately mansions and hotels were deserted. But before that happened, care had been taken to erase from their clock faces the names of *Le Paute, horloger du Roi*—who made most of the clocks for the aristocracy—or to at least cause a piece of paper to be pasted over the two last words. People, too, who had destroyed or buried, ere they left their homes, every piece of furniture, every book or ornament, or nick-nack bearing upon it those three *fleur-de-lys* which, but a few months, but a year or so ago, had been the universal emblem in France. For, should such tokens of Royalist tendencies be found in those homes during the owner's absence, and should such owners ever fall into the hands of the Revolutionary Tribunal, those tokens would alone be sufficient to send them to the scaffold without any further so-called evidence of loyalty being forthcoming. Yet such a state of affairs was not surprising at a time when a youth could be actually executed on an *acte d'accusation* which stated that he was *soupçonné d'être suspect (!)* because he was the son of his father who was a nobleman; or when a little child, Mademoiselle de Chabanne, was detained in prison because, a year or so before, she had been seen to derive nourishment from the breast of her aristocratic mother! Nor, to give one more instance out of hundreds, were such things surprising when a young man of twenty-three, who had but recently left his *Lycée*, could be executed on the charge of being the *father* of an officer who had fought against the nation and then emigrated!

That both Lucienne and her newly-found friend should devour those sheets called "newspapers" which the latter had bought, can be understood, as well as can be understood the eagerness with which Lucienne looked for some description of the awful scene around the waggons in which she had taken part. She looked, indeed, with all her heart in her eyes for some word, some sign of where he, that brave hero of hers, had been taken to if he were not dead.

Yet she found nothing—nothing in either *Moniteur*, *Courrier*, or *Chronique de Paris*. Doubtless it was too early for any *chiffonnier* of gossip relating to the over-night horrors to have obtained information as to what had happened. But, in the place of such news as this, there were thundering denunciations against the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family as well as the aristocracy, supplemented by the bare fact that the former's supporters had resisted the people and so been righteously put to death, and that Louis, with his adherents who were still alive, were to be sent to Les Feuillants by the Legislative Assembly, to whom they had fled for safety.

"There is not," said Lucienne, after she had carefully read all the meagre details which the paper had to offer, "a word that tells me anything that I want to know, or throws light upon the massacre round the waggons. They say that the last remnant of the Swiss Guard made a stand there when forced to do so, but they add little more. Oh!" she cried, thrusting her hands through her beautiful golden hair, from which the cap was of course removed at this time, "oh, I cannot stay here in this ignorance as to what may have become of him. I must go out and see what news I can obtain."

"At least wait until it is dark," replied Madame Verac, "which will not be for some time yet. Meanwhile, you can

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sleep in safety upstairs. There is no one in this house but myself, since my servant left me a week ago. I thought her a fool when she told me there were rumours amongst the people that something was going to happen. But now I know that what she learnt in the wineshops was true enough, and that her terror was justified."

Acting upon the sage counsels of her newly-found friend, Lucienne did wait until eight o'clock, by which time the sun had set and darkness was at hand. She slept heavily, dreamlessly, for some hours—Heaven knows she needed such sleep—and, thereby, awoke refreshed at last and ready for her enterprise.

At first Madame Verac was not willing to let her go forth alone into the streets on such a night as this—and what a night of horror it was these women could well understand by listening to the howling and shouting that was going on outside the closed shop; but at last she was forced to consent to Lucienne's doing so. For it was apparent to the elder woman that the other was now worked up to such a state of agitation and frenzy, that it might even be worse for her to remain cooped up indoors than to go out and mix with the mob. And she knew well besides, that no woman—except aristocrats!—had been molested or ill-treated during the passage of the last three years or since the fall of the Bastille, and it was not probable that even the events of what soon came to be known as the Massacre of St. Laurent (the Saints' Day of August 10), would alter that state of affairs.

"Yes," said Madame Verac, still full of caution, "you must be one of the mob, one of the people, now and for many days; perhaps for months to come. I called you Margot—my niece—before these *scélérats* this morning, and my niece Margot you must continue to be. Margot Verac—that is Madame's name henceforth, and till these troubles are ended."

"God bless you," said Lucienne again, and as she had already said many times, while appearing in her present trouble and sorrow to be unable to find any other method of expressing her gratitude than these words. "God bless you. If the day should ever come that I can repay you——"

"Nay; nay. Do not think of that. Now, since you will go and are resolved to go alone, let me do as much as I can to make you what my niece, my supposed niece, Margot Verac, should be. *Voyons*, madame, those hands will not do at all, in spite of your having tried to dirty them last night." Whereupon the good woman seized a jar of pickled walnuts which stood on a shelf behind the counter, and poured some of the liquor out into a saucer. "Wet your hands, rub them all over with that," she said, "and their whiteness will be gone for to-night at least."

Next, she stained Lucienne's cheeks in the same manner, while saying that on the morrow she must find some way of dying her hair, or of discolouring it. "Not because," she said, "the peasants from our part of France do not have fair hair, but because Madame has no desire to be recognised. Some of those warders you told me of may be about, and if they saw you—well!—you understand."

"Yes, I understand," Lucienne said; "I understand very well. I should become the inhabitant of a prison, and it might not be the one he is in. That would be worse than Monsieur Hope being in La Force and I outside."

And so, at last, Lucienne was ready to go out, to go first to that spot where, over-night, she had seen the commencement of the awful struggle around those waggons which had conveyed the prisoners from Rennes; the spot from which she had arisen a woman of the people, while leaving behind her another woman in whose pocket was that *acte d'accusation* which transformed her into the *ci-devant* Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt.

Upon her shoulders, warm as the night was, she wore a little cape which had once belonged to Madame Verac's servant, and had been left behind by the girl when the talk she had overheard in the wineshops outside had caused her to rush away from Paris in terror; while in her hand Lucienne carried a basket such as those servants used who went marketing. For the rest, she wore upon her head the cap of Liberty and across her shoulders the tricolour scarf.

"Be careful," said Madame Verac, "in Heaven's name be careful, and come back soon. If I know aught of the Parisians they are now beyond all bounds, and anything may happen. Madame, remember you are still beautiful in spite of the clothes you wear and of your stained skin."

"I will be careful," Lucienne answered, as she stepped into the street, "and I will come back as soon as I have obtained some news."

And now she was in the street itself and making her way as swiftly as she could to the spot where, over-night, that release, which, by a slight change of circumstances might have been her death, had come. While, as she went along and carefully recalled each spot she had passed in the morning so that she should find her way, she also recalled the decision she had come to as regarded her future conduct.

"I vowed," she whispered to herself, "that I would submit to all, no matter what fresh horrors I might have to endure, what wretches I might have to suffer companionship with, what insults may be offered to me. And I will keep my vow for his sake, to obtain his freedom. Come what may, come what will, I will find him, aye, and free him if I can. I will be that which I seem to be—one of the people. Thus I may succeed, and thus alone. What was it Madame Verac said; what was it she bade me remember? That I was beautiful. So be it. I pray Heaven I am. In that way I may win even some of these people to help me.

From that moment Lucienne began her task, from that moment her womanly wit and ingenuity were directed towards one thing alone—towards playing well the part she had assumed, the part which she aimed at portraying faithfully—the part of one of the people. And, hard though it was for a woman in whose veins ran such blood as hers to do all that she resolved upon, she did it nevertheless. From that moment Lucienne d'Aubray was non-existent; Margot Verac was born in her place.

Humming lightly to herself; the stalk of a piece of blood-red geranium held between her scarlet lips; her cap of Liberty stuck jauntily upon one side of her head, she went on towards the spot where, over-night, the last stand of the last of the Swiss Guards had taken place. And, to every glance thrown at her by men, she returned—her soul sickening within her meanwhile!—a saucy glance, to every word whispered in her ear she had an answer. Yet she never stopped in the swinging, almost insolent stride which she had assumed, or only stopped on one occasion to flick with the geranium stalk the face of a young man who came too close, and, on another, to say a gibing word in place of the withering and contemptuous look which, in other circumstances, she would have bestowed on a man who addressed her familiarly.

How she did these things she never could recall in later days, no more than she could afterwards understand how there had been given to her the power to assume the hateful *rôle* she had learnt to play. Yet, somehow, it was done, and the carefully-nurtured patrician who, until she was forced into a marriage with one hardly fit to be her lackey, had never heard a word of undue familiarity spoken, nor mixed with any who were not her equals, found herself alone in the unknown and distracted capital, and playing the part of a woman belonging to the most inferior classes.

Nor was this all she had to endure, since hideous sights met her eyes whichever way she turned. Many of the *Marseillais* were still roaming about the streets in the drunken condition in which they had been kept since they were brought to Paris with the object of participating in the attack on the King's Palace, and to encounter these ruffians was to risk being stricken almost to death with horror. One of the human fiends went by Lucienne with a head stuck on a pike which he bore, another carried a human hand. And, since she could not do all that the other women in the street did—those furies who were to play the parts ere long of *Lécheresses de Sang*, and of *Vengeresses*—since she could neither applaud those passers-by, nor shriek "*Vive la Nation*" nor join in the song "La Carmagnole," and sing:

"Madame Veto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris,"

she would shrink trembling into the opening of some alley or *ruelle* and wait until the monsters had passed on. For, deeply as she had sworn to act a part before others, there was no need, even though it had been possible for her to do so, to act one to herself.

At last she reached the spot, the very spot where, last night, the seething crowd, composed of revolted National Guards, of the mob let loose from the Faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, and of the savage *Marseillais*, had butchered the last remnant of the Swiss Guards; the spot where she and George Hope had been swept apart ere she fell senseless.

Now—to-night—beneath the stars—surrounded by all the warm, luscious heat of an August evening, there was still a crowd at this spot, yet a different one from that of twenty-four hours ago. A crowd of people in whose hearts the thirst for blood and murder lurked as deeply as it had done in the hearts of those of their kind who were there last night, yet a thirst that lurked quiescent, and, for the moment, still. The work was done for the present, they told each other; for the present. They could afford to stand there quietly and gloat over their triumph. Poor and mean looking; ill clad, and, in many cases, bearing about them a lean and hungry, as well as a half-starved look such as those possess who have not only been half-starved themselves during all their lives, but whose parents and grandparents have been so before them, besides being also downtrodden and ill used, they stood there gloating as they pointed to dark patches on the ground, while whispering and chuckling and muttering that the sheep had at last become the wolves, that the wrens had become the hawks. And, God knows, it was true! They, or their fathers had indeed been sheep before the wolves and wrens beneath the hawks, and beasts of burden who bowed their beaten and aching backs before their masters and owners—only, as they gloated, they forgot one thing. They forgot that their

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persecutors and owners and masters were dead and gone, and so had escaped from them and their vengeance; they forgot that the last of a triumphant, cruel race—the worst of a bad and cruel race—*Louis le Bien Aimé* was gone, and that they were retaliating on those who had never harmed them; on those who had indeed tried to make some restitution. Never had the sins of the fathers been visited more heavily on the children than they were visiting those sins now, nor more unjustly.

Or, perhaps, instead of forgetting, the hags and the ragged girls whose bones were almost through their skin, the men with spots upon their garments and smears upon their faces and hands, did not truly know. It may be so, it may be that these blind, savage instruments of a so-called righteous retaliation were, in truth, the ignorant tools of the foul monsters—themselves in some few cases deceived—who swayed Jacobins and Girondists and ruled that Republic which was now so soon to be proclaimed. The tools, the instruments of the blood-guilty wretches, Marat and Danton and Robespierre.

CHAPTER XVI.

"DANSONS LA CARMAGNOLE."

STANDING amongst those people on this soft, balmy summer night, Lucienne understood as she listened to their talk how deep a thirst for retaliation and for blood had been aroused at last, and, in doing so, she recognised the task that was before her. She grasped many facts more clearly to-night than, perhaps, she had ever done before. She comprehended that, to have been aught but one of the downtrodden of the past, or one who claimed descent from those who had lain long in prisons—often forgotten—or one whose father had died in his sweat and misery at the galleys, or one of those whose mothers had been torn from their husbands to be made a noble's plaything till he wearied of her as a child wearies of a pretty toy, was to stand now in awful deadly peril. For all aristocrats had to suffer equally—the innocent and the guilty. The children of those who had never outraged or ill-treated their dependents and subordinates had to suffer alike with those who were the children of brutal masters, of hard judges, and of ravishers. There were but two orders now—the common order which was triumphant at last; the aristocratic order which was now beaten down beneath the feet of the uprisen.

"The day has come," one man said, turning to Lucienne as she stood gazing at the spot where she had last seen George Lope; "God! we have waited long for it. Were you here yesterday, citoyenne?" he asked, changing from his reflections to more every-day matters.

"One of the human fiends went by Lucienne with a head stuck on a pike."

"Yes," Lucienne answered, looking up at the man and seeing that, though young and well favoured, he had a grave, stern look which might not augur happily for any who should fall into his power. "Yes, I was here."

"You saw the end of it all, then," the man went on; "you saw the Swiss Guard receive its *coup de grâce*. The Swiss Guard! The foreigners whom Louis XIII.—*Louis le Juste!*" and he laughed scornfully—"brought into France to protect him against his own people. *Soit!* they could not protect his descendant last night, nor all day yesterday."

"I am a girl from the country," said Lucienne, "who only came to my aunt's a day or so ago. Tell me, what had they done, what had Louis done—I mean more than ordinary—for this to happen yesterday?" She asked the question for a good purpose, since it was absolutely necessary that she who was, to all outward seeming, one of the revolted people, must know the reason why Louis should at last have been stormed in his own palace, as well as why his own particular guards should have been slaughtered there, and in the streets, and everywhere they had been found. For she knew nothing until she witnessed that terrible scene last night; nothing more than all people coming from the provinces had known for the last three years, namely, that all the rights and powers of the better classes had gradually been withdrawn from them one by one; that the King was in truth no longer a King, and that the nobility and upper classes had long been quitting the country in vast numbers, while those who remained were being imprisoned or treated as young De Geneste had been treated, and also, in some cases, hanged to the lamp-posts.

"What had they done?" the man repeated, bitterly. "*Ciel!* what have they not done? Has not Louis Capet lied again and again, has he not called in the armies of foreign lands to slaughter his people, has not the German army invaded France? And Madame Veto, the Austrian woman, do you not know how she has spurred him on, how she has squandered our money like water as well as betrayed us to the foreigners and assisted every man in France who has hated his own country? Thus—thus—the storm has burst. It is marvellous that it has not done so before."

The explanation the man gave was not a true one, as all the world knows now and has long since known, yet it was that which ninety persons out of a hundred then in France would have given. It was the common answer of every Revolutionist in France. And there were some who believed that it was the true one.

"They fell there, just there," a girl's voice broke in now, and Lucienne could see in the glimmer of the remaining dusk that the other was pointing to a spot close by where she herself had fallen senseless beneath the waggon. "*Oh-hé!* it was a night! And with them fell some of their own kind, some of the accursed creatures who are called Royalists and who were being brought from the sea-coast for trial. *Figurez-vous*, it was superb!"

"How did that happen, Roberte?" asked another woman, a big, brawny creature, who had a knife stuck in her belt. "How? Tell us that. As for me, I was away elsewhere. There was something to be got last night," and she slapped a pouch she carried by her side.

"Oh! *figurez-vous*, the Swiss backed up towards where those Royalists stood by their waggons; *they* did not splash us with mud then as their aristocrats' coaches and cabriolets have often done! And, when the Swiss were shot and hacked to death, some of the aristocrats were shot, too. By accident, *tu comprends*, yet shot all the same. Ho! there was an old woman, grey and hideous, a worker with hard and wrinkled hands, one who should have known better than to be a follower of those foul nobles. She was shot dead, I think, by a bullet through the mouth."

"Good," said two or three standing by. "Good. She merited it."

"Then there was another," the girl went on, "young and good-looking. Shot through the head. And, *mort de ma vie*, when they took her body away this morning to fling it into

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the Seine they found her *acte d'accusation* in her pocket. Oh! they did, I know, for I came back after daybreak. I could not keep away. And it bore titles and names—*ci-devant* titles and names, you understand—that she could scarce have remembered, one would think."

"What ails you, citoyenne?" exclaimed the stern-looking man as he glanced down at Lucienne. "What? Why do you stagger? Do you pity this aristocrat? If so you will not do for Paris but had best return to the country."

"No, no," said Lucienne, understanding that she had betrayed herself. "No, no. But I saw it, too, and—and—that girl's description recalls it all to me. And—and—I have not had much acquaintance with death as yet."

"You will have plenty if you stay here," the man replied grimly. "Its harvest is about to be reaped in full."

But Lucienne scarcely heard his words, since now the creature called Roberte was going on with her narrative, which was taking at this moment the form of an answer to some question that had just been asked her.

"No," she was saying, "there were none of the men killed, so far as I saw, over-night. None of the Royalist prisoners, though scores of other people. They were taken off to the prisons as soon as could be. At once they were taken."

That George was not killed, Lucienne had believed from the first. Had she not peered, full of anxiety, upon the ground to look for him ere she first quitted the gardens last night, and had she not also given a second glance as she passed by the place again when daylight had come, so as to make sure that he was not there? Yet, nevertheless, it cheered her to hear the girl's confirmation of her belief that George was not slain—it cheered her even though she learnt that he was undoubtedly in a prison. For, though he might be in a prison, was not that, she asked herself, better than being where the girl who was supposed to be herself was now, namely, floating dead down the Seine.

"Ay," she murmured to herself, "ay, a thousand times; for the prison means only a probable death, a death from which he may yet be saved. Had he fallen here, death would already have claimed him."

Yet, now, she started at what she heard the other woman say; at her words uttered to another bystander—another soon-to-be *vengeresse*—in a cruel tone.

"You hear, *bonne amie*, you hear, Brigitte?" this woman murmured, her lips close to the other's ear. "You hear? Some more aristocrats have gone to the prisons. The prisons! You know the whisper that is going round; you know what Danton's friends are saying?"

"If I hear! If I know!" the other replied significantly. While, if there had been any remaining light of day those standing near might have seen a strange action on that other's part. They might have seen her lift her dirty finger to the red cap she wore and then run that finger along her bare throat, and, next, thrust it on to her bare bosom above the heart, the pressure indenting the flesh momentarily as she did so.

"*C'est ça. N'est ce pas?*" she whispered, and the other whispered back, "*Si, c'est ça.*"

But in the darkness which was all around now, there were none could see that action and few who could hear her words. Yet there was one who did so; one, Lucienne. She had moved away from the vicinity of the man who had spoken to her, in doubt as to whether he did not suspect her of being other than she appeared to be, and, in doing so, had unconsciously, certainly unintentionally, drawn near to those two women. While, as she did so, she, at least, had heard their words and the suggestive tones in which they were uttered. Words and tones that struck a chill to her heart that, she thought, must be like the chill of death.

Yet she was determined to know more, if possible; she was resolved to know what lay beneath those muttered sentences. Wherefore, once again she braced herself to act a part, to do all and to suffer all.

"Citoyennes," she whispered in her turn, as she edged a little nearer to the two figures, "what is it that has to be done? Tell me. I am eager to know and to take part in any good work. Tell me."

Both the other women turned their eyes on her, though, in the darkness, they could scarcely distinguish aught except that a young woman wearing a cap of Liberty upon her head was addressing them; a woman who held something between her lips.

"What is your section? Where do you live, *jeune femme?*" one said. "It must be outside Paris if neither you nor your lover have heard aught. You have a lover, I should suppose. You seem young and fresh, and, if I can judge in the darkness, well favoured. Who is he?"

"I have no lover."

"No lover! Why not? What are you, then? A married woman, perhaps," she sneered. "Come, tell us. Is it possible none love you?"

"None have ever told me so."

"Are you so cold that none dare tell you so? Is that it? Or are you vowed like us to one thing alone, the carrying through of some great deed in these stirring times?"

"Yes, that is it. Yes. That is what I am vowed to. I have no time, nor opportunity, for love. I think but of one thing"

"What is it?"

"An attempt to right a great wrong?"

"Good! Good! To right a great wrong," cried the woman who was interrogating her, while supposing that Lucienne was one who had suffered and now saw her opportunity for retaliation. "Good! To right a great wrong. *Dieu!* that is what we all mean to do." Then, suddenly, the other woman interrupted, saying, "To whom has this wrong been done? To you, or to another?"

"I myself have suffered. Yet—yet—it is not my wrongs I seek to right."

"You seek to right the wrongs of another, and, by your tone, I guess that they are wrongs done to a man. And yet you do not love each other?"

"There can be no—love—between us. Never! Never!"

"Ha!" said the first woman, and now she tapped Lucienne's arm gently, while—if such a thing could have been—one might have thought that some chord of compassion, of womanly compassion, had come into her voice. "So! that is it. We can understand, my girl. Very well, we can. The wrong has been done to one whom you might have loved had not some cursed bar come between you—perhaps some aristocrat. Nay, nay," she broke off; "what is that—what are you doing; not weeping, surely? Yet I could swear I heard you sob."

"Never," said Lucienne; "never," and now she laughed stridently. "Sobbing indeed! Why, I have no more time for that than for—love! Come," she said, "tell me what is to be done. Let me take my part in it. I must be doing something or I shall die. Tell me, tell me."

"You have not yet told us what is your section."

"Section," cried Lucienne, and now she was indeed an actress of whom Julie Candeille, who was nightly filling one of the theatres which were at this time crowded, might have been envious; "section! What section should I belong to? I have come from the country with but one idea, one hope—one longing——"

"To right *his* wrongs?"

"Yes. To help him. Tell me what it is that is going to be done."

"Nothing that will help him, much though it will be worse for the aristocrats. Yet I dare not chatter nor tell too much. What is that thing you have in your mouth?"

"A flower," said Lucienne, who, thinking that it helped her to assume a reckless *débonnaire* appearance, had not thrown it away, but, instead, had carried it between her lips since she left Madame Verac's; "a geranium."

"A geranium. What is its colour?"

"Red."

"Red! Is it blood-red?" While, as the woman spoke it seemed to Lucienne as though, even through the dusky veil of night, she could perceive her eyes looking piercingly out from beneath her heavy eyebrows.

"Yes. It is that."

"*Bon!* Remember that colour and, with it, couple the words the 'prisons of Paris.' Keep your eyes and ears open and you will learn—Ha!" she cried, "the Carmagnole."

It was, indeed, the Carmagnole that the woman heard, sung by a noisy, half-drunken and wholly-maddened crowd which now came sweeping out from the Rue St. Honoré across the gardens; a crowd formed of ragged, ferocious-looking men, of equally ragged, ferocious-looking women, and of shrieking boys and girls. A crowd that danced, and whooped, and howled, and then broke off to sing:

"Dansons la Carmagnole,
—Vive le son du Canon!"

even as they still danced. And it seemed also as if there was something infectious in their wild, devilish excitement; something maddening that communicated itself to all with whom they came in contact. For others joined the number of the dancers and singers as they passed along, others who hurled themselves, indeed, into the broken ranks as though they were mad with frenzy. An old man going by suddenly seized a girl, who herself became possessed with the agitation of the moment, and—even as he piped in a shrill voice "*Madame Veto avait promis*," while, in her clearer notes, she continued the refrain—whirled her round as some maddened dervish might have whirled himself before those who whipped him. Then, next, like wildfire, the delirium seemed to seize upon all who had been standing a moment before round the spot where the last remnants of the Swiss Guard had been hacked to pieces—standing there and pointing, ere the darkness set in, to where a huge pool of blood had dyed the paths. It seized upon them all, not even excepting Lucienne, who, distraught and maddened by what she had heard and by the horrors suggested by the conversation of those women, seemed

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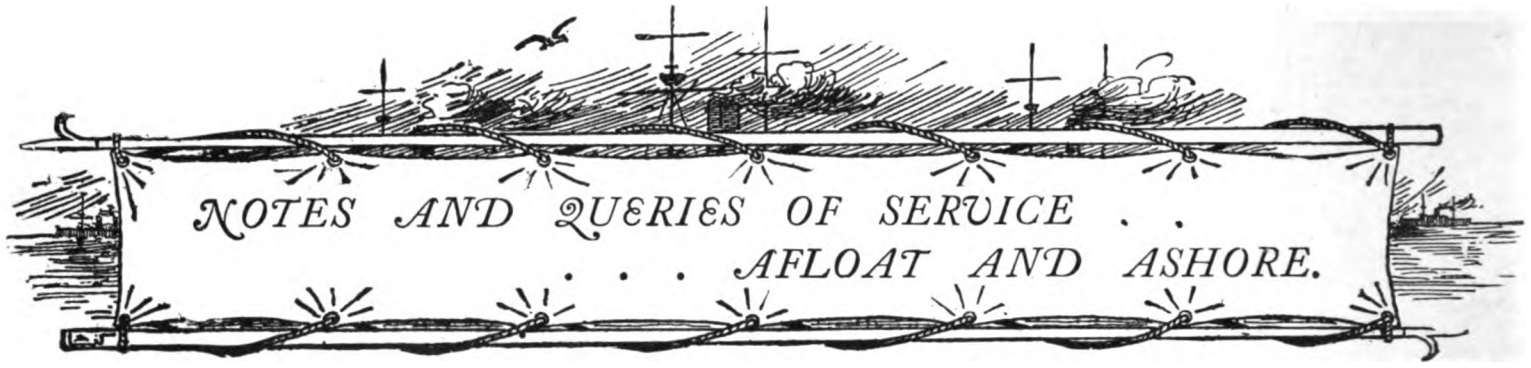
at last to be bereft of her senses. So bereft tnat—even while she deemed herself transformed into a maniac, a creature soiled by her own actions and her own abandonment of all that, hitherto, she had considered worthy of her honour and respect—she was being carried round and round in the arms of one of the women, and joining madly, deliriously, in the refrain of the hateful, hideous song as she abandoned herself to the delirium of the moment.

Yet, not half-an-hour later, after having released herself from the woman's arms as all the *ribauds* and would-be murderers and murderesses had passed on their way with fresh howling, and yelling, and dancing, and singing, she found herself half itting, half lying, on a stone bench and weeping as though her heart would break.

"For his sake. To save him," was all that she could murmur. "For his sake! For that reason alone may God forgive and pardon me. For that — and because I have gone mad at last."

(To be continued.)



"IOMA."—The question whether the presence of an iceberg in the vicinity of a ship is first discovered by the engine-room staff, by reason of the propeller making more revolutions without an increase of horse-power, may be answered by the following remarks: Assuming that the ship passes in a brief space of time from a hot into a cold current of water where icebergs abound, such as may happen in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream in the North Atlantic, there would probably be a noticeable increase in the revolutions of the engines with the same horse-power, but this is due to the fact that when steaming in cold water the engines will be more efficient than if the ship is in a warmer current, for the reason that sea water is used in the condenser for circulating in or around the tubes and for cooling and condensing the exhaust steam from the engines. The colder the circulating water, the greater becomes the efficiency of the engine and the better the vacuum. To put the matter scientifically, the "efficiency" of a steam-engine depends, amongst other matters, upon the range of temperature between the initial entry of the steam into the engine and the temperature in the condenser. Thus if $T_{(1)}$ be the temperature of the initial steam and $T_{(2)}$ be the temperature in the condenser, $\frac{T_{(1)}-T_{(2)}}{T_{(1)}}$ is the "efficiency," therefore the cooler the sea water, the lower $T_{(2)}$ becomes, and the value of the fraction representing the "efficiency" of the engine becomes greater.

* * * *

JOHN CAMPBELL.—You must excuse the delay in answering your query, as enquiries had to be made which entailed some correspondence. All enquiries as to prize-money should be made of the Secretary, Royal Hospital, Chelsea. No prize-money has been granted by the Crown to the troops engaged in the China War of 1860 to 1862. With regard to loot, no claim could be made so long after the campaign, for whatever there was in that way to distribute has been given away long ago. The plunder secured by authorised pillage or found on the field of battle is technically the property of the Sovereign. Practically it is always distributed among the troops who took part in the campaign. Such booty is not kept back, but is usually distributed as promptly as possible, the articles being put up to auction and the proceeds shared.

* * * *

"YEOMAN."—A most useful present towards the outfit of the Imperial Yeomanry has been made by Messrs. Aitchison and Co., the London opticians. They have handed over to Colonel Lucas and H. Seton-Karr, Esq., M.P., the hon. secretaries, £66 worth of the "Aitchison" patent pocket field-glasses for the use of the detachments now proceeding to the front. These glasses are admirably suited for this special service, as they weigh only 5-oz. each, and, closing to a thickness of 1-in., can be easily carried in the pocket. Coming at a time when the funds available for this purpose are practically exhausted, the glasses are most welcome.

* * * *

"DUBLIN."—The real difference between armoured and protected cruisers lies in the fact that the former have vertical protection, and the latter only the safeguard of an armoured deck. The great tendency in the building of cruisers is to increase protection, so that the armoured classes are expanding, while few of the so-called protected cruisers are built. For example, the summary of ship-building presented with the Navy Estimates of 1900-1901 showed that this country had in hand twenty armoured cruisers, and only three protected cruisers. You will find it a safe rule to describe as an armoured cruiser any vessel in which vertical armour exists. It is true that some protected cruisers have armouring upon their gun emplacements, and it is probable that a rigid line could not in all cases be drawn. There is, however, no difficulty in regard to the cruisers of the British Navy.

* * * *

"DRINKING THE MONARCH'S HEALTH."—The custom of drinking the Monarch's health sitting down, which prevails in the Navy, is probably due to the difficulty which might arise in heavy weather of doing so standing; though there is an old tradition which says it was granted as a privilege by the Sailor King, William IV. The same custom obtains in at least one battalion in the Army, viz., the 1st Battalion East Surrey Regiment, which was originally raised as a Marine regiment, and thus has continued the custom of its Naval brethren. There are various customs connected with the manner of drinking this toast in the different regiments of the Army. The 1st Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry never drink it, while in another regiment it is drunk every night. In some messes the president gives the toast before the wine is passed round, though it is more usual to wait until all the glasses are filled.

"INDIAN ARMY COMMISSIONS."—There are three distinct means of obtaining admission to the Indian Staff Corps, from which the Indian Army is officered. (1) A certain number of appointments to the Indian Staff Corps are offered to candidates for admission to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, at each examination. After the final examination at the Royal Military College, a successful candidate for the Indian Staff Corps is gazetted as second lieutenant on the Unattached List of the British Army, and is sent out to India, where he is attached for a year to a British regiment. On the expiration of that period he is admitted to the Staff Corps in the rank of second lieutenant and appointed to a Native regiment. (2) If the direct supply from Sandhurst does not prove sufficient, officers in the cavalry and infantry of the line and the Royal Artillery serving in India are, under certain conditions, eligible for appointment to the Indian Staff Corps. Such officers must, at the date of application, be under twenty-five, have completed one year's actual regimental duty in India, and have passed Urdu by the Lower Standard. (3) Exchanges are permitted between officers of the British Service and officers of the Staff Corps under conditions which will be found stated in a pamphlet entitled "Information Regarding Her Majesty's Staff Corps," obtainable from the Military Secretary, India Office.

* * * *

"REGULATIONS."—No; Naval and Army officers cannot assume command over one another. According to the official Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, "nothing contained in these Regulations is to give a claim to any Officer of the Navy to assume command of Her Majesty's Land Forces on shore, nor to any Officer of the Army to assume command of any of Her Majesty's Squadrons or Ships, or of any of the Officers or Men thereunto belonging, unless under special authority from the Government in England for any particular service. But when Officers of the Navy are employed on shore, on joint service with Her Majesty's Land Forces, their relative rank shall carry with it all precedence and advantages attaching to the rank with which it corresponds (except command as aforesaid), and shall regulate the choice of quarters, rates of lodging money, servants, forage, fuel, and light, or allowances in their stead."

* * * *

"F. S. J."—I doubt if you will find any book that will give a complete list of the recipients of the Victoria Cross, because a large number of names have lately been added. "Britain's Roll of Glory, or the Victoria Cross, its Heroes and their Valour," by D. H. Parry, published by Cassell's, is complete and trustworthy down to 1898. Then there is "For Valour: The V.C.," by J. E. Muddoch, published in 1895 by Hutchinson and Co. This book is also well arranged, and is complete down to the date of its publication. "Golden Deeds of the War" (George Newnes, Limited), would be found useful to you in giving accounts of the V.C.'s won in South Africa. You might also consult "Deeds that Won the Empire," and "Fights for the Flag," by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, which are also published by George Newnes, Limited. But you cannot possibly get a complete list, for even as this answer is written the morning paper contains an account of six Victoria Crosses bestowed.

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"ANTIQUARY."—It is a curious fact that the first regiment ordered to be supplied with bayonets was a cavalry regiment. In April, 1672, a regiment of Dragoons was raised, and placed under the command of Prince Rupert, consisting of twelve troops of eighty men, besides officers. The men, with certain exceptions, were ordered to be armed with a matchlock, musket, and bandoliers, and also "to carry one bayonet, or greate knife" for insertion in the muzzle. In 1686 a Royal Warrant directed that bayonets should be supplied for the two regiments of Foot Guards. It is remarkable that infantry battalions should not have been supplied with these weapons before—only the Grenadier companies had hitherto been furnished with them—as the French troops, whose equipments we usually copied in those days, had used bayonets since 1671.

* * * *

"S. M. T."—The standing crew of the "Tamar" at Hong-Kong consists of about 100 Chinese Bluejackets, mostly drawn from the colony, and a few petty officers, who are, with some exceptions, British. The Chinese have many good qualities, which make them very useful on board ship. Their conduct, for one thing, is very good, and they are extremely fond of the life. Another Chinese element in our squadron serving in the Far East that should not be overlooked is the domestic class, some ships carrying as many as thirty Chinese messmen, cooks, etc. Some of our ships also carry a certain proportion of Chinese stokers, who give satisfaction, and perform useful service under certain conditions.

THE EDITOR.

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THE QUEST OF THE SNOW LEOPARD.

By Lal Baloo.

THE snow leopard, or ounce (Felis uncia), is the rarest and most shy of the feline tribe in India, and there is no known method of hunting for him which affords any reasonable prospect of success. To "tie up" for a snow leopard is waste of time; to beat for one is worse than useless; to meet one is due almost without exception to pure luck on the part of the sportsman, and in no way to his skill or perseverance. I know of one man who has shot for fifteen years in regions inhabited by this animal and has never once even so much as sighted one; on the other hand, I suppose that everyone who has been in pursuit of ibex, markhor, or of wild sheep in the high altitudes of Northern India, has frequently seen the tracks of these big cats in the snow.

A short description of the animal may be interesting to readers. In colour (which to my mind is the least attractive part of him) of a dirty white on the back, pure white underneath, with ill-defined spots, and long silky hair like that of a Persian cat, a fine head and teeth like that of a small tiger, powerfully built behind and lightly in front (his propelling power must be great), white claws, and his tail a thing of beauty, long and very bushy with clouded spots and rings, looking like a lady's boa, a large specimen would, I think, measure a little over 7-ft. from nose to tip of tail (the largest skin I have seen measured when stretched was 8-ft. 4-in). He inhabits high altitudes, and is most destructive to game, whether it be wild goats (ibex, markhor, etc.) or wild sheep (ammon, burrhel, etc.).

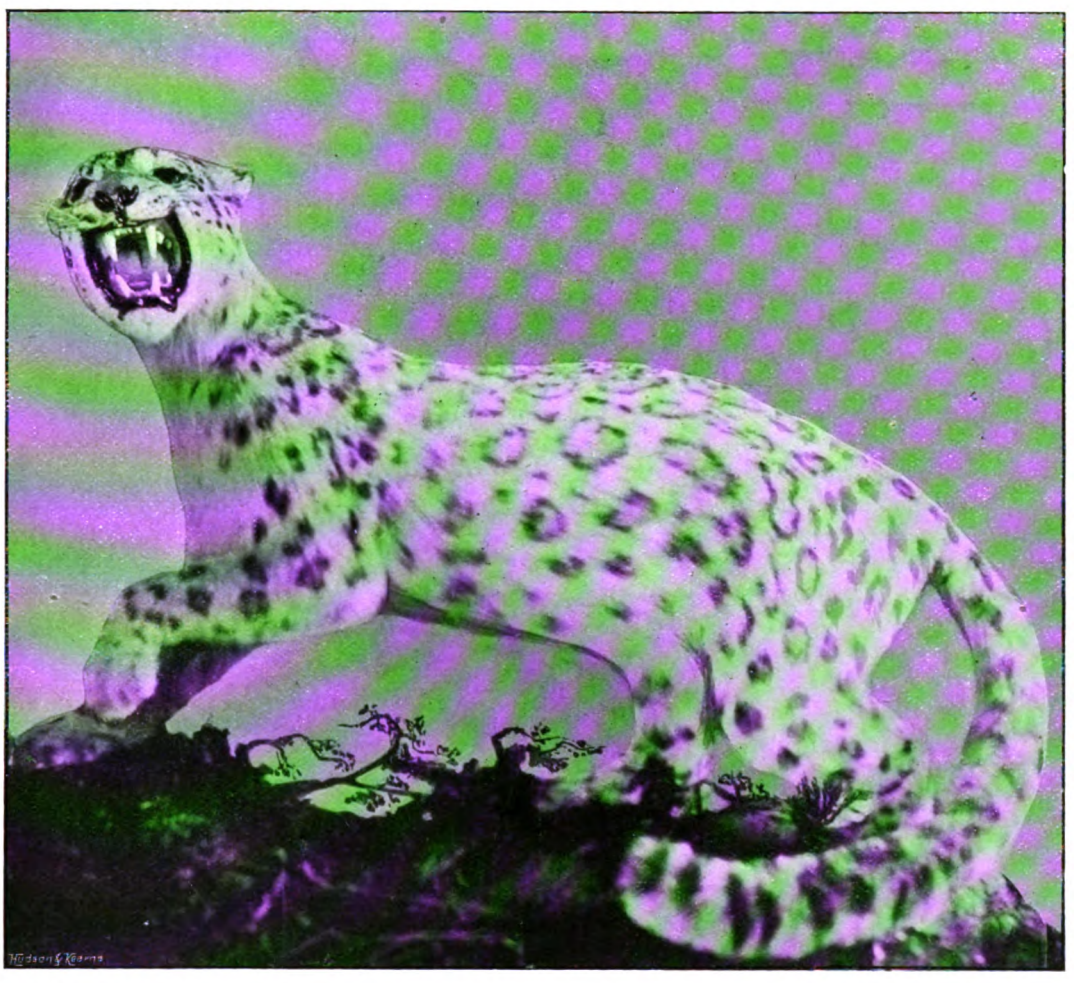

Photo. Copyright. *A Snow Leopard.* *"Navy & Army."*

The one I am writing about was met with within less than twelve miles as the crow flies of Leh, the capital of Ladakh, a very curious old town well worth a visit. It is the headquarters of the Buddhist sect of Red Llamas, and the Llamaserai there is a most interesting affair, perched as usual on the very summit of a high cliff. I left my camp in the vicinity of Leh at 6 a.m. on a glorious morning in early June, the ground carpeted with little mauve and white iris, and the air thick with the scent of a small buttercup-like flower on short stalks, reminding one of the fragrance of primrose and hyacinth; the Indus a silver streak in the distance, with its border of green fields and poplars and little villages, and in the background forbidding-looking rocky mountains, with the grand eternal snow-line above all. I proceeded to a nullah, distant about five miles, where burrhel (Ovis nahura) were reported to have been seen. I had with me my shikari, Russla Malik, prince of Kashmir shikaris, a local man, and my tiffin coolie with luncheon-basket. On arriving at the nullah, the local shikari spotted five burrhel, but too far off to decide whether ewes or rams, so we pushed forward to where we could get a better view, disturbing two ewes and lambs on the way. The shikaris were lying down looking through the glasses, when I heard the local man exclaim "Bot burra cheetah," which being interpreted is "very big leopard," and looking up the mountain I perceived something sneaking along near the top, looking at that distance the size of a cat. I said to Russla, "Are we likely to get a shot at him?" and he shook his head. I looked through the telescope and could see him plainly, and that he was carrying a lamb burrhel in his mouth.

On telling Russla this, he said the leopard would probably lie down to eat it, and we *might* have a chance of a shot. Meanwhile the animal had slowly disappeared over the crest of the mountain. We toiled up to where we had seen him disappear, and looked over; not a sign of him, but we came on a small expanse of fine sand, and could plainly see his tracks and where the legs of the lamb had dragged across it. We followed the trail for a short distance and then lost it. The mountains were very craggy and precipitous on this side, with a magnificent view of the valley of the Indus and Leh in the distance. After discussing the situation, we decided that the local man should go along below, and that we should keep on the crest-line and ahead of him. After progressing in this fashion for about half a mile, we came rather carelessly on to a ridge and looked over, when Russla motioned me to sit down and pointed to the animal lying on a flat

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projection further on, and on a slightly higher level than we were on, with his head up looking at us; his resting-place jutted out over a sheer precipice some hundreds of feet high. The leopard was about 350-yds. off, and evidently saw us, and I was rather inclined to fire at him with the ·303 rifle, but he was lying down, and offered such a bad mark that it was very long odds against hitting him. I had a good look at him through the glass, and with his long hair he appeared to me very like a toy animal in a children's bazaar. Our chances of securing him did not now look very rosy, but we decided to get the local man and tiffin coolie to change places with us, unobserved if possible, and hoped the beast might continue watching them, whilst we made a detour and took him in flank. This we proceeded to do, but when we had gone on about 400-yds. or 500-yds. we saw the local man making signals to us that the leopard had moved on. We thereupon climbed on to a crag overlooking the precipice and all the ground in the direction he had gone, but could not see a sign of him, and I was beginning to repent bitterly that I had not fired and taken the off chance, when Russla touched me on the arm and pointed below.

We were on a crag, with rugged rocks standing up at the edge and forming a sort of natural parapet, a sheer precipice below us for about 500-ft. I looked where Russla pointed, and there right below me I saw the leopard stealing along still carrying the lamb. Russla asked me not to shoot, as he thought I might still get a better chance; but I was afraid of losing sight of the quarry again, and it was a good position to shoot from, so leaning my arms on the parapet, I took a steady aim and fired. With no smoke from the cordite powder to obscure my view, I could see the leopard stagger to the shot; he went down across a small patch of snow, with his legs all asprawl like a cat, slid a little, and then rolled head over heels down about 200-ft., and lay dead with his legs in the air.

Russla was delighted, and said he was worth ten ibex. The local man and tiffin coolie went down after him, and it took them an hour and three-quarters to reach him and carry him up. I found the bullet (a dum-dum) had hit him fair between the shoulders and had come out between his fore-legs underneath—a very lucky shot. After a vain search for the burrhel, which had in the meantime disappeared, we returned to camp weary and elated, and arrived at 6 p.m. I had some of the lamb for dinner that the leopard had so kindly retrieved for me, and found it most excellent, and I drank to his feline highness's memory in tea, which was all I had left in the shape of strong drink.

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

SOMEONE has written a rather foolish request to Lord Roberts. He wants to know whether it is true that the Commander-in-Chief disapproves of outdoor sports. He might just as well have asked if his Lordship approves of eating when hungry, drinking when thirsty, or breathing the fresh air of heaven when one can get out of a smoky London den. It is well to judge a man by what he does himself, and Lord Roberts is well known to have been a pig-sticker in India, and to have given every encouragement to sports of the field. Neither did he altogether disapprove of his son riding a steeplechase, or, at least, if on principle he did not approve of a form of sport which was in any way made a business of, he could and did express paternal pride in the manner in which a certain race had been ridden. I am glad that in giving his views the Commander-in-Chief is careful to say that in his approval of cricket and football he played them himself when a boy. I wonder what he would say if he was asked his opinion of sport or play as a business for the amateur-professional. I never can think that twenty-two paid men entertaining 22,000 spectators who take their sport by proxy is better for this country than the profession of gladiator was for declining Rome. Far better was the spirit of the Stuart and Tudor Kings, who commanded their subjects all to attend church in the morning and shoot arrows in the afternoon. This when there was no standing army in the country. I am not prepared to say how much of Cromwell's power of terrorising Europe was the outcome of the ancient precedent for Lord Salisbury's desire that every man should learn to shoot in his own parish. But I suspect much of it was.

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I am not so foolish as to suppose that the King will ever commit himself, in imitation of the Stuarts, to a King's book of sports; and there is no reason for anything of the sort. Practice is better than precept, and to engage in sport oneself is greatly preferable to watching the highest skill of the professionals, or those who make a business of sport; and certainly the King has been anything but a mere spectator in nearly every sport and pastime that we have, and no one has been as successful in the double event of racing and yachting as he.

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There is probably very little chance of His Majesty ever again riding hard across Leicestershire, although I hope I am wrong. The King will probably do no more tiger-shooting or pig sticking in India. He will not, in all probability, at his age, engage much in deer-stalking, in contradistinction to the less physical exertion of the deer drive; nor will His Majesty be likely to toil after grouse dogs to fill the bag when he can exercise skill in the butts instead of following his game. It is the worst possible practice for a man of advanced age to attempt to repeat the physical feats of his youth; and in these days, when the art of driving game is able to make each individual pheasant a rocketer, and when grouse and partridges are usually driven to the commoner, there is every reason why they should give sport in the same way to a King.

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During the past month a peculiar challenge came from America. It appears that some Americans who were over here last year thought that they could teach the Britisher how to handle a gun, and indeed there was a shooter of remarkably good form and style amongst them. So when they arrived home they decided to send a challenge to a match of 1,000 clay birds each for ten men of each side, and for £1,000 a side. This they very wisely placed in the hands of Mr. J. C. Irvine, of Messrs. Eley and Co., the well-known cartridge-makers, with the request that he would forward it to the several clubs interested. Being a busy man, he placed it in the hands of the secretary of the Inanimate Bird-shooting Association, but as it did not seem to progress he then sent it on to Mr. Gale, of Westley Richards', who, as the successor of the Bishop of Bond Street, was just the man to know how to work such an affair. Mr. Gale, I believe, placed himself in communication with the Hurlingham and Gun Club secretaries, and if these and the Middlesex Club combined cannot form a team to beat the Americans I shall be surprised.

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The Americans have hedged clay-bird shooting around with such a lot of artificial rules, that I doubt whether practice under them is very good coaching for game shooting. English club competitions have been nothing very great in that way, but they show signs of improvement; but when we come to the American methods we have to use but one barrel, and this rule has caused special guns to be built for the pastime—heavy single barrels which take 1-¼oz. of shot and powder without limit; the cartridges also may be of any length. Thus they word their challenge in a way that permits them to use these loads in their single barrels, and as a compromise offer us the use of two barrels, but only 1 1-8-oz. of shot. Really there is little or no advantage in this, because a second barrel loaded according to English clay-bird practice is of very little use; its possession tempts the men to shoot their first barrels too quick in order to give their second shots a chance.

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It is a case of two barrels, neither of which in the nature of things can be a certainty, against one barrel, which is, if it is held anything like straight. A clay bird, when set up edgeways to the shooter, that is, in the same position as it flies from the traps, is a very small object indeed, and at the distances it is shot at with the first barrel is not certain of being hit (when set up on a pole for experimental purposes) with No. 6 shot. On the other hand, when smaller sizes are used, it is not certain of being broken when it is hit. Indeed, this applies to No. 6 shot also, for I have counted as many as three perforations by No. 6 shot pellets when the clay has not been broken. This shows the advantage of a large charge of powder to drive the close-clustering small sizes of shot as hard as possible.

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Still, although I do not think the Americans are giving away anything whatever by their conditions, I am inclined to think there are shooters in this country who can defeat them. But the way to set about it is not to go on old form, but to invite the best shots of the different clubs to practice for the purpose of a trial selection shoot. I hear that the Americans are going to bring over thirty men to select from upon the spot. It is not only necessary to have the best men who have learnt the tricks of clay birds, but the best natural shots who will practice for the event. In America everybody almost is a clay-bird shot; it and short-range rifle shooting have become the national games. In this country not a thousandth part of the number practice clay-bird shooting—at least, not in public—and so it becomes necessary to look amongst other shooters for prospective International winners. The Americans are not to be despised at their own game.

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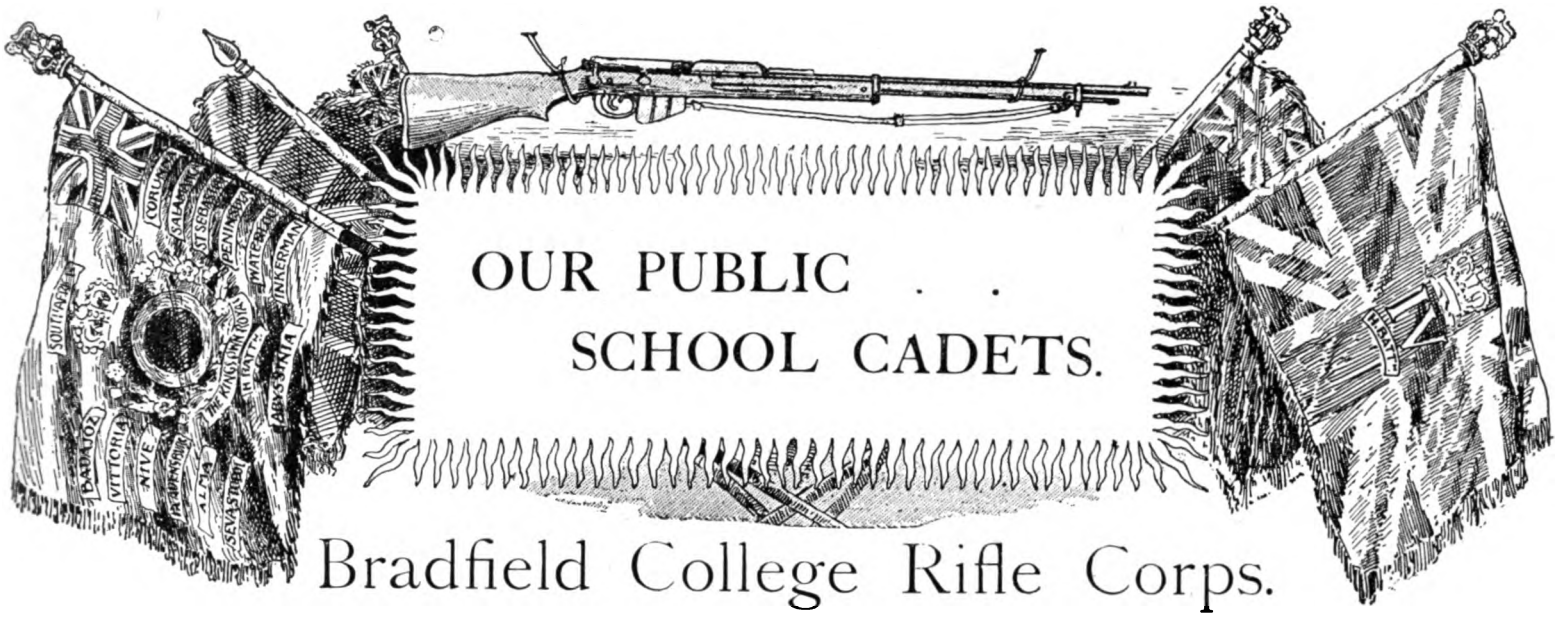

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL CADETS.

Bradfield College Rifle Corps.

By CALLUM BEG.

BY no means the least efficient corps in our Citizen Army are those connected with one or other of our great public schools. Of late years "soldiering" has become so much mixed up with a schoolboy's every-day life that, though not compulsory, it may almost be regarded as a part of the regular curriculum. Nor do the masters hold aloof from the drill-field or the rifle-range. They are to be found in the ranks of every school corps, instructing their pupils in drill and manœuvre with as much enthusiasm as they are wont to display when Latin, Greek, or mathematics is the theme. Indeed, it may be truly said that the enthusiasm of youth and an admirable *esprit de corps* characterise all the doings of our Public Schools Cadets. One company vies with another of the same corps, and between schools there exists, too, a healthy rivalry. That these various influences at work act together for the ultimate good of all, is proved by the successful work carried out at Aldershot, summer after summer, by the Public Schools Provisional Battalion.

In a series of articles, of which this is the first, we purpose giving to the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED some interesting particulars of the various Public Schools Corps, illustrated by photographs specially taken. It may perhaps be necessary to state that in doing so we cannot observe any particular order of precedence. The photographs will be reproduced as far as possible in the order of their receipt by the Editor.

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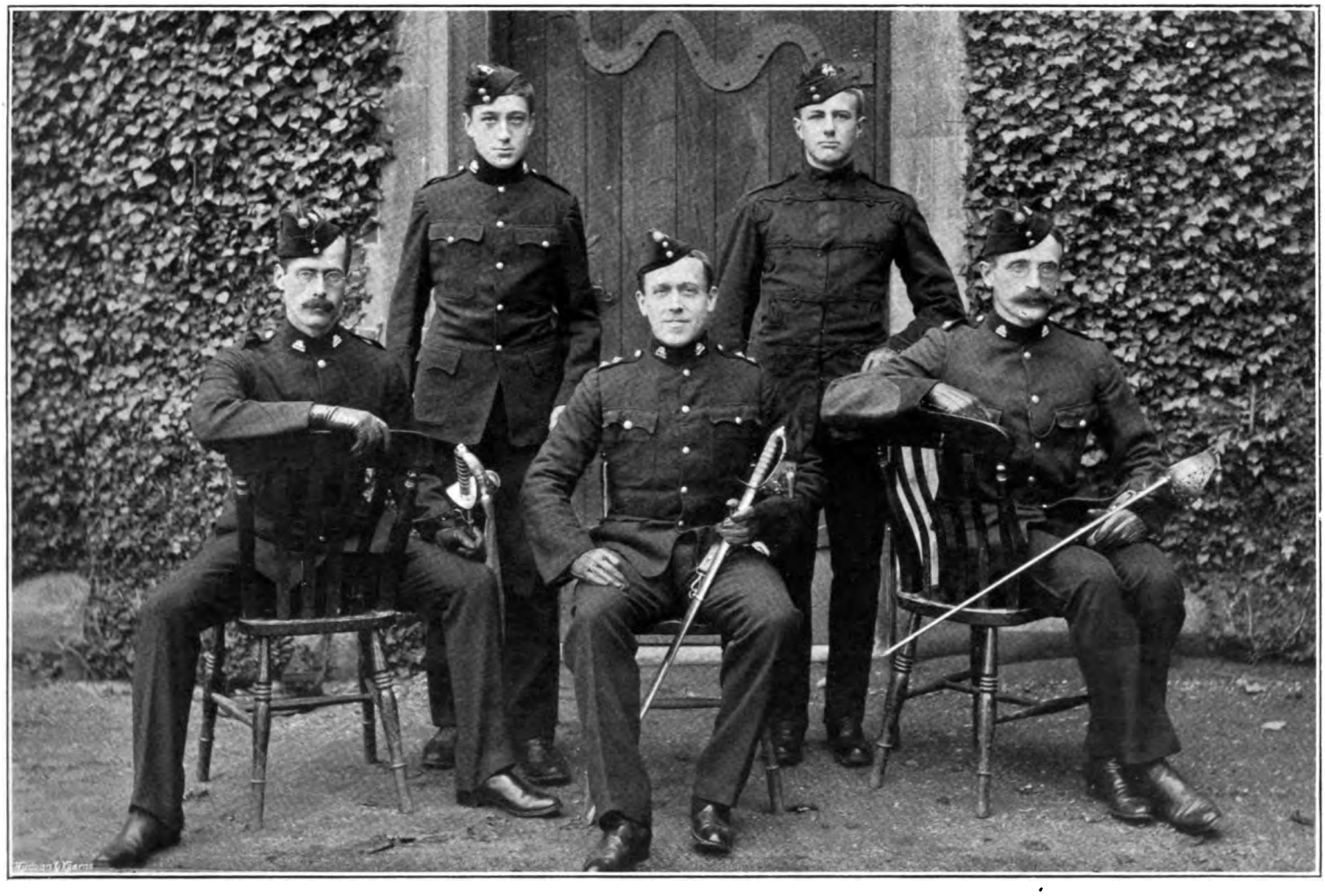
OUR adult corps date for the most part from the middle of the last century, when the nation was aroused to active military enthusiasm by stories of an intended invasion. Not so the Bradfield College Rifle Corps. It was organised in 1883 at the instance of the warden, with the object of "setting up" the boys under his charge. But although—as is recorded in that admirable history of the college by A. F. Leach—the birth of the corps was due to "a most vulgar habit of slouching," it has taught those who have passed through its ranks something more than the bare rudiments of drill—but we are anticipating.

The formation of the corps was, as we have indicated, the idea of the warden. Yet in seeking to carry it out he did not proceed unaided. Who more suitable as a recruiter than the senior prefect? and to him—G. P. Acworth—the warden applied for support. It was heartily given by a good proportion



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THE OFFICERS OF THE BRADFIELD COLLEGE RIFLE CORPS.

In Centre: Captain F. M. Ingram, Commanding the Corps. On Chairs (Left): Lieutenant A. H. Worrall (A Company); (Right): Lieutenant J. Watt (B Company). Standing (Left), Second Lieutenant H. J. Massy (B Company); (Right): Second Lieutenant F. P. Grant (A Company).

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of the scholars. No sooner was the invitation to join issued by the head-master, than forty-seven of the "rising generation" eagerly came forward, fired with martial ardour, and gave their names to Acworth. But parents had first to be consulted, with the result that several names were withdrawn; others, however, were added in the meantime, and the first muster of the corps was about forty-seven of all ranks.

A uniform was the next consideration, and one was accordingly designed by Captain—now Lieutenant-Colonel—Percy Groves, then bursar. This the senior prefect donned, we may infer, with pardonable pride. It was of blue with white facings, but for some reason or other was never adopted, for the cadets eventually disported themselves in red faced with green, and old-fashioned forage caps.

The Bradfield corps started under the most favourable auspices, for Captain Groves took it in hand, and was, so to speak, "colonel-in-chief." There were no masters among the officers. Acworth was captain, and H. T. Adams first lieutenant—both wearing the same uniform as the rank and file. In the early days rifles and side-arms were not forthcoming, but the enthusiasm of the cadets was not easily to be damped. Regularly at stated times they paraded for instruction under their acting officers, but occasionally—so it is recorded by the historian of the college—either owing to their too great enthusiasm or their ignorance of the drill-book, the little company would become "clubbed," so that in order to disentangle them they were ordered to fall out and fall in again.

On such occasions Captain Groves—who, by the way, now commands the Royal Guernsey Artillery, and has won fame as a story-writer—used to assure the boys that unless they speedily improved, the onlookers would mistake them for Yeomanry. Captain Groves had served in the latter branch of the Service, as well as in the Inniskilling Dragoons, and we may take it that he spoke from experience. But be it said in justice to the Yeomanry of to-day, that when they appear in the streets of London or elsewhere they are not infrequently mistaken for cavalry of the Line. Whether or not Captain Groves's sarcasm tended to smarten the corps, history does not record; but, be that as it may, it did not long remain in the chrysalis stage.

Even in these early days of the corps martial music was not wanting in the shape of three drums and three fifes. At the end of the summer term of 1883 the movement suffered a loss by the departure of Captain Groves from Bradfield, but Captain Bridgman, who succeeded him as bursar, took over the command of the corps, and, although he remained in command only a few months, endeavoured to encourage scientific shooting. To this end he offered a Martini-Henry carbine for competition, and—to quote again the school historian—escorted the first firing party to Crookham, "rather nervous and judiciously padded with towels."

Up to April, 1884, the corps existed as a separate organisation, unattached to any Volunteer corps; but at this date it was formally entered in the Army List as a Cadet Corps in connection with the 1st Volunteer Battalion Berkshire Regiment, and as such it still remains.

Captain R. Temperley, an assistant-master, succeeded Captain Bridgman, and was the first commissioned officer to be gazetted honorary captain according to the Volunteer Regulations. Until this time the officers had simply held what may be styled "collegiate" commissions. Besides being honorary captain in the school corps, Captain Temperley was at the same time appointed lieutenant in the 1st Volunteer Battalion Berkshire Regiment. Under him "volunteering" at Bradfield became a popular institution; but the musketry efficiency of the corps at that time was due, in no small measure, to the coaching of a master—Percy Gosset—who when a boy, had fired for Cheltenham in the Public Schools Competition. Although at first the rifle-range was nine miles distant from Bradfield, he had every reason to be pleased with the result of his efforts "to teach the young idea how to shoot," and it was largely due to his initiative that the site for the present range near the college was obtained. At his death—he perished in a fire at the Exeter Theatre—the musketry training of the cadets devolved upon Sergeant-Major Belton, formerly sergeant-instructor of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, who died in harness in November last.

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NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE BRADFIELD COLLEGE RIFLE CORPS.

Back Row, Reading from Left to Right: Corporal Jesse, Corporal Mowrilyan (A Company); Lance-Corporal Knipe (B Company); Lance-Corporal Baskerville, Lance-Corporal Brierly, Corporal Clark (A Company); Corporal Little (B Company). Second Row, Standing on Ground: Lance-Corporal Bremner, Corporal Phillips, Sergeant Doran, Lance-Corporal Fraser (B Company); Corporal Reynolds, Corporal Leach, Sergeant Montennis (A Company); Lance-Corporal D. Johnson, Lance-Corporal Harvey (B Company). Third Row, Sitting on Chairs: Sergeant Lindley (B Company); Sergeant Mortimer, Colour-Sergeant Aylen (A Company); Colour-Sergeant Thornhill (B Company); Sergeant Helm (A Company); Sergeant Mason (B Company). Fourth Row, on Ground: Lance-Corporal Simpson, Lance-Corporal Mercer (A Company).

Although the Public Schools Camp did not take definite shape until 1889, the Bradfield corps was under canvas the year following its formation—twenty strong—with the Berkshire Battalion, at Lockinge. Referring to the "marching in" day, an old boy thus describes it: "We had tea with Lady Wantage, cleared out one of his lordship's peach houses, and were invited to a punch carousal by Cooper's Hill; but Temperley arrived before we had drunk the first glass, and sent us back ignominiously to our large tent" In this same large tent the boys had perforce to sleep on their first night's campaigning, with only a blanket and waterproof sheet for a bed.

In 1889 Bradfield joined in the Public Schools Battalion attached to the Home Counties Volunteer Brigade, under Lord Wantage, at Churn, and the programme included a visit to Aldershot, and participation in the Review at which the German Emperor was present. The same year (in August) Captain Temperley left Bradfield, and the command was assumed by Mr. Ingram, a master, who from colour-

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THE CADETS' BAND.

"The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

sergeant was gazetted first-lieutenant, and is now captain of the corps. Under him it has maintained a high place among the Public Schools Corps, and now numbers about 170 of all ranks. It is divided into two companies. The men of A Company are drawn from the classical side of the college. Those from the modern side and Army and Navy classes contribute half a company each to the second or B Company. The latter has sent not a few of its members direct to Woolwich and Sandhurst, and the thoroughness with which they have been instructed at Bradfield may be gathered from the fact that quite a large proportion of them have been appointed under-officers.

As to the constitution of the corps, it is, of course, composed chiefly of cadets, but contains in addition a squad of regularly enrolled Volunteers, who form a detachment of A Company, 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, at Reading, but drill with, and count as part of, the Bradfield corps. Although, therefore, on the same official footing as other adult Volunteers, this squad is seldom on parade with the Berkshire battalion, and from it are selected most of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Bradfield corps. In camp and on field-days the squad forms part of a provisional battalion of the Public Schools Corps.

Drills take place once a week, and attendance at them is compulsory; but the training of the corps is not confined to minor exercises. A field-day takes place once a term. About November 1 the scene of action is Old Deam Common. Towards the end of March Bradfield assembles at Aldershot, with other Public Schools Corps, where the field-day of the year takes place, and in June another "tactical exercise" is arranged, alternately, by the Wellington, Marlborough, and Bradfield corps near their headquarters, in which all three corps participate.

To the annual camp of Public Schools Corps at Aldershot Bradfield had always until last year sent a contingent. In 1894 it sent the largest company, 83 strong, and its musters are second only to those of Haileybury. Last year illness prevented the corps from going into camp at the last moment, when over 100 of the rank and file were expected to attend.

A year after the formation of the corps a team from Bradfield competed at Wimbledon, but met with no measure of success. Nor did Bradfield shine as a shooting corps until it obtained its present range, when it at once came to the front, taking second place in 1887 for the Ashburton Shield. The following year the Bradfield team was fourth, with one point less than the winning team. The same year the Spencer Cup was won by R. C. B. Wall of Bradfield. In 1891 second place was again taken, and two years later the Bradfield eight, captained by A. L. Sellon, won the Shield. Rugby beat Bradfield in 1894—although had Bradfield's last shot found the target the result would have been reversed—but the latter again captured the Shield in 1897, the first year in which the Lee-Metford rifle was used. The captain of the eight on this occasion was E. G. Lomas. In thirteen years the corps has on only three occasions been out of the first four for the Shield, and has been seven times in the first three. The corps owes much of its success in shooting to the excellent coaching of Sergeant-Major Belton.

Quite a large number of old Bradfield boys are now serving with distinction in South Africa. First among them, perhaps, is the brother of Lord Kitchener, who when at school was distinguished for his wonderful collection of birds' eggs. In obtaining some of the rarest it is related that he swam repeatedly to the islands in Englefield lake, returning with the eggs in his cap. To enumerate all would be impossible in the space allotted, yet two others at least are deserving of special mention. These are Captain H. T. Crispin, Northumberland Fusiliers, and Captain W. T. C. Jones, Royal Marine Light Infantry. The former was wounded when rescuing a wounded soldier; the latter was mentioned in despatches for his gallantry with the Naval detachment at Graspan. After being wounded he was invalided home, where he had the honour of being decorated with the Distinguished Service Order by our late beloved and revered Queen.

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THE CORPS ON PARADE.

Formed in Quarter Column on the Drill Ground.

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Old-time Recruiting.

RECRUITING is a subject which, in one way or another, has very frequently been illustrated in the pages of this journal. In the very first number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED there was an article on recruiting, written by an expert, and illustrated by a picture showing the recruits who are daily to be seen, either loafing about in hesitancy, or else in the actual tow of the recruiting sergeants, in the vicinity of St. George's Barracks. Since then it has often been found necessary to allude, pictorially and otherwise, to the process by which we feed our Army. But the subject is one capable of still more extended treatment, a fact which we make bold to think this very article will go far to demonstrate. Certainly the four extremely interesting pictures which are here presented show recruiting in a new and an historical light. Not only are they in themselves quaint, but they afford the happiest contrast to that latter-day system of recruiting with which the "man in the street" is to some extent familiar.

A GOLDEN LURE.
The Recruiter Tempts the Greedy Yokel with Prospective Wealth.

We use the term "to some extent familiar" advisedly. For there is some reason to doubt whether the average plain man does not think he knows a great deal more about recruiting than he actually does. There are not a few well-informed individuals, for instance, who still speak of a recruit "taking the shilling," in happy ignorance of the fact that the institution in question was abolished more than twenty long years ago. In these enlightened times the recruit may occasionally, no doubt, get a drink of beer from a recruiter who is anxious, in the course of a little quiet conversation, to convince him of the advantages of leaving his present occupation for a Military career. But a recruit who enlists to-day is no more entitled to "the shilling" than he is to those preposterous bounties which it was sometimes found necessary to pay in order to get soldiers in the doubtfully good days of old. Until he is actually attested he is simply as any other civilian, and it is only after that ceremony has been performed, and he has taken the solemn Oath of Allegiance, that the budding fighter of his country's battles receives that excellent treatment for which the British Army is justly famous.

There are many other contrasts, it is needless to say, between the system of recruiting as it is and as it was in the time which these pictures represent. In those days the commanders of corps still recruited very much in the haphazard style in which Falstaff did in the reign of Henry IV. Possibly the scandal was not so great as it was when that scandalous wine-bibber enlisted Messrs. Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf. But the system was almost equally casual and go-as-you-please. The Commanding Officer of a regiment in need of recruits would send down into some particular district one or more recruiting parties armed with a Proclamation, in which, as a rule, a considerable bounty was offered to likely men. The drum was beaten here and there through the villages, drink and money were freely scattered by the recruiting parties, and promises of absurd advantages and promotion were abundantly held out to the gaping country bumpkins who crowded round to listen to the sergeant's glowing mendacity, accompanied as it was by an occasionally stirring roll of the drum. Every effort was concentrated upon making a man accept the shilling; when that had been done, either through specious cajolery or with the aid of strong liquor, the man was a soldier, and very little further trouble had to be taken with him. If other recruits were to be had in the neighbourhood he was necessarily kept in a fuddled and vainglorious condition until the recruiting capacity of the village or district had been exhausted, when he suddenly woke up to find that Military life was indeed anything but a bed of roses.

A HIT AT CONSCRIPTION.
How French Recruits Fly to Join the Colours.

Of course we have changed all that. To-day the process of recruiting is carried out in a manner both scientific and humane. The report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting is really one of the most interesting Military documents published. Apart from its human interest, it shows conclusively what an amount of thought and labour has been, and is being, expended upon this matter, and even the general reader would find a great portion of it very attractive reading.

A BOUNTY THROWN AWAY.
The Sergeant Pays Good Money for a Wooden-legged Recrui

It was mentioned above that in the first number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED reference was made to recruiting as it is carried on at St. George's Barracks. Now this is the headquarters of the London Recruiting District, which is on a similar footing to several Recruiting Districts in the various great towns. But, apart from these, an immense amount of excellent work is done at the Regimental Depôts, which recruit more particularly for their own territorial regiments. Into this subject one cannot enter here, but it is one of great interest, even in connection with the more particular subject-matter of this article. For a study of it would demonstrate with very singular clearness how different is the careful and, indeed,

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elaborate manner in which recruiting goes on to-day from the slipshod methods which obtained from the very earliest times until a date by no means remote.

And now to turn to our pictures. The first of these is about as typical a scene of recruiting in the olden time as could well be imagined. It will be noticed that the inevitable beer-shop is in the background, and from it have doubtless just emerged the smart recruiter and his attendant drummer. The former is offering a bounty to a line of would-be recruits, on whose unhandsome features is depicted every shade of ignorance and cupidity. Evidently the bait is being taken, and very soon these miserable bumpkins will be marched off in due course to join their regiment. Heaven only knows what their destination may be. Very possibly, after undergoing a painful period of iron discipline and everlasting drill, they will be shipped off in some cockroach-ridden transport to die of fever in the Low Countries. Sorry food for powder they seem, and it is very certain that by no process, however harsh or skilful, will they ever be converted into the semblance of the fine, well-set-up drummer, who doubtless regards them at present with feelings of very complete contempt.

Yet it must be remembered that from material such as this our armies in those days were, one may perhaps say, largely manned. Miserable clodhoppers, as two at least of this little contingent are, they are no worse than hundreds and thousands of men who have done glorious service for their Sovereign and country, and faced without a murmur dangers and privations of no ordinary sort. For in those days campaigning was to the private soldier something very different from what it is now, and, in addition to the ordinary perils of a campaign, he had to endure much in the way of exposure and hunger and utter neglect to which the modern private is happily a stranger.

SCARLET FEVER.

He Forgets his Sweetheart in the Flush of Martial Ardour.

In another picture of a later date we see recruiting in a less coarse, but, sentimentally speaking, in a sadder aspect. Here the recruiter is a cavalryman, and has succeeded in capturing the Young Hopeful of a respectable family. The father, won over by his artful story, has reluctantly given consent. The mother, tearful in the background, must surely have done her best to oppose her youngster's martial longings. The lad himself has drawn the recruiter's sabre, and already believes himself the hero of some dashing charge, while the trumpeter sounds a call to stimulate his ardour. The sweetheart leaning on her lover's shoulder, and the dog surprised at his young master's attitude, give a poetically pathetic finish to a picture of singular charm from the artistic standpoint. How will it end? In the Peninsula, perhaps, with Waterloo to follow, and, let us hope, all the distinction that the aged couple, long since dead, could have desired; also, let us hope, to the infinite satisfaction of the pretty sweetheart.

A much lighter note is struck in the quaint picture which shows how, in his eagerness to capture a recruit, even the wily and experienced sergeant is sometimes taken in. In the North Country they tell to-day a story of the manner in which a recruiting sergeant at a much later date was similarly made a fool of at Sheffield. Before machinery came to be so largely used as it is now in that thriving centre, some of the processes involved in the manufacture of cutlery were extremely detrimental to physical development; and it was no uncommon sight to see a man the upper part of whose body was a picture of shapely muscularity, but whose lower limbs were sadly shrunk or distorted. The story goes that on one occasion a recruiter entering a public-house found, as he thought, a most likely man sitting at one of the tables, his legs, as in the picture, obscured from view. After diligently plying the man with liquor, the sergeant gradually began to suggest the propriety of his taking the shilling, and at length, after a great deal of coy reluctance, the man consented. The rest of the company who were in the secret were naturally overjoyed when the sergeant, refusing to "stand" more liquor, somewhat sternly commanded the new recruit to follow him out of the house. Picture the recruiter's disgust when his prize rose from the table and walked out into the room, not a splendid fellow 6-ft. high, but a fine torso balanced upon two stumpy shrunken shanks. The last picture explains itself, and that in rather a grimly humorous fashion. Foreign nations are proud of their systems of conscription, but we are prouder still, and with excellent reason, of the fact that every English soldier, Regular, Militiaman, or of the Citizen Army, is literally a volunteer.

Altogether, the contention that these pictures possess a singular and many-sided interest will be cheerfully allowed. Artistically, they are either quaint, original, or of high pictorial merit. Historically, they are both interesting in themselves, and present interesting and instructive contrasts. Professionally, they illustrate curiously a Military institution, the essential importance of which is sufficiently obvious. But the pleasantest reflection the little series will inspire is the one already indicated, namely, that in this, as in everything else connected with the Army, we have progressed wonderfully, especially in the direction of eliminating scandals alike demoralising and discreditable.

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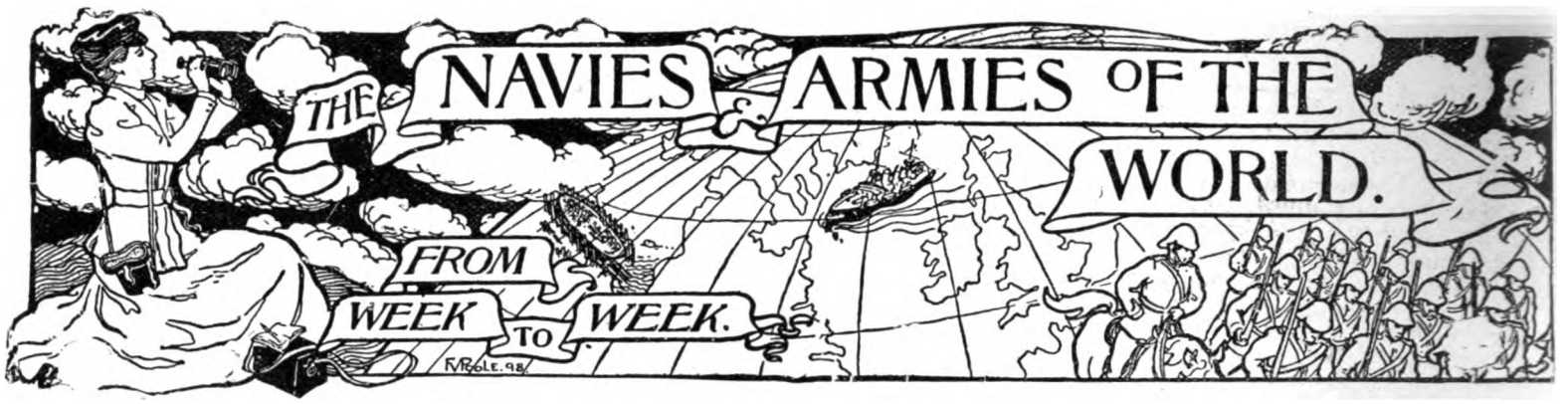

THE difficulty of ascertaining the real strength of a Navy in our time is proverbial. If anybody doubts it, let him consult the newspapers and the Naval annuals of all nations for any given year. It will soon be borne in upon him that each compiler has his own standard by which he admits or rejects, absolves or condemns, and by the help of which he can enlarge or diminish a fleet at pleasure. Apparently there is something in the nature of the subject which renders precision impossible, for if you look back to any past year and try to find what the British Navy was at that date, it is odds but that you will be presented with various incompatible estimates. Take, for instance, the year 1778, when France was about to join with the American insurgents against us, and the American War was beginning to be also a Naval war. We have for that year, first and foremost, the official Derrick, speaking with that calm air of superior knowledge which sits so gracefully on official gentlemen. He condescends blandly to Schomberg and Beatson, recognising their humble merits and excusing their deficiencies on the ground of their want of knowledge of the true pure sources of information. Derrick tells us that the Navy consisted of 152 line-of-battle and fifty-gun ships, and that its grand total was 450 of all sorts, states, and sizes. This seems precise, but Derrick cannot be infallible, because Mr. Laird Clowes, in the thirtieth chapter of his "Royal Navy," publishes his lists for the years about 1778 with corrections. Derrick does not specify his sources of information in detail, and we are not told on what the corrections are based.

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Since, then, Derrick is not infallible, let us turn to contemporary authorities who are in print. First there is Schomberg, of whom Mr. Laughton says that his lists of ships and officials are valuable. He was a lieutenant in 1777, served all through the war, and was finally Commissioner and Deputy Controller of the Navy. It would seem that he ought to have known the strength of his own Service. In Vol. V. of his "Naval Chronology," page 54, we have a list of the British Navy in 1778, the ships being given by name and divided into vessels in commission, in ordinary (*i.e.*, in reserve), and building. Derrick gives only abstracts. Schomberg allows 133 of fifty guns and upwards, including thirteen building. That leaves 120, or thirty-two less than is allowed by Derrick, who for his part never stops to distinguish between the ship *in esse* and the ship *in posse*. Schomberg's grand total, including sloops, yachts, armed ships, and so forth, is 312—just 138 less than the figure of the official and optimistic Derrick. Then we have Beatson, a careful man. He gives a list of the ships of the Navy in 1778 by name, date of launch, and rate or class. His total of fifty guns and above is 137, from which are to be deducted eleven building, four unfit for sea service through age, and thirteen capable of being made useful by a thorough refit. This leaves 109 as the effective strength of the Navy. Beatson's grand total, if I have added his columns correctly, is 259, or 191 less than that of Derrick.

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Here are discrepancies. In the totals they may be partly accounted for by the fact that one man leaves out hulks or hospital ships or hired vessels, which another includes; but this will not explain all, and it goes no way towards accounting for the wide difference in the number of battleships (including the fifty-gun ships, which are only excluded from the line on paper by an official *chinoiserie*) between Schomberg and Beatson, who agree pretty well, though not wholly, and Derrick, whether in his original state, or corrected. Perhaps you do not "trust Beatson." Very good; then let us hear official persons and Naval authorities speaking on the subject in the Commons and the Lords. In the debate on the Navy Estimates on December 11, 1782, Mr. Brett calculated the ships of the line "now in actual employment" at 112. Observe that this was when we had France, Spain, and Holland on our hands, and when we had been raking out every half-rotten old tub which could be patched up to float in order to make a squadron for Vinegar Parker, who was to protect the Baltic convoy. It seems little for a Fleet which had 152 ships to use in 1778, and which, according to Derrick, went on growing all through the war, till in January, 1783, it could count on 197. Captain John Luttrell jumped up to correct Mr. Brett, by pointing out that the late First Lord (Sandwich) had estimated in December, 1781, that we had ninety-two in commission and twenty-three building or repairing. Deducting five which might be allowed to require a very full repair, this leaves 110 which might have been ready in the course of 1782. There was some hocus-pocus about the ships of the fourth rate (fifty to sixty), but both men were clearly speaking of the full available battle strength of the Navy at a time when every craft we could turn out was needed. Their estimates differ vastly from Derrick's 152 in 1778, and still more from his 197 in January, 1783. If we accept the *chinoiserie* about the fifty-gun ships, his earlier figure of the line-of-battle ships is 131, and his later 174, both much in excess of Brett's and Luttrell's figures.

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So much for the Commons in December, 1782. Let us go up to the Lords debating the Preliminaries of the Peace on February 17, 1783, and listen to greater men. Lord Keppel, who was for the time being out of office as First Lord, and was rating his successors for making a worse peace than they were entitled to make, considering the strength of the Navy, produced these figures. He put the fleets of the House of Bourbon at 123 of the line, but discounted many of them as foul, and stated that our own force was 109 of the line, including those which would be ready for service by the following May. To him enter Lord Howe, one of the most honest of men, and one of the best acquainted with the real strength of the Navy. He was fresh from relieving Gibraltar with an outnumbered, indifferently manned, and partly rotten fleet. For his part, he put the strength of the British Navy in line-of-battle ships at ninety-nine "tolerably fit for service, including those now in a state of forwardness." No time need be spent in debating the question which of the men was right, for when Howe sat down, Keppel got on his legs at once and explained that when he said there were 109 of the line he counted in "good, bad, and indifferent." For this he was instantly and firmly rapped over the knuckles by Black Dick. The passage of arms between these great officers is most instructive to the student of Navy Lists. It is perfectly obvious that Keppel—who, whether he was a "Cautious Leeshore," as his enemies said, or not (and, as a matter of fact, the intrepid captain of the "Torbay" at Quiberon was not a daring admiral)—was a thorough-going party politician, was playing a game with which we are abundantly familiar. He wanted to score a point against the "Ins," and so he deliberately exaggerated the real fighting strength of the Navy, and then based a charge of timidity against them on his own over-estimate. When tackled by another Naval officer whom he could not venture to pooh-pooh, and with whom legerdemain with figures was useless, he confessed what he was doing.

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Behind the printed evidence lie the surviving official documents in the Record Office, the monthly lists of Ships in Full Sea Pay, and the Weekly Progress of Ships Building, Repairing, and in Ordinary, to which are to be added such things as the vast volume which professes to give a list of the Navy in 1779. To these I shall come back if there is no cause to the contrary. Here, however, it may be noted that in one book consisting of abstracts from the monthly lists and weekly progresses for the end of the eighteenth century and first years of the nineteenth, there is a solemn warning by the compiler. It is to the effect, first, that as a vessel in full sea pay might also be undergoing repair, she would appear in both lists, and that, therefore, you must not add the two totals in order to get at the strength of the Fleet; and, secondly, that all the old lists from which the book was made were untrustworthy. After that we might, perhaps, excusably decline to attempt to find out what the strength of the Navy was in 1778, or, indeed, any other year till a far later date. At any rate, it does seem rash to assert that the figure was so and so in the face of all these contradictions, omissions, and confessed inaccuracies.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.—NO. 213] SATURDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1901.

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THE KING'S FIRST BATTLE-SHIP.

The "Russel," which was put into the water from the yard of Messrs. Palmer and Co., Ltd., at Jarrow-on-Tyne last week, is the first battle-ship to be launched in the reign of Edward VII. When completed she will be among the most formidable war vessels afloat.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

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The Duties of Patriotism.

IT was once the characteristic of Quakers to speak the exact truth on subjects with which they were acquainted, and to leave all other subjects alone. Even in the forms of common speech they took care to keep within the strict limits of a meticulous correctness. Witness the story of the Quaker who, being accosted in the street with "This is the way to London, isn't it?" responded gravely, "Friend, first thou tellest a lie, and then thou askest a question."

But even the characteristics of Quakers alter as time passes. The passions of the hour affect the sober judgments of the Men of Peace even as they inflame the minds of persons less professedly philosophic. How else can we account for the words with which Mr. Rowntree, a well-known member of an old Quaker family, darkened counsel recently at a Friends' meeting? Mr. Rowntree chose for his subject Patriotism, and the duties of Man both as Christian and as Patriot. Now, this is a very interesting subject, and one upon which there is much to be said. We only wish Mr. Rowntree had contributed something useful to its discussion. What we were able to gather from the newspaper reports led us to the conclusion that he doubted very much whether, in these days, there are any Christian patriots at all. He seemed to suggest, that is to say, that anyone who at the present moment was a patriot could not be a Christian, and that conversely no Christian could want to be patriotic. This, of course, means no more than that Mr. Rowntree is opposed to the war in South Africa. It is quite of a piece with the rest of the pro-Boer arguments. Your pro-Boer thinks the Boers ought to be supported because they are animated solely by patriotism, but at the same time he considers the action of Great Britain criminal because it is not dictated by cosmopolitan sentiment. It never occurs to him that our action may be both patriotic and cosmopolitan. If the Boers are right to fight for their local independence and their narrow conception of patriotism, how much more must Great Britain (according to the Quaker line of argument) be right in fighting for the welfare of South Africa as a whole. However, it is scarcely worth while to bandy retorts with a patriot so little consistent, a speculative reasoner whose arguments are self-destructive even as they issue from his lips.

Let us rather consider for ourselves what is the true quality of patriotism at the present time, and what each of us can do in a quiet way to show ourselves patriots. In the first place, let us agree that it is a sham patriotism which impels to boasting and braggadocio; to killing our country's foes "with our mouths," sitting in music-halls with well-filled tumblers in front of us; to speaking of all other nations and races as if they were of an inferior breed and stock to our noble selves; and to talking at large of what great things we shall do in the future. The last fault is one to which Americans are not entirely strangers. A great New York newspaper the other day reckoned up the populations of the great Powers, and calmly came to the conclusion that the United States, with more people than any other country, and with better land and better brains and better everything else, are bound to take the lead. Well, it is quite possible the United States may take the lead, but they will not take it any sooner for the help of prophecies like this. Nor, indeed, will they ever win a sounding name in history amongst the truly great and lasting nations of the world if the kind of follies which attended a recent fashionable wedding in New York are allowed to influence their standards of life and thought. The vulgarity of ostentation stalks blatant and unrebuked among the uncultivated rich in certain centres of American life. In these centres it is thought to be fitting, not merely to spend £100,000 upon preparations for a marriage feast, but to send all the details of your silly extravagance to all the newspapers. It is a curious fact for the sociological observer that this young nation of Americans, full of the energy and initiative of youth, should at the same time exhibit to a greater extent than they are exhibited in our "effete, old country," the signs of corrupting and enervating luxury, and the crazy humours of the over-rich.

What both Britons and Americans need for their health's sake is a return to simpler modes of life. Here is a way by which everyone can testify to his love of country. No country can be sound and prosperous to the core if the extremes of wealth and poverty are allowed to exist side by side without an attempt to adjust the broken balance. No nation can be in a wholesome state of mind and body if the pursuit of pleasure is made the principal end of existence, and if all the Haves are trying to live up to one standard of luxury, disregarding the fact that the Have-nots are ceasing to live up to any standard of comfort, or even decency, at all. It does not fall to the lot of many to do "some great thing" for love of country. We cannot all volunteer for the front; we cannot all grasp the reins of executive or administrative Power; very few of us can attract attention to our patriotic aims and endeavours. But we can all take thought for the morrow of England and the Empire; we can all do what in us lies to make that morrow fair. Quiet work to the best of our ability, contentment with that state of life in which we find ourselves, amusement in due proportion to labour, frugality in proportion to our future needs—these principles of life not only make the individual as happy as we can expect to be in a world where happiness is no man's birthright, but they make nations strong and secure. A wastrel is no patriot, however loud his voice sounds in patriotic chorus. Windbags and phrase-mongers will never do their country good service. Those who make up a sober, reasoned public opinion are the men who work and think, who give their rulers a lead instead of following ignorantly and blindly, who have in their hearts a deep love and solicitude for their country, and in their minds a clear understanding of the path on which its welfare lies. Unless a country can show a majority of its citizens of this type, it is useless to blame rulers for ineptitude and miscalculation. If England is to overcome quickly the difficulties and dangers which face her at present, it must be by reason of the thoughtful, earnest patriotism of her sons.

One remark of Mr. Rowntree's showed, by the way, that he himself has yet to realise and to practise one of the first attributes of patriotism. Like Charity, true patriotism "thinketh no evil." Mr. Rowntree did not merely think evil, and quite unfounded evil, but he expressed it. He accused newspapers of selfishness and sordidness in pretending to be patriotic because it paid, and he further made the astonishing assertion that war "enormously increased" the gains of newspaper proprietors. Therefore (such was the inference to be drawn from his words) newspapers advocated war for reasons of profit to themselves. The statement is so grotesquely untrue, the inference so ignorantly uncharitable, that the best way to answer it would be to borrow the blunt phraseology of the Quaker quoted above. But we will content ourselves merely with suggesting to Mr. Rowntree that, if there is one duty more than another which the patriot should observe to-day, it is not to impute unworthy motives to those who do not agree with him.

THE first approach to the barrack system was started in 1681, when certain buildings, namely, the King's Mews, the Savoy, and Somerset House, were assigned as permanent quarters for the Military. Before this, with the exception of the troops who were lodged in the Tower, in Windsor Castle, and in forts in the country, regiments were distributed in billets on publicans and others. The billeting of troops was always a popular grievance, leading as it did to all kinds of abuse, and the necessity for barracks was ever being made evident by the general outcry against the practice of billeting. The erection of permanent barracks was first sanctioned in 1697, and was then continued year by year. But the progress made was evidently not very rapid, for we find that a long debate took place in the House of Commons in 1740 on a proposal to increase the Army by 10,000 men, one of the objections urged being that most of the keepers of public-houses would be ruined by soldiers quartered on them. The erection of barracks was hindered more than once by the strenuous opposition of those who feared lest a standing Army should become a menace to liberty. Thus Fox in one of his bitter speeches observed that, "If one system be more corrupt and inimical to freedom, it is the system of barracks."

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Wishing "God-speed" to the "Russel."

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THE CEREMONY OF CHRISTENING AT THE YARD OF MESSRS. PALMER AND CO., LTD.

The "Russel" has a distinguished record. The first ship of the name was launched in 1711, was at Cartagena, and in action off Toulon. Another "Russel" distinguished herself in Rodney's great battle in April, 1782, on the "Glorious First of June," at Camperdown, and at Copenhagen. A third was in the Baltic Squadron in the Russian War. And there were others.

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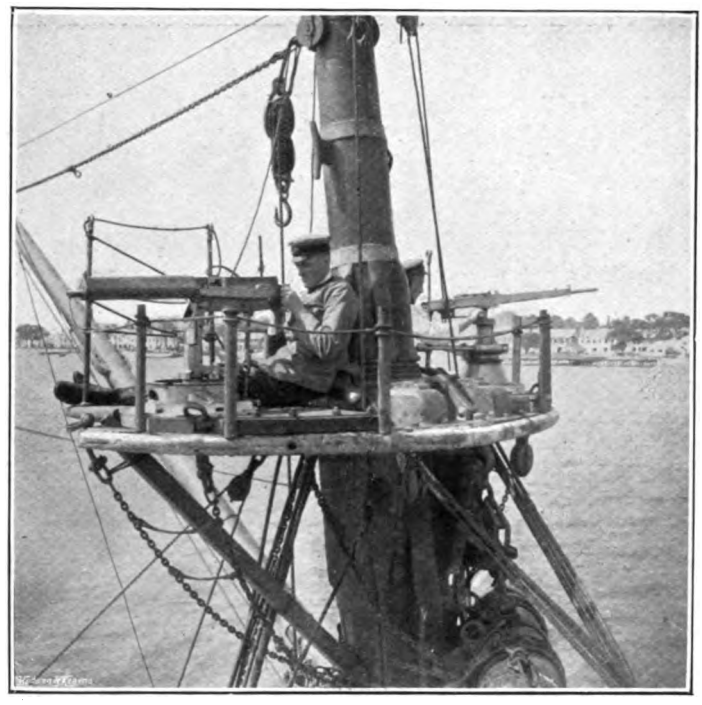
The Gambia Expedition.

WE have peculiar satisfaction in presenting this week two pictures illustrating the expedition which has recently been operating on the Gambia. These pictures only arrived just in time to be included in the present number, and we are inclined to think that we have forestalled our contemporaries in reproducing any photographs at all connected with the actual work of this really important little campaign. This is no new thing for NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to do, but the present instance shows with particular clearness the pleasant estimation in which we are held by correspondents in very remote parts of the world, who hasten to place exclusive pictorial matter at our disposal in the full knowledge that through the medium of this journal it will reach a world-wide and genuinely appreciative circle.



AN IMPROVISED FIGHTING-TOP.
Constructed on the Foremast of the "Thrush" for River Fighting.

We may be insulting our readers by even the bare suggestion that some of them are not intimately acquainted with the geography of the region traversed by this expedition. But at the risk of doing so we will say briefly that the river Gambia rises in the mountains at the back of Sierra Leone. It flows first towards the north, and then, turning towards the west, debouches into the Atlantic about 100 miles south of Cape Verde. The British settlement consists of various stations up the river, and, more particularly, at the mouth, where is situated the chief town, Bathurst. The latter can be seen in the distance in the picture showing the improvised fighting-top of the "Thrush." The British colony of Gambia has the distinction of being the most northerly and the oldest of all the British settlements on the West African Coast.

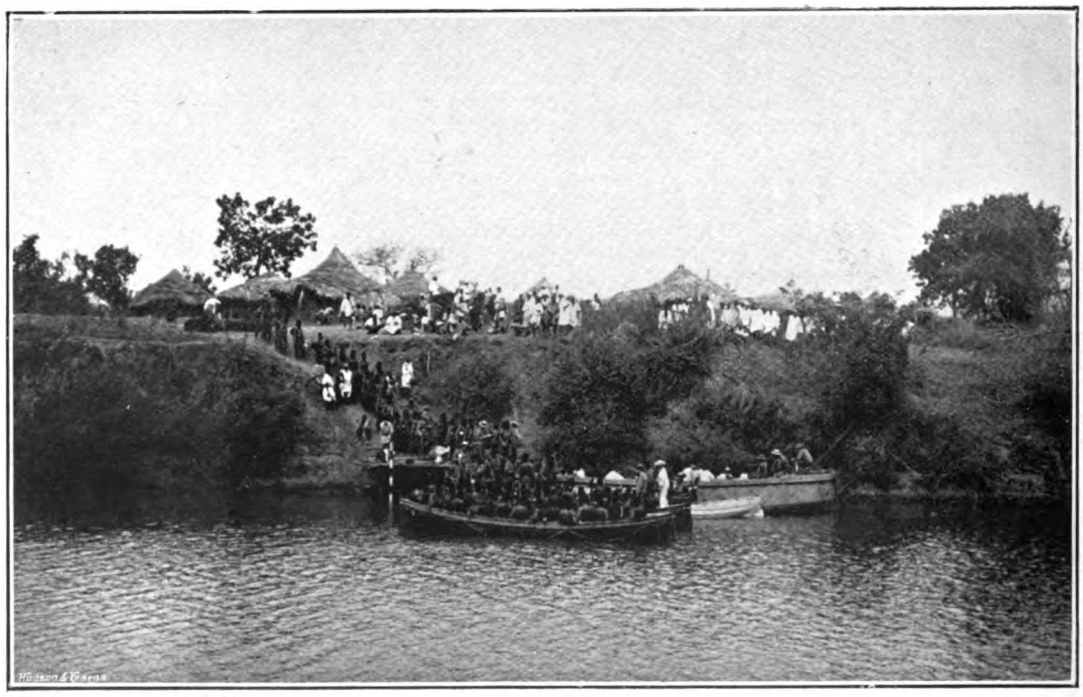
Like all these coast colonies, Gambia is subject to periodical fits of unrest. The native of these parts is, perhaps, taken all round, the most excitable creature in the world, and, having regard to the isolated condition of many of the European stations, the wonder is that tragedies do not more often occur. In June last a tragedy did occur, Messrs. Sitwell and Silva, two British Commissioners, and some native police having been murdered by the inhabitants of a village on the south side of the river about fifty miles from the coast. When a West African native has committed a crime of this sort he always seems to be impelled to further mischief, and an almost natural consequence of the murder of Messrs. Sitwell and Silva has been that, ever since, the entire population of the colony within a considerable radius of the incriminated village has been in a state of ferment.

Whatever charges may be laid against the British Government, that of condoning murderous outrages upon British officials is certainly not one of them. Accordingly, towards the close of last year an expedition was organised with a view to punishing the particular village guilty in this instance, and, as the troubles were rather more serious than was at first supposed, care was taken to make the expeditionary force a strong and well-equipped one. The military part of the expedition consisted of a detachment of the 2nd Central Africa Regiment, which has recently been moved to the West Coast from Somaliland, and a battalion of the West India Regiment from Sierra Leone.

The Navy, which has so repeatedly left its mark upon the West African Coast, was not denied a share in the operations. His Majesty's ships "Forte," "Thrush," and "Dwarf" were included in the expedition, and, of course, made due preparation for it with that cheerful alacrity which distinguishes the British sailor whenever there is anything like fighting toward. One of our pictures shows the improvised fighting-top which was constructed on the foremast of the "Thrush," with a view to introducing a Maxim-Nordenfelt to the notice of the up-river nigger. This was built by the ship's carpenter, and is an admirable instance of the manner in which the "Handy Man" can produce special appliances out of even the limited resources of a gun-boat.

The history of the expedition is that of many similar enterprises in which British sailors and soldiers have been engaged on this coast. The military contingent, commanded by Colonel Brake, D.S.O., proceeded up the river Gambia in the transport "Dwarka," in company with the three warships. After steaming fifty or sixty miles up stream, the force was landed at the village of Tendeba, on the south bank. Thence the troops marched southward eight miles into the interior to Dumbutu, a village situated near the French boundary, where the natives responsible for the murder of the British Commissioners last June were supposed to be lurking. The enemy were taken completely by surprise, but offered some resistance. The troops surrounded and captured the village after an hour's fighting, the enemy losing sixty killed, sixty wounded, and 200 prisoners. A further advance was made on the following day, and three principal head-men were taken prisoners. Our casualties were two or three men belonging to the West India and Central Africa Regiments wounded.

This may not seem a very glorious campaign, but the credit which should be given to all concerned is really very great. A West African river, even though it be navigable, as the Gambia alone of the rivers on this coast is, can hardly be described as yielding facilities for a pleasant water picnic. As for the interior, even the shortest march commonly means exertion of no ordinary sort. The West India Regiment, of course, has fought a hundred times on this coast, while, as for the British sailor, all "seats of war" seem alike to him so long as there is some real work to be done.



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WITH THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.
Central Africa Rifles Re-embarking at Pirie, River Gambia.

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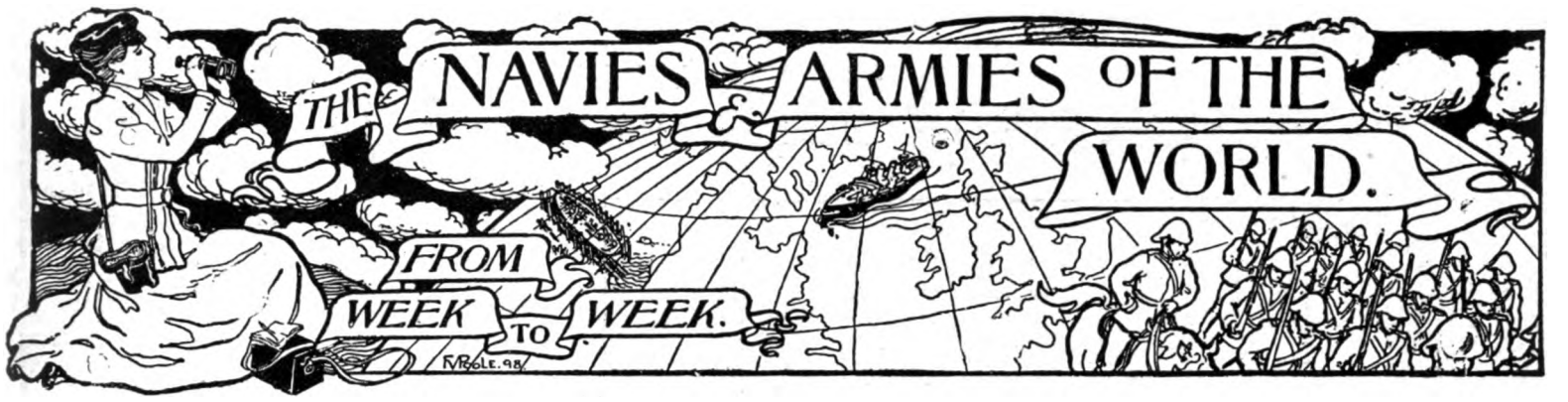

I SPOKE in last week's notes of the discrepancies which exist between the different authorities who have undertaken to tell us what the strength of the British Fleet was in 1778. It is very far from being my intention to assert, or even imply, that it is in my power to remove the obscurity. My intention is, on the contrary, to point out how improbable it is that the truth can ever be made clear, and to draw a moral. The usual course is to put the moral after the fable; but every custom may be departed from occasionally, and mine shall be put here, just to have it out of the way, and be done with it. It is that people ought to be sure, when they describe our Navy as relatively less strong in our day than it was formerly, that they know what the facts really were. Moreover, they should bear in mind that the delusive, not to say rascally, practice of lumping together built, building, and ordered to be built, and representing them as composing the actual strength of the Navy, is no invention of our own corrupt times. Let us take an example. Derrick, in his "Abstract of the Royal Navy as it stood on January 20, 1783," credits us with five first rates. Now we began the war in 1778 with three—the "Britannia," the "Victory," and the "Royal George." There was a fourth, the "Royal Sovereign," which was building. We all know what happened to the "Royal George." In January, 1783, there were two first rates which were serviceable, and one building. The effective strength was two. How was the figure of five reached? By a process as easy as lying. A new "Royal George" was ordered to be built, and so was a fifth of the rate, the "Queen Charlotte." Two in existence and three building make five in an abstract. But as the "Royal Sovereign" was not launched till 1786, the "Queen Charlotte" till 1790, and the "Royal George" between them, in 1788, it follows, as the night the day, that the country could have made no use of them to carry its thunder in 1783.

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A survey of the official manuscript lists of the Admiralty in the Record Office, which I do not present as exhaustive, but which has not been merely hasty, has left me with not a shred of respect for the businesslike habits, or even the common honesty, of our ancestors in this part of the work of Naval administration. They do not seem to have had the least notion how to take stock of their property. The account of Naval Progress in No. 40 among the Odd and Miscellaneous Volumes in the Secretary's department tells a deplorable tale. It consists of two parts. The first contains parallel lists of ships building, repairing, and in ordinary. There is the preface of which I spoke last week. The second is composed of abstracts, in which the vessels twice counted are deducted. To this there is also a preface, explaining how a ship could come to be quoted twice. There was inadvertence, as when a clerk put a ship down twice in the same list. Then she might be repairing and in full sea pay, and so do duty on paper for two. Again, an officer might be appointed to a vessel ready for sea, and delay for various reasons to join her for some time. She would go down in the list of those in full sea pay, but as she was still "under the observation of the Clerk of the Cheque" in the dockyard, he would keep her on his roll. Finally, as the Monthly List was drawn up by the Admiralty, and the Weekly Progress by the Navy Board, the respective clerks might not get the information at the same time, and there would be another instance of "double entry" in this odd kind of book-keeping. The problem was how to reach a trustworthy total when all the factors were of uncertain value.

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It is one of those things which cannot be done. Yet our friend tried, as it would seem, honestly, and his results are at least entitled to consideration. When they differ from the abstracts, or even the full lists of others, the presumption is not against them. On comparing them with Derrick's in his well-known book it is to be noted that they never agree, and that the manuscript book always gives a smaller figure. Derrick's total for 1778 is 450, while the book gives 399. For 1780 the first gives 490, and the second 481—a slight difference. Derrick says nothing of 1781, but his figure for 1782 is 600, while the manuscript says 551. In 1783 they come pretty close, Derrick giving 617 and our other authority 608. One would like to know a little more fully from themselves how the totals were reached. Both lump the built and building together, and both manifestly include some vessels which were quite unfit to go to sea. It appears from the Monthly List that on January 1, 1783, when the country was straining its Naval resources to the breaking point, we had in full sea pay 430 of all rates and classes, which by no manner of means meant that this number of ships of the line, frigates, sloops, etc., were available at once. Yet it is 187 less than our whole strength according to Derrick, and 178 below it according to the manuscript. It is not unreasonable to conclude that the balance consisted of vessels which, for one reason or another, were not available, and therefore did not add to the real force of the Navy.

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Our friend who compiled No. 40 in the Odd and Miscellaneous Volumes, who to me at least is anonymous, is fairly borne out by the Monthly Lists and so-called Muster Books. These last were lists of ships in commission at home, for it was characteristic of the Admiralty of the eighteenth century that its lists were never complete. The Weekly Progresses were confused because they were full of double entries. The Monthly Lists noticed only the ships in full sea pay. None of them distinguish between built and building. There is a great volume, half an acre of book, which professes to give the full state of the Navy in 1779, but it was continued, by the insertion of the names of new ships "building," which might merely mean ordered to be built, of prizes, and vessels lost, up to 1783. Thus it does not give the state at a given moment, and would require to be checked by other authorities who are confessedly untrustworthy and confused. Moreover, it passes my wit at least to reconcile these official sources with the statements made in the Commons and Lords by gentlemen who were in a position to know. According to the Monthly List for January 1, 1783, there were in sea pay 126 ships of from 50 guns and upwards. Now, of course, this is neither the 112 of Mr. Brett, nor the 110 of Captain Luttrell, nor the 109 "good, bad, and indifferent" of Keppel, nor the 99 of Howe, "including those which are now in a state of forwardness." If we deduct the fourth rates (50 to 60 guns), which is really absurd, because they were commonly taken into line when they were present with a fleet, there are still left 102 of the first, second, and third rates, and that is not the number quoted by anybody.

* * * *

On the whole, one has to remember the difference between paper and effective strength, which was manifestly very great in the Royal Navy in those years. The total list of vessels belonging to the Crown was swollen by the inclusion of all sorts of things afloat of very little or no fighting value. The most substantial of them were the armed vessels, ships and brigs employed on such work as cruising between Flamborough Head and Shields to protect the colliers against French or Dutch privateer luggers. To these we may add the cutters which are lumped together by the half-score at the end of the Monthly Lists. Behind them come ships too rotten to serve, but not yet broken up, others needing to be half rebuilt before they could go to sea, and battered prizes in not much better case. The object of the Monthly Lists was mainly to show what payments had to be made in wages. So in some cases we find the names of vessels not engaged in warlike operations at all. Thus, at the end of the Monthly List of "Convoy," at the end of 1778, there appear the names of the "Resolution" and the "Discovery." They are described in the column headed "Disposition" as being "In Remote Parts." Will the reader excuse me for reminding him that these were Captain Cook's ships, then engaged in surveying the Pacific? They were such little war-ships that the French King gave orders that his officers were not to molest them if they were met coming home.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

NOT the least welcome of the congratulations that reached His Majesty upon his accession were those that came from the Royal Geographical Society, whereof Queen Victoria, before him, had been for sixty-three years the patron. Like his Royal mother, the King has always been profoundly interested in geographical science, and when he succeeded the Prince Consort as vice-patron of the society in 1862, Sir Roderick Murchison truly said that no heir-apparent had ever before made himself so good a geographer by extensive travel. Probably the reign of King Edward VII. will not witness such geographical triumphs as the great Arctic Expeditions, and the explorations of Central Africa, which were lustrous events in that of his predecessor. But, as vice-patron of the Royal Geographical Society, he was always in the forefront when the achievements of great geographers were to be inaugurated or celebrated, and the return of Captain Speke, after the discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, was the first great event which he honoured. When, with the Princess, accompanied by Sir Samuel Baker, he visited Egypt, he took very great interest in the suppression of the slave trade on the Upper Nile, and exercised much influence to check it. He was the patron of the African Exploration Fund, and was present on many occasions when Arctic explorers related their experiences. The achievement of Nansen and the celebration of the fourth centenary of Vasco da Gama latterly much interested His Majesty, and now he is patron of the Antarctic Expedition. These are noble works for a king to concern himself with, and it is probably mostly in the direction of Polar exploration that geographers and discoverers will labour during his reign.

Photo. *E. Pirou.*

REAR-ADMIRAL BIENAIME.

France could not have Chosen a Better Delegate to Represent the Great Republic at the Queen's Obsequies than the Officer whose Portrait is here Given, for at the Funeral of the "Mistress of the Seas," who could Represent France more Typically than the Chief of the General Naval Staff. Rear-Admiral Bienaime Joined the French Navy as a Cadet of Sixteen as far back as 1849, and Owes his High Position to a Distinguished Professional Career. He has Attained to almost the Highest Rank in France's Roll of Military Distinction, being a Commandeur de la Legion d'Honneur.

IT was increasingly evident that the peace overtures to the Boers would prove abortive. Lord Kitchener was right in attempting to induce a submission, but he probably never entertained much hope of success, and actively continued his preparations. It may be that the delegates nominated by the Burgher Peace Committee were not suitable persons to act as mediators, but, in any case, there can be no doubt that the Boers in the field hate us more bitterly than ever, and that their hostilities demanded the exercise of force. There was much truth in the letter of Piet de Wet to his brother Christian, published at Lindley. He had heard that the latter had threatened to kill him for high treason, and he wrote to protest that he had done his duty, but had been left in the lurch at Schietmakaar by Froneman, the same whose name came in sinister fashion before the public in connection with the murder of the delegates. The recalcitrant Boers, as Piet de Wet said, have done all they could to ruin totally the Boers as a nation. They might have continued to exist as a united people under our rule, and thus have saved their individuality, but the existing state of guerilla warfare is reducing them to a state of poverty that must enforce them to remain as the working class in the country, and probably to disappear as a nation altogether. Christian de Wet should have taken this matter to heart, for, as his brother said, it was not to be supposed that any people would be so mad as to suffer the loss of thousands of men killed and wounded, and of millions of money, and then to restore freedom to those who had attacked and insulted them by such an ultimatum as Presidents Kruger and Steyn delivered.

THE excellent Cape Police have come much before the public during the war, and if we may judge by their new organ, the *Bandolier*, published at Kimberley, they are very light-hearted warriors. The paper is full of news concerning their operations, and of sarcastic utterances touching men and things. One correspondent wished to know how and where the *Bandolier* was edited, to which the editor replied that the "how" must be left to imagination, while, as to the "where," he could only answer—anywhere—in a tent, or reading-room, on patrol, anywhere except in an office. There is a censor in the office, at any rate, who addresses these words to such as would convey intelligence through the paper to the Boers:

"The censor reads between the lines
As plain as if 'twere stencil,
Be it 'sense or' be it rot, the censor
He just scans the lot,
And marks 'not passed' in pencil."

IN another number are some capital "siege yarns" from Mafeking, and portraits of the Cape Police who have fallen during the war are to be given. The force has borne a heavy strain during the last five years, first in connection with the rinderpest outbreak, secondly in the Bechuanaland Expedition, and thirdly in the present campaign; and Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson, the commissioner commanding, says he feels confident that the memory of gallant comrades who have fallen will ever be kept fresh in the force that mourns their loss. We learn that the Cape Police Club, Kimberley, is a marvel of comfort, with excellent reading and smoking

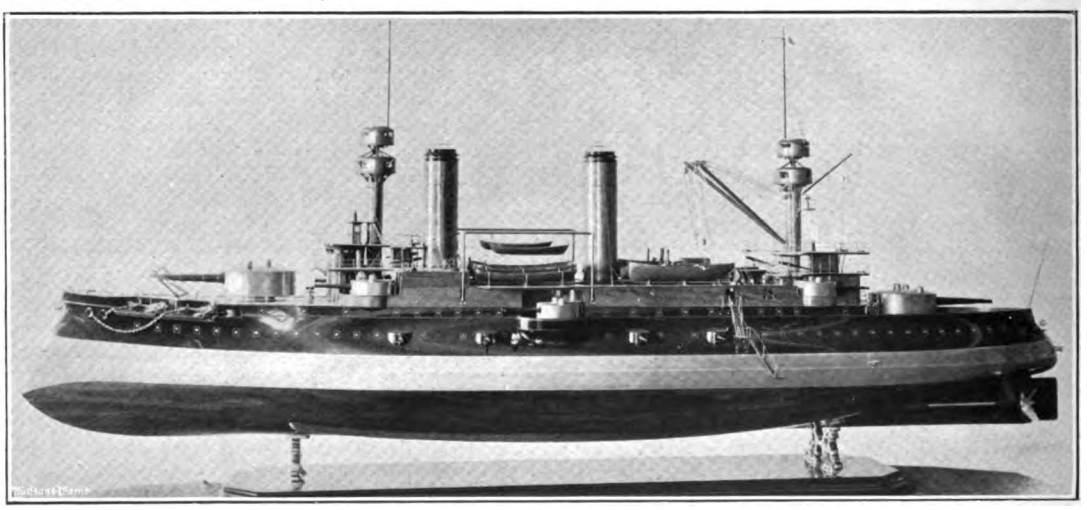

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

RUSSIA'S LATEST BATTLE-SHIP.

This Beautiful Model is that of the Latest and most Powerful Battle-ship in the Imperial Russian Navy, and is an Exact Reproduction of the "Cesarevitch" as she will Appear when Completed for Service. A Powerfully-armed and Well-protected Battle-ship of the most Modern Type, Russia will Owe this Formidable Addition to her Navy to French Industry, for she was Built at the Great Ship-building Works of the "Forges et Chantiers" at La Seyne near Toulon. She is to be Launched To-day.

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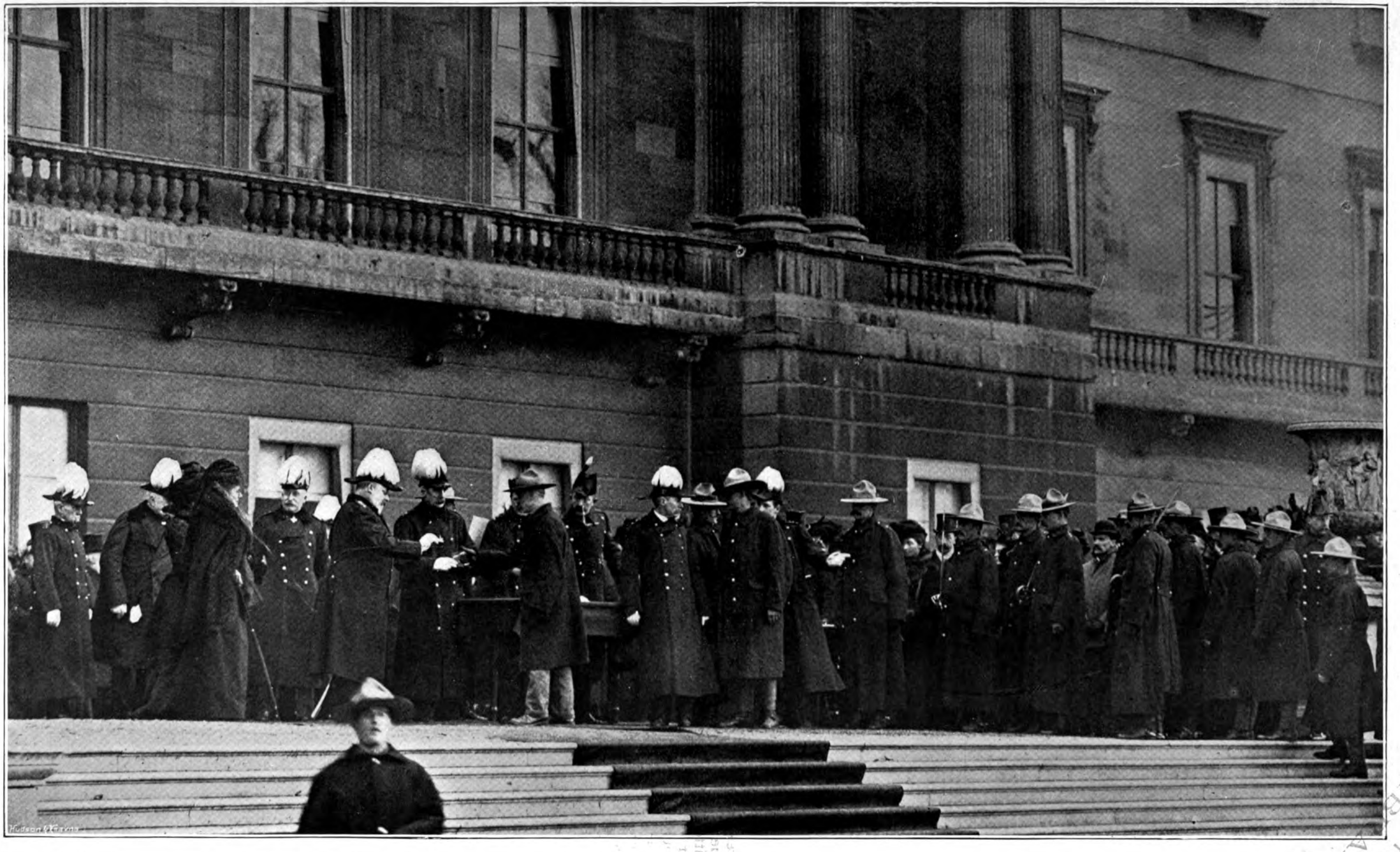

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

HONOURS FOR STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

The King Presenting Medals for Service in South Africa to this Distinguished Corps at Buckingham Palace.

On February 15 Lord Strathcona's Canadian Horse, to the number of about 400, were presented with medals for South Africa by special arrangement, in anticipation of the general distribution which will take place at the end of the war. The King himself did the corps the great honour of presenting the medals in person, the ceremony taking place at Buckingham Palace. Among those present, besides the King and Queen, were the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, Mr. Chamberlain, and many other distinguished personages. The King addressed the corps, which was under the command of Colonel Steele, and the latter replied. When the ceremony was over the men gave three hearty cheers for the King.

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Photo. Stuart.

A CANADIAN V.C. HERO.

To the Roll of Heroes who can add the Letters V.C. to their Names may now be added the Name of Sergeant Arthur Richardson, of Strathcona's Horse. His Cross was Won at Wolvespruit, near Standerton, where Thirty of Strathcona's found themselves Ambushed by some 200 Boers. In the Retirement, under Heavy Fire at Short Range, Sergeant Richardson Saved a Wounded Trooper. In doing so, Sergeant Richardson and his Doubly-burdened Horse had to Gallop a Quarter of a Mile under Heavy Fire, until the Steed was Induced by the Stimulus of a Boer Bullet Striking him on the Hoof to Charge a Barbed Wire Fence which the Gallant Sergeant was Trying to Make him Negotiate.

rooms, a large verandah, the best refreshment arrangements, and a stage for theatrical performances, as well as a gymnasium. All has been done out of the proceeds of a concert and dramatic entertainment given twice a year and two regimental dances, one half of the profit going to charities, and the other to the club. Many good wishes to the *Bandolier!*

WHETHER there will be a rising in the Balkan Peninsula this spring, or whether the spirit of unrest will be stifled, is difficult to prognosticate. If Turkey be as strong as she was at the time of the Greek War, the effervescence will subside, but if the fact that the troops have received no pay for some time should deprive them of the needful ardour, the Powers may well have a Near Eastern question on their hands. Secret societies are at work in Roumania distributing arms and ammunition to the Mussulman Arnauts, their apparent hostility being to the intended Austrian railway to Novibazar and Mitrovitza from Serajevo in Bosnia, which is believed in the provinces to have a strategical character that would make it unfavourable to Macedonian interests. The ferment about this matter is very great, and the agents of the Macedonian Committee are responsible for many murders and outrages. According to the Austrian papers the Carbonari of Naples were not half so dangerous. We may be assured, however, that there is no aggressive purpose on the part of Austria, for she has greatly reduced her garrisons in the occupied provinces, and has not now more than two-thirds of the number of troops in them that were there a few years ago, these successive reductions being in striking contrast to the activity in Servia, as also to the large additions made to the strength of the Ottoman forces.

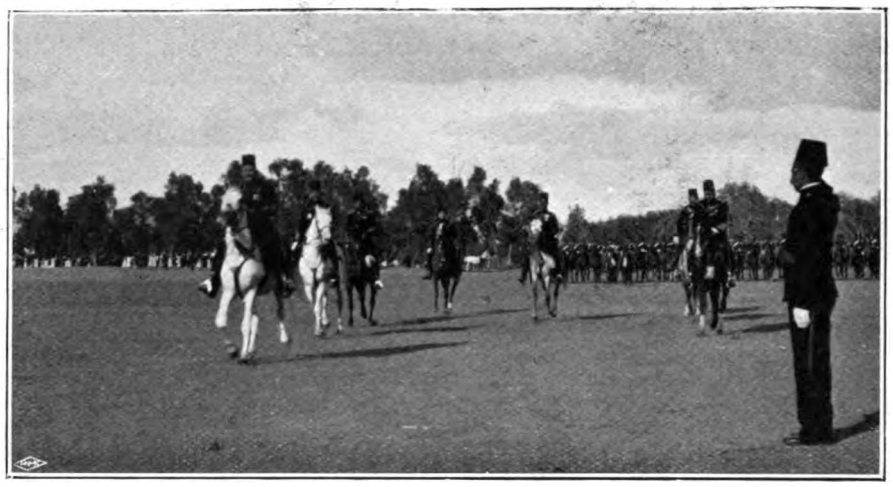

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE KHEDIVE REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

The "Hairam" is a Great Mahomedan Festival which Occurs in January, and in the Ordinary Course the Khedive Celebrates it by a Review of his Troops. Such Celebration, however, Owing to the War in the Soudan, had not been Celebrated in the Accustomed Manner since 1896, but this Year the Usual Parade was again Held at Cairo, and our Picture shows the Khedive Arriving with his Suite and Escort, to Review the Troops which, in the Years that have Elapsed since the Last Military Celebration of the Festival, have Done so much to Add to their Own Renown and Egyptian Territory.

THE agitation bears many marks seeming to show its real purpose to be Pan-Slavonic. The Sultan appears at last to be alive to the real drift of things, but the situation is undoubtedly precarious. It is stated that the railway question will be discussed at a meeting of representatives of all the Balkan Slavs on St. George's Day. Meetings of Pan-Slavists have lately been frequent, and about a month ago a large number of them were received in St. Petersburg by the well-known Slavophil, Baron Stiglitz. They were mostly Servians, and the health of the King and Queen of Servia was drunk with enthusiasm, as was that of the Tsar Nicholas. General Geysman, of the Russian General Staff Academy, in replying to the latter, declared that the military strength of the Slavs was equal to that of the Germans, and he advocated the union of all the Servian people under the rule of King Alexander, indicating that Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Old Servia, and Macedonia should be united to form a greater Servia. Much, as we have said, depends upon the ability of the Turks to quell the agitation, which is not without elements of danger to the peace of Europe.

WE give the portrait of a good old soldier, Mr. T. Mann, who, at the age of eighty, remembers George IV.'s death and the accession and death of his successor. He was at the coronation of Queen Victoria as one of the Grenadier Guards' Band, and is now the only survivor of those who composed it. At the late Queen's marriage he was one of the Guard of Honour at Buckingham Palace, and he was at the Duke of Wellington's funeral and the Prince of Wales's christening. Afterwards he left the Army, but later on was for thirteen years in the band of the Honourable Artillery Company. Mr. Mann was for over thirty-seven years in service at University College Hospital, and retired on pension recently. He recalls an incident at Frogmore, the Duchess of Kent's place, when he was stationed with others, including a trombone player, behind the door of the dining or drawing room. As the young Queen entered, the trombone player pushed out his instrument to play, and nearly hit Her Majesty, who was amused at the man's apologies. Mr. Mann's father was a sergeant in the Grenadier Guards' Band at the time of the Coronation, having been in the regiment over forty-one years, and his grandfather went through the Peninsular War and was promoted to a commission for bravery by Wellington, who was very partial to the veteran, and had his son (Mr. Mann's father) taught music for five years at his own expense. Quite characteristic of the Duke.

Photo. Jerrard.

A VETERAN GRENADIER GUARDSMAN.

Mr. T. Mann, who is now in his Eighty-first Year, is the Last Survivor of the Grenadier Guards' Band that Played at the Queen's Coronation. He was also in his Official Capacity Present at the Marriage of Victoria the Good, the Christening of King Edward VII., and the Funeral of the Duke of Wellington. He was Born the Year George IV. Ascended the Throne, and has a Vivid Recollection of the Coronation and Funeral of William IV. His Father and Grandfather were Soldiers before him; the Latter Earned a Commission during the Peninsular War, and his Father was a Sergeant in the Same Regiment in which he himself Served.

Photo Russell.

ANOTHER V.C. FOR THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

The Army Doctors can add One More to their Long List of V.C. Heroes in the Name of Lieutenant W. H. S. Nickerson, R.A.M.C., who Won his Cross at Wakkerstrom. And his Cross is an Unique One, for it is One of the First Four Gazetted by His Majesty King Edward VII. The Story of it, however, is Old, for it is One Oft Repeated in the Annals of the Royal Army Medical Corps—Going Out to a Wounded Man under Heavy Rifle and Shell Fire, Tending him, Dressing his Wounds, Saving his Life by Sticking to him till he was Got by his Rescuer Safe under Cover.

THE announcement that a graduate of the St. Petersburg University has been appointed tutor to the Persian Crown Prince is not at all surprising. The development of Russian influence in Persia has been noticed more than once in these pages, and certainly indicates a change in the balance of force in Western Asia. The inauguration of the new steamship line between Odessa and the Persian Gulf is only part of the Russian programme. The Government is allowing specially low railway rates to enable goods to be despatched to Odessa for shipment, and the attempt is regarded as an effort to establish a footing in those parts of Persia where the competition of the German Bagdad Railway is greatly feared. The new move is at once economic and political, and the anti-English papers in St. Petersburg insist that the Persian Gulf, and, in general, all Western Persia, and even Western Baluchistan, shall be brought under Russian influence, and certain of them declare that, if complications should arise, Russia would have nothing to fear. The new steamers are to trade with Bushire, Bandar Abbas, and other ports of the Persian Gulf, and the patriotic Press, with generous imagination, forecasts very great political and commercial possibilities, to our undoing.

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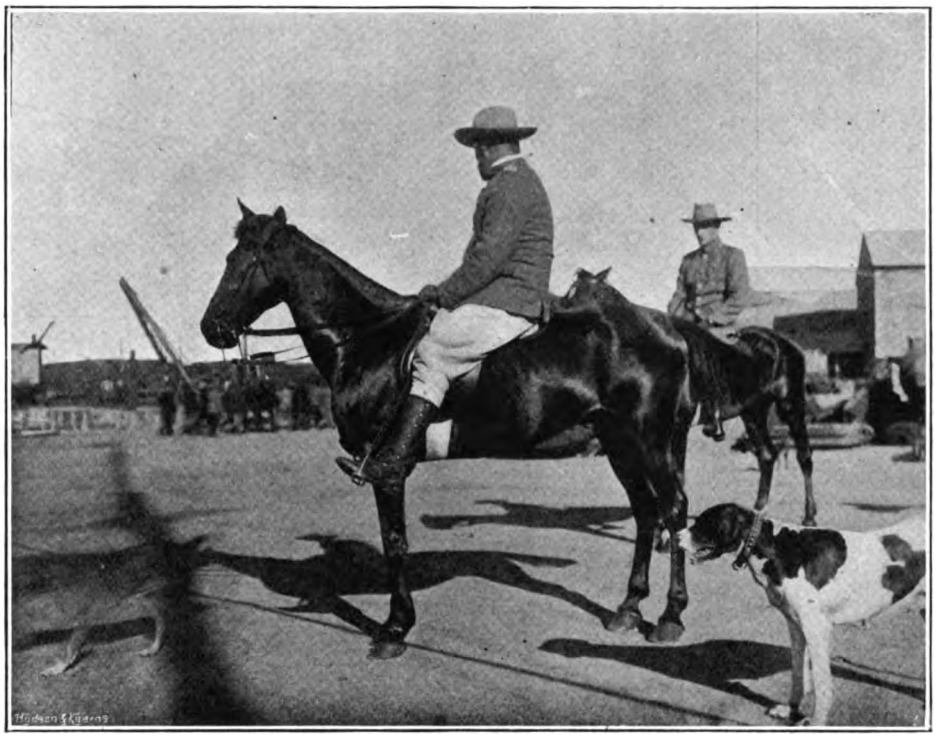
Admiral Sir R. Harris at Simon's Town.

A VISIT AND AN INTERVIEW.

By C. H. TEMPLE, Our Special Correspondent in South Africa.

TO visit the Naval base of South Africa at Simon's Town is to visit the prettiest and most characteristic spot in all the sub-continent, probably. The journey from Cape Town, a run by rail of some twenty miles, is grand and picturesque in the extreme. The line winds round a series of bays, the surf-beating sea rolling up to the vivid white sand upon the left, reaching almost to the level of the sleepers; while upon the right beetling mountains rear their giant heads to the sky, often kissed by beautiful white fleecy clouds.

But there is little room for sentimental poesy at the Naval station, especially just now. Everything partakes of the intensely practical order, there is a smell of war in the air, and the whole place is redolent of military activity. When I visited Sir Robert on behalf of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, he was pleased to see me, and welcomed me with the hearty, bluff, breezy manner characteristic of himself; there was a breath of the briny in his cordiality.



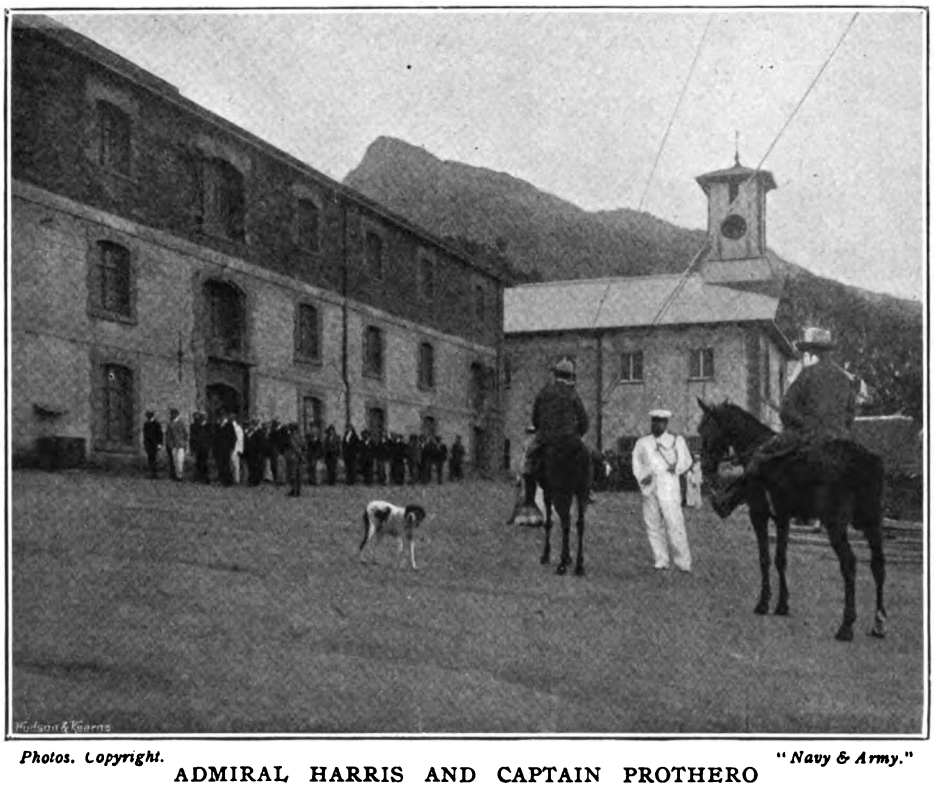
REAR-ADMIRAL SIR R. H. HARRIS, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.
Taken in Simon's Town Dockyard.

Admiralty House is beautifully situated, as the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY are aware, and to sit upon the cool verandah, sipping my host's fragrant tea, was very grateful. The occasion was a capital one for a talk, but I soon discovered that the admiral's duties did not leave him much spare time.

"You must excuse me, but I want to go down to the Dockyard to see the men at their drill."

"You know," and there was a look of determination upon his face as he uttered the words, "with this fresh outbreak of Boer activity, and the proclamation of martial law in the Colony, we have got to look after ourselves a bit. We have formed a Dockyard Defence Volunteer Force, and I want to see the men put through their paces. You had better come with me."

So he mounted his horse, riding with that fine, careless ease so typical of Naval horsemanship, and led me down to the Depôt. Arrived there, I found the work of soldiering proceeding merrily. The men have made a splendid response to the call to arms, and all ranks, from highly-placed civilian officials down to the humblest labourer, have pledged themselves to defend the Empire's property, and to give themselves to the service of their King. Out of a total of 370 employés, no fewer than 340 have joined this defence force—a fact which speaks well not only of the loyalty of the men, but reflects the highest credit upon those who have charge of the movement. Captain Prothero, the admiral's flag-captain, and Commandant of Simon's Town, is the officer in direct charge of this patriotic movement.



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

ADMIRAL HARRIS AND CAPTAIN PROTHERO
Admire the Engineer Corps of the Yard.

As we entered the Dockyard Sir Robert halted his horse in front of a squad of men who were going through their drill. They looked altogether workmanlike, in spite of their mufti.

"Now I want you especially to take a photograph of these men for the NAVY AND ARMY," he said to me. "That is a squad composed of all the leading engineers and officers in the yard, and they have joined to a man. You see that drill sergeant? Well, he was one of the Naval Brigade with Lord Methuen from Orange River to Magersfontein, and he performed some remarkably fine shooting with the four-point-seven." And the gallant officer looked delighted as he uttered the words.

Then, as we wandered about the yard, it was a pleasure, and an education, to watch Admiral Harris. Now he would stand before a little group, scanning with critical eye the evolutions of the men. Anon he would speak some kind words of encouragement to others, pointing out mistakes in marching and counter-marching, and suggesting improvements. And all the time the Volunteers were on the *qui vive*, evidently taking a pride in their work, and determined to do everything they could to merit the approbation of their chief.

"Now come along," said the admiral, "there's nothing more to see here; let's go and look at the shooting."

So we went down to the beach, where little parties were undergoing their shooting tests under the supervision of Naval experts. The target was a flag at about 600-yds. distance out at sea. The admiral was very pleased at the good shooting made, and as shot after shot told, he exclaimed, "That's fine! Isn't that good?"

It was indeed good, and the practice made augured badly for any Boers who should come within range of the riflemen.

As Sir Robert Harris wished me good-bye, he said with a twinkle in his eye, "Tell the truth about us—that's all we want!" And the truth has been told.

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Reformatory and Industrial Schools.

WE drew attention in December to the very large number of old boys from reformatory and industrial schools who are known to have been serving in South Africa, and to the many cases in which individuals amongst them have gained distinction and rewards.

The value of these schools as recruiting grounds is only now being gradually recognised, probably because they are often so little known to the general public, and because the subsequent careers of their old boys are not generally made public, however well they may be known to the school authorities. There are several reasons why the Services afford an exceptional opening to the boys from these schools. The troublesome lad from a big city who is caught early enough, and before he develops into the Hooligan, has often a larger share of the qualities required for the soldier or sailor than is found in a boy superficially more respectable, but of a softer and less adventurous nature, whose wits have not been sharpened by his early struggles. Many of the lads in these schools have never before had a chance of doing any good for themselves, and are quick enough to benefit from their opportunities.

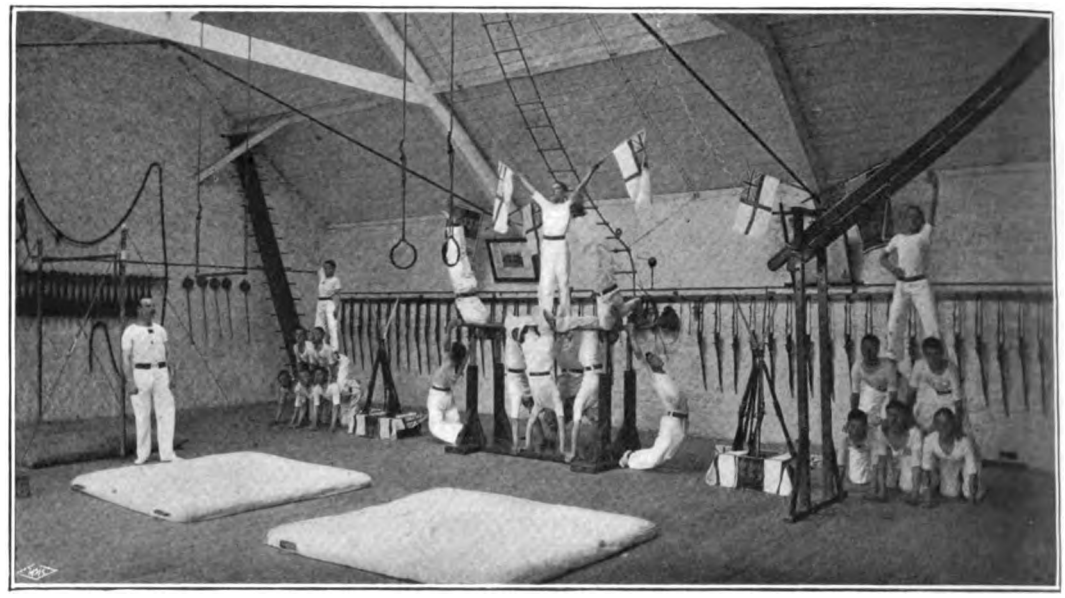
Entry into the Army or Navy, when they leave their school, takes them away, probably, from their old neighbourhood, and gives them the chance, if they wish it, of severing themselves completely from their former surroundings.

Finally, it seems just that these lads, whose training and education have been partly paid for by the State, should be encouraged to make a direct return for the money expended on them by the State. It is quite certain that the material turned out by many of these schools is excellent, and in most cases very different from the raw article admitted to them.

We publish in this number some pictures of the boys of the Kingswood Reformatory School, of whose old boys a very large proportion are now in His Majesty's Service. This school makes a very special feature of its Military and physical training, and in addition to having a good band, Army signalling is taught, and it is hoped to add shortly a Morris-tube range to the equipment of the school. Of late years this school has been annually inspected by the officer commanding the regimental district in which it is situated, and there are a few schools in other parts of the country where this course is already pursued.

Schools such as these have in some ways served as pioneers to national education. As a source of supply for Army bands they could hardly be dispensed with; and with the improved trade instruction that is being adopted almost universally throughout these schools, it appears probable that in the future they will be at least equally valuable as a training ground for artificers, for whom there is an ever-increasing demand in His Majesty's Service.

The time and dietary tables of these schools are worth careful examination and criticism.



THE INTERIOR OF THE GYMNASIUM
Of the Kingswood Reformatory School.

A USEFUL TRADE.
The Making of Carpenters.

Photos. Copyright "*Navy & Army.*"

PROBABLE SOLDIERS OF THE KING.
Cadets of the Kingswood School on Parade.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

MADRAS.

THE game list of the "benighted presidency" includes most of those animals which have been already spoken of, except the markhor, swamp deer, and nilghai, but being mostly a densely-wooded tropical region, the habitat of such animals as the black buck is very local.

Madras, however, boasts one animal found nowhere else in the world, and this is the so-called Nilgiri ibex, or, to give it its native name, the wariatu. Properly speaking, it is not an ibex at all, but a member of a very small family also represented by two smaller animals—the tahr of the Himalayas, which is not quite so large, and the latest discovered and smallest of all wild goats, the tahr of Oman. One great distinction between these animals and true ibex consists in their having absolutely no beards. The principal habitat of the wariatu is in the Nilgiri and Annamullai hills, where they are generally found on the grassy slope at the foot of a precipice, and from 4,000-ft. to 6,000-ft. above sea level.

Mr. Lydekker says that "they are now strictly preserved in some parts of the Nilgiris," and as I have no further information on this point, it would be well for the sportsman who thinks of trying for them to find out first where he may shoot them. The Annamullais are apparently free to him. The pursuit of a mountain animal at a distance of so few degrees from the Equator is of course a very arduous one, and can only be recommended to the young and healthy. The big old bucks, from a white mark across their backs, are known to sportsmen as "saddlebacks." Of such an one the late Colonel Douglas Hamilton wrote:

"There was a well-known saddleback which frequented the rocks about Kodakamal, whose head and horns it was my ambition to add to my trophies. I had many a stalk after him, but he always managed to give me the slip. One evening when I was busy drawing, the boy whom I had stationed at the look-out came running in to say that the saddleback was in sight. I started off at once, and when I got to the station, on putting up the glasses, there, sure enough, was my old friend. He was busy at his evening meal, keeping a sharp look-out, and close to the edge of a precipice, which, with an occasional break of slope and rock, went clean down to the low country.

"The difficulty was how to get down to him without being seen; fortunately the wind was all right, and the mist, which I have so often abused, did me good service now, enabling me to get down the steep slope and under the cover of an intervening spur without disturbing the ibex. With both barrels of my old Ross on full cock I noiselessly mounted the ridge, and, as I craned over it, almost at my feet I saw his horns and then his head. I moved half a step forward to uncover his body, but he saw me and was down out of sight in a second. I dashed forward, and saw him making tracks some 30-yds. below me. I was just going to fire when he pulled up for a moment, and then I pulled the trigger, and a bullet from the true and faithful old rifle went crashing through his shoulders; he tried to dash away, but toppled over a rocky precipice and disappeared in the mist. But where?

"Fortunately there was a long slope before coming to the final precipice, but so very steep that he could scarcely have stopped there unless the lemon grass and fern, which is very thick, had held him. Peering through the mist we could make nothing of it, but when it cleared a little I could see his track for some distance down. As there was plenty of grass to hold on by, we cautiously descended, and at the bottom of the slope there he was, stone dead.

A Fine Ram.

"Thus died, as I supposed, the old saddleback of Kodakamal! Daniel says he has known him for eight years, and 'no gentleman never could shoot him.' We brought up his head, though I did not half like the scramble up the steep wet slope with my rifle in one hand, for a slip backwards would have caused me to reach the low country sooner and quicker than I ever intended.

"The boys next day went down and brought home the skin and meat. To my great disappointment Daniel declared that the buck I had killed was after all not the black buck of Kodakamal; that he had seen the Simon Pure on the rocks below whilst they were skinning the dead ibex, and that he has a white patch on his back, 'same like cloth put there,' and my cook corroborated this. The one I killed has a fine dark brown, almost black, skin with a grey saddle, horns 13-in. long and 8½-in. round the base—not a bad buck."

The following incident illustrates even better the nature of the ground which these wild goats frequent. General Hamilton had wounded a buck, and writes: "Away I went to hunt up the tracks of the buck; I took them up where it

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had lain down, and followed them along the side of the hill to the rocks, beyond which we lost all trace; but while hunting in the only direction he could have taken, a rocky slope with bushes overhanging a fearful precipice, I saw Francis, who was some distance from me and near the edge, give a sudden start, look behind him, and then make signs to me to come quickly. Come quickly, indeed, over such ground! Picking my way carefully, I got up to him at last; he pointed, and there was the ibex lying on a rock below me. I planted a ball just behind the shoulder, and he fell over on his side, but in the death struggles he rolled off the rock, and in another minute would have tumbled over the precipice into the jungles far below, had not the horns caught fast in the bough of a rhododendron bush. The hind legs were within a yard of the precipice, and a tremendous one it was, if I may judge from the sound of the fall when we tumbled the body over after securing the head. It was indeed a close shave of losing him. We had a rough scramble to get down to him, but a worse one to get back. I was quite in a tremble for fear that Francis would be pulled over by the weight of the ibex when he unhooked him from the bush. He was a fine old saddle-back with good horns."

Two other animals, which I have not yet mentioned, are found in the Madras Presidency, and, indeed, throughout India. They are the muntjac and the charsingha. The former, under its various names of barking deer, jungle sheep, and (in Ceylon) red deer, is familiar to most Eastern sportsmen, but as a rule it is not one with which much sport is connected. General Kinloch was told by a friend that he had stalked and shot nine in one morning in a small valley in Kumaon. Mr. Lydekker relates a ludicrous incident in connection with this animal, thus:

"Once, when beating a small patch of forest in Kulu, the writer put up a brace of kakur, which made their way at

Trophies of the Chase.

racing pace towards his camp at the bottom of the hill, hard by a small river. The two servants who were left in charge of the tents had but little experience of shikar, and, seeing what they took for wolves or leopards making straight for them, were seized with sudden fright, and promptly plunged into the river, where they stood in full apparel up to their necks in water until the animals had sheered off in another direction. It need hardly be added that on the return of the hunting-party to camp the timid chuprassie and bearer were greeted with peals of laughter."

The horns of the muntjac stand on bony pedicles, and seldom exceed 5-in. in length. The points of the little antlers curve inwards, and old bucks have also a small brow tine.

The charsingha of Madras differs from that of all other parts of India, in that only two of the four horns from which he takes his name are developed. General Hamilton for this reason speaks of them as "a rare antelope, known as the mountain antelope," but scientists are against him. However, I give his account of the killing of a buck:

"As I came above the little round shola under the rocks, I saw what I took to be a jungle sheep looking at me amongst the rocks on the opposite slope, about 140-yds. off. I hesitated whether I would try the breech-loader" (he had three rifles with him, being on his way to take part in a sambur drive), "but I trusted to the Ross; there was a loud yell, but a lot of dust flew up, and when I got to the place I found the bullet flattened against the rock, and it did not look as if it had gone through the animal. I took up the track, and immediately found a few specks of blood, which increased as I went on, and about 100-yds. further on I found the animal lying dead, it having rolled part of the way down the hillside."

SNAFFLE.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15, 29, *February* 2.]

Crack Shots.

I HAVE seen it stated quite lately that the fashion of preserving deer in the Highlands came in with the last century, and that the Lord Lovat of that time was the first, about 1808, to forbid trespassers after the wild deer of Scotland. I do not think this could have been so, because there are stories of poachers getting into much trouble for deer killing at a good deal earlier period. That some of the Highland lairds did not object to allowing anyone to kill deer if they could, was undoubtedly a fact in the middle of the eighteenth century; but Scrope assigns to the period between this and the opening of the nineteenth century the better care and extension of the forests which had always existed in Scotland. It is hardly to be credited that the extension of forests should occur at a time when poachers were not objected to, and I think therefore that the 1808 date is purely a local one, and that the action of the Lord Lovat of the period followed, rather than led, what was already a general practice in the Royal forests of Scotland. I rather expect that those lairds who did not object to poachers at this period were those who possessed no sheep-cleared ground themselves, and yet did not object to a haunch of venison whenever their faithful retainers might be so lucky as to find and slay a travelling stag.

* * * *

It is the fashion to believe that high preserving has done for the hills of Scotland much more than it really has. The deer have increased enormously, but there has, of course, been a corresponding shrinkage of grouse ground. Just now it is assumed that, because the grouse have remained healthy a year or two beyond the period at which disease was due (by the old method of seven years' calculation), the modern system of heather burning and driving the birds at the end of the season has killed the disease or very much weakened its character. I am afraid this will not prove to be the case. There is not so much difference in the state of the heather or of the grouse as is generally thought to be the case; and that driving the birds, and thus killing the old ones, does not get rid of or even weaken the effects of the grouse disease, was proved in the North of England in 1873 and 1874, which were the worst years of disease remembered, and they followed close after the greatest bags ever made by driving—those of 1872. There is plenty of evidence that early in the last century, before the first grouse-shooting list was ever issued by old Snowie of Inverness, there was an abundance of grouse in Scotland upon occasion. Scrope speaks of having killed twenty brace to his own gun, and declares that he could easily have made 100 brace of it, but he gives a reason for stopping his hand, which would not now serve. He did not like wantonly to destroy life, and only killed that for which the pot was boiling.

* * * *

Then twenty years or more later St. John speaks thus: "The number of grouse sent to the markets in London and in all the large towns in England from the beginning of August *(sic)* to the end of the season is perfectly astonishing; and indeed until March *(sic)* any quantity of grouse can be procured from the poulterers and game dealers." Even Colonel Thornton in the eighteenth century, with his single-barrel, accounted for seventeen grouse after dinner to his own gun—midday dinner, of course—and thought he could have made a great bag had it not been for the bad powder he was using all the morning. There is plenty of evidence that great efforts were made at preservation even much earlier than this in England, but it is also evidence that co-operation was as little understood and practised as it is to-day.

* * * *

The fashion to go North was not made by the stock of grouse, which existed long before it. It was a growth of the late Queen's reign. Indeed, no list of shootings to let was ever issued before the first year of her reign, and the moors did not really become valuable until about 1850, and it was not for some years after that date that they really reached the value they stand at now, with every appearance of holding until it is no longer the fashion to go out of London in August, and until Englishmen change their characteristics and no longer wish to kill something because it is a fine day.

* * * *

For the last thirty years it has cost £1 to kill a brace of Highland grouse; and many estates have been made by the fashion. The owners have greatly added to the letting value by planting shooting lodges which for luxury of fittings compare with those of the mansions in Park Lane, for the lairds are well aware that if the Saxon pays for the grouse, his wife is not satisfied unless he spends an equal share of his income on the style of his living; hence the best building land in Scotland in exactly that from which the crofters migrated because they could not scratch a living out of the soil.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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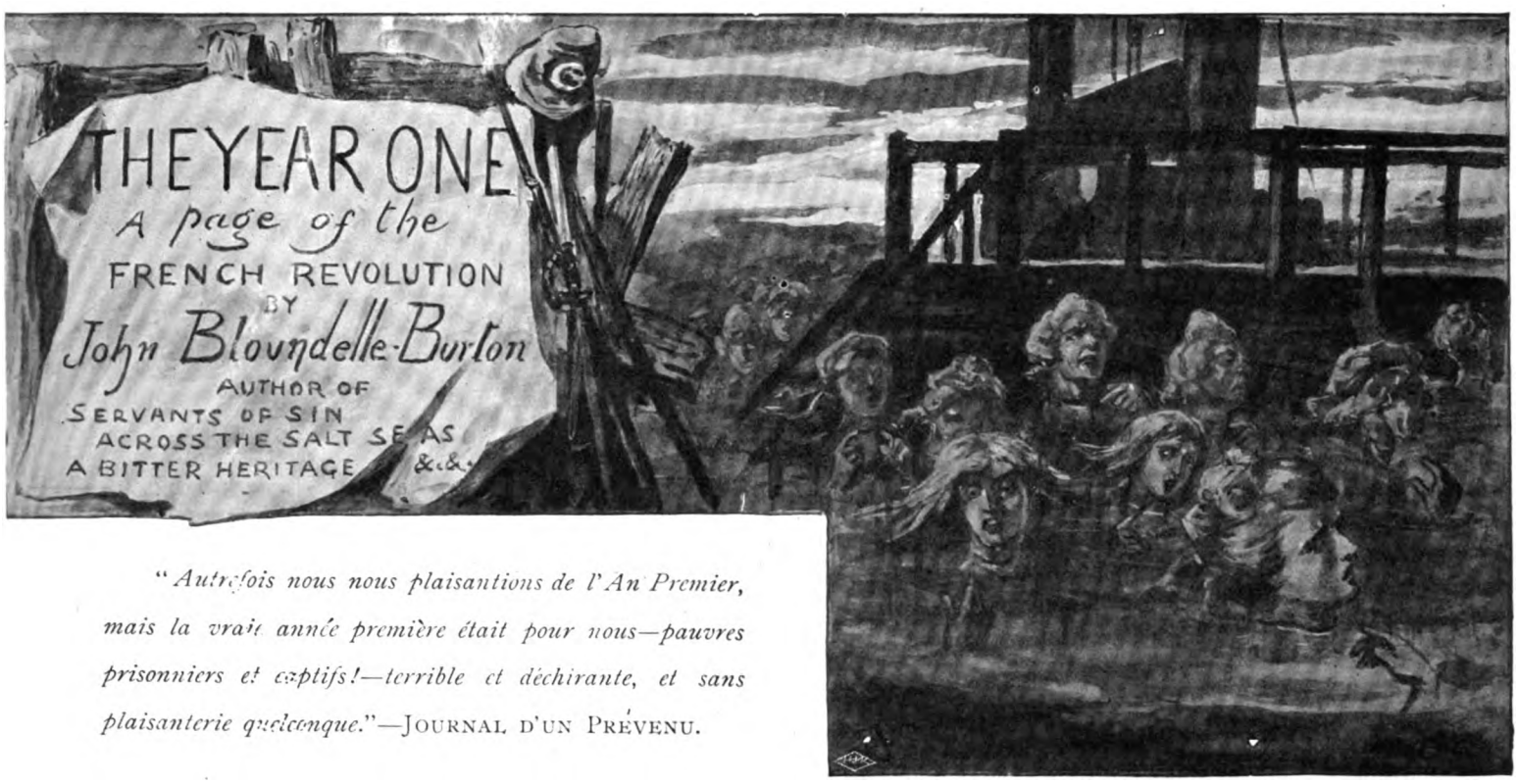

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vrai[e] année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE HOPE, of the "Dragon," has gone ashore with the ship's launch at a small village on the coast of Brittany, named Bricourt, with a view of procuring water for the vessel. Here he has encountered a young and beautiful Frenchwoman, who, after stating that she is the Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, and, of course, of the Royalist side, informs him that she is anxious to escape from France and the horrors of the Revolution, and asks if she can be received on board the English man-of-war. Receiving his captain's permission to fetch the lady off to the "Dragon," Hope goes ashore for her at night and brings her away, after having first stumbled across another woman in the churchyard whom he at first imagines to be she. When they have proceeded half the distance they are, however, intercepted by two chaloupes from the French ship. A terrible hand-to-hand fight then takes place, the lieutenant in command is slain by George, and he, himself, is wounded, and, at the moment of his triumph, he falls fainting at the feet of the insensible marquise. Directly after this they are captured by some men of the Republican forces quartered in the neighbourhood and are taken before Lucienne's husband, who is now the Mayor of the Commune, and is styled Jean Aubray, since all titles have been abolished. He, after hearing the evidence of the officer who had superintended their capture, forwards George and Lucienne to the local tribunal at Rennes, leaving it for that body to decide what shall be done with them. It, after a perfunctory examination of the charges brought against them, forwards George and Lucienne to Paris in company with several other *prévenus*, so that they may be tried there. They have now arrived in the Capital after some weeks have elapsed since the time of their arrest at Bricourt, and have been witnesses of the massacres of the 10th and 11th of August. In the *mêlée* Lucienne was, however, knocked down and left prostrate under the waggon which, later, moved on while containing all the other *prévenus* who were to be incarcerated in the various prisons. Lucienne then became free, while George Hope is in La Force.

CHAPTER XVII.

"La Force n'etait remplie que de coquins et de coquines qui tenaient des propos abominables et chantaient des chansons detestables."—Memoires de la DUCHESSE DE TOURZEL.*

IT stood—that prison cursed to the minds of countless generations yet to come because of the crimes which were soon to be perpetrated within its walls, because of the slaughter and mutilation and execrable insults offered to the dead bodies of women who were the victims of that slaughter—between the Rue du Roi de Sicile, the Rue Culture and the Rue Pavée, and served, at the time when George Hope was flung into it, as a supplement, or *dépendance*, to those other prisons, L'Abbaye and Du Chatelet. It stood thus and continued so to stand for another fifty years, old, decayed, and repulsive looking, and bearing marks about its worn and defaced exterior, which recalled to many who glanced at it those marks which may be seen on the faces of old, worn, and evil-living men and women. For another half century it was allowed to stand, a revolting, loathsome memorial of Royalist women hacked to pieces, of their bodies being torn into fragments, of their limbs being fired as projectiles from cannons, of their dead faces being painted, and of the hair on their decapitated heads being curled and dressed by local barbers. Then, at last, it was pulled down amidst the curses and objurgations of a later and less ferocious generation, as well as of many who came from the other quarters of Paris to witness its demolition. So, at last, the hardworking dwellers in the Marais were free of its presence.

But when George Hope was conducted into La Force at midnight of August 10, three weeks had still to pass ere the horrible massacres mentioned above took place. Consequently, as he passed into the miserable darksome den, full of broken floors, of narrow passages and low ceilings, as well as cramped and confined rooms, which in many cases were scarcely larger than ordinary cupboards, there were no signs visible that the place to which he had now been brought was aught but one of the ordinary houses of detention or *maisons d'arrêts*, of which Paris had always been full, and was now becoming fuller as the Great Terror drew nearer and nearer.

Yet, if no such signs were visible, there were, at least, some strange sounds to be heard proceeding from various parts of the building; sounds which, in their time, would have failed to give any new comer the idea that he was in a prison. From many quarters there proceeded the sounds of riotous singing, the singing of coarse, vulgar songs, such as many of those who were already incarcerated there might well be supposed to indulge in; while in what was called the *salle du conseil*, a dirty, square-shaped apartment, the *concierge*, whom George afterwards learnt was a woman named Hiancre, was eating her supper, consisting of a herring and a piece of bread.

"*Tiens!*" this woman cried, springing to her feet on the appearance of George and the warder who conducted him. "Another *fourné*, and at midnight, too! And where does this monsieur come from?" she asked of the warder, while she observed that his head was bound up with a cloth.

"He comes," the man replied, "to a better place than he has left, at any rate. At least he will not die—to-night, a thing which he has been very near to. And so have I. Come, take his name and this warrant—it is signed by Danton—and let me go. My head is split half open."

"You have been in the riots?"

"Riots! Aye, we have. Thank Heaven this is the last batch. Come, Madame Hiancre, come! Enter his name in your register and let me go."

"I must have the warrant to copy. Give it me."

"*Tiens!*" she cried, a moment later, and after she had regarded the warrant which the man produced; "*Tiens, un Anglais!* How did he come into your hands? And a sailor, too! *Mon Dieu!* We have all sorts here, but not one of his kind. Tell me."

"I will tell you later," said George, speaking for the first time and addressing the *concierge*, who seemed to be a good-natured creature, and, therefore, very much out of place here. "Meanwhile, I beseech you to let me go to my cell, or room, or whatever it may be. I am desirous to be alone."

* In earlier romances dealing with the French Revolution, and especially in a very conspicuous one by a recent great writer, La Force has been represented as being full during the autumn of 1792—of aristocratic prisoners awaiting their trial and death by the guillotine. I am, however, constrained to state that these representations are inaccurate. In no time during 1792 was La Force filled with aristocrats, but, instead, with the coquins and coquines of whom Madame, afterwards the Duchesse, de Tourzel, has spoken. The only exceptions, and these almost all women, were the Princess de Lamballe; Madame de Tourzel herself, with her daughter, Pauline; the ladies of the Princess's suite, and one or two others, numbering nine in all. As regards the statement that the aristocrats were awaiting their sentence and execution by the guillotine, such a thing was impossible. Before September 2, there had not been a dozen executions by this new process, and after September 6, when the massacres were finished, there were no prisoners at all in La Force for some time.

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"Ho! ho! you shall go soon enough," the woman cried. "*Tête de mon chien*, I wish all our guests were like you. I cannot get them to bed at all when once they are out of their *cachots*. I must be more severe; I must, I must!" After which she proceeded to inscribe in what was termed the *livre d'ecrou*, the prisoner's name and calling; she spelling each word out as she wrote it in a large, ill-formed hand.

"George Hope. *Officier Anglais. Tiens!* what have you to do in France? Sent from Bricourt to Rennes and from Rennes to Paris. To be detained until new orders are sent. Signed, Danton."

"Good," she said; "good. Now we will send for François. François," she cried, going to a door and screaming down a passage, "François, wake up. Here is a fresh arrival. Wake up, animal. Wake up, *Dindon. Mon Dieu!* if my coquins of prisoners would only sleep as he does. Snail! be quick."

These summonses served to produce at last a figure which, to George's mind, seemed as unsuitable to a prison as could well be, yet one which was as welcome a sight to him as it had been, and was to be, to countless unhappy *détenus* in that prison, who, but a little later, passed away from their miseries for ever. This figure was that of a young man with a face so red and good-humoured, and a mouth so large and gargantuan, that scarcely could the most trembling and frightened prisoner refrain from laughing as he or she regarded François, the gaoler. Nor did those looks belie his nature, which was kind and simple, so that, perhaps, it is not to be wondered at that in many memoirs left behind by those who eventually escaped, and in many letters written by those who, a little later, rested for ever in *les cimetières des supplicies*, letters still preserved by their descendants, he should be spoken of as one who was the only bright spot in their melancholy sojourn at La Force.

"Conduct this citizen to the cachot fifty-three," the *concierge* cried now, on the appearance of this man. "It was vacated by Madame de St. Bris this morning—who, who—well! no matter; while, as for food—Monsieur will not be particular to-night. To-morrow he shall have sufficient. *Va-t'en, imbécile. Vite.*"

Whereupon François, after bidding George Hope follow him, led the way up two flight of stairs, after which he unlocked a door, and ushered his prisoner into No. 53.

"It is a good room," the gaoler said, after he had lit a half-consumed candle which was fitted into a rusty iron candlestick, "as Monsieur will see to-morrow. If Monsieur stands on the bed he can look out into the Rue des Ballets. Also, in the daytime, Monsieur can mingle with the other pri—guests. *Ma foi!* they are queer people—*des drôles* these guests, and Monsieur had best keep his pockets closed tight. But then—then—well, at least they are society of a kind."

"Who are they?" George asked, while he let his eyes wander round the miserable room in which he found himself, and observed that, beyond the bed and a small table on which was an iron basin, it contained nothing else; "and why should I keep my pockets closed?"

"Oh! as for that," replied François, who was now shaking up a mattress and arranging the bed which had evidently not been made since the lady who had been spoken of left it in the morning (the idea of fresh sheets appearing to have no existence in his mind), "as for that—well!—they are not quite of the *vieille souche*. As for the ladies—*les coquines*—but no matter, Monsieur will see them; while, for the gentlemen—ha! most of them are charged—only charged, Monsieur will understand—with being forgers of assignats and, *mon Dieu!*—it is incredible! with having false coins in their pockets. But still they are gay, oh, quite gay!"

"And the lady who went forth to-day, the lady in whose bed I am to sleep to-night, and whose half-burnt-out candle is to light me to that bed? What of her? Was she a *coquine*, too?"

"Ah! No! no! no! Madame de St. Bris was a sad lady, one who had suffered. But now, now—she suffers no more. Ah! poor lady. Her son joined Brunswick, who is invading France, and, lo! he was killed in the first encounter with the brave Dumouriez. And Madame was sent here because of her son's treason, and bore up bravely—oh! so bravely—till she heard of his death, and then——"

"Enough," said George. "I understand. Leave me now, I beg of you; leave me."

So, with many wishes for the prisoner's repose, the gaoler did leave him after locking him in ere he went, while saying that for this night, but this night only, he might have the candle. Nay, if he was quiet and orderly, he might perhaps even have it on other nights, as Madame St. Bris had herself been permitted to do; but at present he could not say.

At last George was alone, alone for the first time; alone, miserable and unhappy.

"Is she dead?" he whispered to himself, as he sat down upon the wretched bed—the *lit de sangle* of the prisons—from which he felt sure Madame de St. Bris had herself been carried away dead that morning; and was at last able to meditate over the events of the past few hours. "Did Lucienne d'Aubray perish in the riot to-night? I saw her fall prostrate in that last rush of the mob against those unfortunate soldiers. I saw the waggons move on as we were driven forward like a flock of sheep; and I could do nothing with my hands manacled as they were, and with the cord around me by which I was fastened to another prisoner."

"Dead," he continued to muse as still he sat there, while his ears were greeted with the sounds of riotous singing from another part of the building, singing that was now interrupted by the cries of the *concierge* bidding the revellers cease and go to bed. "Dead, with perhaps that beauteous face trampled out of all recognition, and with, it may be, a bullet through her heart. Oh, my God! my God! and I had hoped to do so much for her, to save her at last, to help her to escape out of France. And now she is dead—she must be dead—and I am here, a prisoner, and marked for death myself."

Yet, though he could not repress the thought which rose to his mind that, ere long, he would himself be dead—since in spite of the encouragement which he had often given to Lucienne to have no fear on his behalf, he had never believed that he would escape with life from the French Tribunals—that thought had no terrors for him, nor was it accompanied by any regrets. From the first moment when he recognised that the launch of the "Dragon" would never be allowed to reach the ship on its return journey with Lucienne on board, he understood that he had set his existence upon the hazard of the die, and that it was more than probable that the cast would be against him.

Still, even afterwards—afterwards, when they were sent to Rennes, and thence to Paris, he had cherished one great, one supreme, hope—the hope that in some way he might at least be able to help her, to aid her to escape, no matter what his own lot might be. But now there was no more hope; she was dead—she must be dead—or if not that, then she was a prisoner in some other prison in Paris. And in such captivity lurked death itself, certain and sure, as certain as the swifter death which he could not doubt she had already encountered. Therefore, in no way was there any hope.

The candle was guttering to its end as still he sat there, the candle which he could not but conclude from François' chatter had been last extinguished when the former occupant of this room was no more, or which, perhaps, had been extinguished by her own hand ere she laid down to die, alone and broken-hearted. It was time for him to obtain some rest if possible. Wherefore, blowing out the already smoking and smouldering wick, he flung himself upon the bed while as he did so he could not refrain from uttering one prayer—the prayer that, in spite of the little likelihood there was of Lucienne d'Aubray being still alive, it might still have pleased God in His mercy to let it be so, and that it might also please Him to grant that, in some way, they might come together again.

And so, at last, he slept, since now the desperate prisoners and the *ribauds* of the prison seemed to be themselves becoming more quiet, while when he did so, he dreamt that Lucienne and he were free and had met again, and that all her troubles and sorrows were past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Message.

By the time that a week had passed George Hope was acquainted by sight with all his fellow-prisoners in La Force, and, personally, with several of them. Of women there were detained, as he discovered to his astonishment, over 200, most of them being of that character which is the worst possible for the sex to bear, while several others were accused of having burst into the Tuileries and stolen linen and plate, this being, strange as it may appear, an awful crime, since, from the dawn of August 10, everything in the Palace had become the property of the Nation. Of the remaining women incarcerated there, not more than a score of names stood (the record is still in existence) on the *livre d'ecrou* under the heading "*pour des motifs politiques.*"

Pour des motifs politiques! What were these motives? One of the women, the unhappy Princesse de Lamballe, had been brought there from the Temple, first because she was the widow of a member of the House of Bourbon (Louis de Bourbon, Grand Veneur de France, son of the Duc de Penthièvre), then, next, because she was kinswoman to the King and intimate friend of the Queen, as well as superintendent of the Queen's household, and because also, on August 10, she had been found in the Tuileries. Truly, these crimes must have appeared deadly in the eyes of her judges! There, too, were Madame de Tourzel, her crime being that she was governess to the Royal children; her daughter Pauline, also a governess to these children; several ladies-in-waiting to the Royal family, from the members of which they were now separated; and one or two other high-born women whose sin was that they were aristocrats.

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George saw the ladies of the Court brought into the prison at midday, three days after he had himself been taken to it; he saw the still beautiful Princess led through the *concierge's* lodge in an almost fainting condition while supported and encouraged by her fellow-prisoners—one of them, Pauline de Tourzel, being only seventeen years of age; and he saw the few other aristocrats bow low before them as they entered, the Duchesse de Rochefeuille going down on her knees to kiss the Princess's hand. And, to their credit be it said, the *coquines* and the *filles perdues* who were already in La Force, and the female robbers of the Tuileries, as well as all the male prisoners—the forgers of assignats; the pickpockets and footpads; the soldiers who had pricked their own eyes with pins to avoid serving against Brunswick; the man who had committed the awful crime of sawing a Tree of Liberty in half; an innkeeper who had sold wine injurious to the health of the Marseillais (pity it was he had not poisoned them!), and many more—all held their peace and regarded the newcomers with looks which were those of sympathy.

With the Duchesse de Rochefeuille—incarcerated because the Duke, her son, was known to be with other emigrants across the Rhine—George had sometimes exchanged a few words; while once, she, seeing that he was an Englishman and a gentleman, had asked him how he came to be there, and had been much overcome at hearing that a D'Aubray de Bricourt should have met with such a fate as that which George said he feared must have befallen Lucienne. Perceiving, too, the grief that was depicted on the face of the grave, handsome young man as he spoke of all that the Marquise had suffered—both before he knew her and afterwards—this lady began to take a motherly interest in George Hope which, had it begun in any other spot more decent — and more safe!—than the prison walls of La Force, might have ripened into firm friendship. But that was not to be; few acquaintanceships made in that awful spot had any opportunity afforded them of blossoming into a stronger feeling in this world.

To meet and to converse in this prison was easy enough to all the prisoners, with the exception of the Princesse de Lamballe and the ladies accompanying her, they being kept more fast under lock and key than any other of the *détenus*, and, in the yard where most of the prisoners were allowed to inhale such air as penetrated to it, George and the Duchess were often allowed to converse together, while often, when Madame de Rochefeuille would receive a small basket of fruit from an elderly woman who came to see her at intervals (and occasionally brought back a basket of linen which she had previously taken away to wash), that lady would ask George to participate in the gift.

"Here is," she said, one afternoon as both of them sat in the yard, and in the shadiest place which they could obtain, "a small dish of peaches which my old friend and attendant, Madame Verac, has been allowed to bring in. I beg of you to partake of it with me. Madame Verac, knowing that we are fellow sufferers, has brought you two specially fine ones for yourself."

"She is most good," George began, while regarding the woman spoken of as Madame Verac with a grateful glance, "yet I know not why she should be so thoughtful of me. I——"

But he paused, since the Duchess continued hurriedly and as though with the determination of interrupting him, "Nay, nay; you need not thank me; and—and—monsieur—do not eat those now. Keep them until you are alone in your own room. And then," while as she spoke she sunk her voice to a whisper, so that neither the rapscallions who were also taking the air nor the soldier of the Municipal Guard who was patrolling the yard should hear her—"then—*open them very carefully before eating.*"

"I do not understand——" George began in a tone of bewilderment, but again Madame de Rochefeuille went on rapidly.

"You will do so. You will understand later. Meanwhile eat these of mine. And, when that man's back is turned, drop the others into your pocket."

Bewildered, yet still with sufficient tact about him to obey her, George did as she bade him the instant the soldier turned in his walk, while grasping two other peaches which the Duchess thrust into his hand; he also obeyed her glance, and instantly began to eat the first of that second gift of fruit.

"Madame Verac is a good friend," the Duchess whispered again, while showing by another glance that she appreciated his quickness in doing what she desired; "a good friend, not only to me but to others of—my—unhappy—position."

"Doubtless," said George, recovering his coolness, though still overcome by wonderment as to what this mystery of the peaches might be, as well as why this Madame Verac should have brought them for him; "doubtless. One can well believe that." Then as he spoke, he lifted his eyes to gaze into those of the woman standing close by. Yet the eyes told nothing, testified nothing, there being in them a look which, if anything, expressed fear more than ought else. Yet, fear of what? This, George could not divine.

"Go, Agathe," the Duchess said now; "go—observe!—the clock is about to strike four. And come again soon, good friend. You know that I am always glad to see you. Meanwhile, tell your niece that monsieur thanks her for the peaches she sent him; that, it may be, he will personally thank her for them ere long. Is it not so, monsieur?" she asked, turning to George.

Madame Verac Visits La Force.

"It is indeed so, Madame la Duchesse. Yet, still, I am at a loss to know why Madame Verac's niece—as I think you said—should feel an interest in me. How can she ever have heard of me?"

"I come here often, monsieur," Madame Verac said, speaking now for the first time; "often, to see my dear old mistress—and—and—well! my niece has heard of you." Then, glancing her eyes round the prison-yard to see if the soldier could hear what she was about to say and observing that he was standing watching this little group, she muttered—while evidently changing the tenor of her words—"well! no matter. Her little gift is a mere nothing. But ere long, perhaps, she will come in my place to visit Madame la Duchesse. She longs also to see monsieur."

"All out!" bawled the sentry, as now the clock struck. "*Tout le monde sort.* No more visits to day. All out! Away with you all." While, bringing his musket to the slope, he used it unceremoniously to push those who were not prisoners towards the wicket-gate that opened from the courtyard to the Rue St. Antoine.

"To your *cachots*," the fellow cried now to the prisoners. *Vite! Vite! Mon Dieu!* will you stay here all day basking in the sun, as though the place was your own? To your *appartements meublées*, I say," he continued in a voice of sardonic, of, perhaps, savage humour. "To your grand salons,

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to your boudoirs. *Va t'en, saletés—va t'en sacripantes,*" he cried to two girls who were regarding him with a mocking leer on their faces. "To your dens! To your dens!" Then, turning to the Duchesse de Rochefeuille he said, in a slightly more respectful tone—perhaps because she was no longer young—"Come, citizeness, come; you know the rules."

"Yes, citizen, I know the rules. Only, as you are aware, I am somewhat lame; I cannot walk very fast. Yet, I will do my best. Monsieur," to George, "I beg the favour of your hand to that door." While, with a bow to the man, half of mockery, half, perhaps, of graciousness—the graciousness of those dead and gone days which seemed to her so far off now—the days when she was young and treated almost like a queen by right of her beauty and high birth—she went towards the door leading to the passage wherein was her room.

And the sentry, now left alone in the yard, muttered to himself, "May the devil confound these aristocrats, I say. For do what we, the Nation, may, we cannot spoil their manners or make them seem afraid."

"Good-night," the Duchess said to George as, having escorted her to the door, he prepared to leave her; "good-night, monsieur; I hope you may enjoy the fruit Madame Verac brought. You should do so—if you eat it—very—slowly. Nay!" she exclaimed, "nay—ask no questions; that man is still regarding us." After which, drawing herself back a little further into the passage as though to prevent the soldier from hearing what fell from her lips, if such a thing were possible, she whispered:

"Yet—if she—Madame Verac's niece—carries out her intention—send her away—drive her away if necessary. Let her not stay here a moment. This place is but a prison now; it will be a shambles ere long. I know it, prisoner though I am. Remember my words!"

Then, lame as she was, she had disappeared in a moment.

"Madame Verac's niece," George muttered to himself, while full of agitation and astonishment as he passed now from what was known as La Grande Force to La Petite Force, where his own cell was situated. "Her niece! A girl who has heard of me and pities me and sends me fruit which I am to eat carefully. Heavens! what does it, what can it, mean? What meaning lies beneath this gift?"

In a state of bewilderment he pondered over all this as he went along through the mass of small houses which, from having once formed a narrow by-street themselves, had gradually been drawn in and accumulated by the two prisons until they had become a portion of those prisons. He thought of it all as he passed a sentry here and there in the passages—since the liberty accorded the *détenus* was carefully scrutinised—and even as, while he did so, he fingered nervously the peaches that were in his pockets. For, still, not knowing what had happened in the outer world since he became a prisoner here, he had no idea, no suspicion of what might be concealed beneath the words, "Madame Verac's niece."

Yet, at last, he reached the miserable hole which was termed his *appartement*. At last he knew that he would be alone, shut in, unmolested, until the next morning, when he would again be allowed to descend to the yard for some hours, there to mingle with the other prisoners and also to eat the horrible meals provided for all of them. The meals consisting of bad eggs, boiled haricots, raw pickled herrings, soup, and *bouilli*, which latter these prisoners shrewdly suspected—or said that they suspected—were made from human flesh, the flesh of those who died in La Force, though they were in truth made from the flesh of dead cows, horses, and asses bought cheap. Meals washed down by dirty water drawn into dirty wine bottles and served out by the jailers at the rate of one bottle a head per day, except when François Bault, the only kindly one amongst them all, would sometimes give the prisoners a clean bottle full of fresh water in exchange for a filthy one.

Nervously, excitedly, George waited for the warder of this floor to pass by, while locking in the inmates one by one—or dozens by dozens, according to how they happened to be incarcerated, or, rather, according to how they happened to have been flung into any place where there was room, since few were fortunate enough to possess a cell, or *cachot*, to themselves. He heard the key being turned in lock after lock as the man came along the corridor and there, at last, it was thrust into the lock of his own door; at last he was alone and free to inspect the peaches which he now drew from his pocket; free to solve the mystery of why Madame Verac's niece should have sent them to him.

"'Eat them carefully,' the Duchess said," he whispered to himself as now he drew the fruit from out of his pocket. "Eat them carefully," while, even as he so whispered, he began to peel one of them.

Then, ere he had half accomplished his task, he understood. As he stripped off the skin of the peach he held in his hand, he saw that it had already been removed before and, afterwards, replaced most carefully in its original position. He saw, too, that the fruit itself had been meddled with; a slice on one side was missing, a slice no thicker than an eighth part of an inch, even if so thick; while, consequently, a space had been left in which had been placed as substitute a tiny piece of paper, folded so as to fit exactly into the vacancy. In a moment he had seized the scrap, had smoothed it out and read it, while, as he did so, he whispered, "Thank God! Oh, thank God!" For on that scrap of paper were written the words—"so, by Heaven's mercy, shall you soon be. L."

"L," he cried; "L." It is she! It is she! She is safe!" And again he whispered fervently, "Thank God!"

Recognising that this was the conclusion of a message, the beginning of which was undoubtedly contained in the other peach, he lost no moment in laying bare the contents of that also. And, an instant later, the whole of the message was complete before his eyes; the two pieces of paper, so skilfully inserted, forming the sentence: "I seek you, I am at liberty; so, by Heaven's mercy, shall you soon be. L."

Yet, as he read the words, as again and again he thanked his Maker for his mercies to Lucienne, there stole over his heart a sudden chill, an awful foreboding of evil to come.

"She is free," he muttered—nay, almost gasped. "She is free—and she is coming here. Here! to this earthly hell, to this place which Madame de Rochefeuille said, only too truly, would ere long be a shambles. For, I, too, have heard rumours—whispers. I, too, know, since the very glances of the warders and the soldiers, as well as their mutterings might well warn any but the deaf or blind that something awful is to happen. I know that, ere long, the most dreadful of all freedoms will be ours."

"And she is coming here," he continued; "here! To me! She who has once found real freedom in some strange way; she who has once escaped. Oh, God!" he cried, as now he threw himself upon his knees by his wretched bed, "prevent it, prevent it, I beseech Thee. Keep her away in Thy mercy, from this place of doom."

Yet, as he prayed, the place of doom was more like the home of a band of demoniacs than ought else. From the windows which looked into and across the yard, shrill-tongued women were shrieking ribaldries to others; men were howling loathsome and repulsive songs; jeers and curses and blasphemous mockeries were being shouted from the *cachots*, where, in several instances, a dozen were confined together: the mighty Pandemonium of the maddened, doomed creatures was in full swing. The victims of the Revolution, in their determination to die game, were turning their last days or weeks on earth into a maddened, infernal revel which the inhabitants of Satan's capital might well have envied.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"G. C. T."—The appointments of adjutants of Militia, Yeomanry and Volunteers are made by the Commander-in-Chief from the approved list of candidates for such appointments. In the infantry preference is, as a rule, given to officers belonging to the line battalions of the territorial regiment. The solicitation of the interest of commanding officers of Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteers with a view to obtaining these appointments is strictly forbidden. Recommendations are made by the commanding officers of the units in which candidates are serving. Candidates have to satisfy a board of examiners as to their qualifications for the duties of adjutant, and must possess the faculty of imparting knowledge. They must be able to ride well, and must pass a medical examination. Officers who have served as adjutant in their own battalions or regiment for a year, or who have passed through the Staff College, need only undergo the medical examination, being exempted from the examination as to qualifications.

* * * *

"COMMANDER."—The General Station Bill, or Watch Bill, as it is now known, was introduced in 1859. It may seem inconceivable that the Navy managed without this well-organised system; but the point you have to bear in mind is that the Watch Bill came in with the organised system of manning the Navy, viz., long service instead of keeping a minimum of ships in commission with crews engaged for a ship's commission. Under the old system the crews sometimes took months to fill up even during the progress of the war. This gave ample time to the officers to arrange the watch, station, and quarter bills, by systems of their own devising. When, however, ships were manned in a few days, some prepared form of book, with numbers, columns, and suggested stations for the men, became an absolute necessity.

* * * *

"WOOLWICH."—The Royal Military Academy dates its existence actually from April 30, 1741, on which day King George II. signed the Royal Warrant constituting the Academy. It was addressed to John Duke of Montagu, Master-General of the Ordnance, and set forth "that it would conduce to the good of our Service if an academy or school was instituted, endowed, and supported, for instructing the raw and inexperienced people belonging to the military branch of this office in the several parts of mathematics necessary to qualify them for the service of the Artillery and the business of Engineers." In accordance with the instructions in the Royal Warrant, the Master-General issued "Rules and Orders for the Royal Academy at Woolwich," and the work of the school actually began that same year in Woolwich Warren, as it was called, in a building erected in 1719 close to Prince Rupert's old mansion, the tower of which was still standing. The cadets lodged and boarded in private houses in and near Woolwich town. They received their appointments to the Academy by nomination from the Master-General, the only means of getting into the Academy, for many years to come.

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The Birthday of a People.

EVERYONE knows that the beginning of the new year and the new century witnessed the commencement of the Australian Commonwealth. Never perhaps was a January day more freighted with high anticipations, with bright hopes and infinite possibilities. It was a nation that was born when midnight struck on December 31, 1900, a nation whose conceivable future strength in the Pacific is emphasised by the fear expressed in Paris lest it should adopt a Monroe doctrine for that great ocean and should interpose another obstacle in the way of the realisation of French greed in the New Hebrides. If the new-born nation is a little self-conscious, this, after all, is one of the faults of youth, and it may plead at least the excuse that the Platform and the Press have combined to extol its importance and to instruct it as to the potentialities which the future holds out to it. Of course such an occurrence as the birth of a people could not be allowed to pass without due and festive celebration. The formal inauguration—the taking of the oath of office by the Governor-General, the Earl of Hopetoun; the reading of the proclamation; the swearing in of the Federal Ministry, and so on—took place at Sydney, and it was made the occasion of a pageant which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Well has it been said that Sydney is a favoured city which, with its harbour, lends itself to the spectacular. There are a background and middle distance of unapproachable charm, and the decorations on January 1 made one forget the bald, undecorative character of the modern street. Tens of thousands of pieces of gaily-coloured bunting fluttered in the breeze, and the monotony of outline disappeared beneath gracefully-falling festoons attached to the poles and wires of the electric-tram system. Stands were everywhere, and our very pretty illustration showing the Indian contingent passing up Macquarie Street gives an idea of the brilliant scene that was presented everywhere. Heavy rain had fallen during the preceding night, and when the morning broke the outlook was not promising. The sky was dull and overcast, the air muggy and oppressive. It may be as well, by the way, to remind English readers that the beginning of January represents the very height of the Australian summer. This was strikingly exemplified as the day wore on, for the sky cleared, and though the atmosphere continued humid, the procession itself took place in bright sunlight. It is estimated that between half and three-quarters of a million of persons played the part of spectators, and the gay summer dresses lent variety and colour to the scene. At the Merchants' Exchange a pretty effect was produced by each alternate spectator waving a blue or gold handkerchief as the Governor-General passed. Everywhere the greatest order prevailed. The route was five miles long, extending from the Domain to a pavilion in the Centennial Park; the procession itself was originally two miles in length, but it increased as it progressed by the absorption of the troops who lined the streets, and who fell in at the rear as it passed. Their duties were purely ornamental; they had to make no efforts to preserve order, for no one thought of disturbing it. Taking part in the pageant were representatives of trades and friendly societies; allegorical cars; innumerable officials; and representatives of the Imperial, Colonial, and Indian forces. It was a happy thought to despatch a contingent representative of all classes of the Home Army to take part in the celebration; it was at least an equally fortunate idea to supplement this by sending representatives of the forces of our great Indian dependency. It gave the *cachet* of an Imperial significance to the ceremony of inauguration. In the procession itself, the strikingly smart appearance and brilliant uniforms of the Imperial and Indian contingents excited the highest encomiums and the warmest admiration. Perhaps the warmest plaudits went to the Navy—the Bluejackets and Marines landed from the squadron, whose passage under the Wool Arch forms the subject of one of our pictures; the picturesque Indian troops; the Household Cavalry; the Foot Guards; and the 21st Lancers; but it is really unnecessary to particularise where all did so well and won such unalloyed approval.

"HAIL THE NEW-BORN COMMONWEALTH."
The Bluejackets Passing Under the Wool Arch.

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A POPULAR PART OF THE PROCESSION.
The Mounted Indian Troops Traversing Macquarie Street.

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IN the beginning of the year 1645 great efforts were made to bring about a reconciliation between the King and his Parliament. At last a meeting was arranged to take place at Uxbridge, where, on January 31, representatives of both sides arrived, and for twenty-two days discussed the main questions at issue, but without result. On February 20 the Royal Commissioners proposed that both armies should be disbanded; two days later they offered to discuss with Parliament and a national synod the religious questions at issue. The proposals were received with disfavour, negotiations came to an end, and both parties prepared for a further struggle.

Fairfax was now appointed Commander-in-Chief of the New Model Army, with Cromwell as Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Horse, whilst Essex, Manchester, and Denbigh resigned under the Self-denying Ordinance. On the King's side there were also radical changes. The Prince of Wales was sent into the Western Counties as nominal commander, with some of Charles's trusted generals to act in his name, whilst the most uncompromising Cavaliers became the advisers of the King. In the spring the Royalists had some success. Leicester had fallen before them, they were besieging Taunton, and although Fairfax lay before Oxford he was inactive.

Cromwell was in the Eastern Counties, and, with his extraordinary power for gathering men around him, he had in a very short space of time raised 3,000 men in Cambridgeshire, and had put the Isle of Ely in a state of defence. On June 5, Fairfax was ordered to raise the siege of Oxford, and to march after the King, who was now at Daventry, upon which the general at once asked that Cromwell should accompany him. Leave was granted, and immediately, without a moment's delay, Cromwell, with 600 men, was marching across to Leicestershire, and at six o'clock on June 13 he joined forces with Fairfax at Kislingbury.

The two armies were now within a few miles of one another. But so defective, or, indeed, non-existent was Charles's intelligence department, that he had no idea of the approach of the Roundheads, and gaily went out to hunt in the deer-park at Fawsley whilst the enemy were but a few miles away making all preparations for an immediate fight.

But this carelessness was not only due to want of knowledge of Fairfax's movements. A great deal was owing to the fine contempt felt by Charles and his generals for the New Model Army, which they considered beneath their serious consideration. "Their new-modelled army," wrote Baillie, "consists for the most part of raw, unexperienced, pressed soldiers. Few of the officers are thought capable of their places; many of them are sectaries; if they do great service, many will be deceived." So, full of good cheer at his recent success, and without fear of the evil at hand, Charles went out to his day's sport, little dreaming that the Roundheads were but seven miles away. On returning in the evening, however, word was brought to him that the New Model Army was at Kislingbury; so, hastily calling a council of war, he decided to march to Belvoir, and thence to raise the siege of Pomfret. His movements were closely watched by Fairfax, who forthwith sent Harrison to get news from Daventry and Ireton to follow the King, whilst he himself took up his quarters at Guilsborough, awaiting further events. The King slept that night at Lubenham, whilst his main army with Rupert were at Market Harborough, and his rearguard at Naseby. That night Ireton fell upon the troopers at Naseby, taking many of them prisoners, whilst those who escaped fled to give warning to Charles, who, after a hasty consultation with Rupert, decided to face the enemy and to await attack on Dust Hill, two miles north of Naseby.

PRINCE RUPERT.
From the Original of Vandyke.

This quiet village has probably altered little since those days, except so far as tiles have in certain cases taken the place of thatch, and some straight red houses have displaced the more picturesque irregular cottages. Carlyle describes it as "A peaceful old hamlet of some eight hundred souls—clay cottages for labourers; but neatly thatched and swept—smith's-shop, saddler's-shop, beer-shop, all in order forming a kind of square which leads off southwards into two long streets: the old church with its graves stands in the centre. The ground is upland and moorland, though now growing corn was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood."

Such is the little village which looked upon the momentous battle that brought so great a disaster to Charles. Within a mile or two of the hamlet the Royalist Army was drawn up in three brigades, after the same manner as at Marston Moor. The infantry was in the centre under Lord Astley; Rupert on the right with his horse; Sir Marmaduke Langley on the left with his northern horse, who were somewhat discontented and anxious to get back to their own country; and the King himself in the rear with his reserve.

To the south, Dust Hill sloped away to Broadmoor, which again rose to another hill known as Mill Hill, separate from the Royalists' position by one mile. Here, on this southern ledge, Fairfax disposed his army, also in three brigades—the infantry in the centre under Skippon; the cavalry on the right and left under Cromwell and Ireton; Okey's Dragoons lined Sulby hedges on the left, and the train waggons were in the rear on Fenny Hill, where also stood Mr. Sprigge and Mr. Secretary Rushworth, busily taking notes of the day's proceedings.

There are very confused and varying accounts of the opening movements, though all agree that the Roundheads changed their position before the battle began. One account tells us that Fairfax withdrew his men from the ridge to a

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line some paces in the rear, a movement which Rupert observing mistook for retreat, and he at once gave orders to advance. Cromwell in his own characteristic fashion describes his feelings as he waited for the attack: "I can say this of Naseby," he writes, "that when I saw the enemy drawn up and march in gallant order toward us, and we a company of poor, ignorant men to seek how to order our battle—the general having commanded me to order all the horse—I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not bring to naught things that are."

But very soon there was no time for such thoughts; every man in the army was engaged in fighting his utmost. Down the hill poured the Royalists, each man wearing a bean-stalk in his hat and shouting the battle cry of "Queen Mary." But before they had mounted Mill Hill the Round-heads had met them, returning blow for blow, shaken here and there, it is true, where recruits were still raw and inexperienced, but otherwise proving themselves worthy foes of the gallant Cavaliers, by whom they had been so much despised. In the centre old Skippon was hard pressed, and for an hour the struggle went on at close quarters with swords, butt ends, and muskets, until Skippon gave way and fell back on the reserve. Ireton then pushed forward to his assistance with one of his divisions, when Rupert, seizing the opportunity, charged the rest of the left wing "with such gallantry as few in the army ever saw the like." Quite careless of the fire from Okey's Dragoons, Rupert pressed on, wounded Ireton, and at last drove his men off the field and chased them to Naseby Village. Then, instead of returning to the battlefield to follow up his success, he took to plundering the baggage, never heeding how the day was going for the King, and thus repeating the blunder he had made at Marston Moor.

Meantime, Cromwell sent Whalley to fall on Langdale's horse on one flank, whilst he himself attacked the other. In spite of the difficulties of the ground on that part of the field, Whalley poured his men down the slope in gallant style, meeting Langdale before he was half up, and falling on his cavalry with such fury that they could not stand before him. So they turned and fled "harder and faster than became them," stopping only when they had joined the reserve on the hill, where they remained until the King rallied them later in the day.

The left wing routed, Cromwell turned his attention to the centre, with which remained the issue of the battle. Skippon, who had been wounded early in the day, although he refused to leave the field, was unable to command; his left was shaken and had fallen back, but his right was steady. Cromwell brought his horse to its support; and at the same time Okey, seeing the way clear, dashed across the field and flung his Dragoons on Astley's foot, whilst Whalley, returning from the pursuit of Langdale's horse, also brought his troopers to the charge. No infantry could stand against so overwhelming a force of horse, and regiment after regiment fell back in disorder, whilst many had to surrender and ask for quarter. One brigade alone stood gallantly against every successive shock, just as Newcastle's Lambs had stood at Marston Moor. Even the Ironsides could not break its lines, though they attacked them on all sides. Until at last Fairfax, ordering the colonel of his guard to charge them in front, fell upon them in the rear, a double assault which even they could not resist. So with its colours taken and its ranks decimated, this gallant regiment, the last of the King's infantry, was swept away, and there remained none but the Royalist reserve of horse to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Drawn up together with Langdale's men who had fled earlier in the fight, and with Rupert's horse, who were at last tired of plundering, with Charles himself at their head, they prepared for their last stand.

Fairfax, being too good a general to risk a defeat after he had virtually won the day, held his cavalry in hand until he had again placed his infantry in position. The horse-men were once more drawn up in two wings, "leaving a wide space between the wings, for the battle of the foot to fall in. Thereby there was framed, as it were in a trice, a second good battalia at the latter end of the day, which the enemy perceiving, and that if they stood they must expect a second charge from our horse, foot, and artillery (they having lost all their foot and guns before), and our Dragoons having already begun to fire upon their horse, they, not willing to abide a second shock upon so great disadvantage as there was like to be, immediately ran away,

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A VIEW OF BELVOIR CASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Residence of the Eighth Earl of Rutland, an Upholder of the Parliament.

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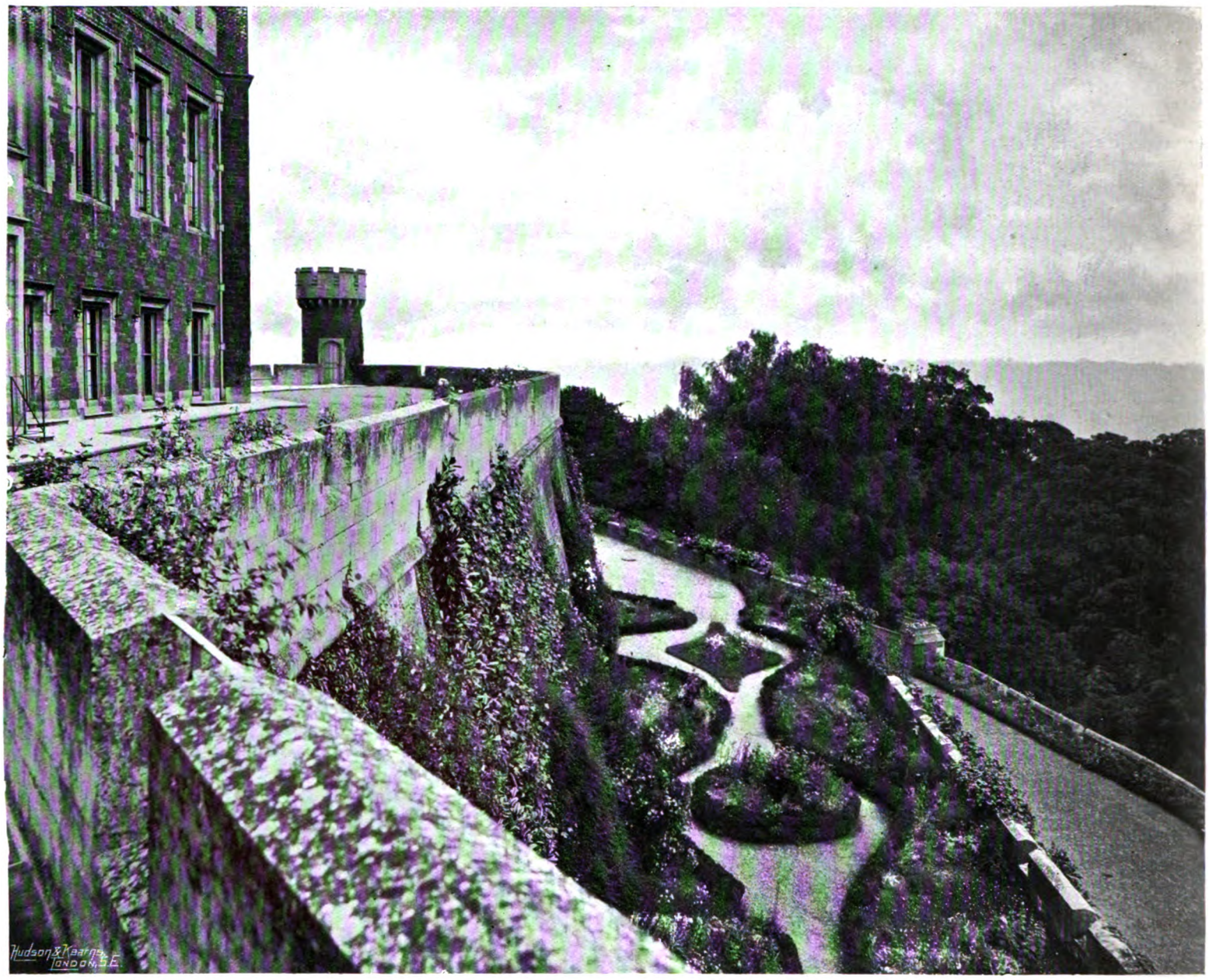

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BELVOIR CASTLE FROM THE RAMPARTS.

The Castle was Captured for the King in the Fighting between Roundhead and Cavalier.

both fronts and reserves, without standing one stroke more."

Charles, with his usual courage, was leading the line of reserves to a second charge, when Lord Carnwath, laying his hand on his bridle, cried out, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" "Then," says Clarendon, "before the King understood what he would have, he turned his horse round, and upon that they all turned their horses and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself." Away they fled, never stopping until they reached Leicester, Fairfax pursuing them all the way, and either killing or taking prisoner every man who fell in his way. It was a crushing defeat, and one from which Charles never recovered. Five thousand prisoners were in the hands of the enemy, besides the whole train of artillery, waggons, colours, and standards, and, what was still more important, his private cabinet of papers, which later on went so far to condemn him and so to bring him to his death. About 1,000 Cavaliers were killed on the battlefield or in the flight. The army was entirely broken; but even so overwhelming a disaster did not convince the Cavaliers that their hour of final defeat was near at hand, and they set to work to prepare for carrying on the war with still greater energy.

The story of the ensuing months tells of one melancholy surrender after another. Rupert was ordered to defend Bristol, but on September 10 the city was stormed by Fairfax and Cromwell, whereupon the Royalists set fire to the city, and whilst the Parliamentary commanders "were viewing so sad a spectacle" Rupert proposed to surrender. Terms were agreed to, and the Prince marched out with two regiments of horse. He was allowed to proceed to Oxford, where "our nephew, Prince Rupert," was met by a letter of bitter reproach from Charles. "My conclusion is," wrote his Royal uncle, "to desire you to seek your subsistence, until it shall please God to determine of my condition, somewhere beyond the seas." And the same day a Royal proclamation revoked and disannulled all commissions of military authority which he had formerly held. So Rupert, the gay, dashing Cavalier the reckless leader in fights and skirmishes, is dismissed with as much gratitude as might have been expected from the master who, fascinating though he were, had as great a faculty for forgetting benefits as he had for exacting love and loyalty.

In October, Winchester surrendered to Cromwell; then came the fall of Basing House, that had so nobly endured siege after siege for four long years, holding out so manfully against the several and combined enemies of battle, famine, and pestilence—a handful of soldiers resisting the onslaughts of thousands. No hope was left now for Charles save in the fastnesses of Scotland, where Montrose was leading his Highlanders to victory after victory. Then he carried the war into the Lowlands, where still more loyal Scots flocked to his side, until in the King's name he summoned a Parliament at Glasgow. Charles meanwhile had hopes of joining Montrose, but with the fall of Bristol all such sanguine dreams fell to the ground, and the defeat of the Scotch leader at Philipphaugh rang the deathknell to his cause.

Then came a stormy interview between Charles and Rupert, after which the Prince and his brother Maurice left the King for ever, and he was alone with a mere handful of troops. Now the Parliamentary forces were closing round Newark, and on November 3 the King set out with a few hundred Cavaliers to make safe his retreat to Oxford, which he reached on the 6th. "So," says the faithful Clarendon, "he finished the most tedious and grievous march that ever King was exercised in, having been almost in perpetual motion from the loss of the battle of Naseby to this hour, with such a variety of dismal accidents as must have broken the spirits of any man who had not been truly magnanimous."

At Oxford he lay all the winter, and until the spring, when finding that Fairfax was closing round the city Charles again saw that he must fly if he were not to fall into his hands. So disguising himself as Ashburnham's servant he made his way out of the town, fled to Scotland, and placed himself in the hands of the Scots, by whom, for the sum of £400,000, he was delivered up to the Parliament at Holmby House, on January 30, 1647.

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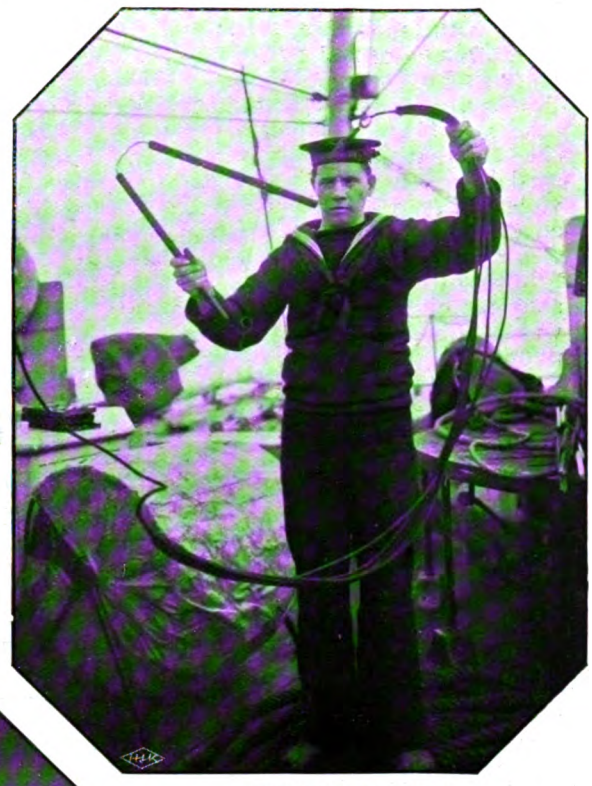
Wireless Telegraphy in the Navy.

TO Captain H. B. Jackson, R.N., belongs the honour of first drawing the attention of the Naval authorities to the possibilities of a wireless system of electrical communication. In the latter part of 1895, being then in command of the "Defiance," Torpedo School at Devonport, he carried out a great many experiments, and demonstrated that wireless communication could be established through short distances. He worked on almost identical lines to those followed by Marconi, though at first his investigations were quite independent of the young Italian scientist. Captain Jackson's apparatus was home-made, and he was much handicapped by the want of suitable instruments. The results he obtained were not so good as Marconi's, but he undoubtedly recognised, as perhaps no one else except Marconi had done, the direction in which to work in order to bring wireless telegraphy within an appreciable distance of practical realisation. There were several other experimenters in the same field at the time, but the results obtained by them, though they demonstrated the possibility, fell short of indicating that the time had come for putting the matter upon a commercial basis.

Confining ourselves to the history of events in the Navy, we find that in the spring of 1896 Captain Jackson established communication over distances up to 6,000-yds. Signals were also satisfactorily sent between the "Defiance" and the Admiral's House at Plymouth, nearly three miles away. By this time, however, we believe that Captain Jackson and Marconi were in communication, and to a certain extent working together. Marconi took out his provisional patents in June of 1896, and between that time and 1899 experiments were continually going on in the torpedo schools with a view to ascertaining how far the invention was applicable to the Navy.

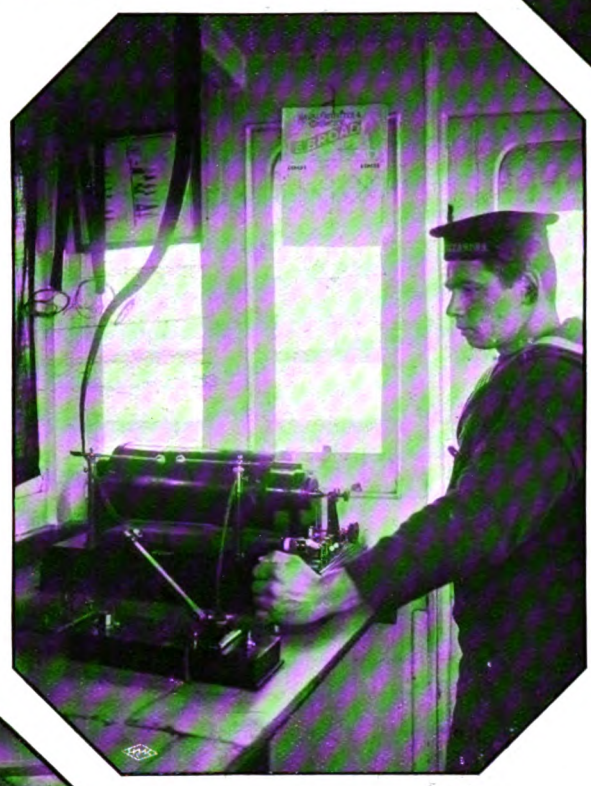
Captain Jackson's methods not proving entirely satisfactory, Mr. Marconi was invited to fit up three ships for the manœuvres of 1899 with his apparatus. The ships selected were the "Alexandra," "Europa," and "Juno," all belonging to Sir Compton Domvile's Squadron. The experiments proved entirely satisfactory. It will be remembered that Sir Compton Domvile set out to find a convoy and escort it home in safety. The "Europa" and "Juno" were sent out to scout ahead of the fleet, the "Europa" being fifty miles ahead of the "Juno," and the "Juno" a like distance ahead of the "Alexandra" (Admiral Domvile's flag-ship). On the "Europa" sighting the convoy she was able to inform the admiral of the fact over a distance of 100 miles by passing her signals through the "Juno."

This success gave a fresh impetus to the torpedo schools, and during the following year several sets of apparatus were made to Captain Jackson's specification. These were placed on board ships of the Channel Squadron for trial. Other sets were issued to the Reserve Squadron during the 1900 manœuvres. Unfortunately they did not give uniform results, and in the autumn of that year, it having been decided to finally adopt a system of wireless telegraphy for the Navy, Jackson's apparatus was put on one side and Marconi's definitely accepted. It is only fair, however, to Captain Jackson to say that the difficulties encountered with his apparatus apparently lay more in the matter of manufacture, and in the want of experienced operators, than in any failure of the principles involved.



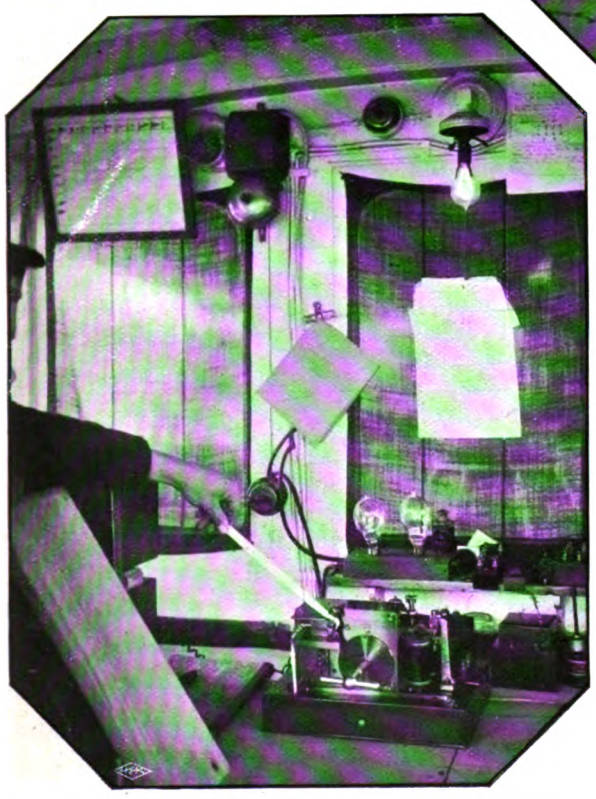
THE AERIAL WIRE.

An Insulated Wire of Suitable Length, One End Triced Up in the Air, the Other Going through the Deck, as shown in the Second Picture, and Joined to the Instrument. The Aerial Wire has to be most Carefully Insulated, and Nothing Allowed within Several Feet of it.



THE SENDING APPARATUS.

The Signalman has his Hand on the Signalling Key, and the Induction Coil is to be seen just beyond.



THE AUTOMATIC MORSE PRINTING MACHINE.

The Tape on which the Message is Printed being Read by a Signalman as the Machine Reels it off.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

Since then, wireless telegraphy has been constantly used with uniform success. It has proved invaluable in the Channel Squadron, in China, and whenever there has been a big assemblage of ships, such as the late Naval pageant at Spithead, where ordinary signalling would have proved out of the question owing to long distances or thick weather.

The chief advantages of wireless telegraphy may be summarised as follows:

(1) It is independent of weather, fog, or darkness.
(2) Communication is easily maintained up to fifty or sixty miles. Hence it is invaluable to the scouts of a fleet.
(3) The signals are automatically recorded.
(4) The apparatus is very portable, and can be set up anywhere in an hour or so.

Its disadvantages are:

(1) Only one ship can signal at a time, since the receiving apparatus is not, so far, discriminating.
(2) The use of it in war-time might indicate the presence of the fleet to an enemy's scouts, who presumably will be fitted with it.

There is no doubt that the elimination of these disadvantages is only a matter of time. Indeed, judging by Professor Fleming's letter to the *Times* a short time ago, Mr. Marconi has already overcome them to a considerable extent. He is now able, apparently, to send or receive two distinct messages at the same time with apparatus placed only a few feet apart. This is obtained by tuning or synchronising the sending and receiving instruments to each other. In wireless telegraphy we are dealing with waves in the ether which are similar in every respect to those of light. The length of these waves can be varied at will, and it is not difficult to conceive the possibility of arranging a receiver which shall respond to a certain definite wave length and that one only. The apparatus employed to-day for wireless telegraphy consists of a powerful induction coil for

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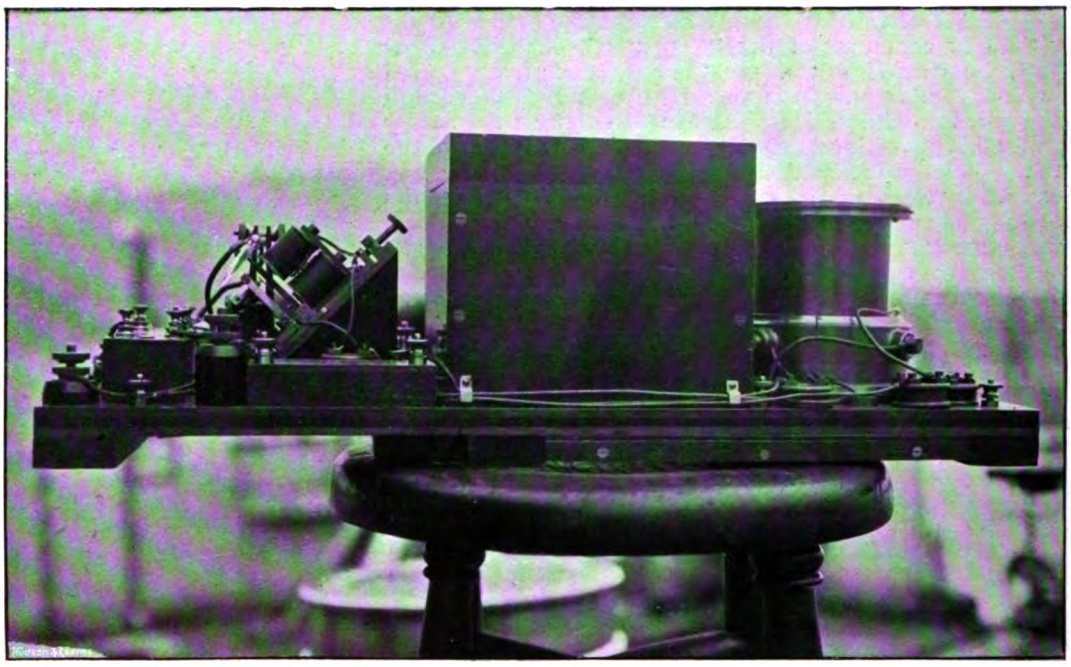
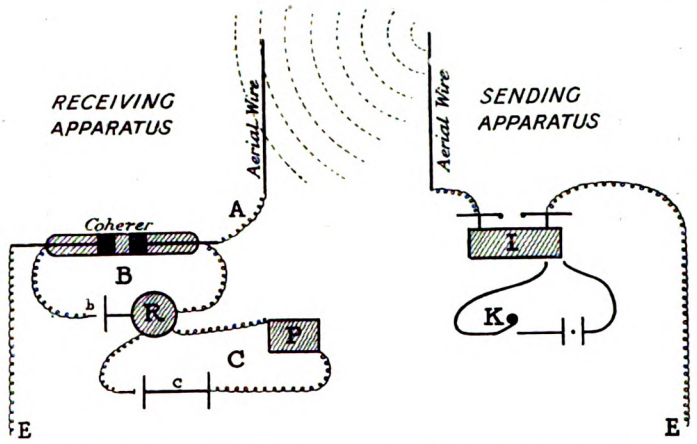
sending the messages, a receiving apparatus, and an aerial wire which is common to both, and can be connected to either at will. The principle upon which the whole depends is a very simple one, and has been known for some years, thanks to the researches of Hertz, Lodge, Crookes, and others. These showed that a sudden and violent disturbance in the electrical equilibrium of one simple circuit was capable of producing a momentary flow of electricity in any other similar circuit in the neighbourhood. It was further found, that if in this latter circuit a tube containing small metallic filings was introduced, the current produced a peculiar effect on these filings. In the normal state they lay higgledy-piggledy, and made a bad path or "conductor" for the current of a small battery. In fact, the small battery could not force a current through them. Directly, however, the "sudden disturbance" took place in the neighbourhood, and a slight current was produced by its means, the filings arranged themselves in good metallic contact—cohered, in a word—and so formed a good path or "conductor" for the current of the battery. (These two currents and their effects must not be confounded, the one produced by the "disturbance" being of enormous *velocity* and minute *quantity*, the other produced by the cell being of considerable *quantity*, but of very small *velocity* or driving force. It is the driving power of the first that causes the metallic filings to arrange themselves so as to permit of the passage of the second.) Having got this effect, the rest is simply a question of getting some device which will record the change of state in the "coherer" and the passage of the battery current.



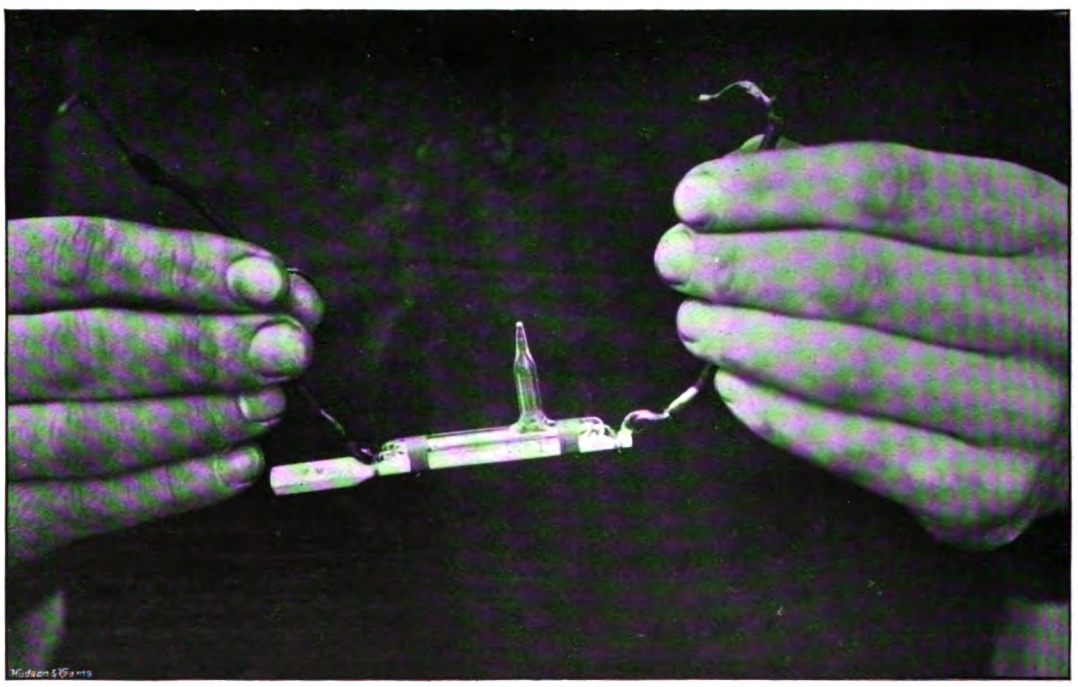
THE RECEIVING APPARATUS.

The Coherer and its Tapper are on the Left, then comes a Box containing the Local Batteries, and on the Right is the Relay.



DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

A. B. C. Circuits as Described in Article. R. Relay. P. Morse Printer. I. Induction Coil. K. Signalling Key. a. Battery. b. Single Cell in B. Circuit. c. Ten-cell Battery in C. Circuit. (Note—The "Tapper," which would be in C. Circuit, is not Shown.)



THE COHERER.

Simply a Glass Tube with Two Plugs of Silver a Fraction of an Inch apart, the Intervening Space being Partially Filled with Nickel and Silver Filings.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

We will now describe the whole apparatus connected with wireless telegraphy as simply as possible, with a view to its being intelligible to the untechnical reader.

First there is the aerial wire. This is merely a vertical insulated wire, which can be attached to the induction coil or the coherer at will. Now imagine two stations fifty miles apart which wish to communicate. At the sending station the aerial wire is attached to one terminal of a powerful induction coil, and at the receiving station it is attached to the coherer. The sender presses his key, an enormously powerful current is produced by the induction coil, which rushes up the aerial wire and "charges" it, so to speak. The effect of this charge upon the surrounding ether is similar to that produced by a stone thrown into a pond. It produces waves which radiate out into space in all directions, getting wider and feebler as they get further away. Some of these radiations of course impinge upon the aerial wire of the receiving apparatus. They set up a current in it and produce the effect already described on the coherer—that is, they convert it from a normally bad conductor into a good one. We will call this current A.

Now through the coherer is also the circuit of a single cell which works an apparatus called a relay. (A relay is an electrical device for detecting a small current, and which automatically turns on a large current to do the work required; it is, in fact, the man at the throttle-valve of the main engines.) The current A causes the coherer to cohere and establishes B, and B works the relay, which is in circuit again with a powerful battery connected to the Morse printing machine. This battery also works the "tapper." Call this last circuit C. So we have three distinct circuits (A, B, and C) by which we first detect the feeble current induced in the aerial wire by the ether waves of the sending apparatus, and then convert it into a current sufficiently strong to work the printing machine. The tapper is a small rapidly vibrating electrically-worked hammer. Its work is to keep the particles of metal filings in the coherer in constant motion by tapping the tube containing them. This insures that the current B can only pass just at the instant an impulse (A) is passing through the aerial wire. By causing the filings to decohere again, directly the impulse ceases the "dots" and "dashes" of the Morse code are clearly enunciated.

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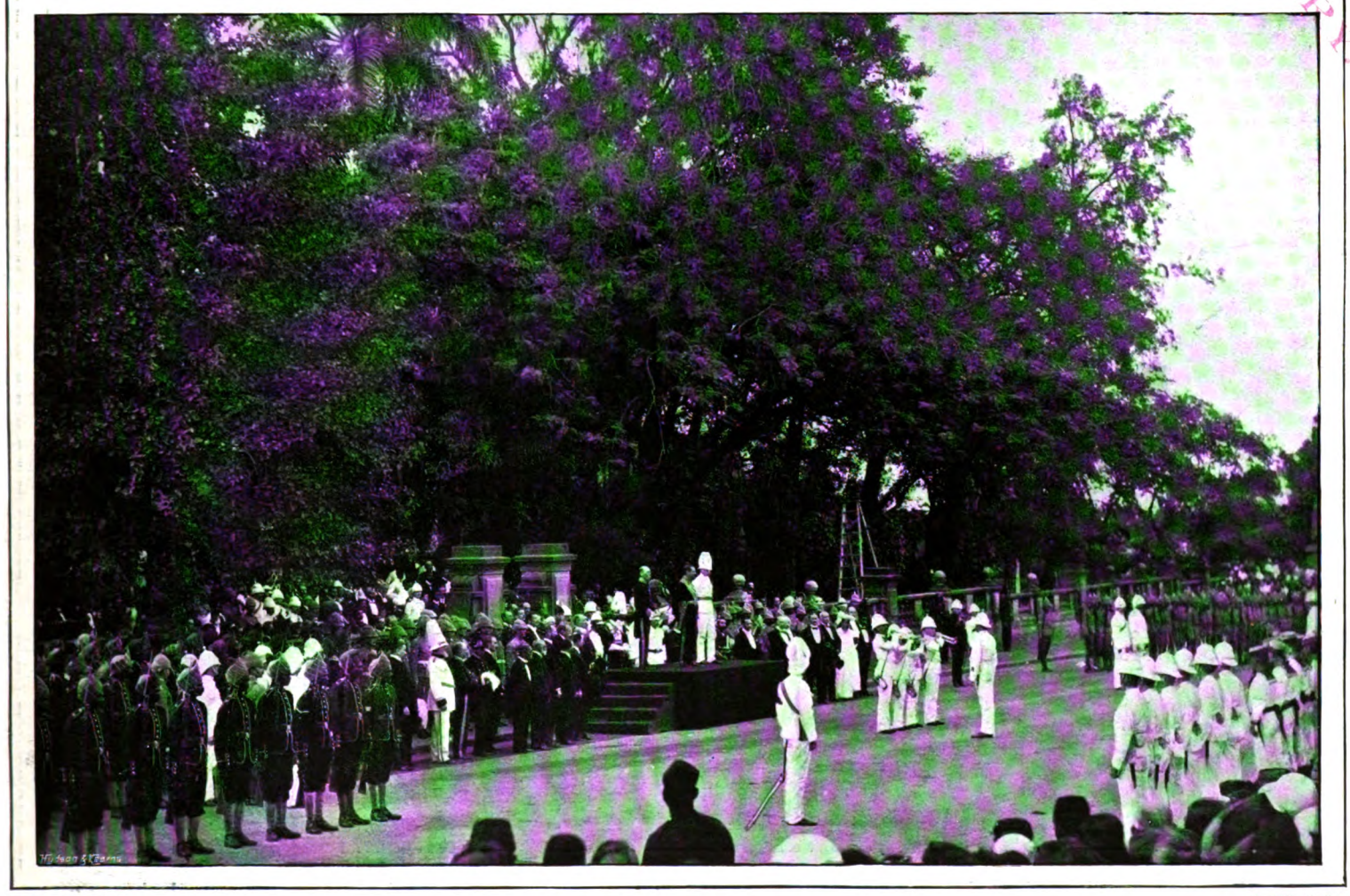
Proclaiming the King in Greater Britain.

Photo. Copyright. *Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta.*

FROM THE STEPS OF THE CALCUTTA TOWN HALL.

The Sheriff Reads the Proclamation in the Presence of Lord and Lady Curzon.



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IN CEYLON'S HAPPY ISLE.

Colombo's Beautiful Harbour Echoes with the Roar of Saluting Guns.

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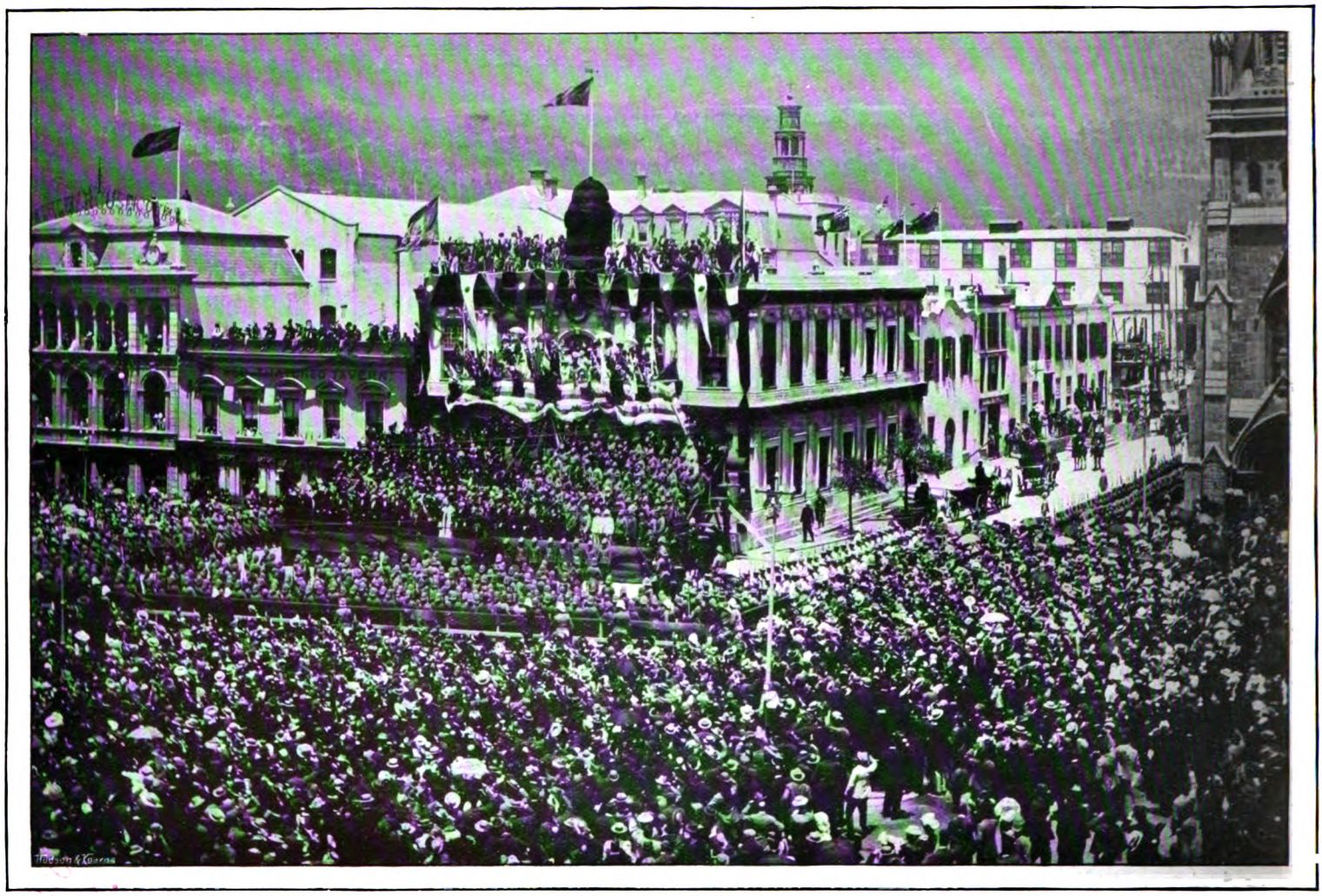
Proclaiming the King in Greater Britain.



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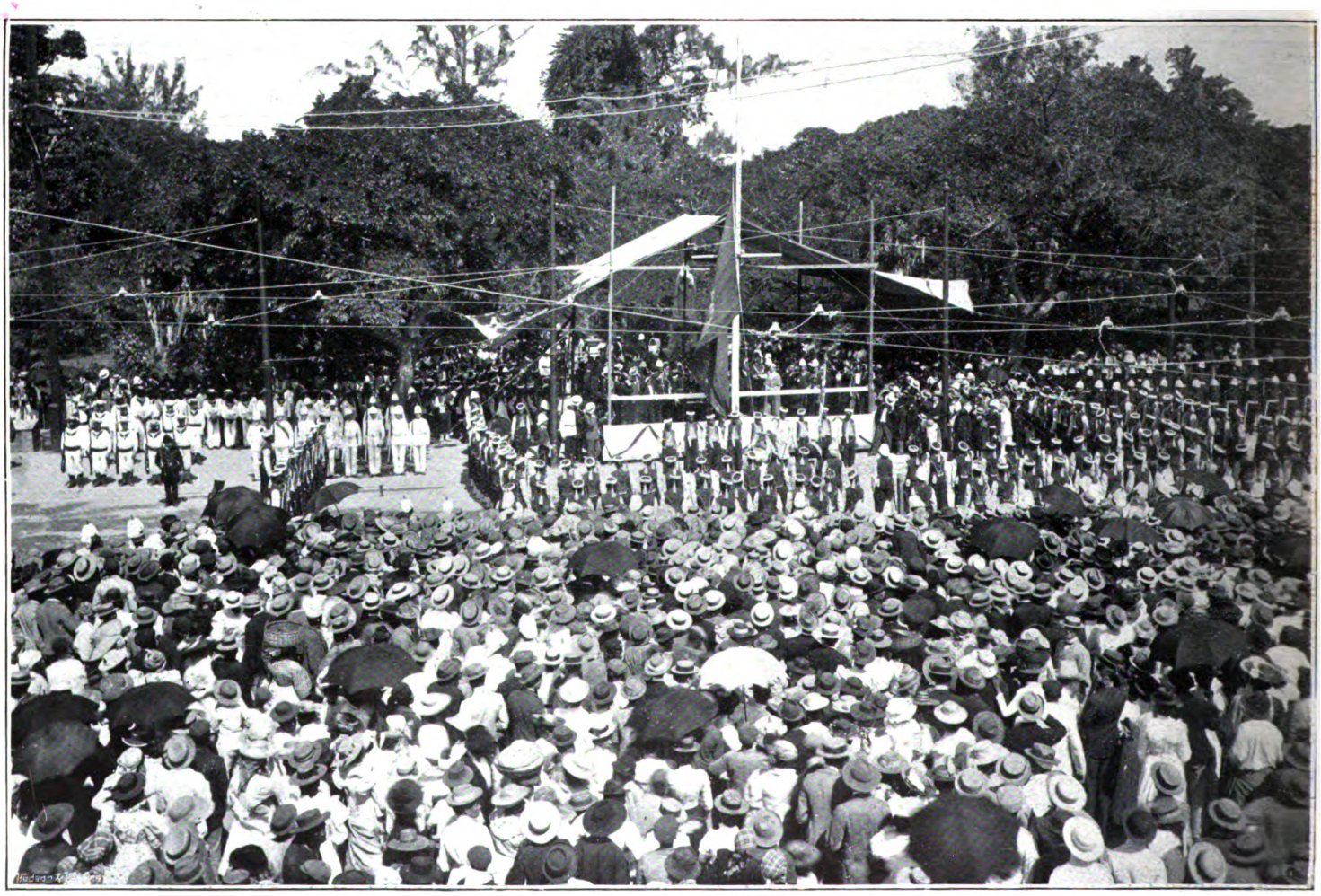
IN AN INTERVAL OF WAR.

Proclamation of Edward VII. at Cape Town.



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IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

The Ceremony Attended by the Leinsters and the 2nd West India Regiment.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI —No. 214] *SATURDAY, MARCH 9th, 1901.*

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VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE, K.C.B.

This distinguished officer has been selected to succeed Sir E. Seymour as Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Naval forces on the China Station. The incisive style and clear judgment which have given him prominence in the world of letters, no less than the tactful resource and prompt decision which have marked his Naval career, are eminently calculated to equip him for the duties of this important post.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is on sale throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and may be obtained at all railway and other bookstalls.*

"To Cram or Not to Cram."

WE are in a condition at present which makes us ready to fling all systems into the melting-pot, to discuss first principles with complete freedom, to set about reconstructing the fabric of almost any of our institutions. Thinking men are possessed with a profound sense of dissatisfaction, and with it they have infected the mass of the people. We, who were once (and not so long ago either) a people convinced that all we did was very good, and that anyone who doubted the wisdom of our ways was either jealous or insane, we English are now ready to listen to anyone who tells us that we are on wrong lines entirely, and that we must begin all over again.

Take Education, for example. When the Education Act of 1870 was passed, there were no doubts about the immense benefits it was going to confer. It was a period of hopefulness. Enthusiastic Radicals hoped for the Millennium by Act of Parliament. They were going to do in a few years what the world had been painfully striving after for countless centuries. At present we are suffering from the reaction. Just because the Education Act has not yet transformed human nature, we are now inclined to think it has done no good at all. All kinds of new methods are proposed, all manner of experiments advocated; and, to hear the expert in education talk, you would think that nobody had ever before given a thought to questions of teaching the young idea and training the youthful mind. Our public school system is declared to be altogether wrong. Instead of learning Latin and Greek, boys ought to be taught to write mercantile German and to keep books by double entry! On the same grounds the University system is attacked. Preparatory schools receive their share of attention; they were amazed the other day to find all their shortcomings summed up in a fat Blue-book from the Education Department. As for board schools, they are the battleground of half the faddists in the kingdom; between those who want to teach children to read only in order that they may repeat the Athanasian Creed, and the others who would leave out religious teaching altogether and replace it by piano-playing, the unfortunate teacher is in a sore strait. It cannot be expected then that the systems of Naval and Military education and training should escape discussion. Within the last year we have had a warm controversy as to the best means of training seamen; a fierce dispute as to whether Naval cadets and young officers are obliged to learn too much mathematics; and now a violent quarrel between advocates of public school Army classes and Army "crammers" or "coaches."

Now, upon this latest question there is much to be said, but little to be learnt. We all know the arguments for and against the cramming system. We all realise that neither the Army class nor the cramming establishment is a perfect method. But in this imperfect world perfection of method is more usually a matter of theory than of practice. The broad fact is that few boys are inclined or can be forced to do enough work at school to pass into the Army direct from school. Therefore the crammer is a necessity, and on the whole he does his work exceedingly well. Most boys recognise that his efforts are directed to their benefit; they do not look upon him, as they look upon schoolmasters, as the natural enemy of the boyish race; they understand that he is prepared to teach them just what they must know if they are to pass into Woolwich or Sandhurst, or even if they are to knock at the back door and enter the Army through the Militia. Schoolmasters often say they would have a far easier task if they were regarded in this light, if they could get boys to accept them as collaborators in a willing labour, and not to treat them as slave-drivers desiring bricks made with a modicum of straw. But this is often more the schoolmaster's fault than his misfortune. If the boy who has made up his mind to be a soldier could be got to understand that all the work he did at school brought him, step by step, nearer to the achievement of his ambition, and would also pave the way to a distinguished career, he would have to be restrained from working too hard. Generally, he does not understand this until he finds himself at the crammer's. Then he sets to work in earnest. Some people would have us believe that he also falls into evil ways, and that, unchecked, he leads a life of riot and excess. But this is moonshine. Now and then an unfortunate young fellow goes to the bad in this, as in every other walk of life. But it is monstrously unjust to represent the crammer as indifferent to his pupil's morality and character.

The difficulty in which numbers of parents find themselves, when they are thinking about the "preliminary education" of future officers, is that they do not know which public schools pay most attention to Army candidates. To read through a sheaf of prospectuses is not a labour they care about, and the only public announcements of school successes with Army candidates are made once each year at Speech Day or Commemoration. The few great schools are in no need of advertisement; they seldom have room for any boys but those whose names have been entered long in advance. But there are many schools which might do good work, and are actually doing it, in the way of sending boys up for the Military examinations straight from school, if only it were known that they made a special effort with their Army class boys.

There is no particular need to catch the Military cadet so early as we take the young Naval officer in hand, but it is eminently desirable that the education of the former should be directed with a view to his future profession. As things are at present, few boys really begin to prepare themselves seriously for their Military career until they are under the care of Dr. Maguire, Colonel Bosworth, or another. Then they have to "cram" in the space of a few months what ought to have been spread over several years. What we learn quickly we soon forget; the learning in which we gradually steep ourselves remains with us, an integral part of our mental equipment. We have no quarrel with crammers; they play a very useful part. Even if school Army classes improve and become better known, the crammer will still be necessary. But to the boy who has been crammed for a year, after having put in very little work at school during several years, we feel bound to say, "This oughtest thou to have done, but not to have left the other undone."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TOM PEPPER.—The two shark yarns you refer to are perfectly true. Regarding your first query, the incident happened on board one of His Majesty's cruisers during her official trials at sea in the early part of 1899. The "Amphitrite" was steaming early one morning through the Bay of Biscay, when, with a tremendous sea, a small shark, measuring upwards of 5-ft. in length, was washed aboard right on to the fo'c's'le. The marine sentry had a rather unpleasant time of it with the monster before it was hung up on a hammock hook for the inspection of the ship's company. It is needless to say it provided a very substantial meal for some of the Bluejackets. Mr. T. McDermott, boatswain of the "Swallow" (1892), was the officer who dived on to the back of a shark in the act of rescuing a seaman off Uzi Island, Zanzibar. Two men had jumped overboard and were bathing, when a large shark was seen heading towards one of them. The shark was only a few feet off, when McDermott, with all his clothes on, plunged into the sea "right on top of the shark," the splash he made frightening the shark and thus saving the man's life.

* * * *

"V. D."—Formerly colours were the property of the colonel of the regiment, and this fact accounts for the sale by auction the other day, at Christie's, of the tattered colours of the old 39th Foot (now the 1st Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment). These colours were carried at the head of the regiment at Plassey, when Colonel Adlecron was in command. In the course of time they passed into the possession of the Walcot family in Shropshire by the marriage of Colonel Adlecron's granddaughter with the Rev. Charles Walcot. When at length they were put up for sale at Christie's, Captain Ingham secured them for about £11. Other old colours of the Dorsets are preserved in Sherborne Abbey and in the garrison church at Dorchester, but the precious silk now recovered is to be kept in a glass case at the officers' mess at the depot of the regiment.

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The Duke of Cornwall and the Colonies.

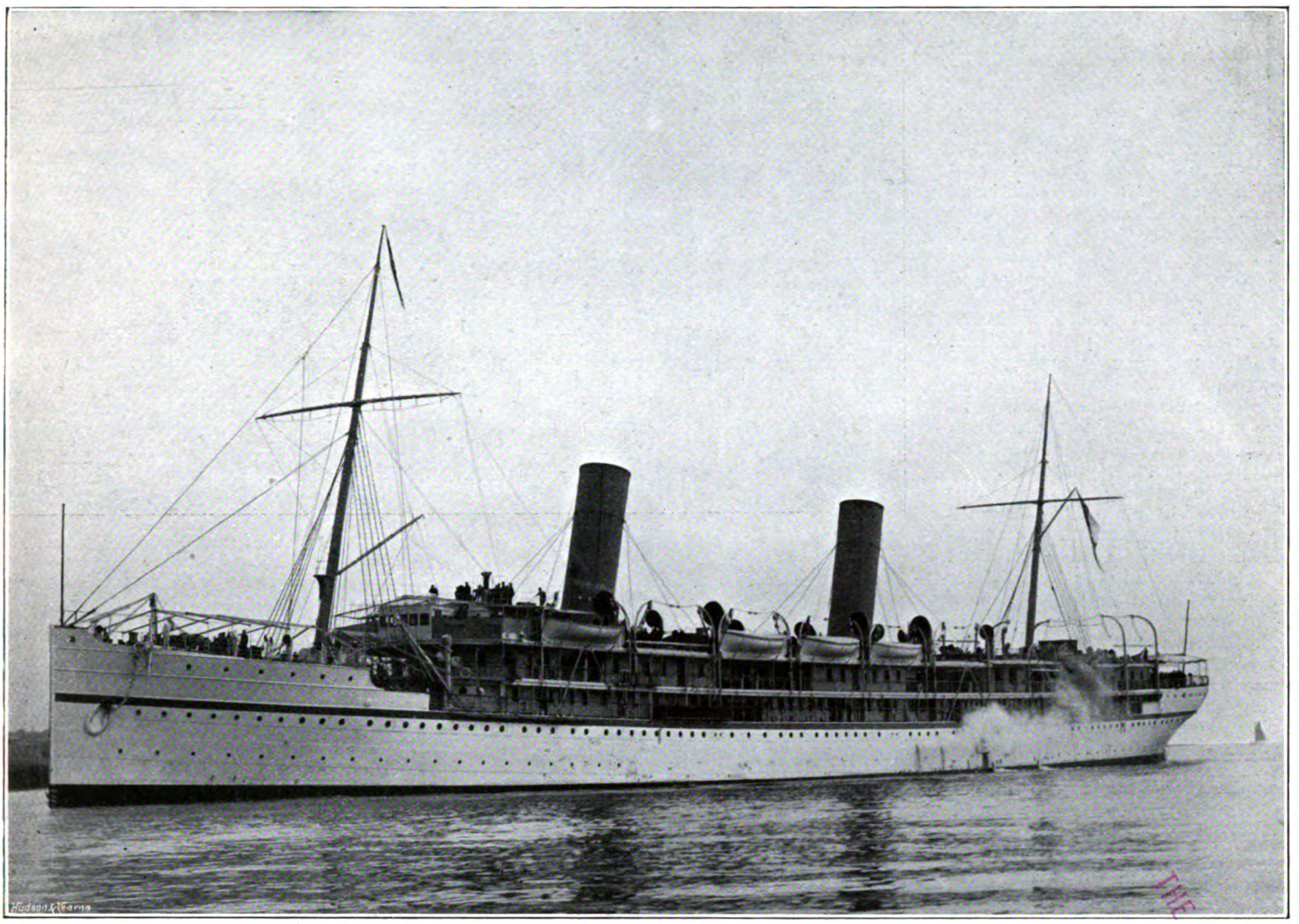

Photo. Copyright. Cribb.

THE "OPHIR" ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

This magnificent steam-ship was commissioned at Tilbury by Commodore Winsloe on Thursday in last week for the Duke of Cornwall's visit to the Colonies. She was yesterday visited by the representatives of the Press, who are unanimous in their praise of the beauty and suitableness of the arrangements for the reception of the Royal travellers.

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The Launch of the "Montagu."

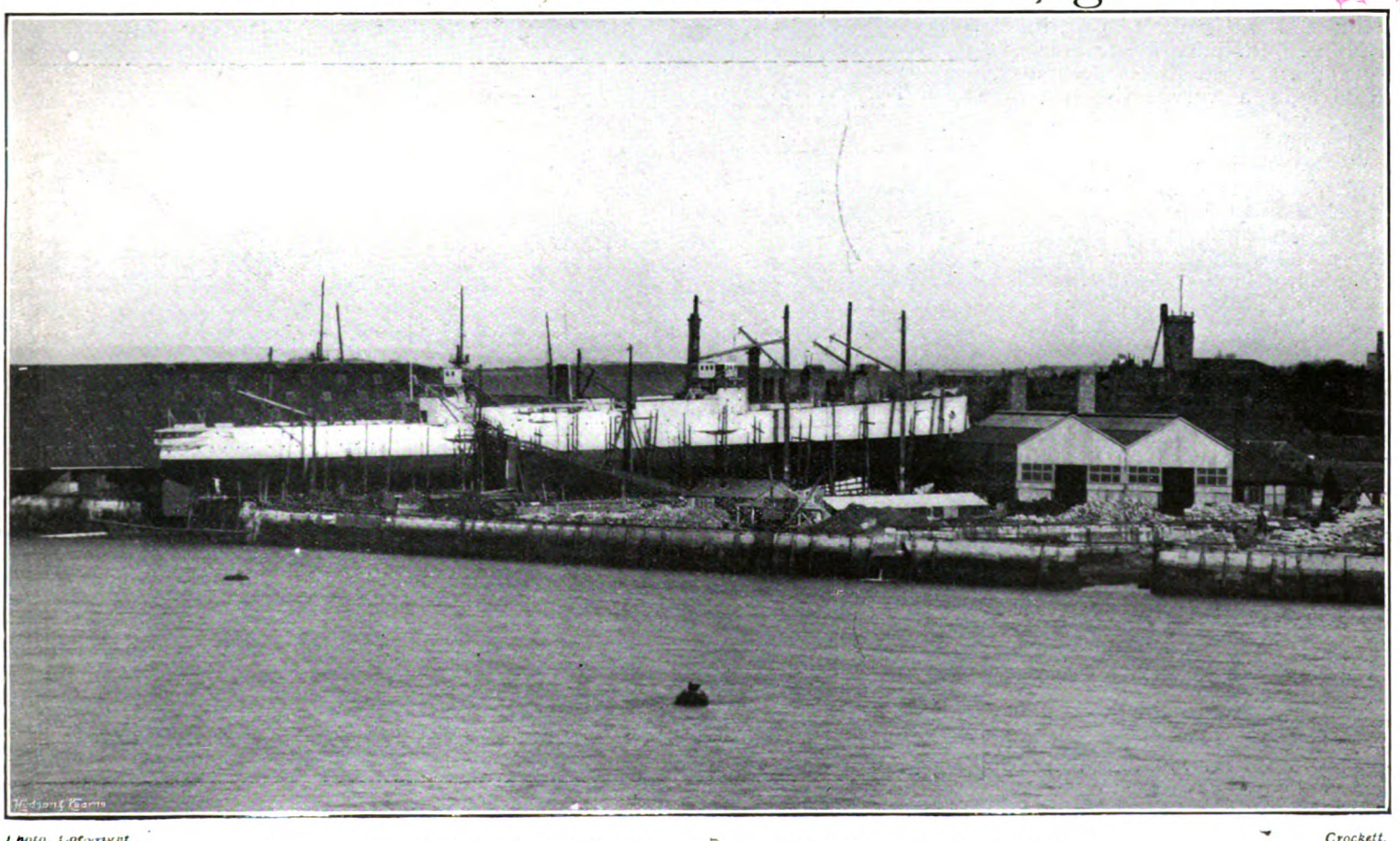

Photo. Copyright. Crockett.

THE BIG BATTLE-SHIP ON THE STOCKS AT DEVONPORT.

Our illustration shows the vessel a few hours previous to the launch, which took place on Tuesday, when Lady Charles Scott, wife of the Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, performed the ceremony of naming the vessel.

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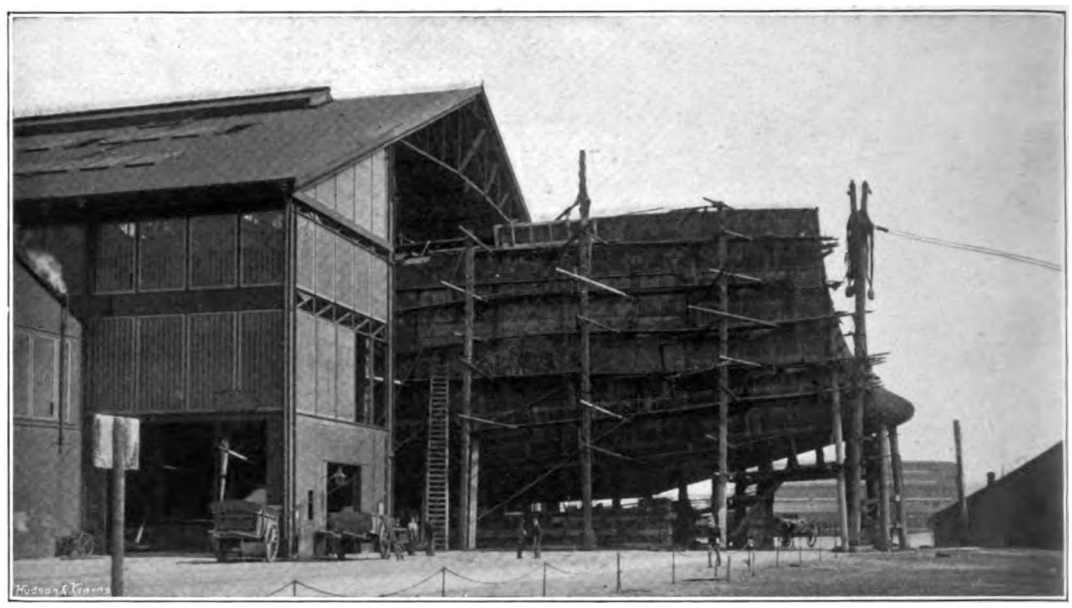
The Great Additions to the King's Navy.

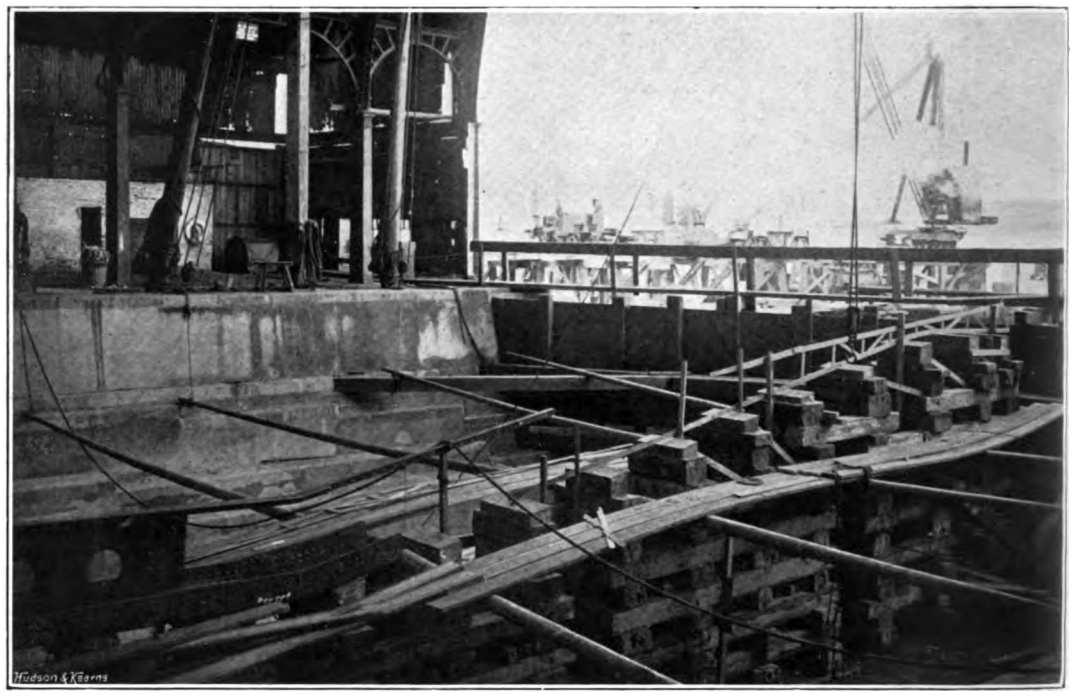
WE present to our readers several pictures illustrating the four noble war-ships which have entered their element as additions to His Majesty's Navy during the week. The fact that the battle-ships "Montagu" and "Albemarle," and the armoured cruisers "Drake" and "Kent," were preceded into the water at the end of February by the battle-ship "Russel" and the armoured cruisers "Good Hope" and "Bacchante," and will be followed before the end of March by the battle-ship "Duncan," constitutes a unique and wholly gratifying record at the beginning of King Edward's reign. These eight vessels, when completed, will displace not less than 106,000 tons, and will far exceed in tonnage the whole British fleet engaged at Trafalgar. Here is a surprising illustration, indeed, of what British ship-builders can do, and we are glad to take these launches as indicating the close of the unfortunate period of delays which has so much retarded Naval construction since the engineering dispute began.

To say that the two battle-ships which have been launched at Devonport and Chatham displace 14,000 tons, are heavily protected by Harveyed steel, and that they carry four 12-in. guns and twelve 6-in. quick-firers, each in an armoured casemate, besides many smaller guns, is enough in this place. We illustrate the "Albemarle" at Chatham, a bow view, showing her in a forward state, but not yet ready for launching. On another page, we have the "Montagu" at Devonport on the slip, ready to take the water. Our pictures are, indeed, designed to show these great vessels in various stages towards completion.

The armoured cruiser "Drake," of 14,100 tons, which has 6-in. armour, and will carry two 9·2-in. and twelve 6-in. quick-firers, and is to steam at 23 knots, is seen at Pembroke in a very early stage, showing part of the keel-plate, and only the wooden model of the stern-piece. Some idea will thus be gained of the vast amount of work required before a ship can be made ready for launching, which is itself a state not closely approximating to completion. Another picture is of the armoured cruiser "Kent," which has been launched at Portsmouth, and is depicted ready for launching, except that the temporary bridge across the slip had to be removed before she could enter her proper element. The slip upon which the "Kent" was built had to be lengthened by 100-ft. before she could be laid down, and she is the longest ship ever built at Portsmouth. Very remarkable offensive and defensive qualities are to be worked into her displacement of 9,800 tons and within her length of 500-ft. Although she does not carry quite so many guns—she has fourteen 6-in. quick-firers and thirteen smaller guns—as the "Diadem," she represents a much superior type in regard to protection and range of action, and displaces 1,200 tons less. Remarkable in every way have been the vessels launched this week.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "ALBEMARLE" AT CHATHAM.
In a Forward State nearly Ready for Launching.



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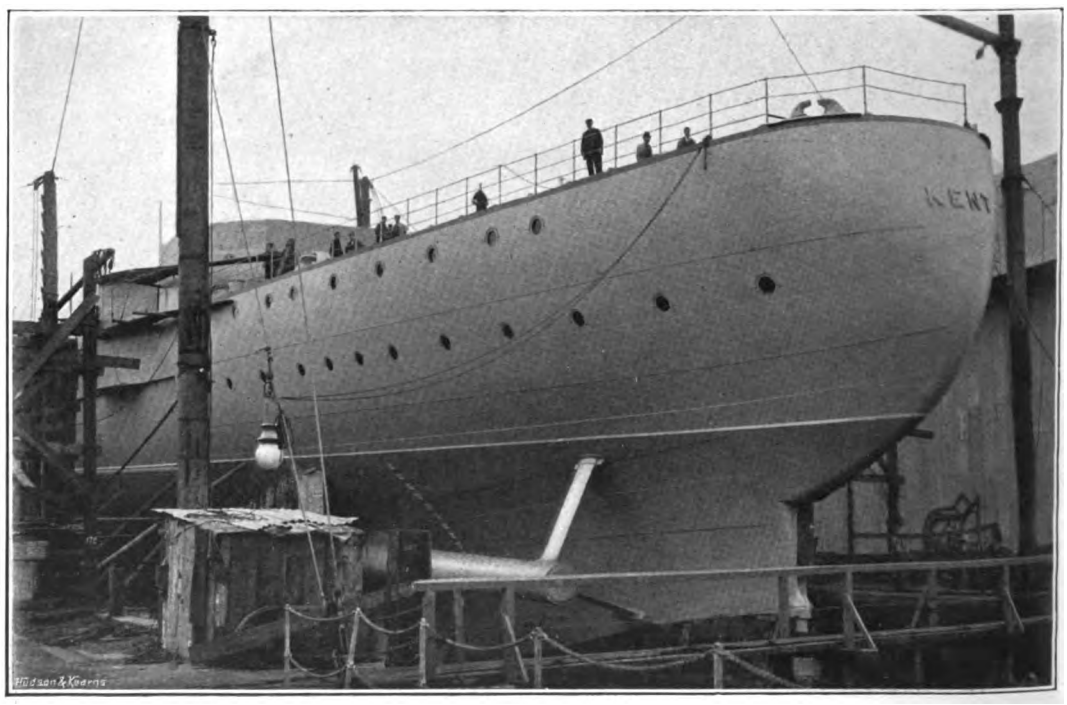
THE ARMOURED CRUISER "DRAKE" AT PEMBROKE.
Illustrated in an Early Stage of Construction.



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THE "COUNTY" CRUISER "KENT" AT PORTSMOUTH.
Taken just before the Ship was Launched.

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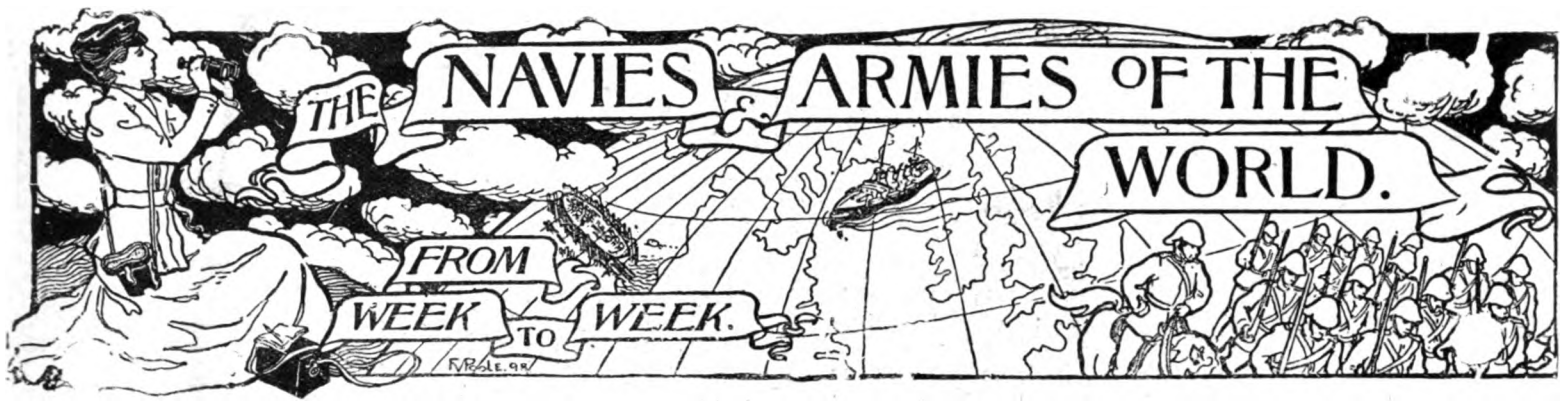

TO come back once more to the beginning of the Naval war in 1778. It is really, by the way, better worth our attention than the more familiar and more glorious struggle which began in 1792, and that for a very simple reason. It is very much more like any compact we shall have to face in future. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that there will be another French Revolution or its equivalent in our time. Such convulsions as this was throw nations into the melting-pot, and have always a large element in them of civil war. They bring disorganisation with them, by which any Power that escapes their influence can profit enormously. We were in this fortunate position (and it was to our honour that we were) at the close of the eighteenth century. The French Revolution, in fact, must be classed with the Reformation, the Crusades, the Invasion of the Barbarians, and the Fall of the Western Empires, all crises of death and new birth, which dictate the course of history for centuries, and, therefore, can occur only at great intervals of time. Apart from the revolt of the plantations, which was no doubt a revolutionary movement, the war of 1778-1783 was a normal political war, such as might very well break out again. Our chief, our one serious, enemy at sea was not weakened by a great social upheaval, and was far more on a level with us in Naval efficiency than he ever was or could be between 1792 and 1815.

* * * *

This, however, is a great matter, and for the moment I propose only to touch on a comparatively small point—to touch on it, not to attempt to settle it. I am rather in the case of Rosa Dartle, who asked for information. The point is, what share had the Press Gang in providing the crews of our ships? Its part in our Naval history has been questioned by the serious authority of Sir Cyprian Bridge, and it deserves careful study. We must remember what the position was when the war was seen to be coming on. During the Seven Years' War, which was mainly an American interest, we had drawn largely on the seafaring population of New England, which was then a far larger proportion of the whole than it has been in later times. The calculation has been made that there were 18,000 American seamen in the Royal Navy. There certainly were very many. A period of thirteen years or so, must have removed a large percentage by death, age, or accident. Yet thousands must have remained who were still active and able by 1776, when the agitation on land began to manifest itself actively in the shape of privateering at sea. These men counted two on a division. Each of them was one lost to us and one gained to our enemies. To them was largely due the military efficiency of the American privateers and Congressional cruisers. Through them the United States Navy inherited the tradition of our own.

* * * *

Of course the deduction from our available force due to the hostility of the American seamen must have added very greatly to the difficulty of completing our crews. Therefore we had to make the more use of every means we had of securing men. Beatson quotes a letter from Captain David Price of the "Viper" to Admiral Graves, in 1775, when the fighting had well begun on land. "I am," it runs, "very much distressed for petty officers, as well as warrants. My carpenter, infirm and past duty; my gunner, made from a livery servant, neither seaman nor gunner; my master, a man in years, never an officer before, made from a B. (boy) on board one of the guard-ships, he then keeping a public-house at Gosport. Petty officers I have but one, who owns himself mad at times. A master's mate I have not, nor can I make a boatswain's mate. I have not one person I could trust with the charge of a vessel, I might take, to bring her in." The Naval officer of to-day who is in trouble about his stokers may applaud his own happiness when he compares his case with that of the heavily-laden Captain Price, whose master was an ex-tavern-keeper stricken in years, and whose one petty officer could not deny that he was periodically mad. The indignant commander of the "Viper" may have painted his lily a little, but such things would not have been said by the most angry captain of a sloop if they had been incredible altogether. We know that at the end of the war Howe had faults to find with the crews of the ships given him to relieve Gibraltar.

* * * *

In 1775 the Ministry were so easy in their minds about the need for a strong Naval force that they had cut down the Navy vote of 1774, and had not had recourse to the Press; 1776 saw a great change. The vote for the Navy jumped from £1,674,059 15s. 10d. (they were terribly precise about the "demnition ha'pence," as Mr. Mantalini had it) to £3,227,055 19s. 6d., and in October a Press was ordered. At that time the muster books accounted for 8,938 men at home. From October the strength of the Navy rose by the following rapid steps:

Increase from	October 28, 1776	to	December 30, 1776,	7,816
,, ,,	December 30, 1776	,,	March 31, 1777 ...	14,670
,, ,,	March 31, 1777	,,	June 30, 1777 ...	20,013
,, ,,	June 30, 1777	,,	September 29, 1777	25,936
,, ,,	September 29, 1777	,,	December 29, 1777	31,065
,, ,,	December 30, 1777	,,	March 30, 1778 ...	36,897
,, ,,	March 30, 1778	,,	June 29, 1778 ...	44,307
,, ,,	June 29, 1778	,,	September 28, 1778	53,354
,, ,,	September 28, 1778	,,	December 28, 1778	57,979

These figures include the Marines, and would require a good deal of treatment by addition on one side and deduction on the other, particularly under the head of "Run" which is well garnished in the muster books, before we arrived at the actual numerical strength of our crews at the close of 1778. But the question is how far the sudden increase after October, 1776, was due to the compulsion applied by the Press, directly or indirectly. Observe that the number of men accounted for at home almost doubles in about two months after October 28, 1776. Surely this cannot have been because patriotism flared up just at that particular time. Why should it? Neither can it have been because the pay, or the system of payment, prevailing in the Navy acquired an unwonted attraction between the end of October and the end of December in that year. We know very well that the very question of the amount and method of pay led to a long string of single ship mutinies, the forerunners of the Breeze at Spithead twenty years later. To me, at least, it seems undeniable that the Press had a very great deal to do with forming our crews, though I should be sorry to undertake to say exactly what its share was, and I even entertain a serious doubt whether we have the evidence on which to base a definite judgment.

* * * *

It was lucky for the country, and perhaps for themselves, that the sailors of the old Navy, and old armies, too, were not so punctilious about the regularity of their pay as some seem to be in these days, to judge from the story revealed by a recent court-martial. To get your pay with many delays and extreme irregularity was the rule for sailor and soldier alike in former times. Not to get it at all was no uncommon experience, while to receive it regularly was a rare and blessed exception. The honour of innovating on the established practice belongs to the Dutch, a business-like people who carried orderly habits into their Naval and Military administration. In the Peninsular War our men were all months in arrear. As for the poor sailor, and even the poor sailor officer, who was not much better treated, the Government seemed to exercise its ingenuity in finding ways of keeping them out of their rights. All the mutinies (I think it is safe to say all) which occurred during the American War, were directly caused by the downright cheating of the sailor out of his rights, or by his far from ill-grounded fear that he would be cheated. For cheating it was, that when a ship came to a home port, and her men were entitled to pay, she should be ordered abroad again before the money was forthcoming. This was the great cause of all the mutinies, of which there were probably many more than have been recorded. The great outbreak of 1797 was the culmination of a long series all due to the same origin. It deepens the discredit due to the Government that it knew the evils from which the Navy was suffering, and did nothing to amend them till it was terrified by open rebellion.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE King's visit to Germany, though prompted by His Majesty's natural desire to visit his illustrious sister in her illness, will prove beneficial from other points of view. Even that section of the German Press which has been writing with ignoble virulence against England and things English has found it necessary to moderate its tone. It was impossible that such a coarse campaign could be continued while a friendly monarch was on German soil; and the most cordial relations which exist between the two Royal and Imperial families cannot fail to promote a larger exercise of the amenities of international life. Bismarck had a rooted distrust of English influence, and his tradition is still strong in the Fatherland, but the commonsense of Germany discerns that the true interest of the country is to cultivate good relations with Great Britain. A gushing English policy is unintelligible to Germans, Bismarck's late organ recently said, and we may remark that a gushing German policy is just as unintelligible to Englishmen. We have no other policy than one of perfect amity for the common good of the two countries, and the Emperor William and King Edward have both played an excellent part in promoting it.

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NEXT Wednesday the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth is to be celebrated by the Liberal Party at the National Liberal Club, and there is no party in the State that does not celebrate it also. Within a few days thereafter the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will leave in the "Ophir" for their extended tour through many parts of the Empire, of which the first and chief purpose is to open the first Australian Parliament. The occasion is a memorable one, and will become historic, for perhaps no Royal progress has ever possessed greater significance. Much as Englishmen will regret not to have the heir to the throne among them, they will rejoice that he has gone on so admirable a mission, and will join with heart and voice in wishing the Duke and Duchess "God speed!"

THE AMERICAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN CHINA.

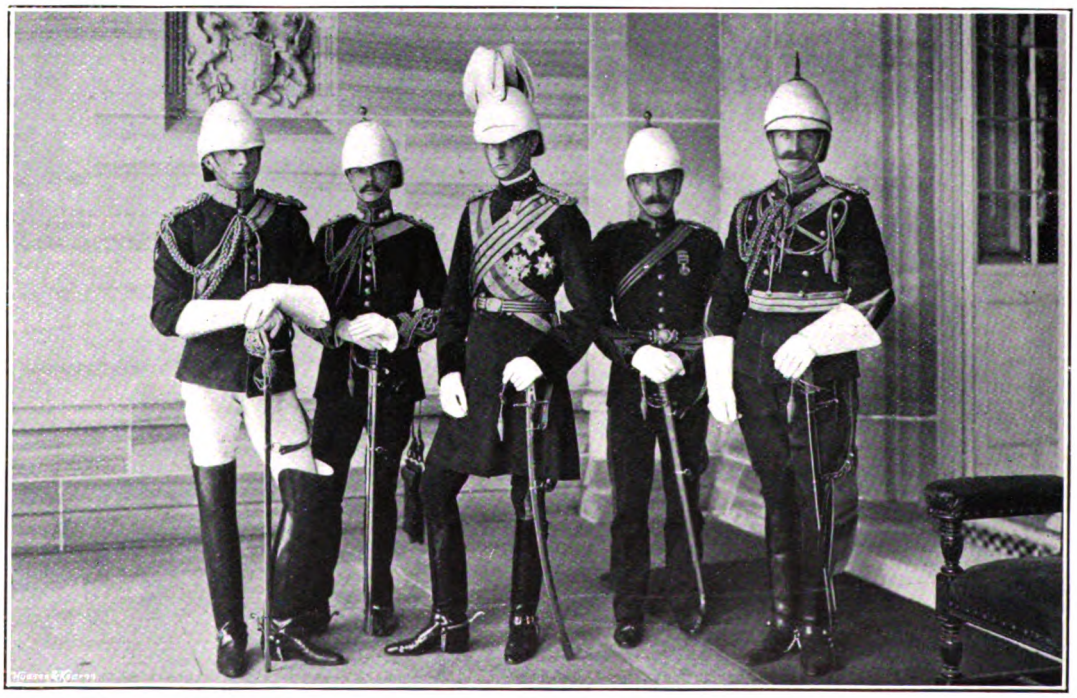
General Chaffee, who Commands the American Troops in China, may well be Proud of the Men who Serve under him, as their Record of Behaviour has been Universally Extolled. He left a Command in the Philippines to Assume that of the American Troops told off for the Advance on Peking. The Splendid Discipline of his Troops Speaks Volumes for their Commander.

From a Stereoscopic Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, London, Copyright, 1901.

THE centenary of Abercromby's landing in Egypt, which occurs this week, shall not pass without notice in these pages. It was a brilliant military exploit that has ever since been regarded as a model, and it was the prelude to the victory of Alexandria and the expulsion of the French from Egypt. We are apt to forget, remembering the splendid actions of the Peninsula and the final triumph of Waterloo, the delight with which our grandfathers heard of the victory of Aboukir on March 8, 1801. They had been familiar with the inglorious campaign in Holland, the fruitless expedition to the Helder, and a whole series of military blunders and misfortunes now happily shrouded in decent obscurity. We had brave and distinguished officers, loyal and courageous, if sometimes incompetent, and we had often good fighting men who proved their prowess and stubbornness, but their efforts were misdirected, in a series of sanguinary failures, and in nibbling, as Sheridan remarked, at the rind of France. Which things, it may be said, go to show that military misfortune is not new, and that our blunders in South Africa, illuminated by many brilliant episodes, and, through the direction of good generals, now approaching a final triumph, have only been a fresh illustration of an old and once familiar fact, not singular, it may be remarked, to ourselves.

———

NELSON—the centenary of whose famous victory in the classic region of Aboukir, consecrate to the glories of both the Services, we have celebrated—wrote to Sir Robert Wilson, a year after the success of March 8, that he had always said and thought that the landing of the British army was the very finest act that even a British army could achieve. It was an army destined to be victorious, for, as one of its officers said, it had a certain devil in it that would carry it through thick and thin. Abercromby, who led it from Aboukir to Alexandria, and perished, was of a fine English type, not a great soldier, but honest, loyal, high-minded and considerate. Such men are happily many among us, and this centenary of the victory



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THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA.

Lord Hopetoun is only just Forty, and is Holding One of the Highest Vice-Royalties in the Empire. An Unique One, for it is the First that Guides the Great Australian Federation of Self-governing Colonies that Closed the Century. Lord Hopetoun's Administration of the Government of Victoria from 1889 to 1895 Marked him for the Post. Reading from Left to Right the Group are: Captains Corbet and Duff, A.D.C.'s, Lord Hopetoun, Major Philson, R.A.M.C., and Major the Hon. C. Willoughby, 9th Lancers, Military Secretary.

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of one of the mould deserves to be honoured. The landing at Aboukir was splendidly managed, and was hailed with satisfaction a century ago by men who were thirsting for some military success.

IT has been impossible not to admire the magnificent enterprise of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who conceived and worked out with the help of Mr. Carnegie the largest industrial trust that the world has ever seen. It was his idea, not only to control the American market, but to bring American steel industries into pre-eminence throughout the world. The sale of the Carnegie Steel Company was only part of one immense transaction whereby twelve large concerns are united, with a capitalised value of £220,000,000. The Tinplate Company embraces 96 per cent. of the plate mills in the country. The Federal Steel and the National Steel are consolidations of many businesses, while the Republic Iron and Steel combines thirty various works. The American Steel and Wire controls virtually the whole output of wire, and the Pressed Steel Car has a monopoly, and can produce 100 cars per day. The other companies included are the American Steel Hoop, which possesses huge monopolies; the American Bridge Company, consolidating twenty-nine concerns, including the Pencoyd (which lately secured the contract for the Uganda Railway bridges), and in all embracing 90 per cent. of the bridge-building industry in the States; the National Tube, and the American Car and Foundry Companies. The Carnegie Company alone made a profit of £8,000,000 sterling last year, and owns a group of works which have no parallel, besides controlling several railways, and possessing a fleet of vessels on the Great Lakes, and enormous tracts of ore and coal land. The vast organisation may perhaps prove unwieldy, but it would not be safe to assume that its management will be beyond the skill of American managers and administrators. There is, indeed, reason to think that enterprise will make the trust a formidable rival in steel transactions throughout the world.

MANY correspondents asserted in the Press that they had heard the minute guns at Portsmouth on the occasion of the late Queen's funeral at distances that passed belief. It is well known that the guns of Waterloo were heard on the Kentish Coast, and the recent discussion brought to light some statements regarding this circumstance which deserve to be noted here. A grandson of Lieutenant Woolward, R.N., who was harbour-master at Ramsgate in 1815, has recorded a tradition remaining in his family to the effect that, when people came out of church on the memorable day, they heard the sound of the guns and went up to the cliff to listen to the firing. Another correspondent says that he knew at Sandgate a fisherman and yacht hand, one Harry Stone, who died at an advanced age three or four years ago, and was accustomed to relate the following experience: "My mother was a-taking me by the hand up street in my Sunday clothes, when we heard very heavy firing away to the eastward; it went on all day, and they allowed there was an engagement in the North Sea, but next day (?) the coach came through with ribbons a-flying, and we heard about the battle of Waterloo." These are interesting notes concerning a matter that has often been spoken of. It would be pleasant, indeed, to think that the minute guns which saluted the last sea passage of her late Majesty were heard so far over the country she ruled so long.

THE appointment of Colonel E. D. W. Ward as Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office in succession to Sir R. H. Knox could not have been bettered. Colonel Ward is famous in many ways as an administrator and organiser of proved capacity, and is everywhere known to be a man of infinite resource—and, in Sir George White's picturesque phrase, "the best supply officer since the days of Moses." He is, moreover, an inspirer of others, and had with him at Ladysmith colleagues and men who worked with him heart and soul. The Army Service Corps has come well out of the war, and Colonel Ward is one of its best officers. With admirable foresight he anticipated the needs of Ladysmith, and it was mainly due to his energy and persistence that the place was provisioned to stand the siege. It was well done indeed, and much is the country indebted to

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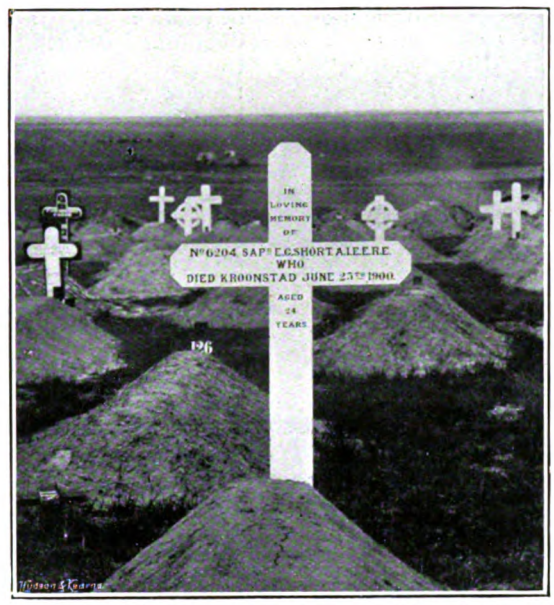
A FOOTBALL MATCH AT GIBRALTAR.

Sir George White is a Keen Sportsman, and Encourages Local Football at Gibraltar by the Gift of the "Governor's Football Cup" for the Rugby Game, which somehow seems the most Popular in the Service. Officers both in Garrison and Fleet are always Keen on "Footer," and our Illustration is that of a Hard-fought Game, when the Officers of the "Devastation," the Port-guard Ship, Tackled the Officers of the Garrison.



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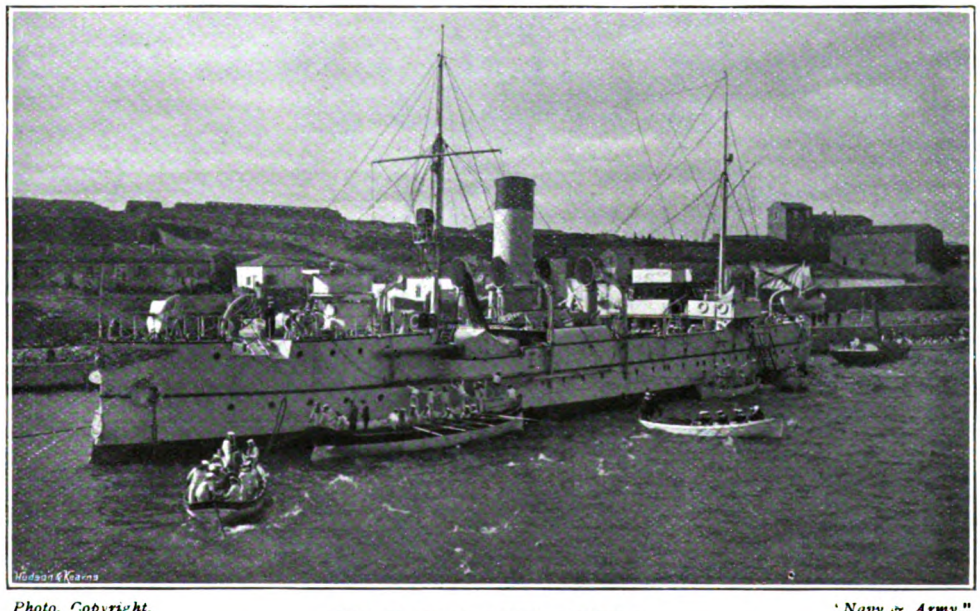
THE MILITARY CEMETERY AT KROONSTAD

Is Filled, alas, mainly with Victims to that Fell Scourge of War—Enteric. The Cross in the Foreground of our Picture is that Erected over the Grave of Sapper E. C. Short—a Member of a Volunteer Corps, the Electrical Engineers, whose Contingent has Done such Splendid Service at the Front—a Contributor whose Reproductions from Photographs have more than Once Appeared in the Pages of "Navy and Army Illustrated." The Cemetery is Part of the Veldt, is Ringed with a Wire Fence, and Kept, as the Illustration shows, in Excellent Order.



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WHAT HO! SHE BUMPS!

The Little Armoured Gun-boat "Khrabry," that Forms part of the Russian Force in the Mediterranean, had rather an Awkward Contretemps the other Day. She was to have Taken the Queen of Greece for a Day's Run to Poros, but Getting Under Way she nearly Fouled the "Theseus," and, in Avoiding this Mishap by Going Astern, Grounded. Then the British Blue Came to the Fore, and our Picture shows the Boats of the "Theseus" alongside, One of them Giving her the End of a Hawser attached to a Kedge Anchor, by which she was Eventually Floated, and Proceeded to her Destination with the Queen on Board.

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INDIAN OFFICERS IN AUSTRALIA.

Our Group shows the Native Officers that Represented the Great Indian Empire at the Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth. Splendid Types of the Cream of our Indian Soldiery, perhaps the Little Gurkha on the Left is the most Striking. He was Lord Roberts's Orderly in the Afghan War, for which he Wears the Medal with Four Clasps, and the Cabul to Candahar Bronze Star. He Wears also the Indian Medal, 1854, with Clasp for Five Campaigns, and the Indian Medal, 1895, with Two Clasps. Round his Neck is the Ribbon and Decoration that Denotes he is a Member of the Order of British India.

the gallant officer whose work was concerned not only with the collection of supplies, but with the distribution and administration of them—a very complex and anxious business. "His power of work and resource," said Sir George White in his despatch, "were most marked, and he had won the confidence of all. I consider him an officer of the highest administrative ability, and recommend him most strongly for recognition of his exceptionally valuable services"—services which enabled Sir George White to hold Ladysmith "with perfect confidence that the garrison could not be starved out." The very man, therefore, for the War Office is Colonel Ward. His military career had been very distinguished. He served in the Soudan Campaign of 1885, and was mentioned in despatches, and promoted Assistant Commissary-General for his services at the Tofrek zareba, and he was again mentioned in despatches for Ashanti, 1895-96.

ALTHOUGH the vogue of war pictures may have somewhat declined, those which Mr. Mortimer Menpes has exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery attracted a good deal of attention. He is, to begin with, an artist of original discernment, whose new methods in art have won many imitators. His instinct is right, and his skill as a draughtsman and colourist is very conspicuous in some of these pictures. He seems to possess in an uncommon degree the power of penetrating below the surface of material objects, and his portraits of Lord Roberts, Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, General MacDonald, Mr. Winston Churchill, and others are admirable examples of his grasp of personality. Analysed in themselves, his special methods, very conspicuous in this exhibition, of applying pencil and water-colour to a surface prepared with Chinese white, are simple in the extreme, but they are used with unmistakable power. The slightness of some of the works, especially, perhaps, of the pen-drawings, is not always satisfying, but they have all claims to attention. The portraits are particularly good. Of Lord Roberts there are two, both admirably expressive of his buoyant and cheerful character, one a head only, and the other depicting the Commander-in-Chief amid the surroundings of his South African work. Those of Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Rhodes are serious works. In the pictures of camp and field there is much picturesqueness, and the works have an air of novelty, due chiefly to Mr. Menpes's manner of treatment.

IT appears that the Cubans are willing that relations with the United States shall be maintained. They could, in fact, scarcely be otherwise. But they demanded the right to quarrel amongst themselves, as would befit free and independent Republicans. On the other hand, they would graciously admit the United States to the privilege of defending them if their "sovereignty" should be endangered. They considered that the establishment of American coaling stations in the island ports would be a derogation from their independence. These aspirations are not all destined to be realised. It was not to have an aggressively independent republic at their doors that the United States embarked on their war with Spain. They will supervise the foreign relations of Cuba, and will locate coaling or other Naval stations in the island should it seem good to do so. Most American citizens are not willing to accept new burdens, but this is not the same thing as permitting the Cubans, who have never shown any real capacity for government, to blossom into independence. Indeed the American stipulations are a blow to many hopes. They are particularly rigid, and refuse to Cuba nearly all the attributes of a sovereign Power. With good government Cuba may attain prosperity and peace.

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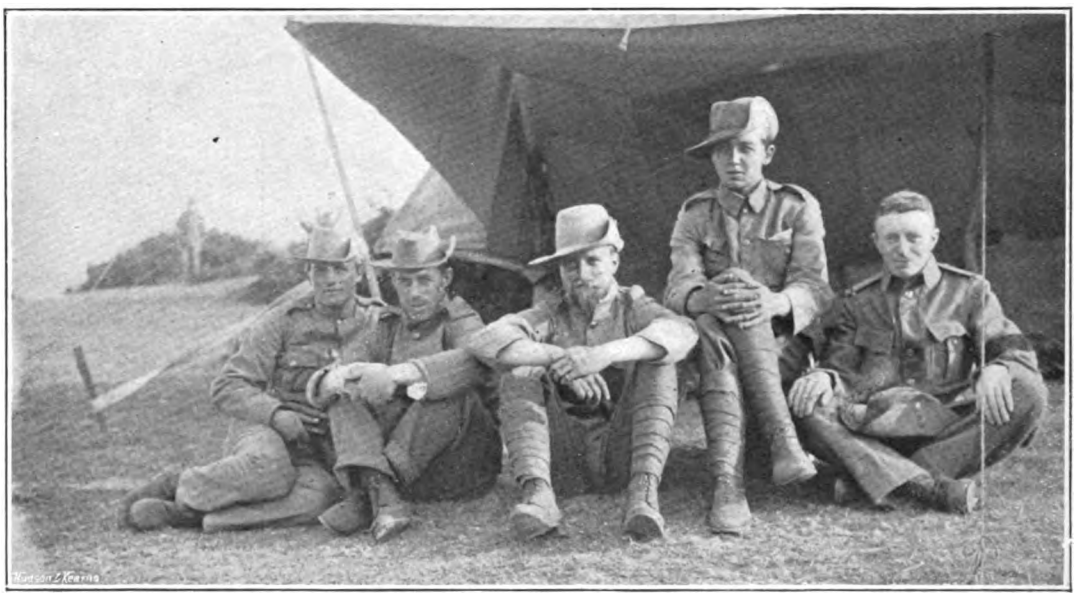
A WELL-EARNED SWORD OF HONOUR.

Reginald Pole-Carew is Reputed the most Handsome, and is Certainly among the most Popular, Officer in His Majesty's Army. He has Won to High Rank, and has Earned much Honour, but No Distinction will he Value more than the Sword of Honour Conferred on him by his Own County of Cornwall, in Recognition of his Distinguished Services in South Africa. The Weapon was Made by the Wilkinson Sword Company of Pall Mall, who also Made the Swords that were Conferred on General French and Sir Redvers Buller.



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JACK ASHORE.

Our Picture shows the Officers of the Contingent of 250 Men that were Landed from the "Doris" for the Defence of Aliwal from Boer Raiders into the Colony. The Aliwal in question is Situated in Mossel Bay, and must not be Confused with the Aliwal North that Lies up on the Orange River. Both names, of course, come from the Great Victory in the First Sikh War, a Battle which has been Technically Described as "Without a Fault." Sir Harry Smith who there Commanded was afterwards Governor and Commander-in-Chief at the Cape.

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A New Welsh Corps for South Africa

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S LIGHT HORSE.

CAPTAIN JAMES JONES.
Paymaster, Prince of Wales's Light Horse.

LIEUT. COLONEL OWEN THOMAS.
Commanding Prince of Wales's Light Horse.

CAPTAIN E. D. CHITTENDEN.
Adjutant, Prince of Wales's Light Horse.

GALLANT little Wales has performed many notable feats in the course of her long and eventful history, but not the least interesting or significant event in her memorable career has been a recent development in connection with the South African War.

The conception, foundation, and equipment of the new Welsh regiment now recognised under the proud title of "The Prince of Wales's Light Horse," reflects not only the highest credit upon all those who have taken part in its formation, but at the same time ennobles the Welsh people, and eloquently proclaims that the men of the Principality have lost none of the fire of patriotic enthusiasm, or of that grit and fighting prowess which made the name of their forebears famous and respected in the days of long ago.

The prime mover in the establishment of this distinctive force was the gallant officer commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel Owen Thomas, and it is only due to him that full public acknowledgment should be made; for it is owing to his inspiration mainly that the Prince of Wales's Light Horse has been evolved. Colonel Owen Thomas is an officer well known in the public life of the Principality, as his record of service shows. He served as High Sheriff for Anglesey from 1895 to 1896, and is a Justice of the Peace for the same place, as well as being Alderman of the County Council. He filled a very responsible position as a member of the late Royal Commission on Agriculture, and it may also be mentioned that he contested the Oswestry Division of Shropshire at the General Election of 1895.

The colonel's military record has likewise been an exceedingly good one. His first commission was in the 3rd Battalion of the 63rd Regiment. From this regiment he transferred to the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, obtaining his majority three years ago. He was largely instrumental in bringing about that great extension of the Volunteer movement which, on the initiative of Colonel Davies-Cooke, A.D.C. to her late Majesty, and with the active support of the late Marquess of Anglesey, took place in the extreme northern portion of Wales about fifteen years ago. That Colonel Owen Thomas is not unused to and not unsuccessful in military leadership, is revealed by the fact that his connection with Brabant's Horse has been an extremely creditable one. Going out to South Africa at the commencement of hostilities, he joined that famous regiment as major, and remained in it, participating in all kinds of rough, active service, until November 31, 1900, when he was transferred to his present command. Associated with Colonel Owen Thomas are several officers of proved ability in the campaign, and their presence with him should go far towards success in the field. Major Fielding, a very capable man, is second in command, while the adjutant, Captain E. D. Chittenden, and Captains Dalrymple-Clarke, Rayner, and Jones should also increase their respective reputations. Concerning the formation of the corps, it is interesting to note that, whilst its conception was mainly due to Colonel Owen Thomas, he was very ably backed up by the Cambrian Society of Cape Town. In the first days of December, 1900, a very enthusiastic meeting of the society was held in the Cape metropolis, when it was resolved to approach the High Commissioner as to the possibility of forming a distinctively Welsh regiment, and Sir Alfred Milner accorded the project his warm approval. He wired to the General Officer Commanding the South African Field Force for his consent, and the same day Lord Kitchener replied, giving his official sanction. Recruiting commenced in the Drill Hall, under the title of the Welsh Regiment; but it was felt that a better name even than the Welsh Regiment could be chosen. In consideration of the then Heir-Apparent's connection with the little Principality, Colonel Owen Thomas longed to have the new corps called after His Royal Highness. Again the kind offices of His Excellency were requisitioned, and he cabled home for permission to call the regiment by the proud title of "The Prince of Wales's Light Horse."

The reply of the King, sent on December 18 last through the Colonial Secretary, the Right Honourable J. Chamberlain, was this:

"I am desired by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to inform you that it will afford him very great pleasure to allow the proposed Welsh corps to be called 'The Prince of Wales's Light Horse.'"

Men of Cambria, men of "The Prince of Wales's Light Horse," yours is an exalted name; see that you bear it spotless. The feathers of the Principality and the Red Dragon of Wales which you sport on your hat-badge will call constantly to you. Let them not call in vain.

"Y DDRAIG GOCH ADDYRY GYCHWYN."

Photos. Copyright.
LIEUTENANT A. P. TROMS.
Prince of Wales's Light Horse.

PAYMASTER-SERGEANT C. POLYBANK.
Prince of Wales's Light Horse.

Barnard.
LIEUTENANT A. CHINN.
Prince of Wales's Light Horse.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

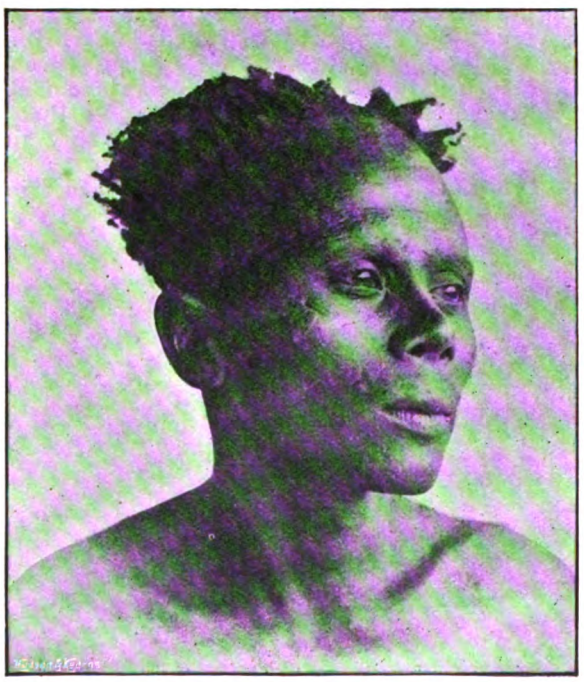
CALCUTTA—THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

AFTER leaving the Seychelles, we returned to Trincomalee for a short time, during which we enjoyed some good snipe shooting and also bagged a few deer and pig, and then left for Calcutta, on our annual visit, timing our arrival so as to moor alongside the Bund on Christmas Day.

At this season Calcutta is seen at its best, balls, dinner parties, and other social and official functions being in full swing. The Viceregal party at Government House dispense hospitality on a lavish scale, the races take place at this time, and the climate is delightful. There is some excellent snipe shooting in the neighbourhood, but I had no time to attend to it, and the only sport we attempted, if sport it can be called, was hauling the seine in the tanks at Barrackpore. But if not sport, it was capital fun. By permission of His Excellency Lord Lansdowne, I took a party of Bluejackets over and dragged some of the ornamental waters in the park. Our first haul was a blank, and one would suppose there was not a fish in the water; but feeling sure there must be, we spliced two seines together, weighted the lower end, and buoyed the upper with bamboos. This we backed up with a third seine, in case any fish jumped over the bamboos. The result was most satisfactory. The fish, finding they could not dive under, attempted to jump over the net, and some of them succeeded. Presently the water was alive with enormous monsters struggling to escape, and occasionally flying through the air. My coxswain was superintending the operations from a dinghy, and, having partaken too freely of the Viceroy's splendid hospitality, was shouting out contradictory orders at the top of his voice, when an immense fish, making a dash for freedom, hit him bang in the middle of the stomach, knocking him overboard and capsizing the boat. Shouts of laughter greeted this performance, and the seine was drawn ashore, with the coxswain, the boat, and some cart-loads of mud, in which were several fish scaling from 30-lb. to 50-lb. each, besides many smaller ones of every variety of shape and colour, also fresh-water crayfish and gigantic prawns. The large fish were carnation-carp, very coarse, with a skin like leather and scales as big as a rupee, which no gaff would pierce. We repeated the performance in some other tanks, with varied success, and returned on board a happy and very dirty party, much pleased with our day's outing, and grateful to the Viceroy for his magnificent hospitality.

The golf links at Calcutta are second to none in India, though not so sporting as those at Newara-Eliza in Ceylon. After a very pleasant month at Calcutta, we stretched across to the Andaman Islands, and anchored in Port Blair, the principal port and seat of government. Port Blair is used as a convict settlement, and is notorious as the place where Lord Mayo was assassinated by an Afghan prisoner during the Governorship of Sir Donald Stewart. In addition to this terrible tragedy, which deprived India of one of its most popular and able Viceroys, there have been several narrow escapes, and once the life of one of the Governors, Colonel Horsford, was attempted. Many of the convicts are most dangerous characters, and are ready to "go for" any person of consequence, so it is dangerous to go about without a guard.

Some fair sport is to be had in the proper season. Snipe visit the islands in large numbers, and there are wild pig in the forests, which the natives hunt with poisoned arrows. The origin of these people is obscure; it is said they came originally from the Malay Peninsula. They are small in stature, black in colour, and, as a rule, are quiet and inoffensive, though some of the tribes in the interior are not to be trusted. Both sexes are destitute of clothing, a mixture of mud and red ochre being substituted. Some of the girls are decidedly pretty; a few of them wore a girdle of leaves fastened round the waist and hanging down behind, but on grand occasions, such as the Governor's garden party, they were provided with sacks having holes through which their legs protruded, giving them a very comical appearance. One day we engaged in torpedo exercise, exploding charges of gun-cotton under water, and, as usual on these occasions, a great quantity of fish came to the surface stunned. Amongst them was a very curious specimen known in the tropic seas as the parrot-fish, from its formidable beak, like a macaw's. This brute came up shamming death and was transferred to my galley, and when we went on board it was passed up the side apparently dead. Whilst examining the creature I had incautiously put my thumb into its mouth, when the formidable jaws snapped together, taking off the top of my thumb; the wound healed up well, but to this day I have no feeling in the thumb, the nerves being destroyed.



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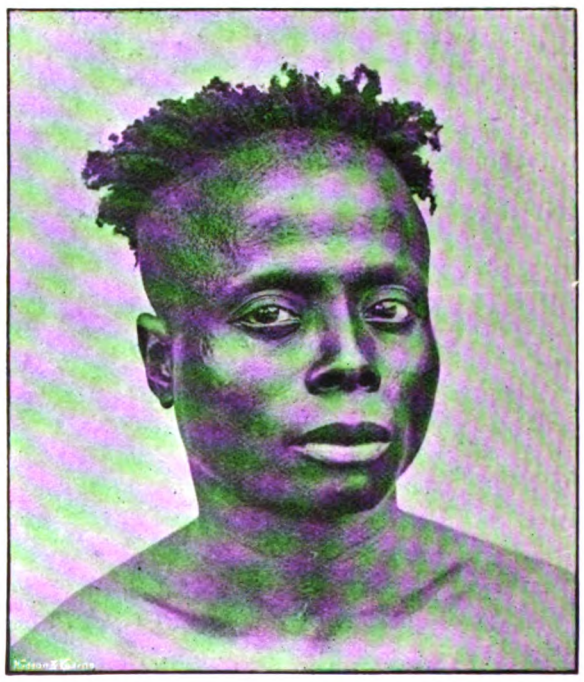
RIALA.
Head Interpreter of the Andamanese



KALA.
An Andamanese Hunter.

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BLACKBUCK SHOOTING IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

Passing over a short but very interesting visit to Rangoon and Mandalay, where we had no time for shooting, we steered for Madras, and moored inside the breakwater, with stern cables to the shore. During our stay at Madras, whilst a guest of Lord Wenlock, the Governor, I was introduced for the first time to that most graceful antelope, the Indian blackbuck, a herd of which ran wild in the Governor's beautiful park at Gindy.

Whilst we were at Calcutta I was told that herds of blackbuck were to be found in the neighbourhood of Calimere Point, to the southward of Negapatam, but that the landing on that part of the coast was difficult and often dangerous on account of the heavy surf. Being desirous of inspecting this place without risk to a big ship, I left the "Boadicea" and proceeded in a gun-boat to Negapatam. Engaging a pilot and a surf-boat manned by a native crew acquainted with the locality, we ran down the coast, and having anchored the gun-boat in safety, transferred ourselves to the surf-boat and stood in for the shore.

By this time it was quite dark, heavy rollers were breaking all round us, and the prospect was not encouraging; we could not go back, so we had to chance it. Presently the rotten old craft struck heavily on the bar, and the breakers threatened to come on board. It looked as if it was all over with us, but the boatmen smartly jumped overboard, pushed her over the bar into deep water, and ran her on the beach. A more inhospitable spot it would be difficult to find; we were wet through, and no signs of a house. However, after wading across a marsh, we came upon a deserted bungalow, where we unpacked our gear and made ourselves tolerably comfortable in some dry straw, where we passed the night. We were early astir next morning, and after breakfast shouldered our rifles and made across the plain. We found that we had landed on a sandy peninsula sparsely covered with low scrub, with visions of jungle and forest trees further inland.

Presently herds of blackbuck could be seen galloping across the open, and the crack of a rifle was soon followed by general firing. The antelopes were not very wild, and allowed us to approach to within about 200-yds., when they moved off in graceful bounds. By following them up we got occasional shots, and, although many were missed, we managed to secure twelve fine bucks before we returned to the bungalow at dark. The night was made hideous by jackals, which, attracted by the smell of blood, crowded round and robbed some of our meat.

The next morning we returned on board, as the weather looked threatening, and proceeded to Trincomalee. But I made up my mind to again visit this sporting paradise if I had the opportunity, and the following year I revisited the place. This time we anchored before dark, and found a better landing-place; but the country was nearly under water, owing to heavy rains, and the buck had retreated to the jungle or the dry patches of sand which still remained above water. However, we had some very pretty stalking and sporting shots as they bounded through the water, and we managed to bag twenty-five, all of which were brought on board, with the exception of a few we gave to some villagers.

Some time after my return to Trincomalee I received an official letter from the collector of the district, informing me that I had been poaching on the preserves of a Rajah, and was therefore liable to a fine of 500 rupees and six months' imprisonment! In the face of this terrible threat, I could only express my deep regret at such an unfortunate misunderstanding, and promise that before again intruding on His Highness's preserves I would give timely notice. Unfortunately the exigencies of the Service prevented me from ever returning to the spot, but I shall always cherish a pleasant memory of the sport enjoyed by my shipmates and myself in that sanctuary. Seldom is it possible for the sportsman in India to enjoy such sport as the above, for the blackbuck is the most wary of animals, and I never succeeded in killing more than two or three in a hard day's work on the plains of India. These antelopes prefer the open country where there is no cover, so it is next to impossible to stalk them. Their vision is extraordinarily acute, and the slightest movement of the hunter is instantly detected, when off they go in graceful bounds, and soon put miles between themselves and danger. The old bucks are conspicuous by their black backs, white bellies, and spiral horns; the does are smaller. In Central India their horns are longer, 28-in. and even more, but of those we got none were more than 23-in., and the average 20-in.

(To be continued.)

Crack Shots, by "Single Trigger."

I SUPPOSE that "Crack Shots" should by right of title treat of "Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun," by "Thormanby." It is in truth a book which those sportsman with gunpowder or gut who do not read nor intend to read the authors of the early part of last century, would do well to get their introductions from. The author has read much, and he has set down all that which tends to show his heroes as the kings he calls them. He uses the term in the sense in which "canny man" is used to this day in Scotland, meaning not necessarily sharp with the head but clever with the hand; and the men he has chosen to crown in this manner were, perhaps, not more deserving of fame as handlers of rod and shooting-iron than many another who is not mentioned here. Those worthies he has chosen are for the most part just those who have written of themselves, or of the sports they enjoyed; not all of them much of sportsmen, but all famous for something. Thus he selects Joe Manton for a king of the shot-gun, as indeed he was, but not because he could use it, for Colonel Hawker speaks of his adventures after partridges as better than any thing in "Don Quixote," and on another occasion he is sure that the presence of Joe Manton left the bag six brace of birds smaller than it would have been in his absence. But Joe Manton was a head and shoulders above any gunmaker of his own day, and I should be the last to deny him a place amongst the select few. But where the selection had to be so very limited in number, I do not know whether it would not have been better to have selected those we do not know much of rather than the very men who have written themselves into fame. There is Colonel Hawker, who could hardly have been left out, and there is Uncle Bishop, the famous Bishop of Bond Street, the only bishop who ever got an Act of Parliament through the House of Commons. We can understand why all these are included; but why Russel, the editor of the *Scotsman*, of whom a celebrated fisherman said, "Russel can write, but he cannot fish, and I can fish, but I cannot write"? The fact is, sporting biography is autobiography, almost exclusively. It is a great pity that it should be so; for I think that there is "many a rose born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air," and the man who could discover them, and write pleasant biography about them, would indeed supply a vacant place. In Vol. 1 there are twelve characters drawn, eight of whom have let the world know some of their views upon sport by means of books. In like manner Vol. 2 has seven literary men amongst the twelve that have chapters devoted to them. Moreover, all the rest have been made the subjects of biographical notices, and most of them very often. Nevertheless, these lives are very well re-told, and there is plenty to interest a rising generation and make them ask for more, and perhaps go to the original sources of information.

* * * *

Of course it would not have been proper to exclude Squire Osbaldeston from these pages had not "Thormanby" brought out a kindred book on hunting in which that great shot looms out large. Perhaps the Squire should have been excluded from this book because he was no fisherman; but on the other hand we find fishermen included who were certainly no shooters. There are Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, neither of whom were shooters, and yet the last Lord Lovat is excluded, who certainly caught more fish than either of them, killed as much game as he caught fish, and wrote as well of the latter as the fishermen of their one solitary sport. Gordon Cumming is included because he wrote a book, whereas Baldwin, the lion-hunter, is not. Then Sir Cornwallis Harris also wrote a book before any of them, and was the real discoverer of South Africa as a field of sport, but he, too, is nevertheless excluded.

* * * *

I cannot help thinking that the reasons for many of the selections and exclusions are to be found in the presence or absence of amusing stories, and that sporting powers have not been regarded very much. But indeed, it is necessary to be able to take an interest in all sorts of sport, from a rat to a tiger hunt, in order to be able to make selections and omissions that could not be challenged. In one place the author shows that he cannot do this, for he says, "But the huge slaughter-lists are *not* a necessity of sport, indeed they are utterly opposed to the spirit of true sport. They may gratify the clever marksman; they only disgust the genuine sportsman." I wonder whether the author did ever enjoy a rat hunt, and if so, whether he ever found that there were too many for sport. I have, and confess that I can remember lamenting there were never half enough. I am not talking of rat killing in the professional sense, when a dog is put into a pit along with a lot of poor beasts that have not a chance of escape, but of a good healthy scramble after rats that have many ways of escaping; one in which terriers and sticks do all they can.

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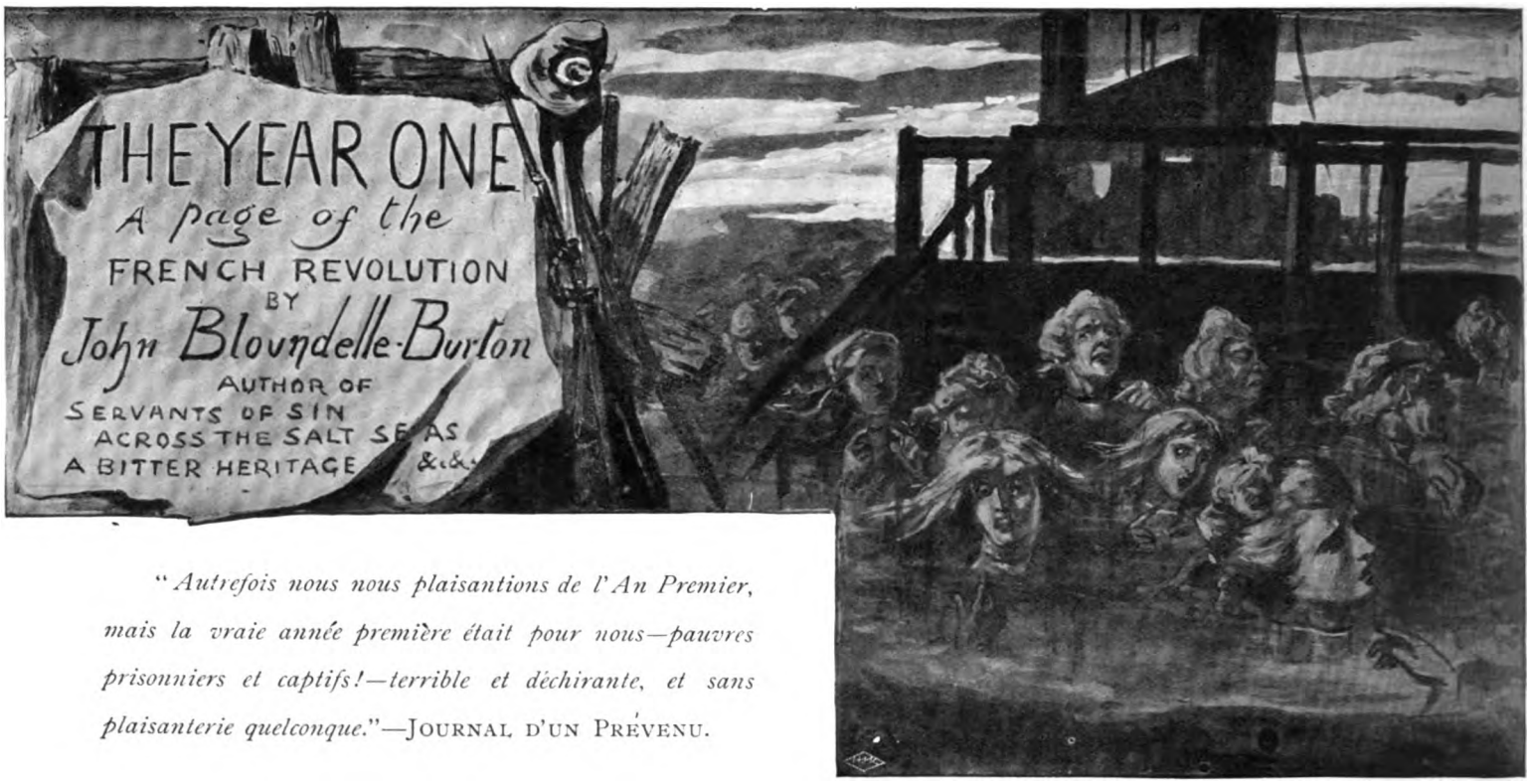

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

THE earlier part of this narrative has dealt with an attempt made by an English Naval officer—Lieutenant George Hope—to aid Lucienne, Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, at her own request, to escape out of France, by taking her off to the ship of war to which he belongs, and which is cruising in the Channel. The attempt failed, however, in consequence of their being intercepted by the boats of a French warship, which boats were defeated by those in the English launch. The latter were, however, owing to the disablement of their craft, unable to prevent themselves from drifting back to the French coast, where they were arrested. The marquise is actually endeavouring to escape from her husband, a man of low birth whom she had been forced by her father to wed; but in doing so she has laid herself open to one of the gravest charges possible during the French Revolution—viz., that, being an aristocrat, she has endeavoured to emigrate. Consequently she, with George Hope, is taken before her own husband—who happened to be the Mayor of the Commune—is forwarded on to Rennes, and, from that place, they are both sent to Paris for trial, as was the case at that moment with all provincial "suspects" or *prévenus*. Reaching Paris, the waggon containing Lucienne and Hope, as well as many other prisoners of all classes, finds itself in the thick of the revolt during which the Swiss Guards were massacred. In the massacre, the marquise is knocked down insensible and left for dead, while George is sent on to the prison of La Force. The former, however, recognises how much her liberty may be utilized in the service of her friend, and for his safety, if she can only disguise herself as a woman of the people. An opportunity arises for her to do this by changing clothes with one of the latter who has been shot in the riots, and she is able to disguise her own identity the more effectually by placing her *acte d'accusation* in the pocket of the dead woman, so that, the next morning, the body which is flung into the Seine is supposed to be that of the marquise. The latter afterwards meets a woman who is a shopkeeper named Verac, whose sentiments are with the Royalists, who succours her, and suggests that she shall pass as her niece, Margot Verac. As that niece and a woman of the people, the marquise is now straining every nerve to enter La Force and, in some way, obtain the freedom of her would-be champion.

CHAPTER XIX.

UPON THE TRACK.

THE rumour of which the Duchesse de Rochefeuille had spoken, of which George Hope had also heard some muttered fragments in the prison, and which had been even more plainly conveyed to Lucienne's affrighted ears by the hints and suggestions of those women of the people whom she encountered in the garden of the Tuileries, was spreading rapidly over all Paris now and gaining strength as it did so.

In the prisons—not only of La Force, but of L'Abbaye, La Conciergerie, La Bourbe (or Port Libre), St. Lazare, St. Pèlagie and a dozen others, as well as in countless *maisons d'arrêts* and houses of detention outside Paris—the report that something dreadful was intended had taken firm hold of the minds of the wretched creatures with whom those prisons were stuffed full. For these reports, muttered under the breath, hinted that, should the Prussians and Royalist *emigrés* advance towards Paris, every aristocrat would be put to death—including the members of the Royal Family now prisoners in the Temple; numberless flying voices whispered in a subdued tone that should those troops ever arrive in Paris they would, nevertheless, be unable to set free the inhabitants of the prisons for the good and sufficient reason that a terrible release would by that time have been accorded them. They would find the prisons no longer filled to overflowing but—empty! These rumours, these hints, were brought in by those who, at this period, were allowed to visit their friends and relatives daily (and allowed to do so freely, in the hope that conversations dangerous to the Republic might be overheard, and thereby furnish the Government with fresh victims); by sons and daughters, wives and servants and friends; by those who brought delicacies to the *détenus*, and by those who in many cases came to gamble and drink with them.

Meanwhile, however, there were others who came into the prisons, not as visitors but—as still existing records testify—as willing prisoners. These were in many cases malefactors who obtained incarceration with a view of assisting in the release of many of their brother-ruffians when the expected riots should break out, as well as of obtaining plunder from those who should become victims. In other cases, more malefactors were paid by the miscalled Government to allow themselves to be incarcerated so that they might be on the spot to mingle with the already appointed executioners at any time required. These wretches received a daily wage of 24 *livres par tête et par jour*,* and received it as payment of services to be rendered to the Legislative Assembly in contending against a great conspiracy believed to be forming. There was indeed a great conspiracy forming, but it was by, and not against, the Government, and aimed by that Government at countless innocent and inoffensive victims in their hands, most of whom were either helpless women or old and defenceless priests.

With the entry of these ruffians into the prisons during the last few days of August, it would in truth have been strange if those already detained had not found good reason to be suspicious of what was impending. For many of these creatures were free enough in their conversation—there was no reason why they should not be, since their trembling listeners were powerless—and they possessed also far more liberty than was allowed to all others in those prisons, while they also possessed opportunities of being almost perpetually intoxicated, and they always addressed Manuel,† who at this time was superintendent of the prisons of Paris, with great familiarity.

Outside—out in the streets, in the theatres, in the restaurants—where rich men and aristocrats ate their meals disguised as poor men, and then ate only in the most frugal manner for fear of being suspected of wealth—to possess which was the next greatest crime to being high born—those rumours spread themselves as also they did in the wine shops, the *gargotes*, the filthy alleys of—no longer Saint now—Antoine, in the old streets of the Marais, and in the new and aristocratic streets round the Places Vendôme and Louis XV. and the Palais Royal (Palais d'Orléans), all of which were, in a week's time, to be known respectively as the Place des Picques, the Place de la Revolution, and the Palais d'Egalité.

* As written on several *listes d'emargement* of the period and still to be seen at the Bibliothéque Nationale, Paris.

† Pierre Louis Manuel was not the greatest ruffian of the Assembly—of which he was secretary—in spite of the massacres of September being attributed principally to him. It has been thought that he would have saved the Princess de Lamballe if possible, and he endeavoured to save Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette from the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was himself guillotined in November, 1793.

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That they should reach the ears of Lucienne was of course certain; was indubitable. She was always outside in the streets and open places, always mixing with the mob—the filthy mass of proletarians which was generically described by the words, The Nation!—always talking to and picking up hints from the future *vengeresses* and *lécheresses*, while eating in their haunts and sometimes even drinking in their wine shops, and while having words of loathsome love whispered in her ears as well as fulsome compliments; and suffering street corner gallantries which caused her to shudder. She was always with them now as she trod the stones of the streets, her fair hair dyed a deep chestnut, her fair skin stained brown, her common dress purposely disordered and unkempt, and her cap of Liberty still stuck jauntily upon her head. In her pocket she carried a newspaper, which often enough she would take out and glance at furtively, while smiling bitterly when alone; it being a week-old copy of the *Thermomètre du Jour*, in which was briefly described the finding of the dead body of Lucienne Aubray, *ci-devant* Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, amongst a number of others near the foot of the statue of Louis Capet, *ci-devant* Louis Quinze.

"Always out!" said Agatha Verac to her one morning at this time—it was the morning of Sunday, September 2—"always out. God knows what will happen to you at last. I shudder to think. And at such a time as this, when that monster, Danton, meditates some awful attack upon all whom he considers to be in his path. Oh, that the Comte de Mirabeau had lived! Then Danton would never have risen in his place."

"I must go out!" Lucienne replied. "I must! How else am I to learn things, to know what is doing, what is to be done? How am I to save him?"

"How can you save him?"

"God knows! And perhaps, at the last, I shall not save him. Yet—yet I will never cease in my endeavours. Oh! Agathe"—for now she addressed the other thus—"if you did but know the friends I have made, the creatures who are my friends, the men who address me as Margot—*ma petite Margot! ma belle Margot! ma mie*—even *mon amour!* God! you would pity me. Yet—yet it must be. If what is feared by us, hoped for by them, by 'my friends'"—and she laughed hysterically as she spoke of her friends—"they may help to save him."

"Save him? How can they—that *canaille*—save him?"

"They may do so. Listen, Agathe! Listen, and be merciful. There are two men who, if that comes which all say will come, are to meet me in—in La Force."

"Meet you! In La Force!"

"Yes. And these men are—oh, my lovers! *Mes soupirants! mes prétendus!* what you will! The lovers of Lucienne d'Aub—— No, no, no—what am I saying—of Margot, the girl of the people. The girl who has come to Paris to see the sights—to see the aristocrats guillotined! They began the work a week ago." And again Lucienne laughed so hysterically that the tears sprang into the other woman's eyes.

"How brave you are," she whispered, "how the old race asserts itself in you. Yet—yet, what can these creatures do for you? What?"

"I have a scheme—a hope. Oh, I have learnt much in my ramblings from my—lovers! You cannot think. And there are others with whom, also, I have an understanding." Then, suddenly, she said, "Give me my money now, everything that is mine! I may want it soon. To-day—to-night! I know not when."

"All of it? All you gave me to take care of?"

"Yes, all. I must have it!"

"But it is a fortune!" As, indeed, it was to a woman of Madame Verac's circumstances.

"What does that matter—against his life! If it were fifty fortunes, if it were all that the D'Aubrays ever owned when they almost ruled a whole province, what would it matter; what would it count against that? His life! His salvation!"

It was a golden summer afternoon—for summer lingered late that fateful year—when Lucienne went forth once more into the streets after having wept on Madame Verac's bosom ere leaving her. After, also, the two women had folded each other to their hearts and sobbed together.

"I have learned to love you so in these three weeks," Madame Verac said through her tears; "to love you so in spite of your being what you are, and I—only a humble shopkeeper."

"You are my friend," Lucienne whispered. "My only friend excepting him. And I love you. God knows I should do so or be unworthy to exist."

"You are so brave and yet so gentle," Madame Verac continued. "Oh, that you, a high-born lady, should have to suffer so! Yet that is the lot of all of your rank now. God bless and prosper you and him. And—and Madame—well, Lucienne, since you will have it so, if—if the chance should arise—if you could help my poor mistress, Madame de Rochefeuille, I beseech you to do so. She is old now and unhappy. If she might be spared——"

"Trust me! If it can be it shall." Whereupon Lucienne tore herself out of those protecting arms and—sternly—determinately—went on her way. To what?

Up the street she went, past the Palais d'Egalité, with, opposite to it, the blackened walls of the *ci-devant* King's palace; on, through street after street, into all of which there poured the sunlight and in all of which she encountered but few people. For this Sunday was no ordinary one; there were no joyous crowds about and few people even at their windows; indeed, it seemed as though in the poor quarter through which she was now passing all must be asleep or had retired as though it were night. As perhaps they had done, well knowing that when the night should come they would have to be awake.

All was very still, unusually still for a Parisian Sunday. As still as is the air before the thunderstorm. As still as some of these very streets became at last, at the time when Fouquier-Tinville, Public Accuser and thousandfold murderer, dreaded to go through them at night because he feared to see—as he afterwards said he often did see—white faces peering at him from out of doorways and round street corners, and from behind trees; white faces poised on equally white throats, round which there ran always a thin red strip like a riband, to which equally white fingers, gleaming out of the darkness of the night, were always pointing.*

Along these streets Lucienne went, observing signs that, owing to the scraps of knowledge she had obtained from her "friends," were easily to be comprehended. She understood why a bold-faced woman, holding a window blind aside to peer out into the street, pointed with a hideous grin to the knife which she had ostentatiously thrust into her belt as she approached this quarter, and understood, as well, why an old man sitting asleep upon a doorstep opened his eyes as she passed by and whispered "To-night!" while at the same time he also gazed with satisfaction at the thing at her waist.

Then, suddenly, as Lucienne went on, passing now a street out of which there branched on either side a number of alleys full of unspeakably miserable houses, there gradually dawned in her mind the knowledge that she was not the only woman who was following this route. She recognised that from the time—almost indeed from the very moment when she had left Madame Verac's house—another woman was walking in her steps. One who was dressed much as she was herself, in a poor common dress; one who also wore the cap of Liberty, yet wore it pulled down closely over her brows, and seemed as though she were not desirous of attracting attention.

"It is strange," Lucienne thought, with some tinge of dawning apprehension, "strange that there should be another woman who is pursuing identically the same road as I—the road from the Rue St. Honoré to La Force. What does it mean—is it in truth a coincidence, or can it be that she is following, tracking me?" While, as she so pondered, there came a tremor to her heart, a tremor that was natural, since if she were followed the fact meant one thing alone. It meant that, amongst all those with whom she had lately mixed, there was one woman at least who suspected her of not being what she pretended to be, and was therefore resolved to either prove or remove her doubts.

"Yet there may be nothing in these fears," she meditated, as she pursued her way unhesitatingly, while determining that in no way would she either show that she recognised she was being spied on, or, even in recognising such to be the case, stood in any dread of her pursuer. But, all the same, she resolved to put her doubts to the test and to learn, if possible, whether the tall dark woman behind was known to her, and whether she was one with whom she had hitherto come into contact.

Acting, therefore, upon this determination, Lucienne set about taking steps to discover who this woman might be, and, at the same time, should she prove to be one of those with whom she had lately been thrown, to avoid her. To avoid her for another hour, or hour and a-half at least, by which time, if she had succeeded in doing so, she would be within the walls of La Force.

"After which," she murmured, "what matters what she knows or suspects! I shall be with him; I shall have saved him or perished with him. Nothing will matter if I can but reach the prison. Nothing! We shall be together for good or evil. I shall have done some little thing in return for what he has done for me."

With every instinct sharpened, therefore; with a firm determination to let no action on this woman's part interfere with that which she had set herself to do since she had learnt beyond all doubt from Madame Verac, as well as from other sources—by questions asked of warders drinking outside

* In a different form of romance, these terrors, or something like them, have been attributed to Robespierre. It was, however, Fouquier-Tinville who experienced them, as he narrated to a friend before his trial.

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La Force, of visitors quitting the place at four o'clock, and, once, of a released prisoner whom she had seen put outside the door while she was standing regarding the place in one of her ceaseless vigils—she now proceeded to discover who this other woman might be. Nor was it difficult to do. The short street, at one end of which she now was while the woman behind her was almost at the other, was traversed by another running at right and left angles; if she could enter the latter and then pass swiftly down one of the innumerable alleys with which all the streets hereabouts were honeycombed, her object would be attained; or, if she could not see who that woman was she would at least have avoided her; she might continue on her way without interruption.

"While," Lucienne thought to herself, "if danger threatens, if aught arises to prevent me from doing that which I have resolved on, then there is this," and, as she thus thought, her fingers touching lightly the hilt of the rude knife she carried at her side. "Margot," she whispered, "the girl who has become one of the people, who has seen blood shed and has yet to see more, is a different woman from the dead and gone Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt." While as she spoke, she laughed again as she had laughed before, as she had laughed often enough of late with the wretches with whom she had for three weeks been herding, and as she had done when speaking of her new found "friends" to Madame Verac. A laugh, bitter, saturnine, and cynical—almost, one might have said, a laugh wrung from a broken, tortured heart. Yet one that would have caused the tears to rise to the eyes of any who had ever known the girl in her happier and more tranquil days, and now saw her in the bitterness of her desolation and self-abandonment.

Turning the corner of the cross street, Lucienne saw with a swift glance—the same backward glance which the hare throws upon the hound in its tracks—that the woman behind was quickening her pace, that she was now following her rapidly, and evidently in fear that she would miss her quarry at the street corner. As was the case, for, by that street corner, there opened an alley, a *ruelle*; while across the narrow roadway was still another alley. Then, calculating the time she had at her disposal, feeling sure that she could reach that further alley—which would be less suspected by the tracker than the one close at hand—Lucienne ran swiftly across the road and into it, and proceeded on down the narrow way until she found refuge behind a huge butt of water that almost blocked the passage. A moment later she saw the other woman appear in the street, and, after gazing up and down it, stand hesitating and bewildered as though unable to comprehend what had become of the object of her pursuit.

As this happened, the woman turned her head in the direction of Lucienne, while the latter, seeing the other's face quite plainly, gave a gasp—almost, indeed, a moan and muttered:

"She here in Paris! She, Adèle Satigny! And recognising, tracking me! My God! I must avoid her, I must escape from her in some way. Or, if I cannot do that—then—then—I must summon one of my new found friends—one of my lovers!—to my assistance. It is in the next street I have to meet Isidore Dubroc. If he is there he will save me. As he must—since I am resolved that nothing, not even her life, shall stand in the way of my entering La Force now."

"Lucienne enters La Force."

CHAPTER XX.

PRISON WALLS.

DANGEROUS as was the position of Lucienne at this time, since she could not doubt that the moment Adèle Satigny was face to face with her she would be denounced as an aristocrat in disguise—since she was the bar which stood between this rival and all her hopes of becoming the wife of the man who had once promised to make an honest woman of her—that danger was, nevertheless, to be avoided.

For, ere Adèle Satigny could cross the road and peer down, or, perhaps, even penetrate into the alley to which Lucienne had fled—as a moment before she had peered down the alley on the side of the street she was still on, there came an interruption; one that not only served to form a barrier between Lucienne d'Aubray and her implacable and hitherto unsuccessful foe, but also to disturb the quiet and slumber—the *assumed* quiet and slumber—of all the denizens of the neighbourhood.

Along the street there marched at this moment a crowd of half-drunken and wholly frenzied tatterdemalions, male and female, all of whom were howling, singing, gesticulating, and sometimes dancing singly or together, whilst amongst them there walked a man, not ill-looking, who was soberly yet well dressed; a man who carried in his hand something which to Lucienne had no significance. Something long, brilliant, and glittering, shaped more like a saw than aught else, it being broader at one end than the other. A thing polished as brightly as a mirror, and, consequently, reflecting the beams of the afternoon sun as they glinted upon it, so that it seemed to flash rays of fire all around.

But if Lucienne did not know what that glittering thing was, if its strange shape conveyed nothing to her mind as, from her position behind the water-butt, she looked forth, the cries and howls and exultations of the seething mass of filthy humanity which accompanied its progress were soon to do so. They did so, indeed, at once.

"*Vive le coutelas!*" some cried, while at the same time they pirouetted about like demoniacs. "*Vive le rasoir des aristocrates!*" shrieked others, while still others jeered and hooted and called to the man who carried the thing (and whom they addressed as Sanson, as well as by the title of "Executor of High Works") to be sure that the razor made the aristocrats "sneeze well into the sack," and that he put their heads comfortably into the little window. But still the singing went on—the singing of a dozen different songs at a time. Some yelled a well known and soon to be popular song, "*Quand la Mer Rouge apparut*," and others chaunted a chorus ending

"Fait tomber—ber—ber—
Fait sauter—ter—ter—
Fait tomber—Fait sauter
La tête."

Later, although at the moment she understood nothing and guessed very vaguely at what all this meant, Lucienne knew that Sanson, the executioner, was transporting the *coutelas*, or knife of the guillotine (which was always in his strict custody) from his house to the Place du Carrousel, where, with some exceptions, it afterwards performed the greater part of its work. He was doing so on this occasion, since on that afternoon, at five o'clock, there was more than one aristocrat to be made to "sneeze into the basket." The guillotine was about to reap its full harvest.*

But, fascinated as Lucienne was by this, at present, incomprehensible spectacle—a spectacle which, she reflected, she should have had some suggestion of from those among whom she had forced herself to move and exist of late—she knew that she must not tarry. In a few moments the people, the guards and accompanists of that hateful polished thing, would have passed on and she could not doubt that, when they had done so, Adèle Satigny would still be there, across the road, ready to continue her search for her and to waylay her, even if powerless to cause her to be arrested. And time

* Two executions fixed for that afternoon were postponed. There was other business on hand. Of the two condemned men, one managed to escape that night from La Force, the other was executed some weeks later.

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was going on—it was three o'clock now—in another hour there would be no admittance to La Force that day. La Force into which she had vowed she would obtain entrance, in which she would contrive by the help of some of her "friends" to remain hidden until it was too late to get out; from which she would never come forth unless George Hope came with her, free and saved. She must go on. She must run no risks.

At the end of the *ruelle* there was, as she could see, another opening, an exit; and now—keeping close to one side of, it so that still the bulging butt should screen her somewhat from the woman who would soon be at the entrance through which she had come herself—she went towards it. And she went fearlessly too, while knowing that, if it were not for the cap and scarf she wore and the knife in her belt, she would never have got to the end alive. For, lurking behind blinds—in many cases behind dirty, discoloured newspapers which served for blinds—were those who were on the alert and who, hearing even her light footfall, were prompt and quick to make inspection. Hateful faces came to the windows, others protruded from half-open doors; eyes glistened, or sometimes glared dimly, from soddened faces behind curtains. Yet Lucienne's dishevelled dress—the dress taken from that dead woman who, as the *ci-devant* Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, had been flung into the Seine, since there was at that moment no cemetery for *Les Suppliciés*—as well as her knife and her red cap saved her from molestation. The more especially did they do so because, although it was well known that countless aristocrats were in Paris disguised as though of the People, it was also known that they never penetrated into this neighbourhood—that of Antoine.

So she went on, firm and determined, and resolved to escape from Adèle Satigny; and through that firmness and determination she was enabled to do so. Unfalteringly, unhesitatingly, she passed through the alley, never looking back once until she had reached the end when, with a hasty glance behind, she saw that her enemy was not yet at the further entrance. She had avoided, escaped from her!

Down two more streets well known to Lucienne through her constant visits to the outside of La Force she went—visits made sometimes in the broad daylight and sometimes during the depths of the summer nights, in the hopes of gleaning intelligence as to what was going on within; drawing near next to a closed church, from which the bell had been removed and in front of which a Tree of Liberty had been thrust in the earth—and—then—in an instant, a man had met her, he having come swiftly out from a narrow passage running between two houses.

"*Tiens!* Margot," he said, "you are late. What has kept you so long, *mignonne?*" while, as he spoke, he made a motion with his arms as though he would enfold her in his embrace. A motion which she was, however, enabled to avoid with a twist and a turn, while accompanying the action by a slight laugh.

"You are always so coy," the man grumbled, as he looked hungrily at her with his red eyes. "So—so—*difficile.* Well! later, you will be all mine. Yet, what is the matter with you? You are agitated. Have you been coquetting with any others on the road?"

"Nay; can you think that! But, Isidore—there was a crowd passing down a street—and—and—Sanson," recalling the name, "was among them with—with——"

"The razor! Ha! yes. There are some aristocrats to be seen to this afternoon. It works well, does our new toy, our little plaything. See now, *mon amour*—one of these days and soon, too, we will make a little *fête* and go see her at work. They say she will be the great spectacle of high days and holidays. Loulou, of our section, sold two hundred packets of bonbons in the crowd when she began her work in the Place de Gréve, and they talk of chairs being let out to see the fun. We will have two chairs next time and two packets of bonbons. *Diable*, we will!"

"We will!" cried Lucienne. "We will!" though, as she spoke, she felt an impulse to drag her knife forth and thrust it into her companion's heart. "We will, *mon ami.* Yet, do not forget. We have first to get rich. I have to earn the money for my dot. To do that I must be in La Force to-night!"

"Oh, you shall be there, never fear. I have arranged all. You will be admitted by—but stay, let us consider again. First, how much is this money you are to get—we are to get?"

"There is," replied Lucienne, even while she seemed to be making a mental sum, though in absolute fact she was going over once more in her mind how much money she absolutely had about her. "There is, for this brigand, this *scélérat* and forger of false assignats——"

"*Scélérat!* Forger! *Tiens, amie*, 'tis no bad trade, and he seems to have prospered since his friends can bribe you so well to get him out. How much is't? Say again."

"Ten thousand livres!"

"Ten thousand! *Diable*, that is a sum! Yet—yet the assignats are now low in value. Soon they will be lower. Even now, twenty livres in assignats are worth but ten in coin."*

"This sum is not in assignats, but in gold. In louis d'or."

"*Dieu!*" exclaimed the ruffian, changing his deity in his astonishment; "that is different. That is worth having. He is safe. Saved! Yet, yet—where is this money? How are we to be paid, *chérie?*"

"We are to be paid when we are safe outside the prison. He has it on him."

"How do you know that?"

"It has been conveyed to him, and—and—he will give it to me, and I to you. Take care of it, or"—bracing herself to utter the loathsome words—"there will be nothing to make a home for us."

"Be sure I will take care of it! Ten thousand livres in gold! Take care of it! Oh! never fear. Why—why—Danton has not so much. Yet," the fellow said, his caution and cunning aroused as well as his cupidity; "yet, suppose when we have got him out he will not pay, or has *not* got it? How then? We have saved him for nothing. How then, I say?"

"Then," and again Lucienne braced herself, steeled herself, while inwardly uttering a prayer to God to pardon her for even having to act, to utter, such things; "then thrust him in again. Let him find his fate."

The heavy hand of the creature who thought that now he was made for life—that ere long he would own both a fortune and a handsome wife—fell in heavy approval on her shoulder; his great, bear-like arms seized her ere she could evade him and strained her to his breast—she thanked God he did not kiss her!—while he muttered, "I have found the right woman for me. The woman for my wife—for the mother of my——"

"Let us go," gasped Lucienne, feeling sick, physically sick, as those feel who have been half-stunned by a blow or nauseated with some foul odour; "let us go. The hour for closing the doors is at hand. Come! Ten thousand livres in gold. We cannot afford to lose them. We cannot. Ten thousand livres—in—gold. It is a fortune for us."

"Come, then. We will enter by the Rue du Roi de Sicile. Jules will be there. He will let you in. With luck you may both be out by dawn—or, at worst, by to-morrow."

"Is it sure to begin to-night?"

"It is sure. Danton has given Santerre the order."

"What," asked Lucienne, with still upon her that feeling of deathly sickness, and with, also, a sensation of warm faintness, as well as a tremor in all her limbs; "what shall I do to-night? Where can I keep myself until the time comes?"

"There is one large room where many women—well!—of our sort—are together. They will escape. We—we—have arranged that. They are no aristocrats. You can stay with them since that room is not locked. Or you can be with Jules. He has always drink with him, and he will not sleep to-night."

"Nor I," whispered Lucienne.

They were now close to the Rue du Roi de Sicile, an old, dirty place full of houses which once, a hundred years ago, had been inhabited by some of the nobility, but which were now, on one side, shops of the lowest kind, while, on the other side, ran those houses of which the Prison de La Grande Force was composed. For, originally nothing more than a small *maison d'arrêt*, the jail had gradually appropriated one squalid building after another, not only in this street, but also in the Rues des Ballets, de St. Antoine, Culture, and Pavée, so that, in fact, the prison occupied nearly a whole square, and possessed three or four entrances and exits.

At the door of No. 2 of the Rue du Roi de Sicile, as the words inscribed under a window showed it to be, they stopped while Isidore Dubroc tapped lightly on the old and iron-bound panels. Then, a moment later, there appeared a face at the little niche let into it—a face, blotched as Dubroc's own and with, if such were possible, a more evil look upon it than there was upon the face of the former.

"Have you brought her?" the owner of that face whispered. "Is she here?"

"Ay, she is here. Come, Margot," Dubroc said; "come, go on with it now. Are you ready?"

"Yes, I am ready," Lucienne replied, rising from a bench by the door on to which she had sunk, overcome once more with that feeling of deathly faintness which she had not been able to shake off since it first attacked her. "Yes. Let me go in."

"One kiss," whispered Dubroc; "one—no! not one? Not when you think——?"

"Not now," Lucienne gasped; "not now. You know how coy I am—you know. Ah! let me go in. The money, Isidore, think of that. Let me earn it—for—for—our future."

* A year later the value of these assignats was almost *nil*. Three thousand nine hundred and fifty francs worth were then given for a gold louis. The price of an ordinary course in a cab was 600 francs in assignats. A fowl cost the same thing, and a bottle of poor wine 300.

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"Let her in," muttered Dubroc to the man who was still gazing at Lucienne and her companion through the bars of the wicket; "let her in. She is strong and brave though she appears so timid. She will go through with it. And then—then—well, you know what there is for your share, Jules. And I love her none the less that she is modest. Few of our Paris *gaillardes* are like her. Open the door, Jules."

So the door opened slowly to the extent of a foot while creaking rustily, hoarsely, on its hinges; it opened, and Lucienne went in as the man Jules held out his hand as though to guide her into the noisome, loathsome place. She went in, leaving behind her the brightness of the September afternoon and all the warmth of the late summer day; into this prison, reeking of damp, full of gloom and of darkness, illuminated only by a few rays of sun that streamed through the wicket bars.

Yet, even as she did so, her faintness seemed to leave her suddenly; she felt strong and brave again and nerved to encounter the horrors that she knew were close at hand.

"For I am near him at last," she whispered to herself. "In the same place with him. We are together once more."

(*To be continued.*)

India's Naval Defence.

Photo. Copyright. *Bourne & Shepherd, Bombay.*

ON BOARD THE "MAGDALA."

Group of Officers and Men of the Coast Defence Turret-ship which Lies in Bombay Harbour.

It would be difficult indeed to estimate at all accurately the interests which are guarded by the East Indies Squadron. The Squadron in question is not a large one, consisting as it does of the flag-ship "Highflyer," which is a second-class cruiser, the cruisers "Cossack," "Pomone," and "Racoon," the gun-boats "Pigeon" and "Redbreast," the Special Service vessel "Sphinx," and the coast defence ships "Magdala" and "Assaye." But upon it devolves the duty of guarding an extent of territory and of wealth which is absolutely beyond calculation. Nor is the work of the Squadron confined to purely Indian waters. Its vessels guard the Persian Gulf and Aden, and are to be found making frequent visits to the islands and the East Coast of Africa. In time of war such a squadron would be inadequate against a determined enemy, but our magnificent resources in the China seas and at the Cape would enable it to be speedily reinforced, and we may be very sure that of all enterprises likely to be conceived by foreign foes, a Naval descent upon India would be one of the most utterly hopeless.

Our illustration shows a group of the officers and men of the "Magdala," the coast defence ship which lies in Bombay Harbour along with the torpedo gun-boat "Assaye." We have given the story of the "Magdala" at length in a previous issue of this journal, but none the less our readers will be interested in this lively presentment of her personnel. The ship herself forms a prominent and imposing feature in the magnificent harbour of Bombay, which may truly be said to be the water gateway of our possessions in the East. A considerable number of natives will be noted among the "Magdala's" crew. Asiatics, as a rule, make better soldiers than sailors, but in the Lascar the Indian liners and the Indian Marine have found excellent material so far as the business of working a ship is concerned.

There is something singularly impressive in the idea of this big ship lying in Bombay Harbour like a sleeping watchdog, but with one eye open. From the standpoint of modern Naval efficiency the "Magdala" may not rank in the first class, but she symbolises very finely the solidity and far-reaching character of England's Naval dominion, and, if need were, could show teeth which would assuredly deter any but a very hardy intruder from violating the watery precincts she has to guard.

Existence on board the "Magdala" is hardly of the pleasantest, since Bombay is perennially hot, but the shore offers many attractions, and the Bombay Yacht Club is a very pleasant resort where Naval officers are always cordially welcome.

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Work and Play in the "Britannia."

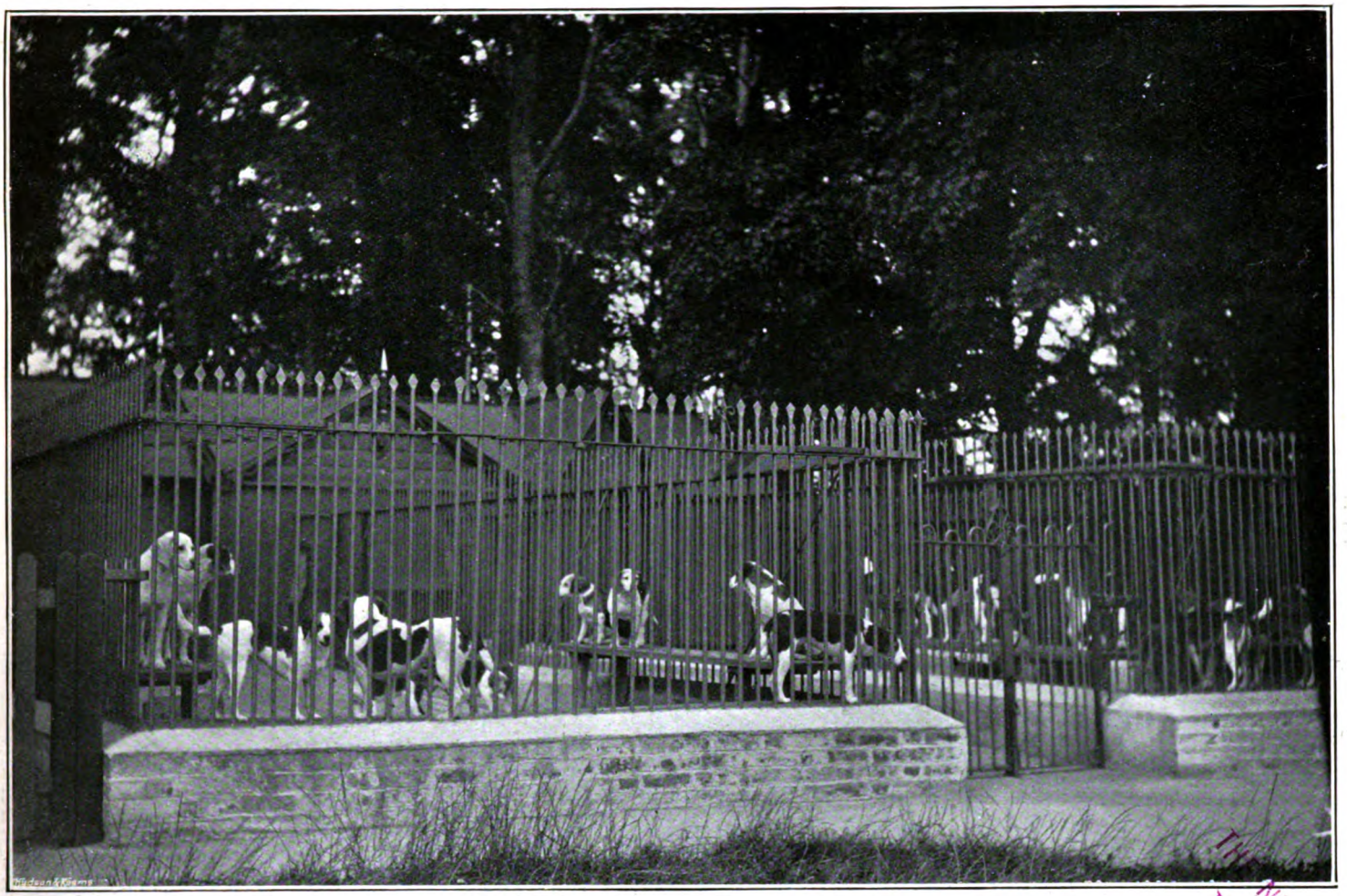

Photo. Copyright. *A. Debenham, Ryde.*

THE "BRITANNIA'S" BEAGLES.

Which Afford Good Sport for the Cadets.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

SONS OF THE ROLLING SEA.

The Latest Batch of Fourth Term "Britannia" Cadets.

Following hounds on foot not only tends to develop bone and muscle, but also makes a man exercise his brains, if he is a keen sportsman. The beagles of the "Britannia," shown in kennel in our first picture, are one of the standing institutions of the historic school that trains officers for His Majesty's Navy. In our second picture are shown the cadets of the last term, now blossomed into officers of the Royal Navy.

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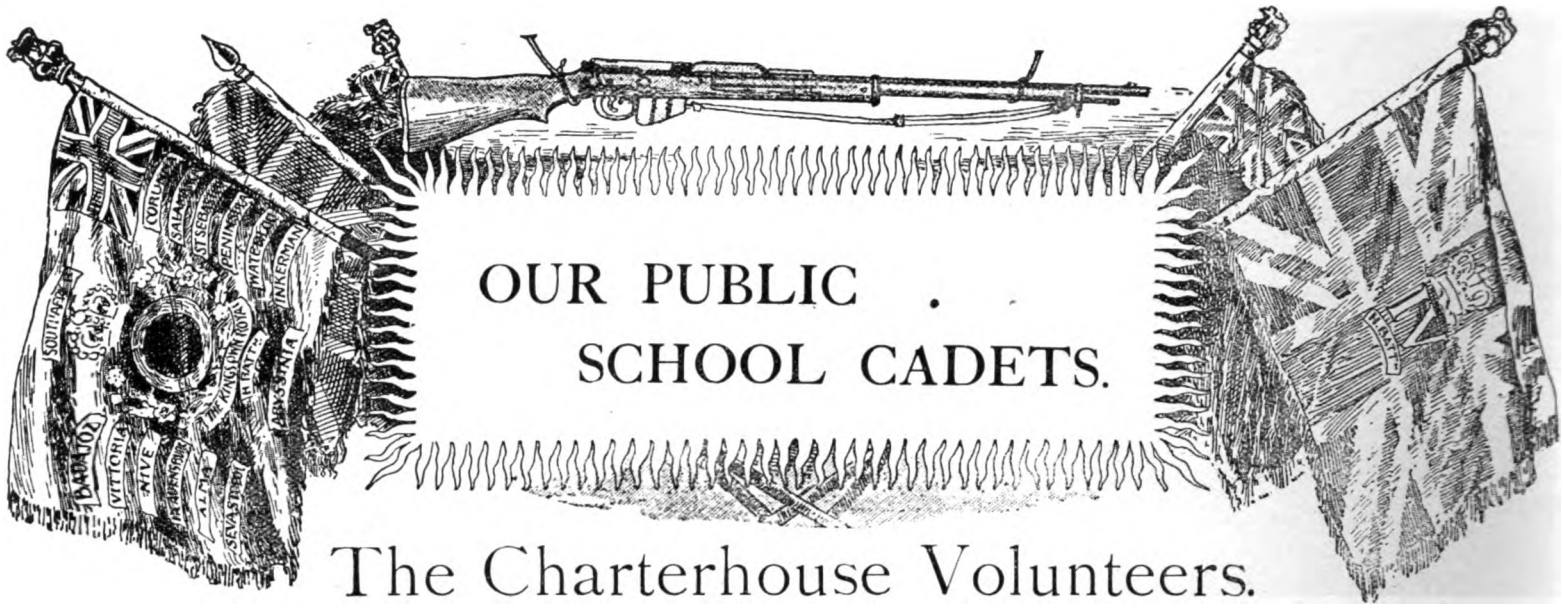

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL CADETS.

The Charterhouse Volunteers.

By CALLUM BEG.

TO the Rev. T. G. Vyvyan belongs the honour of having raised the school cadet corps in October, 1873, but previous to its formation the drilling of the boys had not been altogether neglected. In 1872 it had been laid down that all boys should drill, by houses, once or twice during the week, and together, or "in battalion," so to speak, every Saturday. These Saturday drills, we are told by Captain Tod in his history of the school, were termed "Battal." No very strict discipline was insisted upon at these parades, except in so far as every boy was expected to wear a cap. On "Battal" days the various houses were mustered by their monitors, and proceeded to Green, where, to the strains of a band, the company marched past, and then round the Green in fours. A review was held after the summer quarter, and the parade at the end of each quarter was regularly held in "review order," if that term may be applied to white flannels. This institution did not die with the advent of the cadet corps, but continued until 1892.

When the corps was first raised it was attached to what was then known as the 4th Surrey Administrative Battalion, but it now forms a cadet corps in connection with the 2nd Volunteer Battalion the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment). Although some sixty members joined the corps on its inception, the total armament consisted of twelve Snider rifles, or one rifle to every five boys. They, however, drilled but little, and—to quote Captain Tod—"the only shooting was at glass bottles in a backyard in the Peperharow Road."

Until 1891 the headquarters consisted of a small room, now the *Carthusian* office, fitted as an armoury; but as twelve rifles formed the sum total of arms, offensive or defensive, the room was no doubt sufficiently large for the purpose. The year following the formation of the corps the boys were allowed to shoot on a range at Hurtmore, and all at least fired their "class." That year the school entered a team for the Ashburton Shield at Wimbledon, but was doomed to disappointment, for the number of hits—seventy-seven—was equal to the number of misses made; yet the Charterhouse team succeeded in securing a more honourable place in the list than did Rossall.

In judging the shooting of that day we must not be hypercritical. The Lee-Metford was unknown, the team was new to its work, and there were no coaches to give direction and advice. The roll of those who attended Wimbledon that year, however, contained the name of more than one boy who, later on, was to make his mark, and in it was included that of Major-General Baden-Powell, whose heroic doings in South Africa are so well known to all readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED that they call for no further notice in this article. Suffice it to say that Carthusians are justly proud of the "old boy" whose name is inseparably connected with Mafeking.

In 1881 Captain Tod replaced Mr. Vyvyan as commanding officer; but another memorable event was that year recorded in the annals of the corps. It attended the Great Review held by the late Queen at Windsor, after having been fully equipped and steadily drilled for a considerable time before the event. The announcement that the cadets were to attend the review acted as if by magic for the good of the whole corps. In a short time the ranks were doubled, and a company of twenty-four file, representing Charterhouse, marched past the saluting base at Windsor, attached to the 2nd V.B. the Queen's. The review formed a turning point in the life of the cadet corps as an institution. Since 1881 it has gone on increasing in efficiency.

In 1883, on its own initiative, Charterhouse instituted some useful exercises in the shape of small field days, or, as Captain Tod terms them, "cross-country drills," but owing to the length of the summer term, the Charterhouse Cadets do not attend the Public Schools Camp at Aldershot. They of course join in the regular Public School Field Days, and have done so since 1883.

The Jubilee reviews held in St. James's Park and at Aldershot in 1887 were both attended by a contingent from the school. On the first occasion, although the heat was so intense, only one boy fell out, and this fact reflects great credit upon both the discipline and physique of the rank and file, when it is considered that they were under arms in Waterloo Place and the Mall for over two hours.

The trials of the day imposed upon the cadets the exercise of self-control, but, overcome by the heat, it is recorded that at Woking Station, on the return journey, they were for the most part unable to restrain themselves from drinking out of the fire buckets, which the porters placed at their disposal.

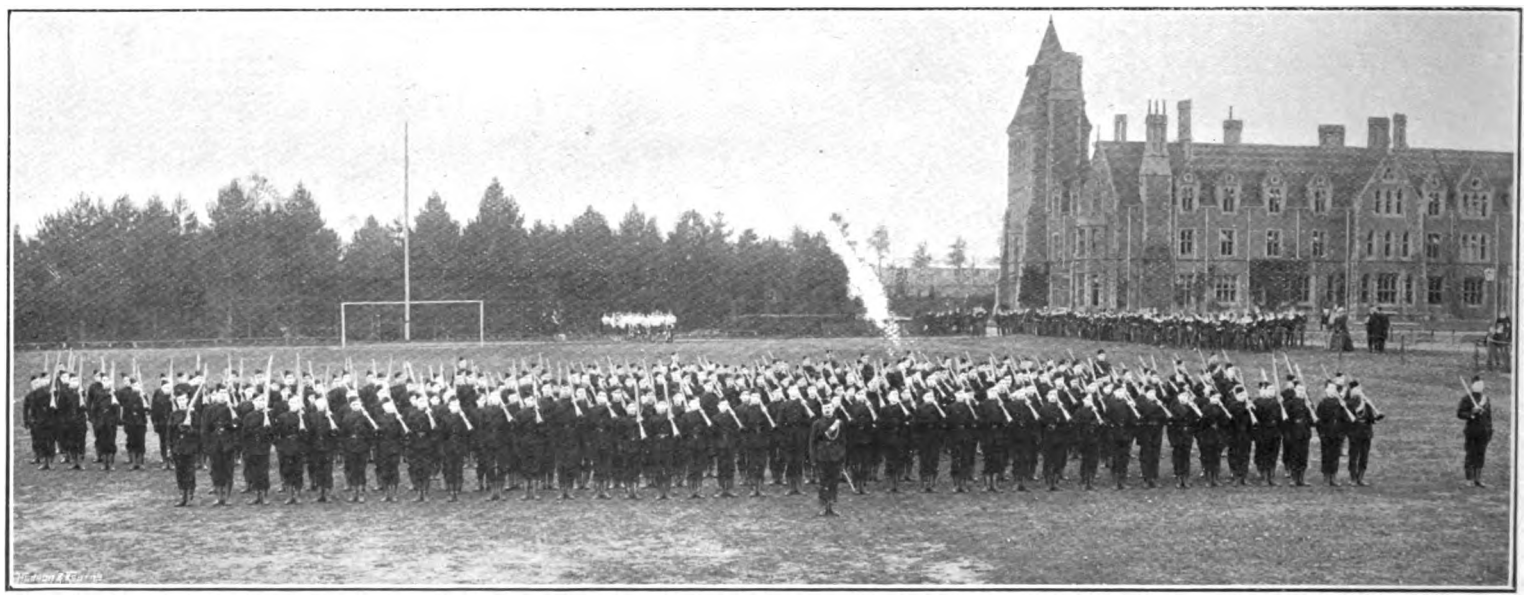

Photo. Copyright. A. H. Fry, Brighton.

SCHOLARS AND SOLDIERS TOO.

The Charterhouse School Cadet Corps on Parade.

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Photo. Copyright. Hudson & Ayres.

THE OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

Sergeant H. C. Cuniberbatch. *Sergeant W. G. W. Garforth.* *Sergeant H. W. Jacomb.* *Sergeant C. H. Whittle.*
Second Lieutenant G. H. Staveley. *Lieutenant T. B. Wilson.* *Captain A. H. Tod.* *Second Lieutenant W. H. P. Swaine.*
Sergeant-Instructor J. Grindel. *Sergeant G. M. Smith.* *Sergeant H. B. Wilson.* *Sergeant A. H. Fry.*
Lieutenant J. O. Little.

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On the occasion of the review at Aldershot the cadets were called upon to undergo even greater privations, for what requirement could be more exacting in the case of a growing lad than that he should parade minus breakfast? This the corps did *en masse* as early as 5.45, and the cadets were afterwards under military control until four o'clock, when they were dismissed to refresh the inner man. It was nearly midnight when the hardy young soldiers returned to Charterhouse, after having marched past to a chorus of applause.

In 1897, too, the corps was present at the review held by her late Majesty at Windsor to the number of 160, all of whom were over 5-ft. 4-in. in height. It had then the unique distinction of being the only cadet corps on the ground armed entirely with Lee-Metford rifles.

The drill of the corps in these days of military ardour is carried out most systematically, and may take the place of school work during the two weekly singing hours of Long and Oration quarters. When summer is at its hottest, company drill is abandoned, but position drill is persevered in daily. In the winter months the evening drills are performed "in hall."

We have said that the first year at Wimbledon was not for Charterhouse a great success, but the following year (1875) a better range was provided for practice, with the result that the school team took fifth place for the Ashburton Shield. The same year the old Hurtmore range was condemned, and it then became necessary, if practice at 500-yds. was desired, to drive seven miles to Blackheath.

In this respect the corps was in much the same position as was Bradfield at one period, but the shooting of the Charterhouse boys does not seem to have suffered; for a year later the team they sent to Wimbledon came out second on the list when competing for that trophy so much coveted by school boys—the Ashburton Shield. In 1878 the school stood fifth, and in the following year again returned to the position it held in 1876. In 1880 it took fifth place, and in 1881 seventh, but in 1882 its efforts were rewarded, and the Carthusian team, winning by six points, took back the Shield to Charterhouse. T. T. Jackson was then captain of the eight, and although the weather was against him, he scored thirty-three for his team at 500-yds., using a Snider rifle.

Charterhouse did not fall from its proud position at the next meeting of the National Rifle Association, but it won by half the number of points. The team scored 406, and was closely followed by Winchester with 403.

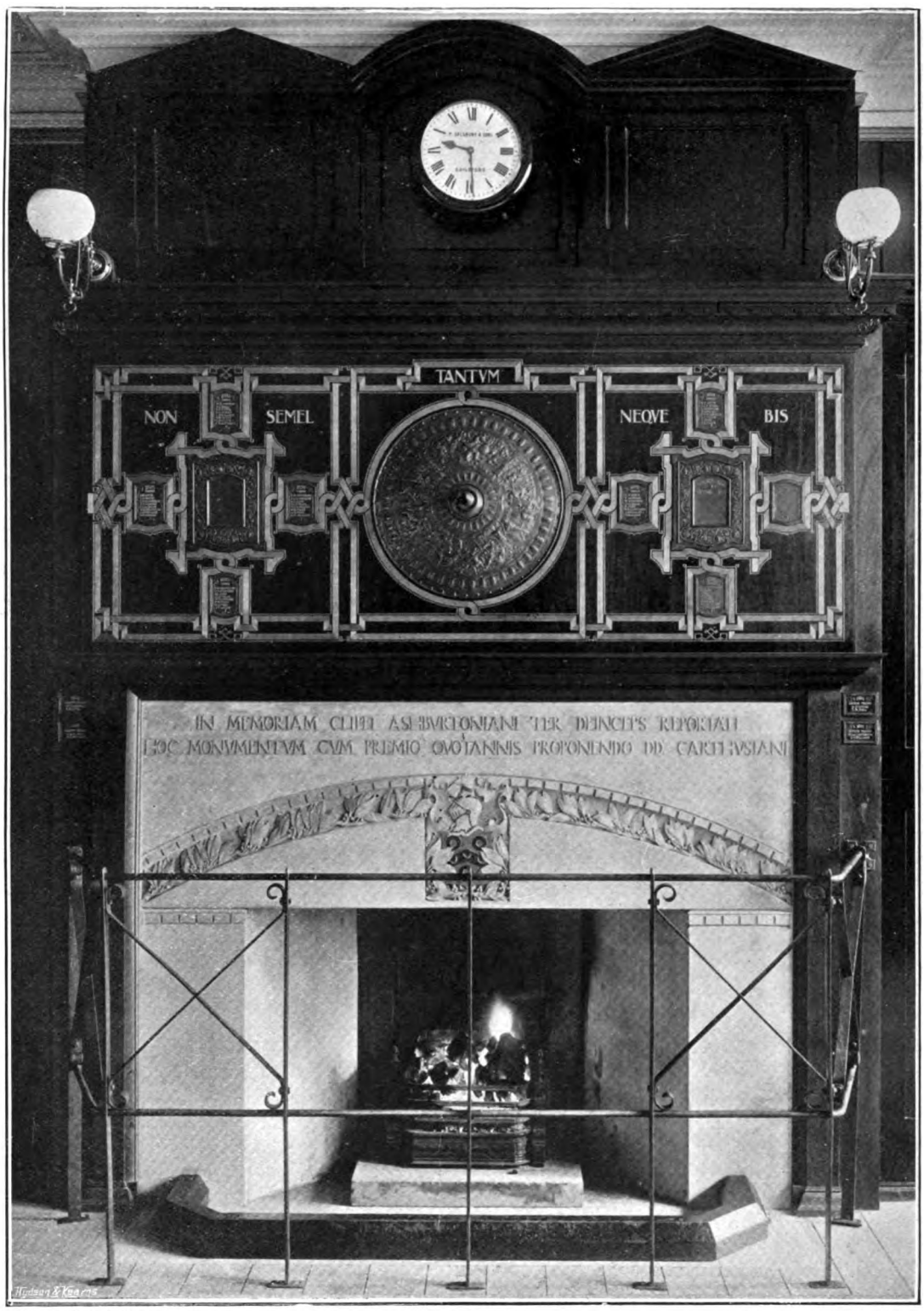
After being so successful for two years running, the Carthusians, on the next fight taking place for the Shield, fell to seventh place, although at 200-yds. their score was the highest. It was in this year (1884) that a new range was constructed at Puttenham Great Common with all the latest improvements, and entirely without outside aid. As was befitting, too, the Snider rifle passed out of use, and the weapon of the corps became the Martini-Henry. With that rifle F. L. Vogel captured the Spencer Cup in 1885.

Charterhouse did not again come to the front in the shooting world until 1889, when the National Rifle Association held its meeting at Wimbledon for the last time, but in that year it once more succeeded in winning the Shield. The following year the team sent to Bisley easily won the Shield. With a score of 450 it headed the list, leaving Harrow second, with forty-eight points less. In 1891 yet another win was recorded, but this time by a majority of two points only.

After bringing home the Shield in three successive years, the boys, with natural pride, raised a subscription to celebrate their skill with the rifle. Money was forthcoming in plenty, and the Ashburton Memorial was erected in the armoury; £100 yet remained, and this was invested to buy a silver cup every year for the highest scorer in "foreign" matches. In 1892 the Charterhouse team still maintained its position, and again in 1895 and 1896.

When the Lee-Metford was first used by the Carthusians (in 1897), they commenced by leading at 200-yds., but their luck was out, and at the longer ranges their scores fell off. They did not, however, continue to "play second fiddle" for long. In 1898, after a well-won fight, Charterhouse defeated Wellington by two points, but in 1899 the school had to be content with second place, which position it still retained last year.

Although being a cadet corps in the strict sense of the word, and tied down to no Government terms of efficiency, the doings of the Charterhouse Cadets are characterised by an enthusiastic spirit, and despite the fact that shooting is not compulsory when a recruit has fired his recruit's course, the targets are constantly occupied by eager marksmen whenever the weather permits of shooting taking place.



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IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ARMOURY.

Showing a Replica of the Ashburton Shield, Won Many Times in Succession by the Charterhouse Boys.

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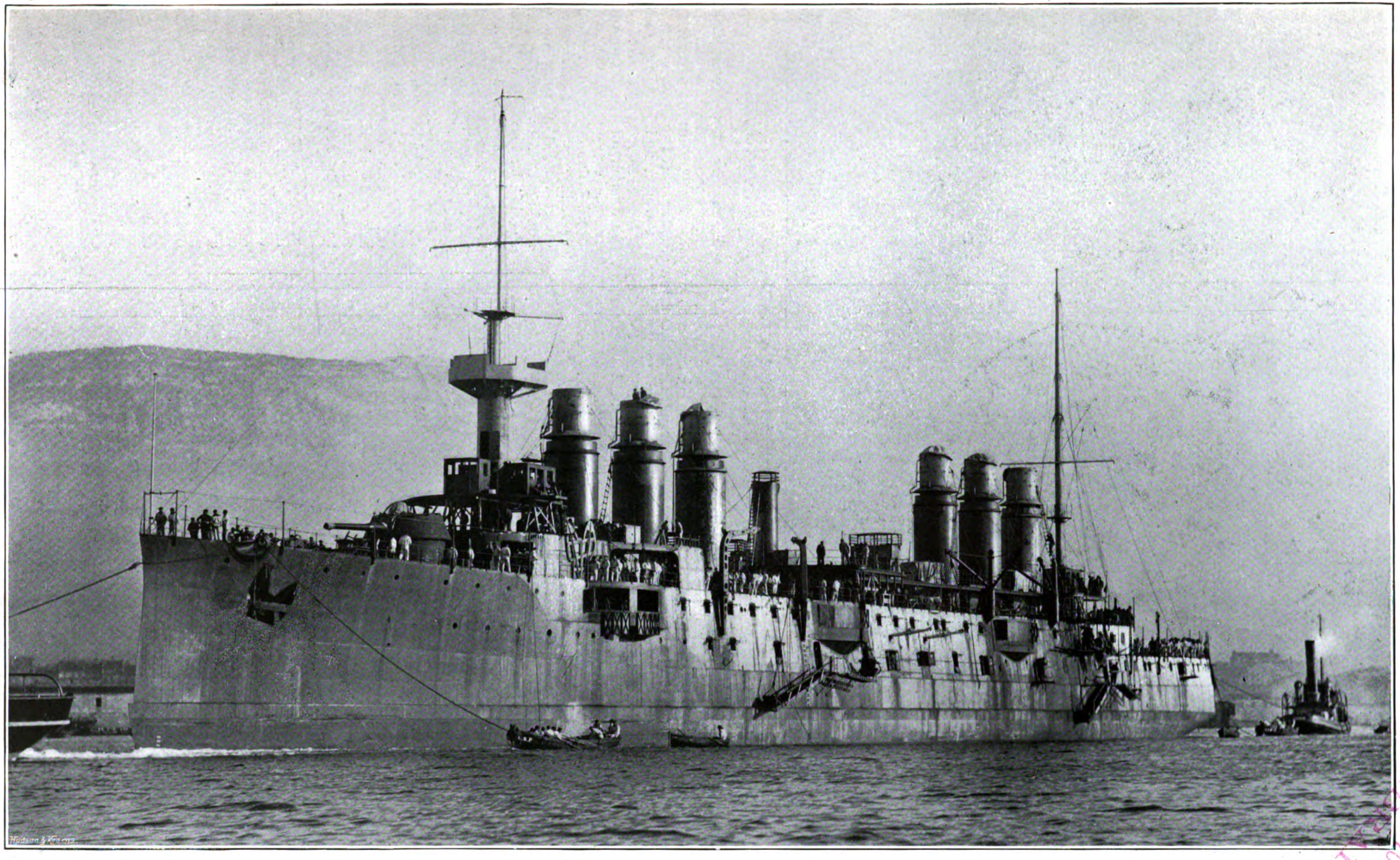

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE NEW FRENCH ARMOURED CRUISER "JEANNE D'ARC."

The Very Latest Continental Type of Commerce Destroyer.

Here is the embodiment of the most up-to-date French ideas of commerce destroying as applied to Naval construction. With her six funnels and other peculiarities, strange and not altogether pleasing to English eyes, the "Jeanne d'Arc" can hardly be called a very attractive vessel. But she can travel as fast as an Atlantic liner, and might prove a serious plague in time of war to an enemy's merchantmen.

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Making Headway in China.

EVER since the relief of the Peking Legations the course of events in China has been extremely exasperating to the conscientious chronicler. Beyond a few expeditions from Peking and Tientsin, the history of the operations controlled by Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee has been almost completely obscured by diplomatic complications, squabbles about railways, and curious speculations as to Russia's action in regard to Manchuria. It is true that the Allied Powers through their military representatives have occupied some of their spare time in formulating schemes for the future protection of the Peking Legations, which are strongly resented by the Chinese as indicating an intention to dominate the Imperial city by something resembling a first-class fortress. But of genuine progress towards the realisation of any substantial result there had been little or nothing until a very short time back. Then, all of a sudden, the action of the drama was quickened, and at least one step forward was made which the Allies had been endeavouring to make for many months past, being repeatedly foiled in the attempt by the obstinacy of the Dowager Empress and the astute "procrastitude," as Kipling would call it, of her so-called "Peace Envoys."

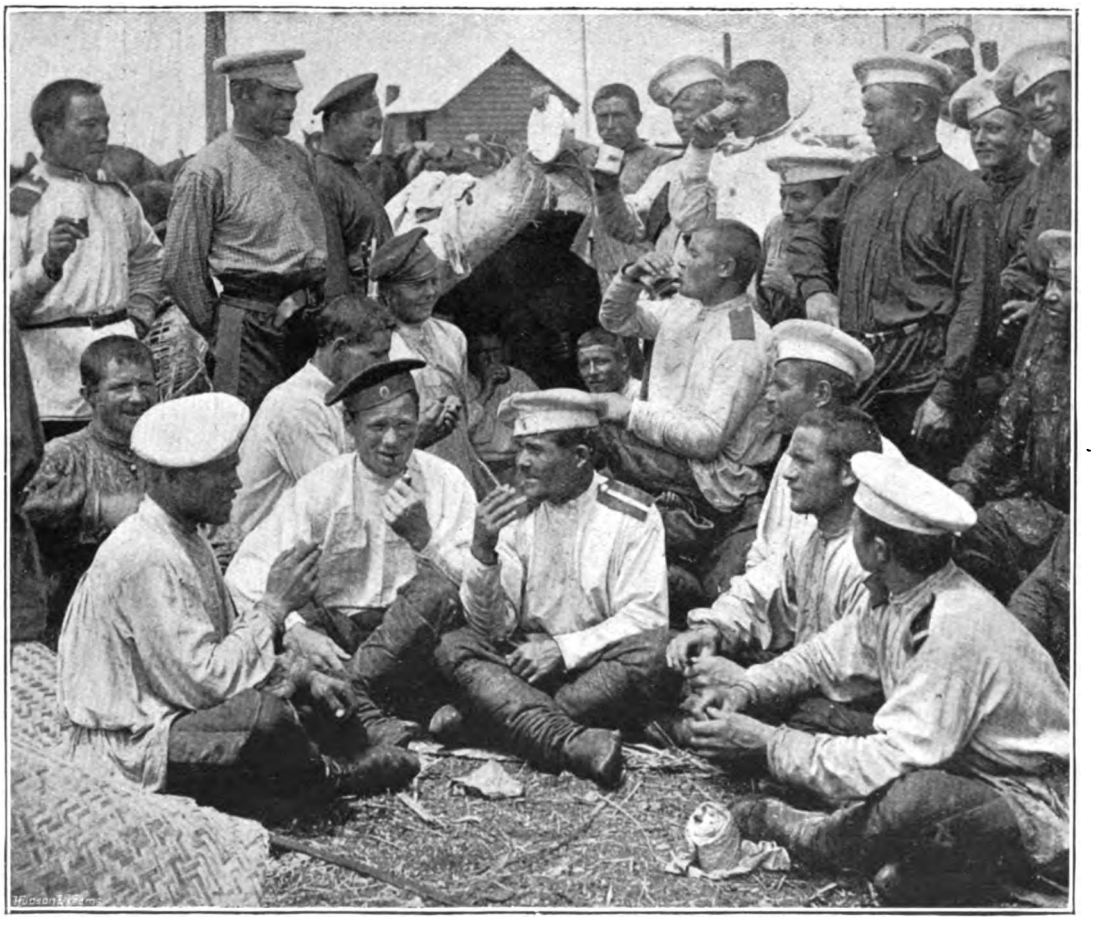
From the commencement of the peace negotiations a very vexed point has been the punishment of the officials implicated in the murder of the German Ambassador and in the attack on the Peking Legations. The Allied Powers demanded that Prince Tuan and several other officials should be punished, some by death, some by degradation, and to this demand the Court at Si-ngan-fu would return no satisfactory reply. At last something very like a diplomatic *impasse* was arrived at, and serious action became absolutely necessary.

AWAITING THE CHINESE AT TONGU.

These are French Soldiers Cooking their Dinners on Rather an laborate Campaign Stove.

About the middle of February Count von Waldersee suddenly requested all the commanders of the Allied European troops to prepare new expeditions of considerable strength, including a British force of 5,000 men. On February 19 the British, German, and Japanese Legations also notified the Chinese Peace Envoys that if the Court continued to disregard the demand of the Powers for the punishment of the guilty officials, an expedition would proceed to Si-ngan-fu itself. The effect of this drastic procedure was electrical. The Court yielded at once, only petitioning that two of the prisoners should be strangled instead of being decapitated, a point which the Ministers conceded. At the time of writing several of the sentences had been carried out, two of the officials having committed suicide "by order," in the orthodox Celestial fashion, while two others were publicly beheaded at Peking on February 26. The dismal ceremony appears to have been conducted as impressively as possible, the French, German, and American troops guarding the street in which the execution took place, while the Japanese provided an escort. One of the condemned officials, Hsu Cheng-yu, was completely stupefied by opium, but the other, Chi-hsiu, met his fate in a very fearless and dignified manner.

It is satisfactory to learn that, while the expeditions announced by Count von Waldersee have been postponed, the preparations are being continued, and in a week or two it will become possible to take further action in any direction if necessary. In the middle of this month our own Australian contingents are to be relieved by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, after having won golden opinions by their admirable conduct and smart soldierly bearing.



SOLDIERS OF THE CZAR.

The Russian Army is well Represented in China by Fine Active Youngsters of Good Fighting Quality.

From Stereoscopic Photographs by Underwood & Underwood, London, Copyright, 1901.

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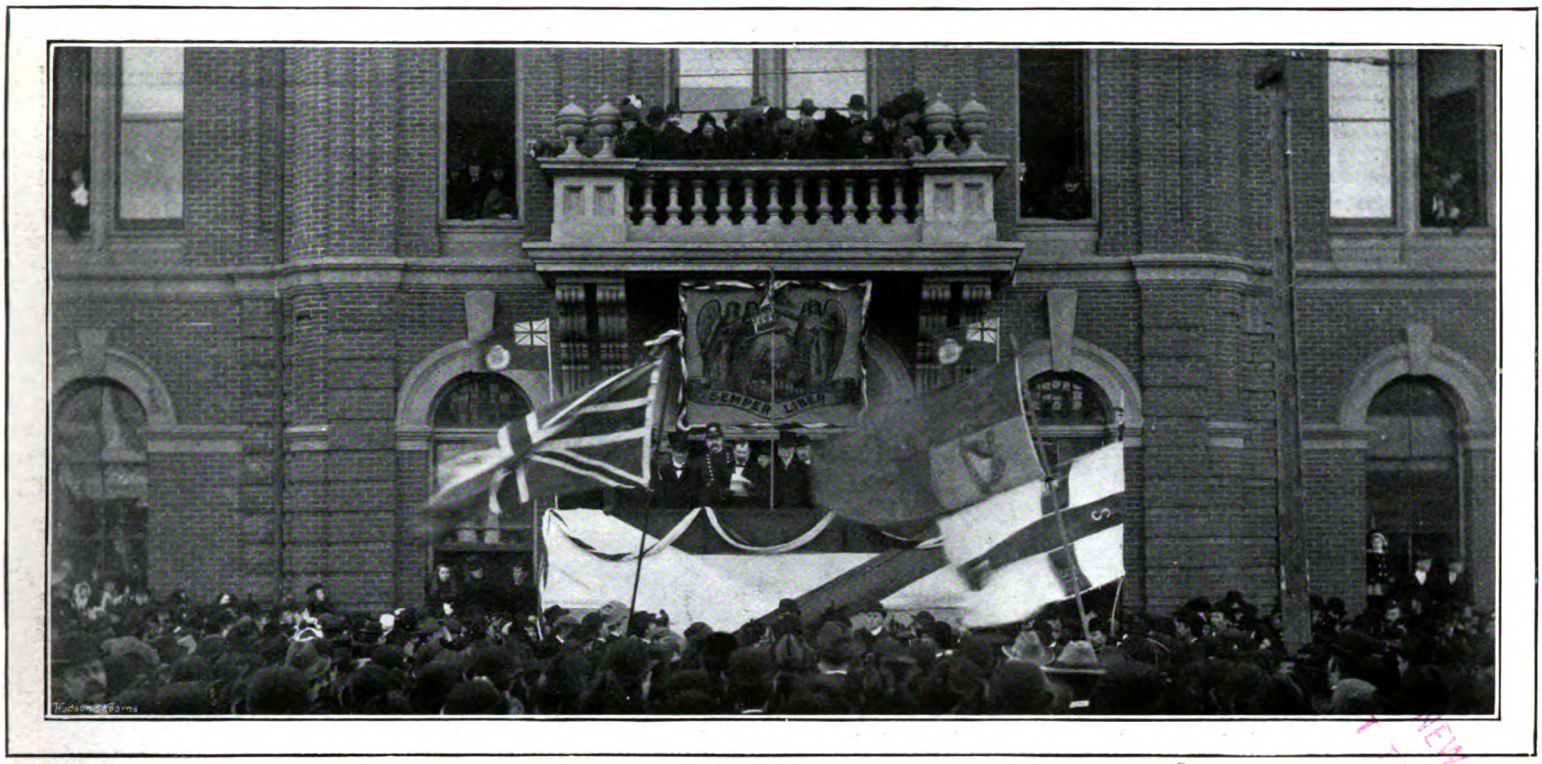
"La Reine est Morte; Vive le Roi!"



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ON THE FRINGE OF THE FAR PACIFIC.

Proclaiming King Edward VII. at Victoria, British Columbia.

Photo. Copyright. *Allerston.*

IN THE LOYAL "GARDEN COLONY."

The Proclamation of the King at Pietermaritzburg.

Far apart as are British Columbia and Natal, both shared equally in the Empire's sorrow for the loss of the great Queen, both gave evidence of equal loyalty when the proclamation was read announcing the accession of King Edward VII. From the hour when the tidings of Queen Victoria's death were received until the day of her funeral, business was practically suspended in British Columbia. On February 2 a monster open-air meeting—a "Societies' Memorial Service"—was held in front of the provincial Parliament Buildings, and when it was concluded the vast concourse—some 20,000 people—moved to the front of the City Hall, where the proclamation of the accession of King Edward was read. Our picture of this impressive scene is from a photograph taken expressly for this paper. At Pietermaritzburg the proclamation was read on January 28 before an immense gathering, including a number of native chiefs.

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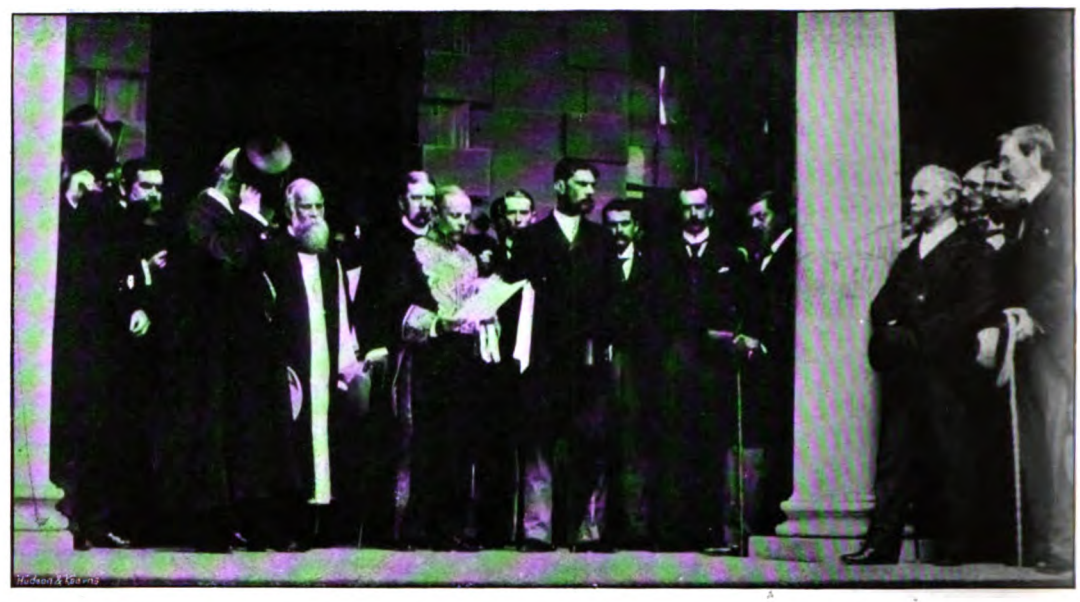
"La Reine est Morte; Vive le Roi!"

THE Empire has not yet ceased to mourn for the Gracious Lady who so recently entered into her rest. When, indeed, Queen Victoria passed from the throne which she had so long and so nobly filled, nothing was more remarkable than the obviously personal character of the nation's sorrow. From one end of the wide-spread British Empire to the other there was a sense of personal loss, of the loss of a friend, and surely no higher tribute could be paid to any Sovereign. While never derogating in the smallest degree from her queenly dignity, truly may it be said of the late Sovereign that she endeared herself to her subjects.

La Reine est morte; vive le Roi! And so the sorrowful tribute to the great Queen was followed by the loyal acclaim which greeted King Edward VII. Everywhere the proclamation of the new King was received with enthusiasm, for the monarch who was lately Prince of Wales stood second only to his revered mother in the hearts of that mother's subjects. The telegrams, too, that told day by day of the reading of the proclamation were a useful reminder of the unity of interest and of sway which binds together the component parts of the British Empire. We give on the previous page some particulars of the proclamation of the King's accession at places as far apart as Victoria, in British Columbia, where the stormy Pacific washes the verge of the Western Hemisphere, and Pietermaritzburg, in that loyal colony which has made such great sacrifices in the cause of the Empire. Of our remaining pictures, one deals with the reading of the proclamation at Antigua, in the West Indies. Sir Francis Fleming, the Governor-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands, first read an announcement of the death of Queen Victoria, and then the Provost-Marshal read the proclamation of the accession of King Edward VII. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and three cheers were given for the King, and then the Royal Standard was lowered and the ceremony came to an end. Another picture shows the reading of the proclamation in Britain's latest colony. This time the scene is the Church Square at Pretoria. The ground was kept by troops, and there was a large gathering of the public. Lord Kitchener and his staff were present, and Major-General Maxwell, the Military Governor, conspicuous on a white horse, read the proclamation reciting the King's titles, and among them that of "Supreme Lord of and over the Transvaal." Lord Kitchener then called for three cheers for the King, and, of course, they were given with all possible heartiness. Our final picture represents Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, leaving Parliament Grounds, Ottawa, after opening King Edward's first Canadian Parliament. Lord Minto is seated in his state sleigh, his two aides-de-camp are opposite to him, and the officer commanding the escort and the trumpeter are immediately behind the sleigh.



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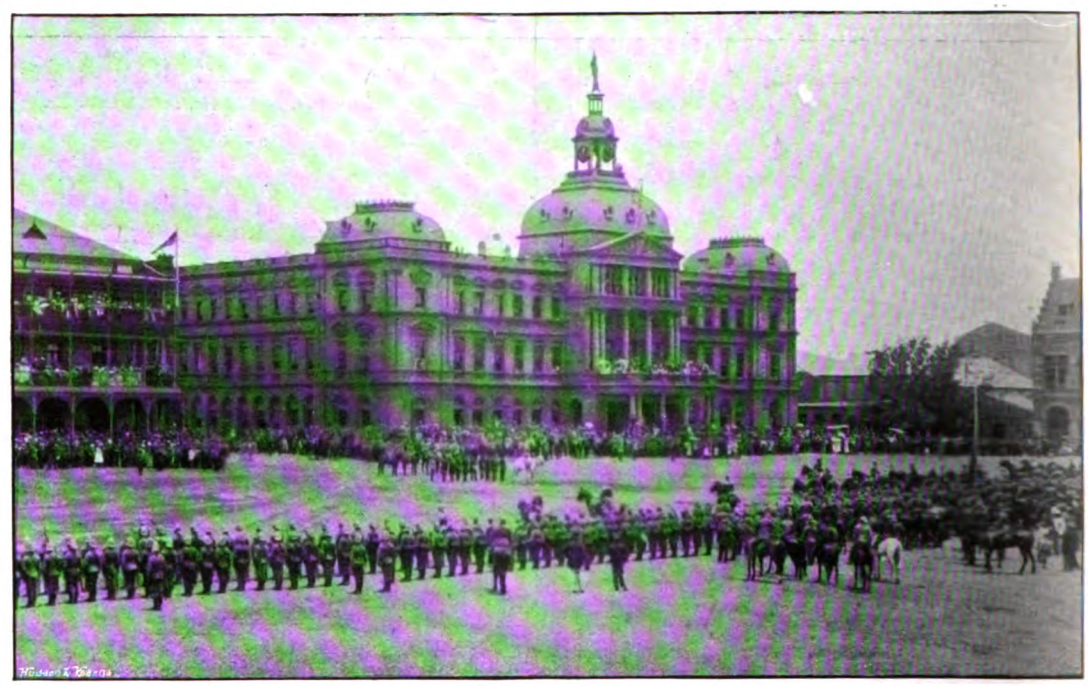
IN THE LEEWARD ISLANDS.

Reading the Despatch Announcing the King's Accession at Antigua.



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IN BRITAIN'S LATEST COLONY.

General Maxwell Reading the Proclamation at Pretoria.

Photo. Copyright. *Phillips.*

KING EDWARD'S FIRST CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

Lord Minto Leaving Parliament House, Ottawa, after the Opening Ceremony

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THE
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VOL. XI.—No. 215.] SATURDAY, MARCH 16th, 1901.

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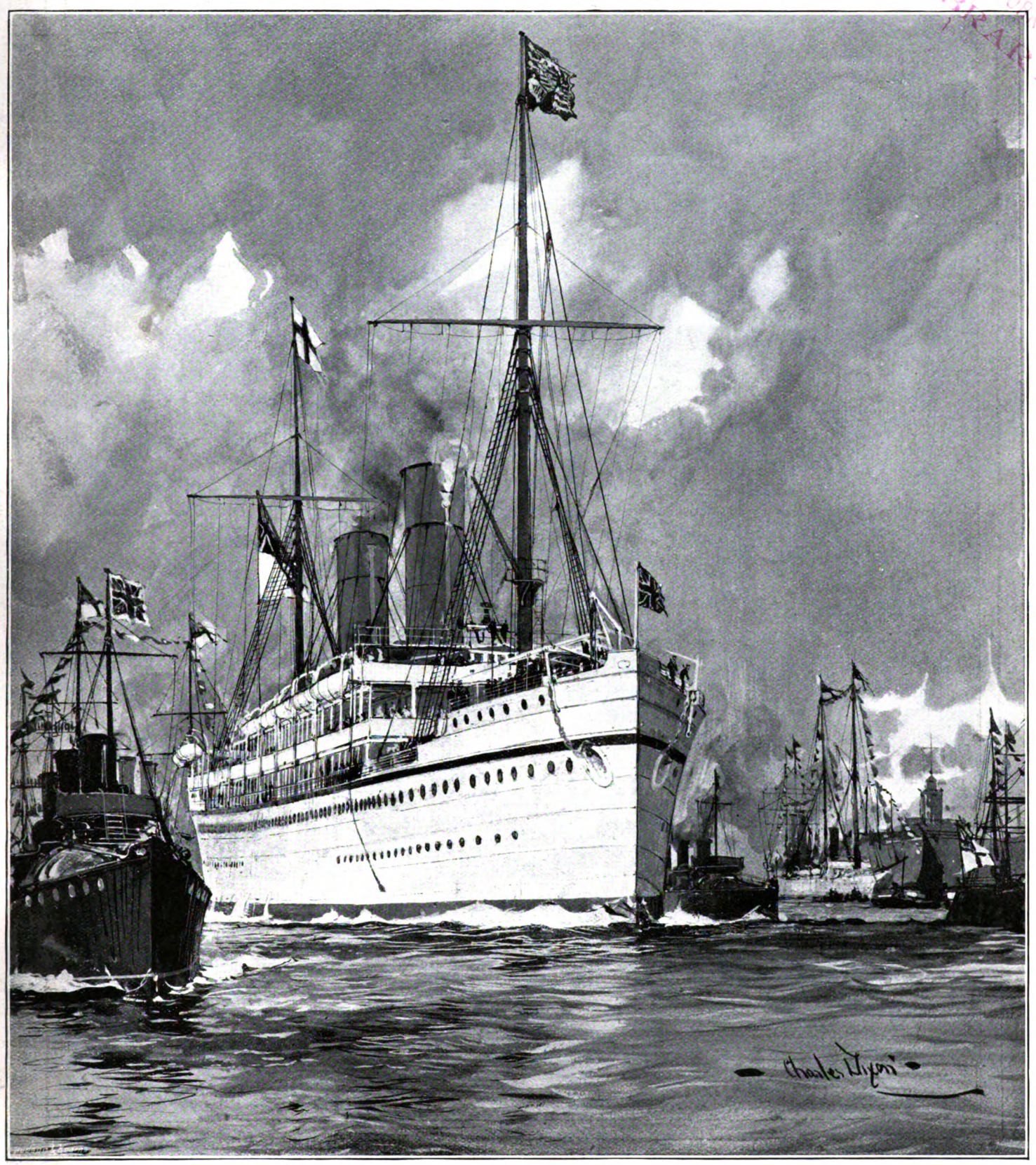

From a Drawing. *By Charles Dixon, R.I.*

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL LEAVES FOR HIS COLONIAL TOUR

Carrying with him the Empire's Best Wishes for a Prosperous Voyage.

The "Ophir," in which Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are about to make what may be justly reckoned an historical voyage, is now classed in the Navy List as one of His Majesty's ships. She is manned for the most part by officers and seamen of the Royal Navy, and has been most beautifully fitted up for the accommodation of her Royal passengers. It may fairly be anticipated that the "Ophir" will prove a credit to herself and to the great Steamship Line which placed her at the Admiralty's disposal.

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Pleased as we all are that the Duchess of Cornwall and York should be accompanying her Royal husband on a voyage calculated to be of substantial benefit to the spread of the Imperial Idea, Her Royal Highness will be badly missed at home during her protracted absence. By sedulous performance of her high social duties she has graciously retained, and even extended, the popularity she won as "Princess May," and her presence will be much missed at many of the early functions of the new Court *régime*. What is our loss is a colonial gain, however, and we must not grudge Greater Britain the chance of seeing the future Queen as well as the future King of England. That she will receive a hearty welcome goes without saying, and it is pleasant to reflect that it will be as much for her own sake as for that of her Royal spouse.

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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Here we have H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York in his new uniform as a Rear-Admiral. It will be noted that his collars and cuffs are of the pattern only just introduced by the Admiralty, which will not for some time become universal throughout the Naval Service. True sailor that he is, the Heir Apparent takes, we may be very sure, a genuine pride in the uniform of his high rank; and neither the Navy nor the nation forgets that the rank in question was not attained until the Royal holder had put in a very fair share of hard work in lower grades. In every one of these, moreover, from middy to post captain, he proved himself a zealous and efficient, as well as everywhere a most popular, officer.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Heir-Apparent's Tour.

THE tour on which the Duke of Cornwall and York is just starting is such a tour as no heir to the British Crown has ever made before. Indeed, it may be said that no heir to any throne, no ruler of any empire, could ever in the history of the world have undertaken a journey comparable to this. Think, to begin with, what this means—that all the way from England to Australia the "Ophir" will be escorted by British ships. The Channel Squadron take first duty; next, the Mediterranean; and then, in succession, the ships on the Indian, the China, and the Australian stations. Could anything better proclaim to the world, quietly and without ostentation or bluster, that Britannia rules the waves? From one end of the earth to the other, and all the way under the protection of the King's Fleet—not of a squadron specially commissioned for the purpose, but of these several squadrons, doing their ordinary work on their accustomed beats, just as they do it, year in, year out, for the maintenance of the maritime *pax Britannica* and of the vast interests of British trade. It is a thought to make our hearts beat high with pride; yet must our pride be tempered by humility, since great powers bring great responsibilities.

When he reaches the shores of Australia, the Duke will be—not for the first time, indeed, though for the first time since he became a man—amongst a free people, who will gladly acclaim him as the future occupant of the throne, as the future monarch who will symbolise the unity of the British race. He will see their "sounding cities, rich and vast"; he will understand the enormous extent of the Australian continent; he will appreciate the labours of our brothers across the sea to make their land a prosperous province of the Empire, to give their Commonwealth that stability and strength which can only grow out of the supreme effort of a nation thoroughly in earnest. Next he will visit South Africa, where we all hope and pray that peace may have been restored by the time he lands at Durban and drops anchor in Simon's Bay. In Natal and in Cape Colony, he will be hailed with loyal pleasure, we hope, by men of all parties, by both the white races which populate British South Africa. It will be a moment when any event that can induce the whole population to sink differences and forget what is past, will be of supreme value to the cause of order and content. All that can be done to conciliate and charm, the Duke and Duchess will do. Their visit may have the best possible effect, and every effort should be made to consult the feelings of the King's Dutch subjects and to make it as easy as possible for them to share gladly and whole-heartedly in the festivities that will be arranged. Later, the Duke will journey on to Canada, where another great nation will bid him welcome, where another vast country, bound to us by ties of affection and interest, will hail with enthusiasm the Royal bearer of our messages of greeting and goodwill.

For this is the light in which the Duke of Cornwall's tour should be regarded. When ill-conditioned grumblers point to its expense, and ask whether it is really anything but a very elaborate pleasure trip, here is their answer. The Duke goes forth, not as a future landlord, viewing his possessions, but as an envoy from the Motherland to the fair daughter-provinces. He goes to tell them, what we would all have them know, that the events of the past eighteen months have touched our hearts with the live coal of sympathy and love; that we feel a new sense of comradeship, a new bond of sentiment, a new pride of kinship. There is a flush on our cheeks when we recollect how the Colonies, at the first moment of the Empire's need, hastened to offer their aid; how Sydney and Melbourne and Ottawa and Wellington heard the blare of the bugle and the tramp of their sons' feet, and were glad to hear it, since the word had gone round that their help would be welcome. There is a proud light in our eyes when we read or tell of the brave deeds and the cheerful endurance of the Colonial levies. There is a catch in our throats when we think of the graves on the rolling veldt and the homes across the Ocean where the loss of dear ones is still scarce realised. British and Australian, Canadian and South African, men from the tropics, men from the arctic zone, men from the temperate clime between—all have faced death together and shed their blood together, and watched one another and learned to respect one another, and to feel what a reality this Empire of Britain is, and what it means to be a citizen of it.

If we could, we would gladly go overseas ourselves, all of us, to grasp our kinsfolks' hands, and look into their frank, British eyes, to rejoice with those of them who have cause for joy, and to weep with them that weep. But such are the conditions of modern travel that we cannot all go in a body to Australia and Canada. Therefore we choose a delegate to journey in our stead. It is well that he who will one day sit on the throne of Great Britain to represent our love of settled order, our respect for ancient forms of Government, our desire to keep party spirit in check by retaining a perpetual symbol of the general welfare which it is the business of parties to promote—it is well that the Heir to the Throne should know and make himself known to the British peoples who uphold the Empire on the other side of the world. It is part of the necessary education of a constitutional sovereign. These British peoples will receive him, then, both as the future King and as the bearer of a gracious message to them. When they read of the preparations we are making to ensure the success of the tour, they can say, every man and woman of them: "This is for us; this is to show what they feel towards us." When we read of the fêtes and the cheers and the crowds and the speeches and illuminations, we can say to ourselves in the same way: "What a reception we are having; how glad they are to welcome our delegate and to hear him deliver the message we have sent."

If we put it in this way, we find that such an event as this tour comes home to us with a personal force, as something in which we ourselves, each one of us, are directly interested. It is very far from being a mere pageant for pleasure or an empty State ceremonial. It is the outward and visible sign of a feeling that goes straight from the hearts of the people here to the hearts of the people there. When the "Ophir" weighs anchor to-day (Saturday), she will bear off across the salt leagues of ocean a rich cargo of good wishes and affection. We can trust the Duke of Cornwall to deliver it with the grace and tact he has learnt from the King, and we know that he will bring back in exchange as great a burden of kind messages from every colony he visits. Therefore it is in no formal sense, but with the sincerest hope that all may go well, that we wish His Royal Highness *Bon Voyage* and a safe return.

PROGRAMME OF THE TOUR.

The official time-table of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's tour, which has been delayed in issue and subjected to alterations, is as follows:

Arrive.	*Port.*	*Leave.*
	Portsmouth	March 16
March 20	Gibraltar	March 22
March 25	Malta	March 27
March 30	Port Said	March 31
April 1	Suez	April 1
April 5	Aden	April 6
April 12	Colombo	April 16
April 21	Singapore	April 23
May 6	Melbourne	May 16
May 20	Brisbane	May 25
May 27	Sydney	June 6
June 11	Auckland	June 16
June 18	Wellington	June 21
June 22	Lyttelton	June 24
June 25	Dunedin	June 27
July 2	Hobart	July 7
July 10	Adelaide	July 15
July 20	Fremantle	July 25
August 5	Mauritius	August 8
August 13	Durban	August 15
August 17	Simon's Town	
	Cape Town	August 22
August 27	Ascension	August 31
September 5	Off Cape St. Vincent	Same evening
September 15	Halifax	September 17
September 20	Quebec	October 17
October 22	St. John's	October 25
November 1	Portsmouth	

The dates are necessarily approximate.

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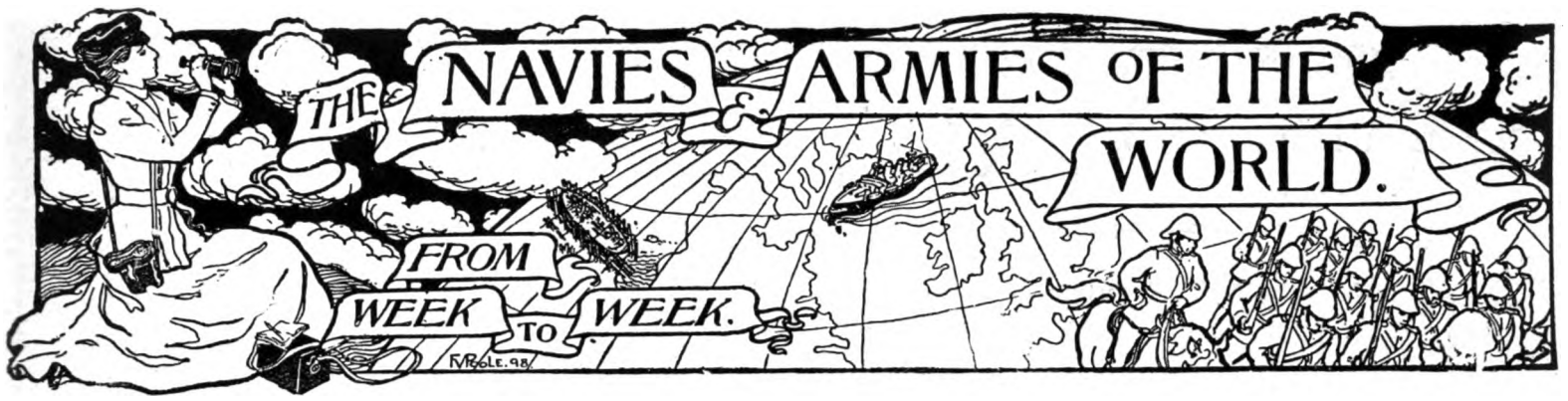

THE personal aspects of that "impersonal" business, the passage of arms between Lord Wolseley and Lord Lansdowne, may as well be left for ever in the oblivion which is their natural, at any rate their proper, place. But it will be a pity if the general lessons it contains are overlooked or misjudged. To be sure, if Lord Wolseley's principle is to be accepted, none of us who are not soldiers have a right to an opinion, and no soldier has a right to one on any subject outside the limits of his own profession. He declined to say whether he thought the Admiralty a well-organised department or not, because he is no sailor. But is it absolutely necessary that the critic should be fit to take a watch in the Channel Squadron, in order to be able to tell whether a business department is well arranged for the purpose of governing the Navy? On the principle of the late Commander-in-Chief nobody is entitled to approve or disapprove of any part of our Government, except just the one little bit which is concerned with his own trade or profession. Supposing this to be sound doctrine, we shall all be shut into water-tight compartments to the number of some thousand, and government will become impossible. No Prime Minister and no Cabinet can know every kind of trade professionally. Each water-tight compartment would have its own chief, and there would be no common authority. How is the King's Government to be carried on in these conditions? But the excellence or the reverse of the organisation of a Department is no such mystery. Its quality depends on a few simple principles, which can be easily explained by any man who has a clear idea in his own mind and can put it into words—and observe, that though there are men who have a clear head for action but are inarticulate in speech, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where the words are obscure it is because the thought is confused.

* * * *

The non-military public is in fact quite competent to make up its mind about the point at issue between Lord Wolseley and Lord Lansdowne. It is simple enough, and really comes to precisely this, Is the Army to be the servant or the master of the State? Lord Wolseley says that "No soldiers like being commanded by men in civil life." But unless they are to be the masters of the country they must obey men in civil life. Would Lord Wolseley maintain that, when there is danger of riot in a strike, the officer commanding the troops on the spot is the judge whether or no he will obey the requisition of the civil magistrate? Or suppose the officer in question thinks strikes injurious to British industry, and picketing a nuisance (which it is), is he to turn his men out, and clear the streets, and take the strikers back to their work by the ear? This is not a mere captious reduction to the absurd. It is a simple test case which illustrates the principle. An international dispute is only a strike on a vast scale. A war is a vast version of a strike riot. Whether the armed force is to be used, and how long it is to be used, are questions to be decided by the civil authority.

* * * *

So is the question how much of the said force there is to be, and how it is to be divided. Lord Wolseley quoted the example of the architect he employed to turn a farmhouse into a country residence, and asked whether it would not be absurd in him to insist on looking after the clerk of the works and so on. But what would Lord Wolseley think if the architect turned on him and said, "You do not want a farmhouse turned into a country residence. What you really want, and you may take my word for it, is an entirely new house, which will cost you so many thousands, including my percentages. If you do not agree to that, I will send a circular to all your friends laying the case before them, and you will see that you will look ridiculous with your furbished up farmhouse"? Yet that is what he wants the Commander-in-Chief to be allowed to do whenever he thinks he could make a better Army than the Secretary of State for War considers necessary. Lord Wolseley, and the many soldiers who agree with him, to say nothing of the Naval reformers who would like to apply his idea to the Navy, do not see what must be the consequence of applying their plan in practice. It would be that nobody would be made First Sea Lord or Commander-in-Chief who had not given satisfactory proofs of docility. There never was a Naval administration which stood more in need of effective professional criticism from within than that of Lord Sandwich, and he knew it. What was the result? He got two tame Naval officers to fight his battles in the House of Commons—Sir Hugh Palliser and Lord Mulgrave, the Irish Peer, better known to most readers as the Captain Constantine Phipps with whom Nelson sailed to Spitzbergen. When the critics of the Opposition, and in particular Mr. Temple Luttrell, the "Tommy Bowles" of the age, produced the most damaging statistics, they came to the rescue. Sir Hugh got up, and said doggedly that His Majesty's Navy was in capital order, on his honour as an officer and a gentleman, and then sat down. Mulgrave was fluent, jocular, and, according to the opposition, insolent. When Howe, Harland, Keppel, and Barrington refused to serve under "Jemmy Twitcher," he took Rodney and promoted Hood. The fact is that those who have good places to give will never be without able men to serve them. As these authorities have the effective power, it is right that they should have the formal authority and the responsibility also.

* * * *

The letter from Sir Erasmus Ommanney on the subject of the last scare about Gibraltar, which appeared in the *Times* of the 5th, contains the voice of common-sense. What does it matter? Whenever the Spaniards go to war with us, operations will not be confined to that quarter, and they will be brought to reason by pressure applied elsewhere. The plain sense of the matter is that we owe our tenure of the place to Spain's weakness and to nothing else. Nobody can reasonably suppose that we would be in possession of Gibraltar to-day if in 1778 the sixty-six line-of-battle ships and forty odd frigates of the Spanish Navy had been well manned and well led, if her Army had been efficient, and her Government intelligent. In that case the great combined fleet which came into the Channel against us in 1779 would have eaten up our thirty-five ships. Our men would have sold their defeat dear, no doubt, but after all from sixty to seventy good ships must get the upper hand of thirty-five, and then Gibraltar would have gone as a matter of course. The thing did not happen because the Spanish Navy consisted of ships and nothing else. If it were formidable to-day, or if the intelligence and vigour of the nation revive in the future, Gibraltar would be ours till the first great war when we were hard pressed. Then Spain would summon us to get out, and on our refusal would throw the weight of her power against us. The fate of the fortress would be settled (and a great deal besides) by the course of the war. It has become quite impossible for us to part with "the Rock." The honour of the flag is so closely bound up with the stronghold that we should find it almost as easy to surrender the Isle of Wight. And yet it is of no practical use to us except while we remain masters of the sea, and so long as we are that we can retake it or seize its equivalent. When in the last century we were nearly overmatched on blue water, and would have been overmatched altogether if our opponents had not been crippled by internal weakness, it became for a time a burden.

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Why does not the Admiralty take the opportunity presented by the launch of a new battle-ship to revive the name "Union" in our Navy? It was there before. The "Union," 90, carried the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, who was second in command with Hawke at Quiberon. She did not, it is true, take a prominent part in the battle, because, owing to the disorderly flight of M. de Conflans, and the very peculiar circumstances of the engagement, only a minority of our ships were actually engaged. But there she was, ready to serve if fortune had helped, and it was a great occasion. As it happens that "the Union," both here in the United Kingdom and throughout the Empire, has been a very prominent national interest of ours for some years, and is now, it would surely be highly correct that the name should reappear in the Navy List.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE departure of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York for their great Colonial tour is an event of the highest Imperial significance. The preparations for the visit have attracted the gaze of all Englishmen, whose good wishes will be with the Duke and Duchess throughout their august mission. "How can I crown thee further?" says the Old Queen in Rudyard Kipling's ballad of the Australian Commonwealth, but it was the Old Queen who designed the crowning honour which the "Young Queen out of the Southland" is to receive through the Royal visit, and wherever Englishmen are, be they British or Colonial born, they will regard with hope and enthusiasm the journey of the Royal pair. The King and Queen go down to Portsmouth to bid farewell to them, and Portsmouth will do honour, as it well knows how, to the great occasion of the week. It will be a matter of regret if the loyal wishes of Canada cannot be fully gratified, but we may be sure that if a visit to distant British Columbia be possible it will certainly be made.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY will be celebrated this year in a joyous spirit, but with a gentle memory. A year ago our Irish soldiers had won the admiration of the world by their bravery and sacrifices at the front. They had added to their splendid reputation by gallantry that will be for ever famous, but there was still something needed to crown their deeds—"the wearin' o' the green." Let none of us undervalue sentiment; it counts for much in the lives of soldiers, and never will Irishmen forget the day when Queen Victoria, with a woman's sympathy and the generous heart of a ruler, took their national emblem, which in the dark days of sorrow had come to be regarded almost as a sign of disaffection, and made it a thing to glory in. "And Patsey dear, and did ye hear?"—yes, truly he heard, and valued the tender thought of the Queen. And now, when we know that it was the last year of her life, we see still greater worth in that act of last St. Patrick's Day, in the late Queen's visit to Ireland, and in the establishment of the Irish Guards. The period of deep public mourning for Her Majesty is over, but long will her people—and her Irish soldiers—keep her memory green, like the sweet little shamrock of Ireland.

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THERE is good reason to believe that the Chinese Court was gratified by the turn taken by events. It was disagreeable no doubt that the life penalty should be demanded in the case of high-placed Celestials, but the Chinese do not esteem human life as we do, and a head smitten off, or a happy despatch, does not excite such feelings as analogous events would in this country. The individuals to suffer, and their policy, which had imposed much personal hardship upon the Court were, moreover, discredited, and it was better to sacrifice some Mandarins than to have internal reforms forced upon the Court which would have been doubly unpalatable after what had occurred. That such reforms would be demanded had been quite anticipated at Singan-fu, and the moderation of the Powers was a relief to the mind of the Dowager. Li Hung Chang was quite equal to the task of persuading the Court to accept the Manchurian agreement, when it was seen that, after all, Russia was the only Power to be immediately counted with, for Japan was not likely to be at once detached from her allies. The apparently peaceable conduct of the Chinese Court cannot unfortunately be regarded as implying the conclusion of difficulties. The Manchus are still in complete ascendency, and there may be evil days in store for the friendly Viceroys of the Yang-tsze, in which case there will be a fresh demand upon the diplomacy or the forcible pressure of the Powers, with probably a further disclosure of Russian policy.

Photo. *Mee Cheung.*

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR J. A. T. BRUCE, K.C.M.G.,

Is Second in Command on the China Station, Flying his Flag in the Battle-ship "Barfleur." His Well-earned Knighthood was Conferred on him for his Services in China Last Year, but prior to that he had Seen Service on the West Coast of Africa. He was A.D.C. to the Queen from 1895 to 1898, and, before Getting his Flag, was Senior Naval Officer at Gibraltar. He is a Seaman "au bout des ongles," and one of the most Popular Officers in the Navy.

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BUT the action of Japan must, after all, be the real determining factor in the Far East. Nearly five years have elapsed since, by the treaty of Shimonoseki, the Japanese were tricked out of the chief fruits of their victory over China, and still the sore rankles. So galling was the affront to their national pride in seeing Russia installed at Port Arthur, which they had won with the sword, that there have been many among them urgent for war. But the lessons of the recent trouble have not been lost upon the Japanese. They have vindicated their right to rank among the Great Powers, and, at the same time, are credibly believed to have satisfied themselves of the inability of Russia for some time to come to exert effective force either in Northern China or Korea The Powers generally have drifted in the hope of something turning up, and have taken such steps as offered themselves to resist the breaking up of China, but Russia is the only Power, as the Japanese well know, which has followed a definite Chinese policy without being urged thereto by the necessity of promoting a

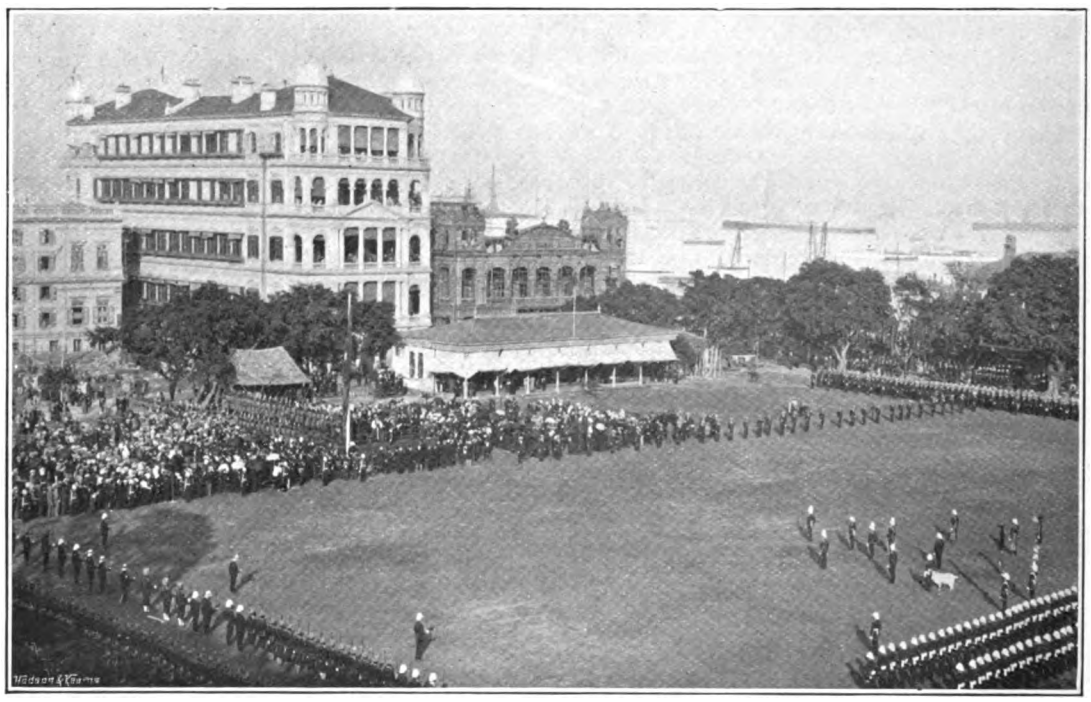

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

ACCLAIMING KING EDWARD VII. AT HONG-KONG.

Hong-Kong Greeted her New Monarch with all Due Military Ceremonial on January 29, 1901. A Little Dependency, but by no means the Least Important in the Great British Empire, for she is, at any rate at present, our most Important Naval and Military Base in the Far East. The Proclamation of the Accession of King Edward VII. was Made on the Cricket Ground by the Governor, His Excellency Sir H. A. Blake, G.C.M.G.

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Photo. "Navy & Army."

CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS.

The "Charybdis," which in our Picture is seen Lying in Dry Dock at Halifax, is the Smart Second-class Cruiser which from May to Oct ber Flies the Flag of the Commodore who Looks after the Newfoundland Fisheries. She is having a General Rub Up, and has also to have One of her "Four-point-sevens" Repaired. The Breech Block was Blown Out, luckily without Causing any Serious Injury to any of the Gun's Crew.

covites from taking possession of Manchuria was more than the Japanese could undertake, but Japan is solid to a man in regard to Korea, which traditionally, and by present necessities, as a land for emigration and a source of food supply, is of vital importance to the Japanese people. It is from the slowly absorbing power of Russia directed to the acquisition of Korea that danger may be apprehended, and it is to this peril that the attention of the statesmen, seamen, and soldiers of the Mikado is now chiefly turned.

AMONG the many things that promise prosperity for Canada is the part she is destined to play in the world's timber supply. The exporting countries are not equal to the demand made upon them. Europe cannot do much to cope with the coming emergency; the cost of transport, even if supplies exist, makes Asiatic Russia an indifferent source for the procuring of timber; some countries that export hard furniture wood, themselves import large quantities of other kinds; others, in some tropic climes, do not produce the woods required; the United States demand more than they can really supply. There is land in this country that may be profitably afforested. India has set a magnificent example of what can be done, and Canada and Australasia can follow suit. Dr. Schlich, who lately discussed this question at the Society of Arts, urged that Canada should grasp the problem boldly, and contended that there should be no difficulty in permanently reserving 100,000,000 acres, and if money were devoted to the work an immediate supply would be available, an augmented output would follow, the revenue would increase tenfold, and by a vigorous forest policy a permanent supply of coniferous timber would be secured for the world. Such appears to be the opportunity of Canada.

IT is always gratifying to record acts of personal gallantry wherever they are found. The "Thetis," at St. Helena, according to recent exchanges, was lately the scene of the presentation of a bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society and a testimonial for life-saving to R. W. Martin, a second-class petty officer of the ship. He had rescued his shipmate, Thomas Connelly, who fell overboard in Durban Harbour last April. The officers and men assembled on the quarter-deck, and the captain read the Admiralty minute directing that the presentation should be made in the usual public and suitable manner, and the medal was pinned on the breast of the brave fellow by Mrs. Hewetson, wife of Commander Hewetson. The *St. Helena Guardian*, which brings this intelligence, records also an Association football match at Deadwood Camp between the Gloucester Regiment and the "Thetis." Previous matches had resulted in a win for the cruiser and three drawn games, but on this occasion the Gloucesters were considerably strengthened, while the great commerce or of protecting missionary effort.

ASSUREDLY the subjects of the Mikado do not hide from themselves the high strategic value of Korea to Russia, for that peninsula is as a wedge thrust out to separate the two Russian Naval bases on the Pacific side; but their own interests are so intimately bound up with the maintenance of their influence in Korea, that there is not a statesman in Japan—and in that country statesmanship and national policy are one—who would not declare war rather than see Korea drift into the hands of Russia. To prevent the Mus-

Photo. Russell.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. BOYES

Has seen Long and Arduous Service in South Africa, whence he has just Returned Invalided. He had Commanded a Brigade of Rundle's Division since January of Last Year, a Division that has had as Tough Work as any. The "Gay Gordons" can Claim him for One of their Own, for all his Regimental Service was Passed in that Historic Regiment. He has seen much War Service in Egypt and the Soudan.

sailors had two regular players absent as the result of an unfortunate affray with some men of the 1st West India Regiment, who had caused trouble in the island, and terrorised the islanders, so that a win was confidently looked forward to. But the sides proved to be equally matched, and after an exciting game the result was a draw.

THE West Indian troops are excellent fighting men, but their recent outbreaks at St. Helena made the people there freely express the hope that no more of the dusky warriors would be sent for their protection. The first outbreak was when the West Indians were at Ladder Hill, where they turned out armed against the Royal Artillery. A second riot occurred at Deadwood Camp with the Gloucester Militia, and a third raid of more formidable character ensued, causing intense excitement. The inhabitants thereupon assembled and sent a telegram to the Colonial Secretary: "West India troops mutinied; inhabitants terrorised; several injured; invoke their immediate removal." The regiment was brought in from Broad Bottom and encamped on Francis Plain, close to Jamestown, great precautions being taken; but excitement was allayed when the West Indians were put on board the "Orotava" and despatched. Undoubtedly the black troops had been turbulent, but the word "mutiny" was too strong an expression to describe their proceedings.

THERE is satisfaction in knowing that Captain Bowman H. McCalla, of the United States Navy, has been exonerated from certain charges brought against him. The reason of our particular gratification is that when Captain McCalla, who was in command of the "Newark" at Taku, went up with Sir Edward Seymour's column, he spoke with warm admiration of what the British officers and men had done, and even recommended his Government to confer some honour upon individuals among them. The charges made by Lieutenant-Commander Colwell of the "Newark" appear to have been trivial, and to have arisen out of a disagreement. They were to the effect that Captain McCalla was erratic in his conduct, and allowed lax discipline to exist in the cruiser named, but on the report of a committee of inquiry they have been dropped, and the complaining officer has been transferred to another appointment.

AN enterprising Frenchman, the Comte de la Vaulx, who won the Grand Prix for aeronautics at the Paris Exhibition, is about to entrust himself to a balloon, intending to cross the Mediterranean. His predecessors have been unlucky. Captain Jovis, who left Marseilles some years ago, descended in the sea at night, and was rescued by a Corsican boat, while a young Parisian, named Pascal Marché, who ascended from Toulon more recently, got into cross currents and was drowned near Hyères. The Comte has confidence that he will succeed, and he has the counsel and advice of Lieutenant Gentil, who is the director of the ballooning establishment of the French Navy at Toulon. The Minister of Marine has directed the officials there to render all help, and the adventurous voyager will probably ascend in June, accompanied by two Naval officers and one or two other persons. His purpose is mainly scientific. Two torpedo-boats will follow the balloon to rescue the aeronauts in case of mishap.

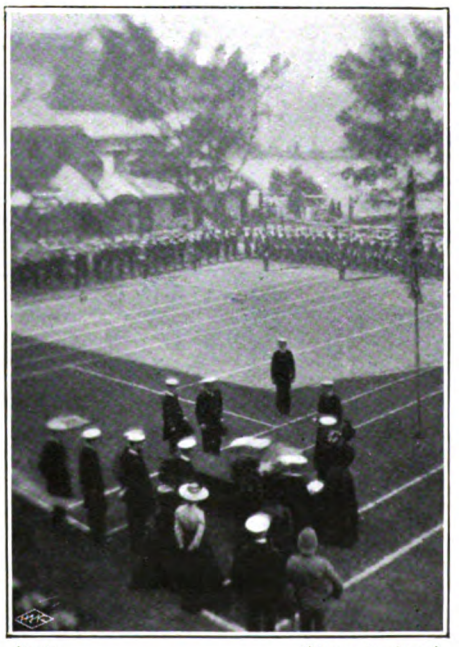

Photo "Navy & Army."

WELL-EARNED HONOURS.

A Parade at which Lady Bruce, the Wife of Rear-Admiral Sir J. Bruce, Presented the Insignia of the D.S.O. to Five Naval Officers—Lieutenant Mackenzie, of the t.b.d. "Whiting," that Played so Prominent a Part at the Attack on the Taku Forts, Lieutenants Crofton and Phillimore, Engineer Cockey, who Served with the Naval Brigade in China, and Surgeon Macmillan, who Earned his Cross in South Africa.

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IT was right and proper that the King should concern himself practically in the matter of the national memorials to Queen Victoria. He has ever greatly interested himself in English Art, and we know that under his Royal influence things can scarcely fail to be done well. It was a reproach sometimes cast at the late Queen, that she was not a patron of Art in its best forms, and that her tastes were "early Victorian." The reproach was unjust, and, as has been well remarked, her late Majesty cannot be disparaged on a side issue. She never claimed to be a universal genius. Her work was to rule, and to lift up the kingdom "with all her daughter islands about her." "*C'est mon métier d'être Roi*," said Joseph II., and Queen Victoria had realised the qualities of rule to which he aspired. She encouraged Winterhalter and some other German mediocrities in art, but there is now a generous opportunity for British Art to do honour to itself while honouring the memory of the late Queen. Architecture and sculpture will join hands in the creation, it may be hoped, of such a monument or monuments as England has not possessed before.

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A VERY ingenious idea is propounded in a volume entitled "Fergusson's Surveying Circle," published by the author, Mr. John C. Fergusson, M.I.C.E., at 8, Victoria Street. The author has lucidly described by means of a number of simple examples and figures, the method of using his new percentage unit of angular measurement, which he claims to be a solution of the centesimal division of the circle. He appears to have so simplified the science of trigonometry and the art of surveying, by his discovery, that anyone may solve difficult problems in trigonometry and surveying. We have great pleasure in drawing attention to this method, which promises to be of much use to students, engineers, surveyors, Naval and Military officers, and all who may have to lay out or measure angles. It is claimed that by reading and measuring angles in Fergusson's percentage unit, instead of in degrees, minutes, and seconds, the solution of any triangle, or of any function in trigonometry may be found at once by simple arithmetic, and often mentally.

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THIS new surveying circle is a device to be attached to magnetic compasses or surveying instruments in place of the ordinary circle or dial, which is divided into degrees. Only half the Fergusson circle is divided into degrees, and the other half into octants (45-degs.), each octant being sub-divided into 100 divisions by drawing lines from the centre of the circle through the octant arc to intersect 100 equal divisions of the tangent to the octant. As each division of the octant arc always subtends 1-100th of the tangent, and as the tangent of an octant equals the radius, each division will always subtend 1-100th of the radius; thus the circle becomes a simple telemeter or range-finder, which will measure from one station the direction of another station, the distance to that station, and also the length of the latitude and departure lines. It is, in fact, claimed as possible in this way to measure the three sides of a right-angled triangle, and to do away with the need of traverse-tables. We recommend civil engineers to read the author's chapter on curves, and Naval and Military officers will be interested in the Naval and Military problems. The author has worked seven years upon this subject, and although the book is small, it shows a great deal of labour.

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LADY KENNEDY

Is the Wife of Vice-Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, K.C.B., and had the Honour of Christening the Battle-ship "Albemarle" at Chatham on Tuesday, March 5. Sir W. R. Kennedy, whose Delightful Articles on Sport in Many Lands have Made him Known to all Readers of the "Navy and Army Illustrated," Flies his Flag as Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

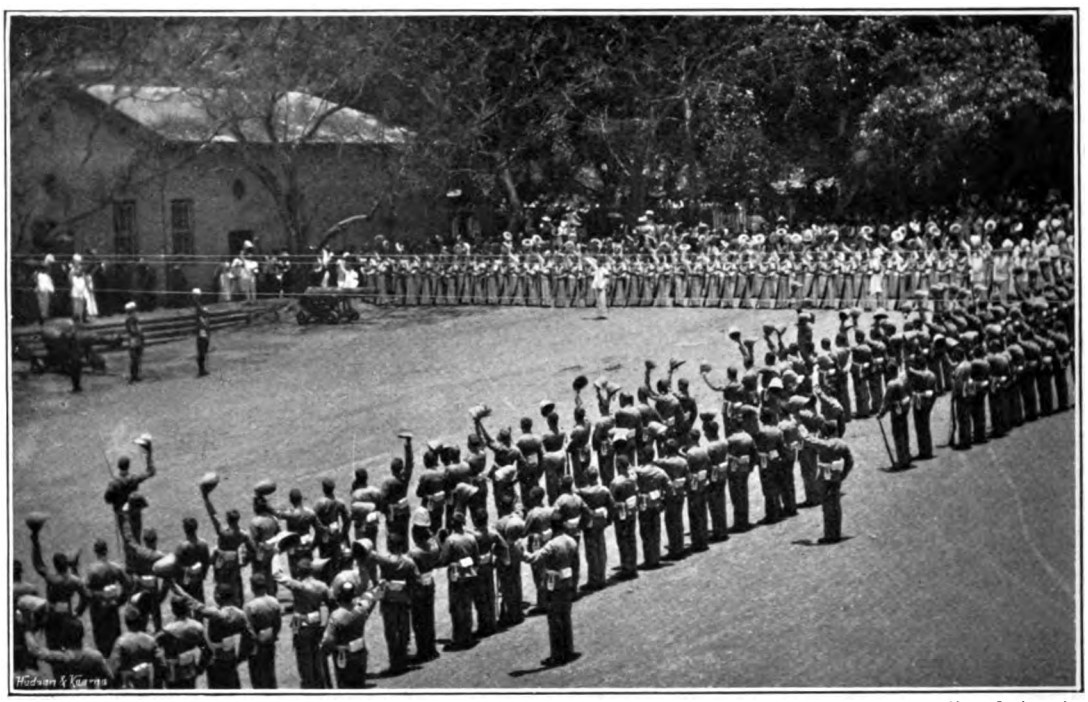

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

PROCLAIMING THE OVER-LORD OF THE TRANSVAAL.

This Pronouncement of the Accession of King Edward VII. must have been almost within Earshot of Cronje and the Boer Prisoners in the Little Atlantic Island, for it Took Place on the Lower Parade at Jamestown, St. Helena. The Men forming the Side of the Square to the Right of the Picture are Bluejackets from the Fleet, while the Helmeted Figures in the Foreground are the Militia of the 4th Gloucestershire that now Garrison the Island.

Photo. Copyright. *Heath.*

LADY CHARLES SCOTT

is the Wife of Admiral Lord Charles Scott, and, like Lady Kennedy, recently officiated at the Launch of a War-ship. The Ship she Christened was the Battle-ship "Montagu," at Devonport, at which Naval Station her Husband is Commander-in-Chief. Lady Charles Scott is an Australian, and she had the Pleasure of Baptising the Superb Vessel which she Named with Wine of Colonial Production.

THE extent to which light is penetrating the Dark Continent is illustrated by the fact that a *train de luxe*, of gorgeous character and of comfort unsurpassed, has been built for the Rhodesian Railways by the Lancaster Railway Carriage Company. This magnificent set of vehicles is to run through from Cape Town to Buluwayo, and soon to Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. There are six cars in all, varying in length from 54-ft. to 56-ft., and these include postal and baggage vans, dining-car, kitchen, three day and sleeping saloons, and buffet and library car. The cars, which are finely hung on springs to check vibration, are most richly furnished and fitted, and are lighted and ventilated by electricity, and represent the acme of comfort in railway travelling. They will be despatched to South Africa in sections, carefully packed in about 250 cases. Before the end of the present year Buluwayo will be in railway communication with Salisbury, from which place a line runs to Beira, and thus the way from Cape Town to Beira will soon be open, and a further step be taken for the settlement of South and Central Africa.

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IT is often amusing, though not always edifying, to read the rhapsodies of malevolent Anglophobia which disfigure and disgrace the Nationalist Press of Paris. A real comic touch is given in the *Echo de l'Armée*, which deplores that while Lords Roberts and Kitchener are honoured in England, Marchand is suspected and detested by his countrymen, the "great African" being exiled in an inferior part of China.

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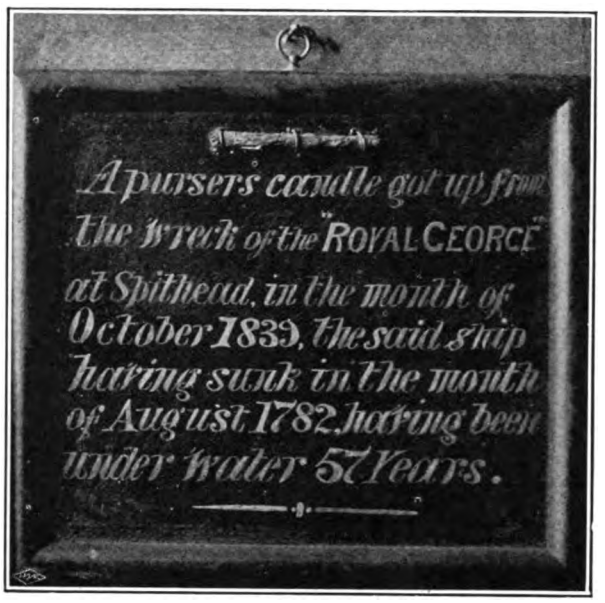
The Naval Museum at Chatham.

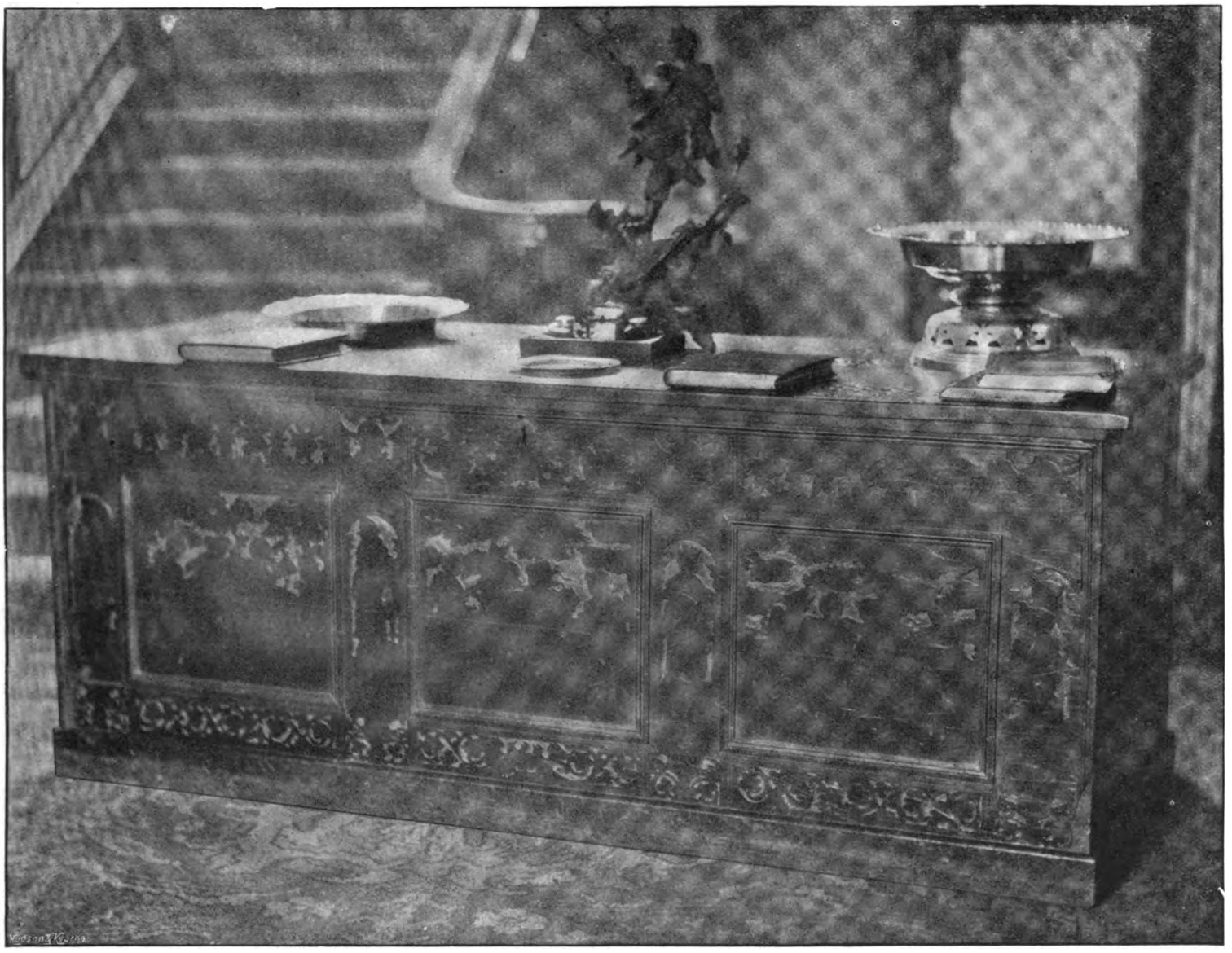
THE recent decision of the Admiralty to sanction the expenditure necessary for the creation of a Naval museum at Chatham Dockyard is a pleasing indication of the care of their Lordships for the visible evidences of the life and deeds of the old Navy. From time to time many relics of very great interest have been discovered at Chatham, and the desirability of finding some place in which they might be suitably housed was strongly urged by Admiral S. C. Holland, Superintendent of the Dockyard. Owing to the building of the new gunnery workshop and store at the Dockyard Extension near the factory basin, the old gunnery store in the upper part of the yard has become available, and it is here that a considerable number of relics will eventually be deposited, under Admiral Holland's care. The illustrations which accompany this article are indicative of the great variety of interests attaching to the relics now existing at the Naval port on the Medway.


A purser's candle got up from
the wreck of the ROYAL GEORGE
at Spithead, in the month of
October 1839, the said ship
having sunk in the month
of August 1782 having been
under water 57 Years.

A CURIOUS RELIC OF THE OLD NAVY.
A Purser's Candle from the "Royal George."

Chatham is neither our oldest nor our most important dockyard, but it has played a notable part in our history. It was founded by Queen Elizabeth on the site of the present gun-wharf, but was removed somewhat further down by James I., in whose reign the dockyard began to rival the then greater establishment at Deptford. Upnor Castle and Gillingham Fort were built, and a boom, replacing Hawkyns's chain, composed of masts, iron, cordage, and the hulls of ships and pinnaces, gave further protection. But all these defences were unavailing to prevent a disaster, when, owing to the parsimonious neglect of the Government, De Ruyter and Van Ghent were able in 1667 to make their famous attack upon the ships in the Medway. The Duke of Albemarle, arriving, as Pepys says, "with a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries," sank some unavailing ships to bar the way below Gillingham, and others went down in the engagement. It is interesting to know, therefore, that, within recent years, during the excavations in connection with the present new basins, a sunken man-of-war of the period was discovered 36-ft. below the surface of the ground, with her guns and anchors, and shot in her lockers. We illustrate one of two guns discovered in St. Mary's Creek in 1876, believed to have formed part of the armament either of the "Mathias" or "Carolus V." (captured from the Dutch in 1653 and 1665), which were in the Medway at the time of De Ruyter's raid.

The large Commonwealth flag which we depict belongs to an earlier period, when our Naval defences were in a sounder state than that into which they had fallen in 1667. The Commissioners of the Navy were anxious to learn, after the fall of Charles, what flags should be worn by the ships in the service of the country, and Cromwell, as President of the Council, instructed them that they should carry the red cross only in a white flag, and at the stern "the red crosse in one escotcheon, and the harpe in the other, being the



Photus. Copyright. *J. Fuller.*

A SPANISH SHIP'S CHEST OF CYPRESS.
Taken from a Prize of 1704.

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armes of England and Ireland, both escotcheons joyned according to the pattern herewith sent you." This is the very flag we illustrate, which we may well believe has floated over the stern of some great ship of war in one of our engagements with the Dutch. It is certainly one of the most interesting Naval relics of the period ever brought to light. The frail fabric has greatly perished in the course of two centuries and a-half, but a few judicious repairs have preserved the flag in its broad and ample extent, being, indeed, some 21-ft. long by 14-ft. wide.

The devices which it bears, excluding Scotland from the representation, had already been ordered to be carved in the sterns of the ships by the Parliament, replacing the Royal Arms of an earlier day, and the same two escutcheons, within a compartment, *or*, *i.e.*, gold or yellow, upon a red flag, were to be borne by the admiral, vice-admiral, and rear-admiral by an order of March 5, 1649. The same devices of arms were on the seals, as well as on the medal awarded in 1650 to Captain Thomas Wyard and his men, who, on the night of July 31 in that year, bravely defended his ship against six Royalist frigates. In the medal for victories over the Dutch, 1653, a third shield appeared, bearing the cross of St. Andrew for Scotland.

Another of our illustrations suggests some later glories of our Navy, for it dates from the sea fights of the War of the Spanish Succession, which made England the one great Sea Power of the world—the period which saw the fighting fleets of France unable to keep the seas, and that witnessed the addition of Gibraltar to the possessions of the Crown. It is a fine chest of Spanish work taken from a galleon captured by Rooke in 1704, which has now its place in the house of the Admiral-Superintendent at Chatham. An Englishman would have fashioned a chest of oak and carved it with the chisel, but the Spanish craftsman made his of cypress, which is also famed for its durability, and adorned it with semi-nude figures and foliage, and with conventional borders in the burnt-wood style of the Continent. It is a method of ornamental wood-working by which most charming effects can be produced, the backgrounds and deeper parts of the designs being sunk by the action of heated tools, and a manner of work lately introduced or revived in England. The actual history of this ponderous chest seems not to be well known, but it is attributed to a famous year—that in which Rooke and Shovell reduced Gibraltar and defeated the French and Spaniards at Malaga. There were no captures on either side in that battle, and the Chatham chest must have come from some prizes taken at Gibraltar or elsewhere by Rooke.

THE GREAT NAVAL FLAG OF THE COMMONWEALTH.
One of the most Interesting Relics at Chatham.

Photos. Copyright. *J. Fuller.*

AN INTERESTING GUN IN THE DOCKYARD.
Taken from a Dutch Ship in the Medway.

Among a hundred other interesting relics at Chatham is the purser's candle which we illustrate, recovered in 1839 from the "Royal George," that famous 100-gun line-of-battle ship which, on August 29, 1782, heeled over at Spithead, and went down at her anchors, carrying with her Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt and some 900 souls, among whom were many women and children. This terrible misfortune ranks among the greatest disasters that have ever befallen the British Navy. The purser was a notable figure among the "standing officers" of the Navy in the old times, being one who had capital or moneyed friends. His was a place of profit, for he took percentages on the slops, provisions, and stores of which he had charge, and was himself a purveyor of candles, lanterns, coals, and the like. And he might, if he would, draw necessaries for men kept on his ship's books who were dead or discharged, or who had run. Interesting, therefore, is the purser's candle at Chatham, and not the least curious of the many relics of the old Navy in the dockyard there.

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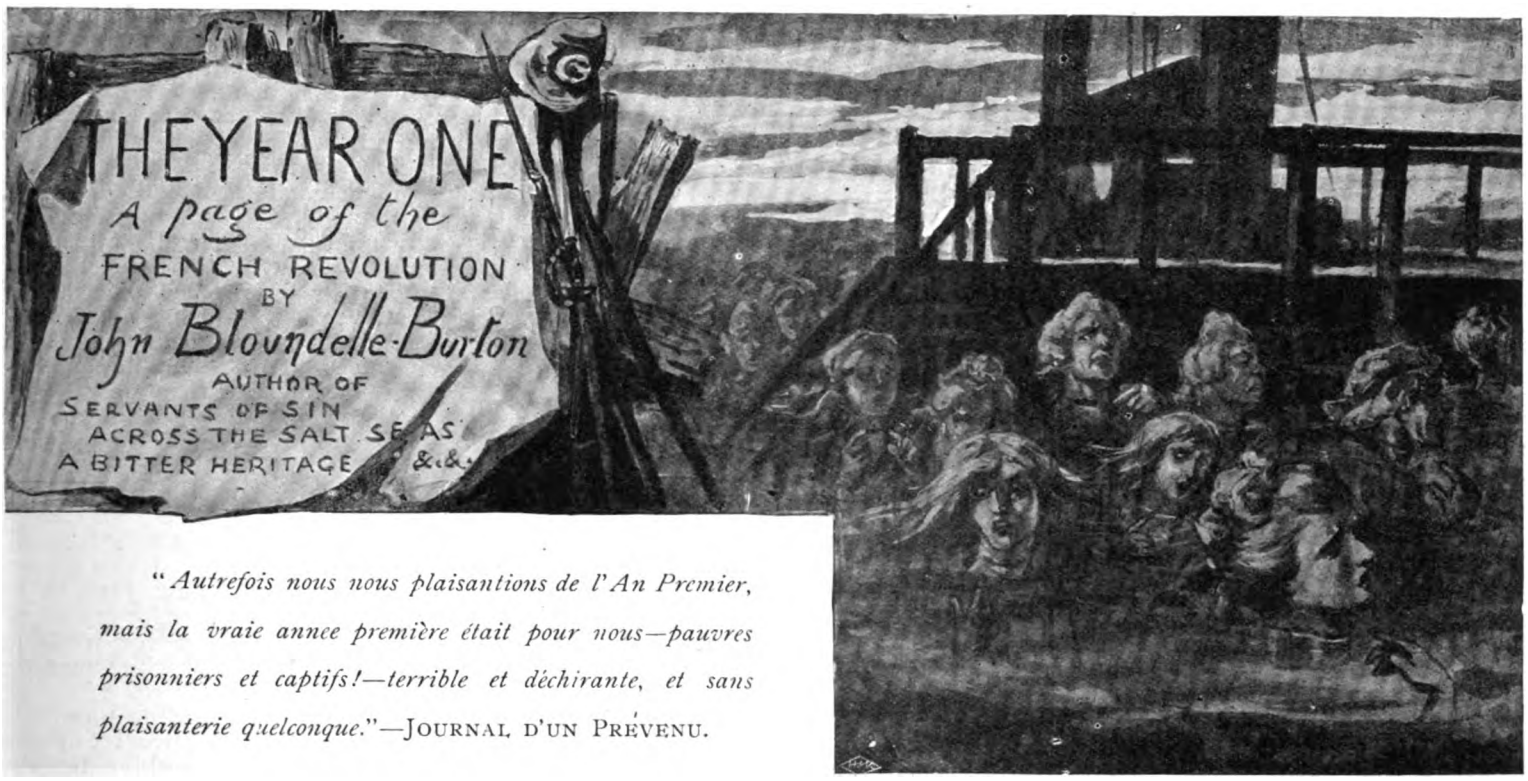

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie annee première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

THE earlier part of this narrative has dealt with an attempt made by an English Naval officer—Lieutenant George Hope—to aid Lucienne, Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, at her own request, to escape out of France, by taking her off to the ship of war to which he belongs, and which is cruising in the Channel. The attempt failed, however, in consequence of their being intercepted by the boats of a French war-ship, which boats were defeated by those in the English launch. The latter were, however, owing to the disablement of their craft, unable to prevent themselves from drifting back to the French coast, where they were arrested. The marquise is actually endeavouring to escape from her husband, a man of low birth whom she had been forced by her father to wed; but in doing so she has laid herself open to one of the gravest charges possible during the French Revolution—viz., that, being an aristocrat, she has endeavoured to emigrate. Consequently she, with George Hope, is taken before her own husband—who happened to be the Mayor of the Commune—is forwarded on to Rennes, and, from that place, they are both sent to Paris for trial, as was the case at that moment with all provincial "suspects" or *prévenus*. Reaching Paris, the waggon containing Lucienne and Hope, as well as many other prisoners of all classes, finds itself in the thick of the revolt during which the Swiss Guards were massacred. In the massacre, the marquise is knocked down insensible and left for dead, while George is sent on to the prison of La Force. The former, however, recognises how much her liberty may be utilized in the service of her friend, and for his safety, if she can only disguise herself as a woman of the people. An opportunity arises for her to do this by changing clothes with one of the latter who has been shot in the riots, and she is able to disguise her own identity the more effectually by placing her *acte d'accusation* in the pocket of the dead woman, so that, the next morning, the body which is flung into the Seine is supposed to be that of the marquise. The latter afterwards meets a woman who is a shopkeeper named Verac, whose sentiments are with the Royalists, who succours her, and suggests that she shall pass as her niece, Margot Verac, and as Margot, the marquise has been enabled to gain admission to La Force.

CHAPTER XXI.

"SHE IS NO MARQUISE."

THE ancient Hôtel de Bricourt stood, as it had done for a century and a-half, at the corner of two streets in the old Quartier St. Germain. Two centuries before that it had been surrounded by fields and orchards, surrounded, too, by a moat or fosse, and possessed barbican, drawbridge, and bailey-wall, as well as parapets and crenellated embattlements. But all these had long since disappeared, so, too, had the fields and orchards, their place being now covered with streets; the bailey-wall had been replaced by the ordinary wall which usually surrounded the town house of a nobleman or gentleman in the reign of Louis XV., though even that had of late undergone some startling changes. For where once had stood, on either side the gateway, the open mouthed dragons (which were the cognisance of the D'Aubrays de Bricourt) holding in their right paws a battleaxe, there were placed now two statues of Liberty, while, on the blank surface of the white wall which ten years ago had been kept scrupulously clean, were painted the words *Liberté, Egalité, ou la mort*. For was not the present Aubray (son of the ex-sutler who had been deemed Jew or Turk by the scoffers of Belle Isle's army) a friend of the people; one of them; an espouser of *civisme;* a Patriot!

Yet, had any seen the man on the night of this Sunday, September 2, 1792, they would scarcely have thought that he was deriving much satisfaction from either his friendship to the people or his patriotism. For he looked as though his civism scarcely agreed with him, and as if, also, his espousal of the great and noble sentiments now painted on his hotel walls had brought no more comfort, if as much, than his original appropriation of rank and position had done.

On this night he did not sit in the great salon (which had been constructed or altered from a great hall, in which many D'Aubrays had, three hundred years before, sat clad in satins and furs), but, instead, in a garret in the old mansion; he sat also in darkness unilluminated by taper or candle, and he was clad in the livery, or rather the clothes, since livery existed no longer, of *un officieux*, which was the un-French word that, in the new order of things, had replaced the word "servant." For the illustrious *ci-devant* Marquis had grave fears for his safety and his neck now, and at the present moment he strongly suspected that he had been denounced to the Assembly as one who was not to be trusted, as well as one in whom there remained still the old taint of aristocratic sentiments.

How such a thing as this should have come about, he could in no way decide, since, as he had more than once whispered to himself, with sardonic, or, perhaps, as it should more truthfully be said, with unconscious humour, "Who that knows me can suppose I possess any aristocrat tendencies whatever?" while, probably with a desire to juggle with himself, he had added the words, "at least of late."

But all the same the thing had been done; the denunciation had been made in a surreptitious, underhanded way, though, fortunately for him, it had more or less failed in its intended effects. The statement sent anonymously to the Syndic of Rennes reached that official's hands in safety, but, since he happened to be considerably in debt to the *ci-devant* Marquis, he contented himself with giving that gentleman timely warning that he stood in a fair way of becoming a suspect. Probably he would not have done so in ordinary circumstances, since, at this period, the easiest way of being relieved of an indebtedness was to destroy one's creditor, but in this case the Syndic hoped for still further favours from his obliging friend, and, even in his uncultivated mind, there hovered some French version of the parable which deals with a goose that can lay golden eggs.

The warning was, however, sufficient; it was enough to cause the recipient of it to absent himself from the neighbourhood of Bricourt for a little while, and to betake himself to Paris clad in the garments of a peasant, and, when there, to hide himself in the great town house of the family whose name and rank, as well as their possessions, he had appropriated.

"Yet," he muttered to himself now, as he sat in the darkness of the garret and listened to every sound that arose from the street below, not knowing what any such sound might portend; "yet I have but left one danger for another. I could swear I saw La Forêt in the street last night, and that, which is worse, he saw me—disguised. And, though I have no intention of ever joining the ranks of the aristocracy again, La Forêt—who hates them all—will be sure to imagine that I cherish such ideas—that I am backsliding. La Forêt, the excellent notary who, before now, has been known to say that I drove my wife to a doom which would better have befitted me. Curse him!

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"Then, too," he went on, "that scoundrel Nesmond saw me enter the diligence at Dreux. Nesmond, who always wanted Adèle for himself – where can the woman be lingering all these hours?—and has been pleased to state that when I have gone the way of all disguised aristocrats, she will be his. And he not only saw me there but here, in Paris, when the conveyance drew up at the barrier. I do believe he followed it, and me afterwards. *Dieu!* if, after all, I, an honest follower of the Jacobins, should be denounced as an aristocrat! That would be terrible—terrible! I must do something to make myself safe. Something! Perhaps if I saw Robespierre—he is the coming man, they say, and will outstrip Marat and Danton yet—I might indeed do something. There are still some of the old nobility of Brittany to be denounced. Ah!" he broke off to exclaim, "there is her step. She is coming up the stairs. My future wife is coming!" and he laughed lightly to himself; "the *remplaçant* of my poor Lucienne. Well, *nous verrons!*"

The footsteps, which his quick ears had caught, drew nearer even as he finished his agreeable soliloquy; they were close at hand now; a moment later and the latch of the garret door was lifted, and Adèle Satigny's voice asked, "Jean, are you here?"

"Yes, I am here. I have not left this room since you went away. Well, what is doing in Paris? And—and—have you any confirmation of Lucienne's death?"

"Confirmation! What confirmation can I have? Of a certainty she is dead, and, therefore, you are free."

"Free! Am I free? I must know that for sure. Of late there have been many mistakes made. The Vicomtesse de Balbiguy's sister was arrested in her place at Evreux but a month ago, tried, and——"

"Bah! Have you not seen the papers! All of them—*Le Moniteur*, *Le Thermomètre du Jour*, *L'Ami du Peuple*. Each tell the same tale. Was not she in that waggon? Was not her *acte d'accusation* found on her? And—and have I not spoken to those who saw her dead body cast into the Seine? What more do you want?"

"I want to be sure. I want——"

"To play me false again, perhaps!" the woman almost snarled, as her companion could very well judge by her voice. "To marry another aristocrat, perhaps! Is that it? There is one I have heard of at Nantes, on whom you begin to cast envious eyes——"

"Adèle! Adèle! How can you speak so? *Grand Dieu!* have I not had enough of one aristocratic wife? A woman who scorned me, who ran away from me and openly announced that it was from me and not from France that she so ran. No! I have indeed had enough of aristocracy. But, even though she be dead, we could not marry now. It would not be becoming, not according to *les convenances*. One must mourn a little while for decency's sake, one must——"

"At least the promise, your promise, can be given."

"It shall be. It is."

"And it must be in writing. I will be deceived no more. Give me your promise in writing that in six months you will make me your wife, if this other woman, this hateful aristocrat, is never seen again, and I am content. But not otherwise. For, God knows, I have waited long enough."

"Yes. Yes I will—to-morrow—when I can see to write. Be satisfied. Now, tell me—I am dying to know—what is doing in Paris? Tell me. All seems so quiet, there is such a hush over the city that it appals me."

What Adèle Satigny did tell this man as they sat there in the darkness was not, at least, the discovery which she had that day made. Not the discovery that his wife was alive and had, in some mysterious way, become one of the mob; that she was, indeed, mixing freely with them.

That discovery, which had struck like a knife to her heart, she had determined never to reveal, and the more especially was she resolved not to do so since she had also discovered something more than the fact that Lucienne was alive and free. For, although she had lost sight of the girl from the moment when the mob of savages which accompanied Sanson as he carried the guillotine's knife from the Place de Grève to the Place du Carrousel passed by, she had, all unknown to Lucienne, come upon her again at the very moment when she met Isidore Dubroc. In her madness and rage at having missed her prey through the intervention of that mob, Adèle Satigny had, after the crowd was gone, walked swiftly on in the direction which she supposed the other woman was following, while glinting her eyes up and down every street, every alley and passage in which she thought there was a chance of obtaining a glimpse of her. And by good luck, as she considered, she had stumbled on her again, she had seen her while unseen herself, since, even as she turned the corner of a street out of which opened the *place* wherein stood the half-demolished church, she observed Lucienne in conversation with Dubroc.

That she should be struck almost giddy with astonishment at what she perceived was natural. It was, indeed, impossible she should not be so struck on observing that the man in conversation with Lucienne was an undoubted member of the lower classes—that there could be no doubt of such being the case. At first, however, as she peered at those two from out of a stoop behind which she had hidden herself (the stoop of a house which, in days gone by, had belonged to a rich nobleman, but was now let out in tenements), she could hardly believe her eyes, and imagined that this man was absolutely an aristocrat disguised as Lucienne was disguised, and for the same reasons. But, gradually, Dubroc's vulgar actions, the accolade on his companion's shoulder, his attempt to kiss that companion in the open street, even the tones of his rough voice as they occasionally reached the listener's ears, were sufficient to convince her. She had seen enough of the aristocracy and *petite noblesse* of Brittany at least, to know that this fellow was no gentleman masquerading for safety's sake in the garb of the lowest classes.

Therefore this second discovery, following hard upon the first, which she had made some three days before (since which time she had never lost sight of Lucienne or the house of Madame Verac), that her hated rival and dispossessor of all that she had long aspired to, was still alive, struck her with amazement. An amazement that was to be still further increased when, after following like a sleuth-hound in the steps of Dubroc and Lucienne, she saw them draw near to the entrance of the Rue du Roi de Sicile, and then, to cap all, saw Lucienne received into the prison of La Force while her companion strode away a moment or so later while humming to himself.

"What does it mean?" she muttered, while thoroughly mystified, "What? That she should be alive I can comprehend, though how it can be possible is nothing less than marvellous after the news those papers all contained as to her being found dead with the *acte d'accusation* in her pocket. But—as to the rest! Her intimacy with that *malotru*, and her entry into that place which is beyond all doubt a prison, as the sentinel in the street, the barred windows, the heavily clamped doors, all tell."

Still almost maddened with excitement at the discoveries, the inexplicable discoveries which she had made of late—and had made, too, at the very moment when she had thought that, at last, the woman who had been for so long a stumbling-block to her was swept out of the way—she turned upon her heel while resolving that, even as she had watched the house in the Rue St. Honoré, so she would watch this prison now. She would never lose sight of Lucienne, she swore, till she had denounced her for what she truly was, and had finally removed her from her path for ever.

As she did turn on her heel after this determination, while intending, however, to go no further away than any spot where she could keep her eyes upon the door by which Lucienne had entered, she heard a step behind her, and, on glancing round, saw that the man who parted from Lucienne was close by her side. And then, in a moment, her curiosity, as well as some other and deeper feeling within her, some feeling of black and bitter hatred against the woman who had so long thwarted her, prompted her to a sudden determination. The determination that she would speak, would question, this man. She was shrewd enough, she thought, to be able to throw dust in his eyes, to obtain from him some knowledge as to Lucienne's actions without betraying herself.

"Citizen," she said, therefore, addressing Isidore Dubroc as his quicker pace brought him level with her; "citizen, that is but a poor place for a young girl to enter, and especially for one who belongs to us and not to the aristocracy. Is it not?"

"She will come to no harm there, citizeness," Dubroc replied, while looking down at her. "None. Have no fear." Then he said, suddenly, "Citizeness, to which section do you belong?"

"Oh! I—I—to which section do I belong?" Adèle Satigny repeated, indeed stammered. For the question took her at a disadvantage, since she had not been long enough in Paris to know anything about the different quarters, or sections, of the City.

"Oh, I—I—am but fresh come to Paris from the provinces to see the sights. I—I—am almost a stranger here."

"*Hein*, that is remarkable!" the man said, looking down at her with a look of suspicion in his eyes, since he remembered that Lucienne had also recently come to Paris from the provinces to see the sights. "Truly remarkable; it is the same with her. It may be that you are both from the same place—that you know her."

"Oh, no! oh, no! Yet, yet—she bears a strange likeness to one I know of. But that one is an aristocrat; and they say there are so many of those accursed creatures in Paris disguised—as——"

"She is no aristocrat," Dubroc said decisively; "and she is my promised wife. You are mistaken, *bonne femme*."

"Your promised wife?" Adèle Satigny whispered through her lips. "Your promised wife?"

"Yes, my promised wife. And, citizeness," he continued, while his eyes peered into hers, "it would be bad,

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very bad, for any who tried to separate us or to injure her. She is a good girl, is Margot—"

"Margot!"

"Yes, Margot. Does not the name please you?"

"Ah! why should it not? Still—still—she bears so strange a resemblance to the Marquise——"

"She is no Marquise, I tell you; and we are to be married directly after—I mean very soon. Citizeness, you had best go on your way now."

"You think, then, that——?"

"I think that you are no friend of hers—that perhaps she has outwitted you in some way—perhaps has stolen a lover from you ere now. She is younger than you, and better looking——"

"Animal!" hissed Adèle Satigny, with a devilish glance from her dark eyes.

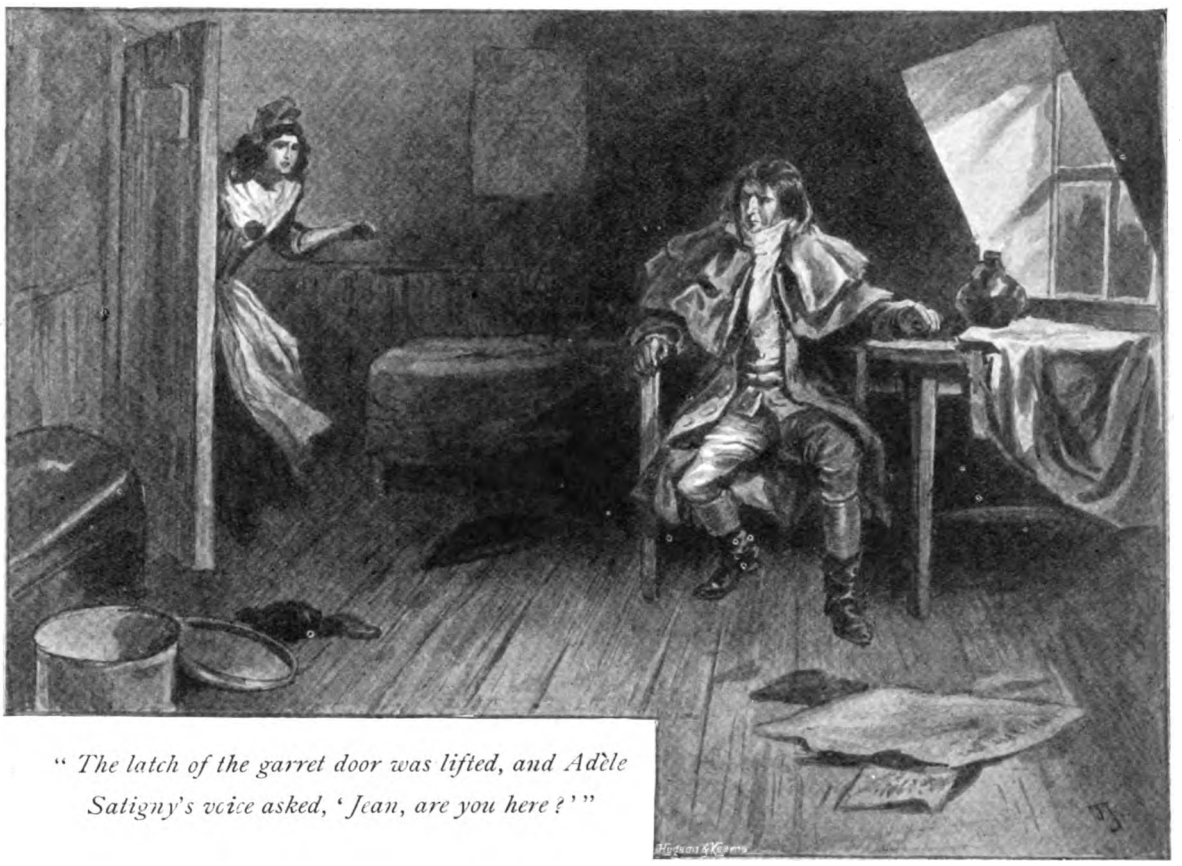
"Go on your way, citizeness; and, remember, she is my future wife—a wife worth having. If any one, any rival endeavoured to harm her, I—I—well, I should pity them. Remember, too, it is dangerous—deadly dangerous—to utter rhodomontades about one's rivals in Paris nowadays. Sometimes they recoil on the tellers' heads."

"She lies!" said Dubroc to himself, as Adèle Satigny turned away. "Yet were Margot forty thousand times a marquise she should be safe. Those louis' d'or must be mine; afterwards, it is time enough to see if she is to be mine, too. *Dieu!* ten thousand livres in louis' d'or! For that sum the Austrian woman would be almost safe herself if matters rested with me."

Whereupon he went on his way, though as he did so he still mused on what this woman had said to him.

"Margot bears a strange resemblance to some marquise, does she. Well, if so, then the louis' d'or are the more likely to be certain, though the bride is not. Yet brides are easy enough to find, while the devil himself can hardly discover aught but assignats in Paris now. *Peste!* if it comes to choosing, the money is best. Margot, *ma mie*," he muttered, "if I can make it so, you are safe, and so, too, is your friend in La Force. Who would not serve a marquise who gave him ten thousand livres in louis d'ors?"

Such were Dubroc's sentiments, and such were the sentiments of nine-tenths of that mob which, at the present moment, was prostrating itself in semi-drunken adoration before the noble sentiments expressed by the words, *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*.



"The latch of the garret door was lifted, and Adèle Satigny's voice asked, 'Jean, are you here?'"

CHAPTER XXII.

For His Sake.

As Adèle Satigny took her way back to the Hôtel d'Aubray she decided that she must, under no consideration, tell Jean that his wife was still alive. For to do that would, she knew, provide him with one more opportunity of carrying out a scheme he had for some time meditated upon and even talked about to her; a scheme for escaping to either England or Holland. While, although he had always talked over this meditated flight as one in which Adèle would naturally accompany him, she had very strong doubts about the truth of the suggestion.

"He desires freedom from her," she muttered to herself, as she made her way as swiftly as she could to the other side of the Seine; "in spite of his assumed regret he gloated over those news sheets when I put them in his hands. Yet, tired as he was of her and her contempt for him, he has no desire to put me in her place, nor to do justice to me; to make me an honest woman at last!" And she ground her little white teeth together as she thought of the tricky, cunning man with whom she had linked her life for years.

Yet she had other things to think of, too; things that tore and lacerated her heart as much as they bewildered her brain while she strove to understand how they could ever have come to pass.

"Everything that those papers said," she continued musing; "every piece of intelligence that I was able to glean, pointed to the fact that this woman was dead. The *Moniteur* said that she was clad in a plain but good travelling dress of dark blue Nîmes cloth. *Dieu!* it was the very dress she wore when she waited day after day in the churchyard at Bricourt; the very dress she wore when they took her and that Englishman out of the boat. The journals said, too, that she was fair, tall—*svelte*, aged from twenty to twenty-five. And—and—curse her—handsome. Can that apply to any other woman than her? Could there be any woman so like, and with—with—*mon Dieu*—her *acte d'accusation* in her pocket. It is impossible—beyond belief."

She was crossing one of the bridges now, was drawing near to the end of her destination as she pondered on all these things, when, as she did so, there struck into her mind another thought—the thought that, after all, she must herself be mistaken in imagining that she had seen Lucienne d'Aubray—that she was still alive. She began to feel sure—perhaps because it was so comforting and so welcome a feeling!—that, after all, she had been mistaken. She felt sure she had believed too easily that the hair of the woman she had watched and tracked for three days was dyed; that the skin was stained. While, as she so thought, she turned over in her mind a dozen cases of remarkable resemblances amongst various people, of which she had either heard or known. She recalled two girls in Brittany who were so alike—even in the colour of their skin and hair—though of no relationship, that, had it not been for the difference in their class, and, consequently, in their dress, the one could never have been distinguished from the other. She remembered, too, how one man in her own neighbourhood, who was poor, had gone as a soldier, for a consideration, in place of another who was well-to-do, and how the exchange had never been discovered; she called to mind a dozen stories she had heard of similar resemblances, and some play she had once seen dealing with the same subject. While also, there ran continually through all these recollections the memory of the precise statements made by the *Monitcur* and half-a-dozen other papers, as to the clothes and the appearance of the *ci-devant* Marquise, as well as the memory of that *acte d'accusation* found in the dead woman's pocket.

"I was mistaken," she whispered resolutely at last. "I must have been mistaken. My fear of her return, of her existence, made me ready to believe—to clutch at any phantom as a real thing. Madame la Marquise is dead; the way is open to her successor. Jean, *mon brave*, you shall not escape me, you cannot escape me. While, even if you so much as attempt to do so, then—then—*gare à vous*." And again she set her little white teeth together, and went to that meeting in the garret with Jean Aubray. But, even as she went, she determined that she would know more; that she would obtain still further proofs; that, in some way, she would stand face to face with this woman who so strangely resembled

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Lucienne. She was resolved to do this, to hear her speak as well as to see her; to have her doubts decided and set at rest for ever. While, if that woman were in absolute truth Lucienne d'Aubray—what then? Well! were there not in Paris at this time scores of methods by which an aristocrat might be swept from his or her enemy's path? She determined everything; she resolved that if Lucienne were still alive it should not be for long. She did so while not knowing nor dreaming of what the strange hush meant which brooded over Paris on this Sunday afternoon, nor understanding why groups of men and women stood and whispered at street corners.

Meanwhile, that woman who had so occupied the thoughts of Adèle Satigny of late, the woman whose appearance before her eyes had terrified her more than a thousand spectres would have done, was in La Force; the great door was closed and locked behind her. She had gained her heart's desire; the same walls which enclosed her hero enclosed her too. In that gloomy, horrible prison which, even in the warm September afternoon, seemed to reek of damp unclean odours—the odours of frowsy clothes and common food and unwashed bodies huddled together—odours such as the hold of a galley or a slave-ship might emit, she was almost happy. Happy because George Hope and she were near together once more; because, at last, she had made, or was about to make, some return for all that he had done or attempted to do for her; because they would soon be free together or dead together.

"Stay here," the man named Jules said, while he indicated a side room which he used as his lodge. "Stay here. The visitors are going out. Yet most of them go forth into the Rue des Ballets—'tis nearer to Antoine. That's where most of our caged birds come from."

"You know what I am here for?" Lucienne asked, as she sank on to a bench in this room. "What I am here to do?"

"I know what you are here to *attempt* to do. To get the *scèlérat* 'Ope released, the man with rich friends, the man who has made money by the forged—*hein!*—by the assignats. Is it not that?"

"It is the man you mean," Lucienne whispered, though as she did so she bent her head so that the fellow should not see her face, nor the tears which sprang to her eyes.

For her whole soul revolted against what she had to do, against her having to let it be imagined that this man, this brave heroic Englishman who had striven so to save her, was a common, vulgar forger who, by being supposed to be so vile, would obtain the sympathies of the mob which would ere long enter the prison intent upon slaughtering all who were not of their own kind.

"How comes it," the man went on, "that his rich friends employ you? Are you his sweetheart—his *chère amie?* Do you love him?"

"I am not his sweetheart; not his *chère amie*," Lucienne answered, her teeth pressed into her nether lip as she did so; her hand upon her bosom. Yet, still, she answered firmly. For must she not bear even this—must she not bear all—to help and succour him? Nay, for him, for his safety, would she not even brand herself as being that which she now denied herself to be if it would add to his chances of salvation; would she not proclaim herself a wanton striving to save him whom she loved? Were there any bounds she would not overpass? she, who to-night—to-morrow—might die by his side, and, so, would die at peace.

Then, remembering that she had still to be an actress; that every emotion, no matter how deep, must be crushed and subdued; that she must never think of who or what she really was, she looked up at Jules with a roguish glance and said, "Am I not Isidore's future wife? The chance has come to us of being rich—rich enough to marry," and she laughed while wondering as she did so why the laugh did not cause her to fall dead at the man's feet. "We are to be rich. And you—you are to have your share?"

"It may be done," Jules answered, though his tone was a dubious one; "it may. Yet, yet—he will be lucky if he escapes going before the judges who will assemble here to-morrow. Before Hébert, they say, and——"

"Before the judges!" gasped Lucienne, while her face became like marble. "Judges! What judges! Are they all to be judged? I thought—that—that——"

"Some—most—will be tried. In spite of Marat, who says that, to gratify the public vengeance they should slay all the prisoners, there will be some trials. There," and he nodded over his shoulder, "in the hall. The lucky ones will be those who escape without trial; who can make their way out of the prison. If he is clever, sharp, he may do so when I come to summon him. He *might* wriggle out of my hands, mix with the crowd, and so, accompanied by Dubroc who will be here, escape. If he is clever. Astute."

"God!" reflected Lucienne. "I never dreamt of, never thought of this. They said the *coquins* and *coquinnes* would be released in the darkness of the night or at dawn, and that he might perhaps go with them, so long as he was deemed to be a 'thief.' What is to be done? What?"

Then aloud, she said:

"I must see him; I must. I must tell him this. He thinks, he is sure to think, that he will be released with all the other—*scèlérats*."

"He cannot think that. It is impossible he should know it. They do not know it themselves. Listen. Dangé, one of the municipal officers, is coming to-night; he will give orders for the release of all prisoners, especially those who are 'in secret,' except those whom he names. If he does not name this 'Ope—*quel nom de chien*—then he too will go. If his warrant says he is only accused of forging, and not of being an aristocrat or a political prisoner, then, doubtless, he will not be named."

As the man spoke, it seemed to Lucienne that she could bear no more, that she must fall fainting or dead at last. For she was positive—there was no hope of doubting—that the true reason why George Hope was here must be known to those in authority. *They*, at least, must be aware that he was no common forger, no scoundrel preying on his fellow-men, but, instead, an Englishman who had fought against and slain the soldiers and sailors of the Revolutionary Government while endeavouring to assist an *emigrée* to escape.

"He will be named," she wailed, unable to repress her words; "he will."

Then knowing that, still, to the last, she must act her hateful, hideous part, she said, while striving to contain her feelings, "They brought him with a number of aristocrats from Brittany, they will deem him one. He is lost."

"Oh! never fear. They know well enough. If he is no aristocrat and has done nothing worse than forgery, he is safe."

"Nothing worse than forgery!" Lucienne whispered to herself. "Nothing worse than that! God help us both. How must the actual things he did stand in their eyes."

"Yet cheer up," the other went on; "if it were only to obtain permission for him to walk out of La Force with the others, his friends would not be willing to pay ten thousand livres. They know well enough that there *is* something else against him, though you may not. And we know, Isidore and I know, that we have got to do something to earn those ten thousand livres—in gold. Trust us and——"

"But if he is tried—sentenced—ah!——"

"Wait, wait! They will not begin with him. There is the Citizeness Lamballe; they will begin with her and her friends. By the time they have come to *our* friend—this 'Ope—the confusion will be great. When they call his name——"

"Ah!"

"Then is the time. And you—you—must be his wife—his girl——"

"His wife! His girl!"

"You must assist. You must act, play a part. You must laugh and rejoice as he appears amongst the mob; you must shriek with joy at his having been released *without* trial. You must dance and sing and call down blessings on the Revolution, on Danton, Marat, all. *Can* you act? For his sake, for Isidore's, for yours, for mine. For ten thousand livres in gold!"

"Can I act!" repeated Lucienne in a hoarse whisper.

"If you can, he may be saved. Isidore and I can manage our—friends. Your acting must hoodwink the others. And—perhaps—they will believe; especially since they will see him in our hands. So—in the excitement—in the turmoil—he may escape. We shall have done our best. But, remember, it will be sharp work. Clever work! One *faux pas* will ruin all."

"There shall be none," said Lucienne. "None on my part. He shall be saved. The money shall be ours. You shall acknowledge some day that I can act," and again she forced herself to smile. "Now—let me see him."

"Not yet. Not till it is dark. Then—perhaps. When I have got all my *gibier du prison* tranquil. Then you shall see him. But bid him be ready with the money—with the gold. The trials will begin early; he may be called on soon, directly after Lamballe and her following are disposed of."

"I will tell him. The money will be ready."

"So. And tell him also what I have told you. That he will be called on for certain: that then will be the moment—if he misses it his chance is gone. Tell him he is in our hands, in yours and mine and Isidore's; that we will save him. Can you do this? Above all, can you go through with what you have to do to-morrow?"

"I can do everything you tell me. All. All. I am resolved to go through with it, to never falter. For the sake of him I——"

"Of him you love!"

"Love?" Lucienne exclaimed, her eyes starry; though full of tears. "Of him I love? For the sake of whom?"

"Of whom? Why, for the sake of Isidore. And of—the money."

"Ah, yes! ah yes!" the distraught, almost maddened, girl answered hysterically, half-laughing and half-crying, while once more she was possessed of that wild feeling of hysteria, of delirium, which had overpowered her on the

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night when she had danced frenziedly in the arms of that future *vengeresse* to the tune of "La Carmagnole." "Ah, yes! Yes. For the sake of Isidore, our *beau Isidore*, my future husband. For his sake, and for that of the money. Come," she cried wildly, "come. Let us be gay and brave. You have drink here," she said, seizing a bottle of wine that stood on a table in the room. "Let us drink and be gay. Come, let us toast—to-morrow's work—to-morrow's success, even though we wade through blood and slaughter to obtain it. Let us drink to our own healths and our prosperity; to Isidore and to the—gold. Join me, *mon brave*. Join me in the toast." While, as she spoke, she seized the bottle in her delirium and placed it to her lips.

"Drink, Jules, drink," she cried again, even while she slapped him lightly on the shoulder; "drink, *mon chien*, to our success."

"I do drink," the fellow said, taking the bottle from her hand; "I do drink to our success. Yet, remember, above all things keep calm for to-morrow; keep cool and steady. When all is over, we can drink and carouse together. Above all, keep calm."

"Never fear," answered Lucienne, as now she hummed gaily a line of the "Marseillaise" and smiled on the man as one demented may smile. "Never fear! Can I act?—Well!—you shall see."

(To be continued.)

SPORT IN THE ARMY.

MADRAS.

THE sport of the "benighted Presidency" differs little from that of the Central Provinces, except in one respect, to which I shall refer presently. Elephant, bison, tiger, and sambur frequent the ranges near the coast. The following account of the killing of a bull bison by myself in the Annamullay Range appeared in a book some years ago; but it may not be uninteresting to compare the experience of a tyro, as I then was, with that of Forsyth, as related in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED a few weeks ago. "Towards evening we came on the fresh slot of an apparently very large bull. At the shikari's suggestion we went back to camp at once, so as not to disturb him then. The following morning found us on the trail, and to my delight it grew fresher and fresher. At last the shikari seized my wrist, and gazed intently into the bamboo jungle in front. My eyes followed the direction of his, and after a bit I made out a patch of slate-coloured hide. It was the bull.

"With the impetuosity of youth, and disregarding the gestures of my companion, I at once levelled my weapon and fired. The sound of a heavy fall followed, and then a struggle, a crash through the covert, and silence. The native shook his head. When I had reloaded I hurried to the spot. Here was blood—nay, more, splinters of bone. The bull was as good as mine. The shikari made signs—it was our only means of conversing—to me to sit down and lunch. I angrily refused; I would have the bull. Reluctantly he proceeded, and, of course—as I now know—we moved the animal again before he had grown stiff, and followed him all that afternoon in vain. The very blood ceased to show.

"I returned to my hut in despair. The next was my very last day. Was I to go home empty-handed? I called the shikari into counsel; he was all grins.

"'Shikari say all right, sar,' interpreted Erskine's bearer, a coast Tamil. 'That cow ver much shot, or go quite away to-day. Soon find morning, sar.'

"After this I could hardly sleep for excitement. Two hours after sunrise we struck the trail, much where we had lost it the day before, and followed it very cautiously. Not an hour afterwards there was a crash in the jungle close in front. We ran on and reached a sloping bank. The bull was limping down it, straight away from us. I aimed at the root of the tail, and the shot sent him rolling to the bottom of the little valley. I followed jubilantly, not even reloading. All at once the bamboos in the bottom parted, and with a moaning bellow the huge head appeared. The shikari, however, grinned more fiendishly than ever. I sighted just between the eyes, and fired my second barrel. When the smoke cleared the bull was lying dead, shot through the brain."

It must be confessed that I made pretty well every mistake a "griffin" could make on this occasion, and really ought to have lost my life; but the fact was that my second shot had broken the beast's spine, so that it was only sitting up when I killed it. I can only repeat my previous warning, that a bison is a dangerous animal, and should be followed up with care when wounded, for many men have lost their lives from neglecting this precaution; and another, always to use a heavy rifle of large calibre. Expresses are useless.

The slayer slain.

The *one* animal found in Madras, and nowhere else in the world, is the so-called Neilgherry ibex—really a tahr, but with longer horns than the other two varieties of this animal, which are found on the southern slopes of the Himalayas and on the mountains of South-East Arabia respectively, and *nowhere else*—a unique distribution of a genus. The Himalayan tahr is always to be seen in the Zoological Gardens, the others never. To return to the animal in the Madras Presidency. It is found in the Neilgherries and adjacent ranges, on the grassy edges of the precipices peculiar to this region, and consequently its pursuit is by no means unattended with danger; in fact, it is almost as difficult as markhor shooting. Any sportsman knows the danger of slippery grass slopes

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The old bucks are locally known as "saddlebacks," from a patch of colour on the back. This peculiarity also occurs in the moufflon. Good horns are about 1½-ft. long, I believe, but I have never shot the animal, and have, unfortunately, not Colonel Campbell's "Old Forest Ranger" at hand to refer to. That book contains a lively account of Madras ibex-stalking.

Further India.

Few countries contain a greater amount of large game than parts of further India, in which term I include Assam, Aracan, Tenasserim, Burma, and Siam; but the nature of the country makes shooting very difficult, as nine-tenths of it consists of thick jungle, and malarial fever is extremely prevalent. Here is a game list, and a tempting one: Elephant, rhinoceros, three kinds of wild cattle—gaur, gayal, and buffalo—tiger, panther, bear, various kinds of deer, and a goat-antelope—the cambinutan, identical, or nearly so, with the Himalayan serow.

The quantity of game to be found in Assam may be gathered from the bag of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar's last shooting party there—three tigers, one black panther, seven rhinoceroses, twenty-five buffaloes, and three bull bison; total, thirty-nine head of big game. These were shot with elephants, of course; but to show that these animals are not absolutely essential to the sport, a friend of mine and his companion shot on foot the following week two rhinoceroses, two buffaloes, three bull bison, and a bear—eight head of big game in six days. I may add that my friend paid the bill in the shape of a bad attack of Assam fever, but precautions as to water and the free use of quinine will generally save one from this evil.

Before leaving India proper a few remarks about rifles may not be out of place. It is, I think, pretty generally known that the three military bores, ·303, ·450, and ·577 are prohibited from being introduced into India now, though I believe an officer can introduce one for his own use. The rich man can purchase weapons for every purpose, but for the man who is going to India with one rifle, my advice would be to take a double rifle of one of the new makes which burn a large charge of smokeless powder. Most of the leading makers advertise them now, but the pioneer of the movement was Mr. W. J. Jeffery. The bore he selected was the ·400, and with this a 400-gr. solid bullet can be used, giving great shot and penetration. The usual load, however, is a considerably lighter bullet and a larger charge of rifleite powder behind it. Of such a rifle—mine is a double hammerless ejector—I can speak most favourably; indeed, on one occasion I wrote: "Two moufflon with two cartridges in just under forty-eight hours is, I think, good enough for anybody, and the credit is due equally to the Jeffery S. ·400 rifle and to the rifleite powder used with it. The effects of the 300-gr. bullet with soft nose and hollow point were tremendous. With the big ram, which was a good deal above me, the bullet raked upwards, smashing the shoulders and spine to pulp. With the second ram, which was almost as much below me as the first was above, the bullet took a downward course, and, penetrating the right shoulder and lung, actually drove the right shoulder-blade right through the skin, going out with it." These wild sheep were both killed at about 200-yds. range, showing that power is not gained by the sacrifice of accuracy; and while, of course, such power is not necessary for wild sheep, goats, and similar animals, still it seems to me very desirable to have a rifle which will do for stalking; and then with the 55-gr. rifleite and a solid bullet—its nickel casing almost or quite covering the point—it will also do for jungle shooting and the biggest of game. In fact, in my opinion, with such a weapon and a ball-and-shot gun a sportsman is equipped for any sport India can afford him.

The Ferry across the Lake.

SNAFFLE.

(To be continued)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15, 29, *February* 2, *and March* 2.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

IN a former number I had a word to say on the extraordinary jumble of opposites which figure as "Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun," by "Thormanby." Since then I have read that author's preface, and find that he admits selecting on the principle of those which provide him with the best copy, for choice written by themselves. This explains what, to me, appeared to be the oddest possible mixtures. But even allowing that the fool should be taken and crowned because he will make fun for the Philistines, and the wise man left because he will not, the selections are even then extraordinary. He includes, and crowns, Gordon Cumming, professing to be disgusted at the expressed fine sentiments of a man who could make a study of the right place to hit an elephant between the sips of his coffee. The author is quite unnecessarily inconsistent. He would not regard the killer of large numbers of birds as a sportsman, but he selects his South African characters because the early sportsmen alone had the chance, like Samson, to slay their thousands, and did it. With the former he is disgusted, and refuses his crown; with the latter, equally disgusted, but gives it. Then the only Indian sportsmen he includes are Sir Samuel Baker and the "Old Shekarry"—good sportsmen and capital writers both.

* * * *

Indeed, Baker must always rank very highly as a sportsman, for he took sport in his stride. That is to say, if in the leisure of the business of life he had the chance, he always put in sport to fill up the gap, and he did this as much in the heart of Africa as in Ceylon. Sir Samuel was the greatest advocate for weight of metal in rifle, and for large charges of powder and heavy balls. A rifle weighing, as his elephant gun did, 21-lb., and with a 36-in. barrel, would give a nasty knock to the shoulder, as the author says of it; but he hardly does justice to the man who could use such a rifle to put it in that way. The majority of men could not present such a rifle at all, let alone present it quick enough to stop a charging elephant. It is not only the weight that tells, but the position of it so far forward. The leverage is too great for the majority of muscular arms, but Sir Samuel was amongst the giants for whom India has been famous.

* * * *

I have just been reading a description of a pheasant shoot in which not only did each shooter have the orthodox three guns, but each had three loaders, and, besides, a boy to wait on him and serve out cartridges. I have always tried to get rid of as many people as might be possible from my elbow when shooting; and although I well know that the heat of the barrels requires three guns on occasion, I cannot see the use of three loaders and a boy. When there are two guns one loader is quite enough; so that it appears from this that a third gun requires three persons to wait on it.

* * * *

There is nothing new in the use of three guns, for when the Duke of York, brother of George IV., was shooting at Berkeley Castle, the Honourable Grantley Berkeley records the fact that his three guns could not be loaded fast enough, so that Grantley had occasionally to hand the Duke his own. The present Duke of York is really a very smart shot, but his great-great-uncle seems to have been rather a Royal duffer with the gun, for the same authority records a case in which the Duke could not knock a pheasant out of a tree in four shots, so that Grantley Berkeley had to make some excuse to get his brother to give it a fifth shot, when it, of course, left its hitherto safe position.

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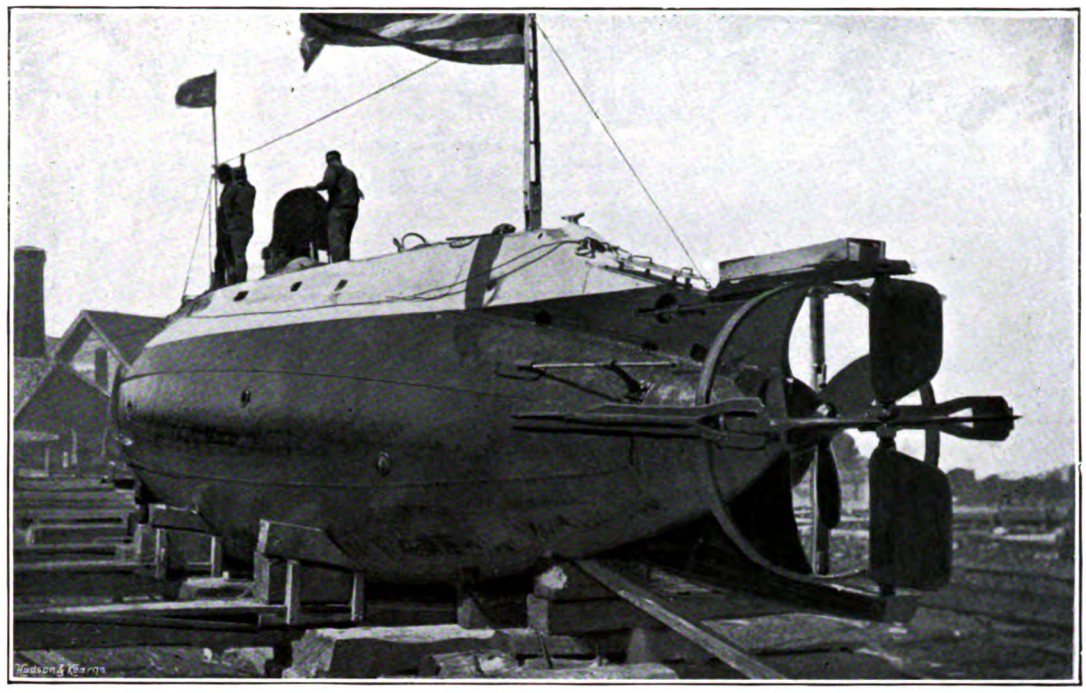
The American Submarine Boats.

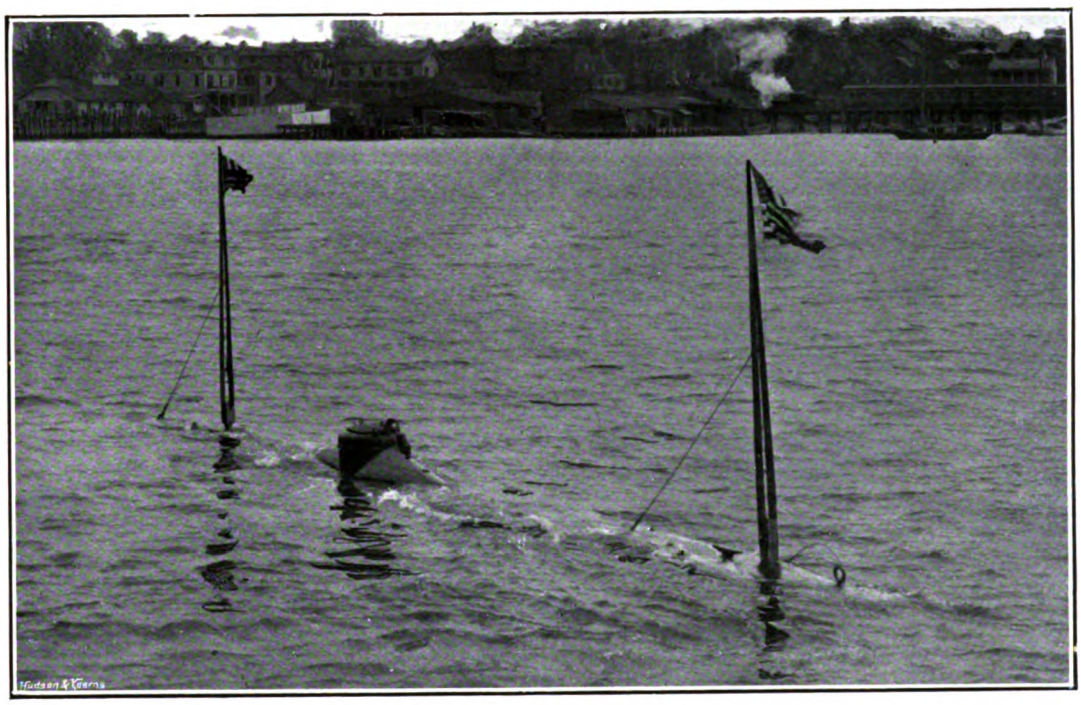
THE decision of the Admiralty to experiment in the matter of submarine boats was not unexpected. The practicability of navigating below the surface was long ago demonstrated, but it has lately received such notable illustrations, both in the United States and France, that, in the face of a growing public opinion, it was perhaps impossible for the Admiralty to pursue any longer a watching policy. At the same time, it cannot be said that the question as to whether the weapon is such as this country needs has been finally answered in the affirmative.

We are very glad to be able to present to our readers some extremely interesting pictures of the American submarines—or, perhaps we should say, submersibles, since they are fitted also for surface navigation. The Holland boat is the pioneer of the new flotilla. It was in 1877 that Mr. Holland built his experimental craft, on the water-ballast principle, with fixed centre of gravity and absolute weight. She was not a practical success, but was followed in 1881 by a larger boat that was perfectly controllable in the vertical plane. A third boat was proposed in 1888, which was to be a quick diver and riser down or up inclines, but it was not until 1893 that the first Holland boat, the "Plunger," was put in hand for the American Navy, and she has not yet been made a complete success. Meanwhile Mr. Holland, who was not satisfied with the conditions imposed upon him, designed a new boat to his own liking, which was bought by the Navy Department. This is the submarine we illustrate, for which Admiral Hichborn, engineer-in-chief of the United States Navy, claims highly satisfactory qualities within the measure of reasonable expectation. Vessels of the class, he says, can secure the American coasts more perfectly than they can be secured in any other way, and he recently remarked that they would calm the fears of the nervous "old women"—the phrase was St. Vincent's, not his—along the American coasts.

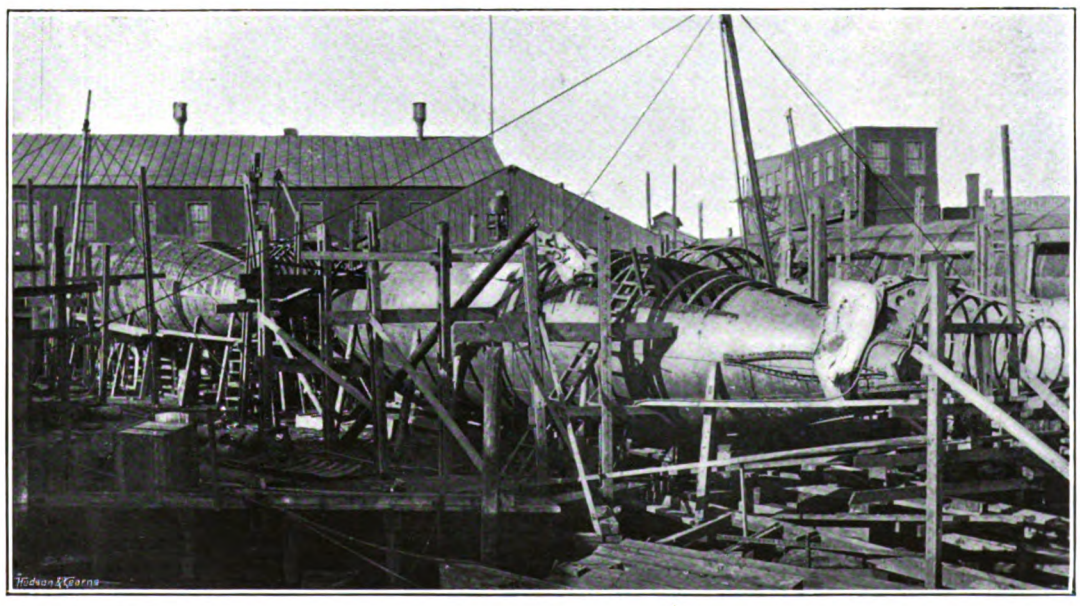
So satisfied were the authorities of the Bureau of Construction, supported by the tactical arguments of Admiral Dewey—though these were met by equally weighty opinions—that they induced Congress to authorise the building of six other boats designed by the Holland Company. These are the "Adder," "Moccasin," "Porpoise," and "Shark"—which we illustrate as they lay in the middle stage of construction in Mr. Lewis Nixon's yard at Elizabethport, New Jersey—and the "Grampus" and "Pike," which are in hand at San Francisco. These boats are to have what Americans believe to be a perfectly satisfactory torpedo armament and ejecting apparatus. They will be blind, but will come to the awash level with ease for purposes of observation, and will be controllable in the vertical plane at any desired depth. They will be driven by Otto gasoline engines on the surface at eight knots, and by electric motors submerged at seven knots, and will be of the cigar shape, 64-ft. long.



THE STERN OF THE HOLLAND BOAT.
Showing the Propeller and Steering Gear.



THE "HOLLAND" NAVIGATING AWASH.
The Position Assumed for Observing an Enemy.



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THE LATEST AMERICAN SUBMARINES.
In Course of Construction at Elizabeth Port.

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WELLINGTON'S capture of Badajos marks a singularly interesting and significant stage in the history of the Peninsular War. In October, 1810, Wellington had retired behind the "labour'd rampart lines" of Torres Vedras, and six months later Massena, after holding his ground in front of that insuperable barrier with marvellous endurance and tenacity, commenced a retreat, most skilfully conducted, with Ney in command of a dexterously handled rear guard. Issuing forth from behind the lines of Torres Vedras in the early days of March, 1811, Wellington followed the retreating French army to Santarem and Condeixa, and thence along the line of the Mondego River to Celorico, Sabugal, and Almeida. At Fuentes d'Onoro Wellington, who had invested Almeida, but was supposed by Massena to be absent, nearly suffered a defeat through his occupation of an over-extended position, but eventually succeeded in holding his ground and entering Almeida about the middle of May, 1811. Meanwhile Marshal Beresford, one of Wellington's most trusted lieutenants, had been told off to lay siege to Badajos. To relieve the latter place Soult hurried up from Seville, and Beresford was compelled to raise the siege of Badajos in order to go forth and meet this formidable antagonist. The battle of Albuera ensued, taking place almost simultaneously with the fall of Almeida, a coincidence which prevented Wellington from being present. Beresford through faulty dispositions was nearly defeated, but was saved, and enabled to win the battle, by the splendid gallantry of his troops.

The fall of Badajos, however, did not follow Albuera as that of Almeida followed Fuentes d'Onoro. During the remainder of the year 1811 Wellington made two fresh attempts to capture the place, but was baffled by the enemy's superior strength. In September, 1811, Marmont, who had replaced Massena, advanced with a large force, under cover of which he victualled Ciudad Rodrigo, another strongly fortified town lying about 120 miles to the north of Badajos, which, in turn, is about 140 miles nearly due east of Lisbon.

In January, 1812, Wellington, having with great difficulty brought up his battering train to Almeida and made other secret preparations, suddenly laid siege to Ciudad Rodrigo, and after twelve days captured it by assault. This done, he transferred his battering train of fifty guns to Elvas, which lies a few miles north of Badajos, and prepared to invest the latter place, "a much harder nut to crack," as Major Arthur Griffiths says in "Wellington and Waterloo," than even Ciudad Rodrigo. The siege of Badajos commenced on March 15, 1812, and the British troops engaged were the 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions, and part of the 5th Division, in all about 15,000 men, under the command of Marshal Beresford.

The 3rd Division, to the glorious gallantry of which the capture of Badajos was subsequently admitted by Wellington to be mainly due, was commanded by one of the finest soldiers who has ever worn the uniform of a British general. Picton, afterwards Sir Thomas Picton, of whom a fine portrait is here presented, had at one time been Governor of Trinidad in the West Indies, and had been prosecuted for having in that capacity sentenced a native girl to a local and seemingly rather barbarous form of punishment. Found guilty at one trial, he obtained a fresh one, and was, practically speaking, acquitted; but, although many friends stood by him, he was not in general good odour when he went out to serve under Wellington. The latter held him in high estimation as a fighting leader, and was very glad subsequently to have him in command of the 5th Division at Waterloo. We told a few weeks back, in connection with the subject of "Transport in the Peninsula," the story which makes Wellington reply to a commissary who had complained that General Picton had threatened to hang him, "Did he, indeed? Then I advise you to be careful, for General Picton is a man who keeps his word!" The story is told of other generals, but it seems to fit Picton, who was a very rough-and-ready and eminently straightforward soldier.

BADAJOS FROM THE NORTH.

Showing the Fine "Puente de las Palmas" over the Guadiana.

Badajos lies on the south bank of the Guadiana, and is entered from the north by a magnificent bridge, 640-yds. long, which dates from 1596, and is called the Puente de las Palmas. Of the town and bridge as seen from the Albuquerque and Elvas road we give an excellent picture. At the bridge-head there was in Wellington's time an outwork, against which, in the course of the final assault, a false attack was delivered. About half a mile east of the bridge lay the Castle, which is to be discerned to the left of our picture. The eastern front of the town was defended by works and inundations, while to the south, in addition to the chain of bastioned fortifications which enclosed the town, except on the river front, there were several powerful outworks, notably one covering the south-east corner of the town, called Picurina. Badajos was garrisoned by 5,000 veterans under a French engineer of great reputation named Philippon, and, until the final assault took place, the chances of our cracking this hard nut seemed small indeed.

Few things, however, are impossible to British troops rightly handled, and in this case the investing force was under

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the watchful eye of a commander who was not only a mighty strategist, but to whom every detail of the art of war was absolutely familiar. In those days sieges had to be carried out on lines which the range of modern guns is rapidly rendering obsolete. A line of trenches was established at a, comparatively speaking, safe distance from a front of the enemy's works; this was called "opening the first parallel," a process which had to be effected under cover of a sufficiently heavy fire to distract the enemy's attention. This preliminary operation, which is illustrated in one of our pictures, was followed by the opening of successive parallels at shorter range, the attacking force thus creeping closer and closer to the works of the enemy with a view to a final attempt to capture the place by storm. Meanwhile, the besiegers' heavy guns played upon the parapets and walls of the defence, in the hope of making a practicable breach. When the psychological moment arrived the troops were warned, a certain proportion being generally detailed to keep down the fire from the ramparts, while the storming party rushed forward to its dangerous work. In addition to these, the storming of any fortified place necessitated, and still in many cases necessitates, the selection of a small body of volunteers to lead the way, whatever may be the nature of the obstacles and the severity of the defenders' fire. To this devoted band is appropriately given the name of "forlorn hope," and forlorn, indeed, has been the hope of men living to tell the tale of these reckless enterprises on several memorable occasions in our military annals.

GENERAL SIR THOMAS PICTON, K.B.
Leader of the "Fighting Third" Division which Stormed the Castle.

What made the siege of Badajos especially difficult was the broken weather which continued throughout the operations. The ground to be occupied, moreover, was too extensive for the number of troops employed, and, as a consequence, the men were required to be in the trenches six hours by day and six by night, to which must be added the time taken in marching to and from the camps. It will be understood, therefore, that the siege was an operation imposing much more serious hardship upon the investing troops than upon the besieged.

On March 19 the enemy made a sortie to the south with 1,500 cavalry and infantry, and managed, in the drizzling rain and mist, to get into the camp of the Light Division before they were discovered. Our men flew to their arms, and succeeded in driving the enemy back, but not before the latter had done damage to our works, and carried off some entrenching tools from the Engineers' camp.

On March 26 Fort Picurina was attacked by the Light Division and carried a little after dark. A party of Riflemen and others, provided with axes, broke down the palisades and gates of the fort, and the work was rushed, half the garrison being killed, while others surrendered or were drowned in an adjacent inundation.

The Riflemen, then the 95th, were very prominent from start to finish of the siege operations, and did splendid service in keeping down the enemy's fire by sharpshooting from advanced pits which had been dug between our approaches and the crest of the glacis. As Sir William Cope, the chronicler of the Rifle Brigade, observes, this was more arduous and dangerous work, for not only were the men much exposed in running to and from the pits, but "sometimes a man was wounded or killed in the pit, and the relieving Rifleman had to pull him or help him out before he could shelter himself, all the time exposed to a murderous fire." A grimly realistic picture this.

By the end of March news of Soult's approach from Cordova caused the bombardment to be pressed forward, and by April 6 the breaches were reported practicable. The two principal ones had been effected in the Santa Maria and Trinidad Bastions, which lay about 200 yards apart in the southern front of the fortifications. The 4th and Light Divisions were detained for the attack on these bastions, the eastern front and the Castle were left to Picton's "Fighting Third" Division, while the 5th Division under General Leith attacked the western front. Simultaneously a feint attack was delivered from the north against the *Tête de Pont*.

The story of the assault is indeed a dramatic one, and to its proper elucidation more space is necessary than is here available. The student can be safely referred to the glowing pages of Napier, but for the general reader it will, perhaps, be sufficient to give a mere outline, leaving the lurid details to be filled in to some extent by the light of imagination. It must, indeed, be a sadly dulled intellect that cannot conjure up a mental picture of extraordinary force and intensity from such materials as are here available. On the other hand, to

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attempt to describe by mere word-painting such a scene without having been, if not an eye-witness, at least intimately associated with the actors and surroundings of the drama, is well-nigh hopeless.

Although unsuccessful, the attacks on the Santa Maria and Trinidad Bastions were the most desperately exciting features in this terrific enterprise. The glorious courage with which the 4th and Light Divisions crowded forward in the face of a murderous fire has never been surpassed in our military history, but the advance was checked effectually by the most frightful obstacle which our own or any other troops have ever encountered. This was the famous *chevaux-de-frise* of sword-blades fixed in beams, the latter being chained securely to the ground. With this insuperable barrier between them, assailants and assailed, the latter, of course, at a tremendous advantage, poured lead into each other for two hours, until by midnight 2,000 of our gallant fellows were *hors de combat*. The stormers were then ordered by Wellington to draw off.

OPENING THE FIRST PARALLEL.

This shows Picturesquely the Close Quarters at which the Fighting was Done.

At this black juncture the good news came to the Great Duke that the 3rd Division under Picton had succeeded, after several failures, in escalading and carrying the Castle. Picton himself had been severely wounded, but the advantage had been maintained, and, meanwhile, General Leith in command of the 5th Division had effected an entrance into the town by the western point. These two successes, but mainly that of the 3rd Division, had turned the fortunes of the day. The force defending the Santa Maria and Trinidad Bastions was withdrawn, and when the 4th and Light Divisions were again ordered to advance they met with slight resistance, and soon established themselves on the ramparts. Badajos was won, and superbly won, General Philippon subsequently surrendering and expressing his wonderment that the British troops could ever have succeeded in such a desperate enterprise. The British loss included 5,000 officers and men who fell during the siege, and 3,500 killed and wounded during the assault. When Wellington learnt the cost of the great victory he had won "the pride of conquest yielded," says Napier, "to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers." A well-known picture by Mr. Caton Woodville shows the Great Duke entering Badajos in the morning following the assault, surrounded by cheering soldiers, but himself stirred to deep emotion by the ghastly memorials of the terrible night.

It is inexpressibly sad that such a glorious page in our annals should have been foully besmirched by the subsequent conduct of our gallant troops. Breaking loose from every bond of discipline, they turned Badajos for two days and nights into a veritable hell of drunkenness and rapine, churches and convents, as well as spirit stores and private houses, being sacked and made the scene of the most hideous excesses before the disorder ceased. One little romantic episode brightens the history of those few awful days. Two lovely ladies, one married, the other her sister, claimed the protection of two officers of the Rifle Brigade, which, of course, was readily and chivalrously accorded. Within two years the younger of the ladies became the wife of the young Rifleman who had saved her from a licentious soldiery. The officer, then plain Captain Harry Smith, afterwards rose to fame as Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal.

AT THE TRINIDAD BASTION.

Assaulted Unsuccessfully by the 4th and Light Divisions.

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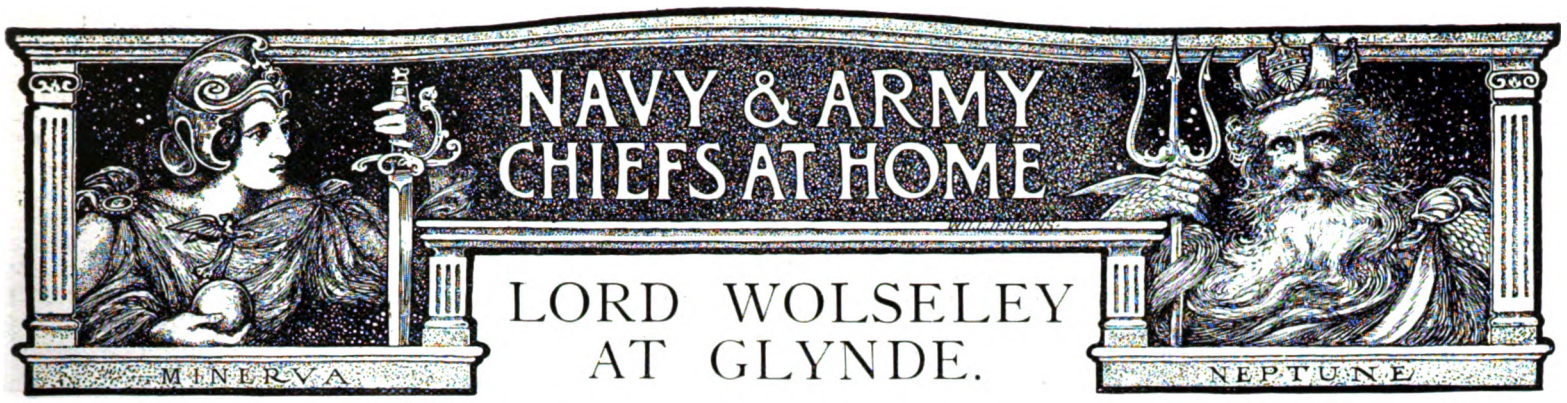

LORD WOLSELEY AT GLYNDE.

COMMANDERS of stations and districts, Naval and Military, are, for the most part, provided with official residences, but of various character and importance. Thus the Governor of Malta is lodged in a veritable palace full of ancient trophies and historic associations; the "Convent" at Gibraltar is the modest name of an extensive building in lovely gardens, the home of soldiers nowadays, not nuns. The headquarters at Chatham, Woolwich, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and so forth, are lodged in good houses, some of which are venerable and of narrow dimensions, some comparatively new, such as the modern edifice which at Portsmouth has replaced the quaint old place in the High Street. In Ireland the commander of the forces occupies a great slice or wing of Kilmainham Hospital, which dates from the period of Charles II., and in which the Great Hall, although used by the pensioners daily, is available for balls and receptions by night. It is reported, but on no credible authority, that the kindred establishment at Chelsea will be appropriated ere long to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and it is no doubt right and proper that the military head of the Service should possess an official residence suitable to his dignity, and fitted for entertainment. At the same time, the post of Governor of Chelsea Hospital is one of the few small sinecures left for distinguished soldiers in the autumn of life, and it will be a pity if Chelsea, with its noble dwelling-house, is to follow in the wake of full colonelcies and other disappearing emoluments when prizes are so few. In any case, the late Commander-in-Chief had no such official habitat, and for the greater part of his tenure of office, especially through the anxious days of war, his real home was in the country among the Sussex Downs, within sight of the sea. To this tranquil, retired, and most beautiful spot, Lord Wolseley paid fleeting visits at the week ends, or whenever he could snatch a moment's rest and pause from the turmoil and worry of Pall Mall, even then dragging his chain behind him in the shape of despatch-boxes crammed with confidential papers, and always "at the end of the wire."

LADY WOLSELEY'S BOUDOIR.

It was an unpretending *gite*, both in name and aspect, when Lady Wolseley, with instinctive genius, first pitched upon the "Farm House" of Glynde as her residence; a plain red-roofed homestead, its walls flint-encrusted, with but a narrow strip of garden and extensive outbuildings, the whole not a dozen yards from the village street. Above the house rises the square tower of the church, no architectural triumph; hard by is the well-wooded park with handsome iron gates, and just round the corner the great house, Glynde Place, the seat of the Brands. To-day the erstwhile farmhouse is changed, almost beyond recognition. Artistic ingenuity could go no further in alteration and improvement, all on modest, inexpensive lines. The simple character of the place has been preserved, and although there is as much room within as in a good-sized country house, it has been brought about by adroit rearrangement rather than rebuilding. Here a staircase has been reversed, there a new door put in, or a window thrown out, so as to give light and air to some dark passage and an excellent point of view. The ceilings are often low, but that harmonises with the surroundings as do the oak panelling inserted in the old-fashioned wall, and the famous ingle-nook, a dark cavern of ancient tiles, on which the blaze of burning logs flashes and glitters continually. Perhaps the cleverest device was that which changed the approach, transferring the front door, which stood of old in the centre of the front with windows on either side, to the back

GLYNDE HOUSE.

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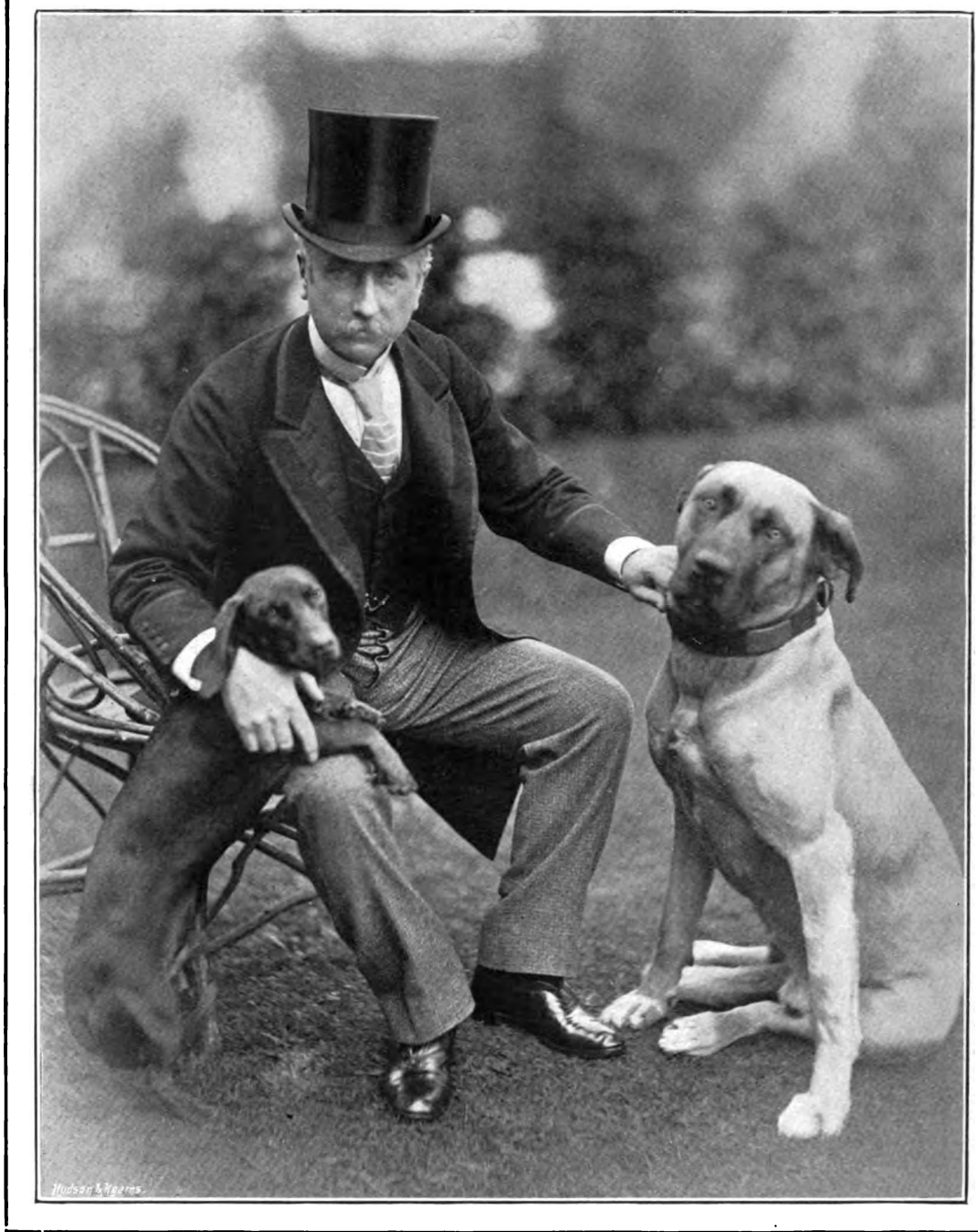
of the house, opposite the church. The gain, over and above picturesqueness, was a pretty private garden, with its terrace, its sundial, and its unrivalled prospect southward over the smooth downland to the sea.

The principal reception-rooms have this same southern aspect, and are all very bright and cheerful. They are *en suite*, book-room opening into drawing-room, and that again into the boudoir, all cleverly contrived by judicious opening to give access and a sense of space. These, the living-rooms, are, as a rule, free to all comers, but the book-room is essentially the domain of the master of the house, and the morning-room or boudoir of its mistress. Lord Wolseley is a bibliophile, keen, and well instructed, but of that, and of his strong bias towards literature, more by and by. Lady Wolseley is, in the highest sense, a collector, catholic in her tastes, with extensive knowledge and sound discretion. Everything is fish that comes to her net—*bric-à-brac*, *bibelots*, *objets d'art*, articles of *vertu*, call them what we will. Few fortunate folk possess more antique pieces of the best shapes in silver or Sheffield plate; she is a connoisseur in bindings, from Grolier and Derome to Saunderson, and (aided by her daughter) has got together many fine specimens, ancient and modern, of the bookbinder's art. But what is inside the book attracts her as well as the covers; and one of the most charming features of this pretty room is an arched alcove at one end, gained in the wall by carrying it under a converted staircase, the recess being fitted with a library of well-chosen favourite books. Sheraton and Chippendale in their best periods are to be seen, too, cabinets with much choice china, mostly Chelsea and Staffordshire, while the writing-table is a delightful piece of furniture, placed very cunningly in full view of the Downs, yet well out of draughts. Lady Wolseley spends much time at her desk; she has a large correspondence, and writes with the ease and fluency of a past generation, when an Englishwoman's letters were models of style and diction. Mirrors in Adam's best manner, hangings that show a perfect appreciation of harmonies in colour, many water-colours, and some fine old coloured engravings, on walls papered with Bodley designs, complete the adornment of these charming rooms. Lady Wolseley will tell you that not half her things are here; that the best are still in the packing-cases, and destined to fill that other residence of theirs in Hampton Court. Most people would be very well satisfied to own all there is in the Farm House at Glynde.

In other parts of the house the same fine taste has prevailed. Much has been got on purpose. All the old oak, for example—the solid table, Jacobean, and the great high-backed chairs in the inner hall or tea-room, where the table is set out in front of the ingle-nook, the tall grandfather's clock in dark oak case, the oak in the dining-room, which faces the church and the graveyard (with something perhaps of the Egyptian idea as to what thoughts should be uppermost at a feast). Only the white-wood bookcases in the book-room and Lord Wolseley's study upstairs are not antiques; but they have been especially designed for their places by a thoughtful and artistic taste.

These books, we may well believe, will now fill a large and yet larger space in Lord Wolseley's life, hitherto so busy and so useful, to which for the first time since early youth complete leisure has at last succeeded. Hitherto he has never been a single day out of active employment since he joined as an ensign in Burma in 1852.

He went straight out to the headquarters of his regiment, then on active service in the field, and at the end of the campaign was given a step of rank for his gallant behaviour. He was wounded almost to the death in Burma, and again, time after time, in the Crimea, where he acted as an actingEngineer, and laid then his life-long friendship with the heroic but ill-fated Charles Gordon. The Indian Mutiny brought further opportunities, again as a regimental officer, and his capture of the Moti Mahal at the head of his company was a brilliant feat that will long survive. From that he passed to staff work, higher and higher to commands of greater and greater importance, all over the world, to Canada, the Red River, Ashanti, Zululand, Egypt and the Nile. Wherever and whenever wars were afoot, he was always there, till now, unhappily, in the latest phases of his adventurous career, fate marked him down for the less brilliant but most onerous *rôle* of a purveyor for war instead of a principal actor in it. We may be sure that, had Lord Wolseley been free to choose his part, it would have been in the strenuous endeavour to serve his Queen and country actively in this prolonged and most vexatious war. None the less does he render ample justice to the brother-veteran who so successfully led the largest British army commanded by a British general in this or any age.



LORD WOLSELEY AND HIS PETS.

Throughout all this varied and eventful soldiering Lord Wolseley has never neglected literature. He has been a great reader all his life, and has made the time for it as Wellington did, by cutting it off the hours of morning slumber. He has been always, and is to this day, an early riser. Long before most people are awake he is among his books, revelling in the morning air and the unbroken quiet of the country, which he loves with passionate affection, and nowhere so much as at Glynde. There is no scene in

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England more beautiful than the great expanse of downland rising beyond the green valley and smiling fields. It encourages contemplation in the student, it woos the active spirit to ride forth over its extensive open spaces. Lord Wolseley is often in the saddle in these early hours, taking the vigorous exercise that fortifies him for sedentary work. Miss Wolseley is his constant companion; she is an admirable horsewoman and horse-master, if the word may be allowed, for the stable department is under her particular control. Animals are well cared for and greatly liked at Glynde. Both dogs and horses are prime favourites, especially the former, and of every class, from the dachshund, Lady Wolseley's own lamented pet, to the mastiff and long-haired sheepdog, who follow Lord Wolseley everywhere in his rides and walks abroad.

Literature will no doubt be now again enriched by Lord Wolseley's labours, as it has been in the past. "The Soldier's Pocket-book" is still a standard authority, impressed in every phrase, every line, with the eager, energetic spirit of the writer's youthful prime. Other early works are worth remembering. The story of the march from the Peiho to Peking in 1860, when the allied forces, English and French, travelled the same road as has General Gaselee, was told by Lieutenant-Colonel Wolseley, then D.A.Q.M.G. on Sir Hope Grant's Staff, and his plans and sketches served admirably in this last campaign. Another interesting contribution from his pen was that to *Blackwood*, recounting his adventurous visit to the camp of General Lee and the army of the South. Of course, his most serious book is the great Life of Marlborough, which still awaits completion, and to which Lord Wolseley proposes to apply himself now. It is known that, despite the incessant calls of office upon his time, he has ever been steadfastly engaged in accumulating materials for the volumes now forthcoming. His qualifications for the task he has undertaken were amply shown in the fragment which has already appeared. No one has studied more closely the history of the period, or has searched with more patient investigation all the contemporary archives and manuscripts that are within reach. As the volumes on which he is now engaged cover the continental campaigns, he will no doubt carry out his long-cherished idea of visiting Marlborough's battlefields. Probably Lord Wolseley will set his hand to other work of more immediate importance to the country, and now that he can speak without responsibility, yet with unequalled authority and knowledge, he must greatly help forward the urgent question of Army Reform. No one is more competent to solve its problems, to show what is most needed, what is feasible, what the nation, often so wildly and unreasonably expectant, must not hope to obtain. And possibly it is not too much to look some day for the personal recollections that must throw such a vivid light upon the history of our own times.

THE HONOURABLE MISS WOLSELEY.

LORD WOLSELEY AND HIS DAUGHTER ON HORSEBACK.

LORD WOLSELEY'S CHAIR.

For upwards of thirty years Lord Wolseley has been behind the scenes in all the changing episodes of our military drama. He was taken to the War Office at the direct instance of Mr. Cardwell, who wanted young blood and an active imaginative spirit to help him in the difficult problems of reconstitution and reorganisation to which he had put his hand. The introduction of "short service" in the Army is generally supposed to have been Lord Wolseley's work, and he undoubtedly greatly approved of the system, although he can hardly be said to have originated it. Short service was, in so many words, invented by the rank and file; recruiting under the old methods fell away so lamentably, that many remedies were tried, and none but that of diminishing the term of enlistment had any effect upon the classes who take the shilling. Short service with the colours associated with a period in the Reserve, within close call, on furlough, so to speak, led to the perfecting of that scheme of mobilisation which produced such excellent results at the outbreak of the Boer War. It has been said that these Reserves were no reserves, but an integral part of the first line. Even that may be granted, but it was surely far cheaper to let the soldier go on a small retaining fee than to keep him in the ranks on full pay. The short-service system has now fully proved its usefulness.

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Four Launches in Two Days.

THE NEW YORK WORLD LIBRARY.

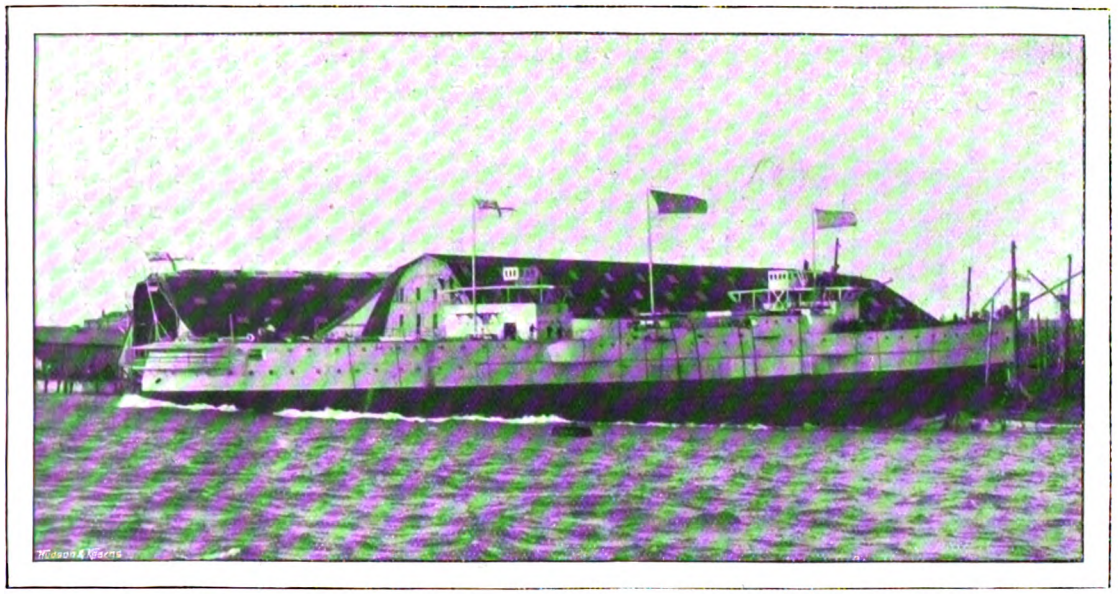


Photo. Copyright. Crockett.

THE "MONTAGU."

This Battle-ship, with an Historical Name, was Launched at Devonport, March 5

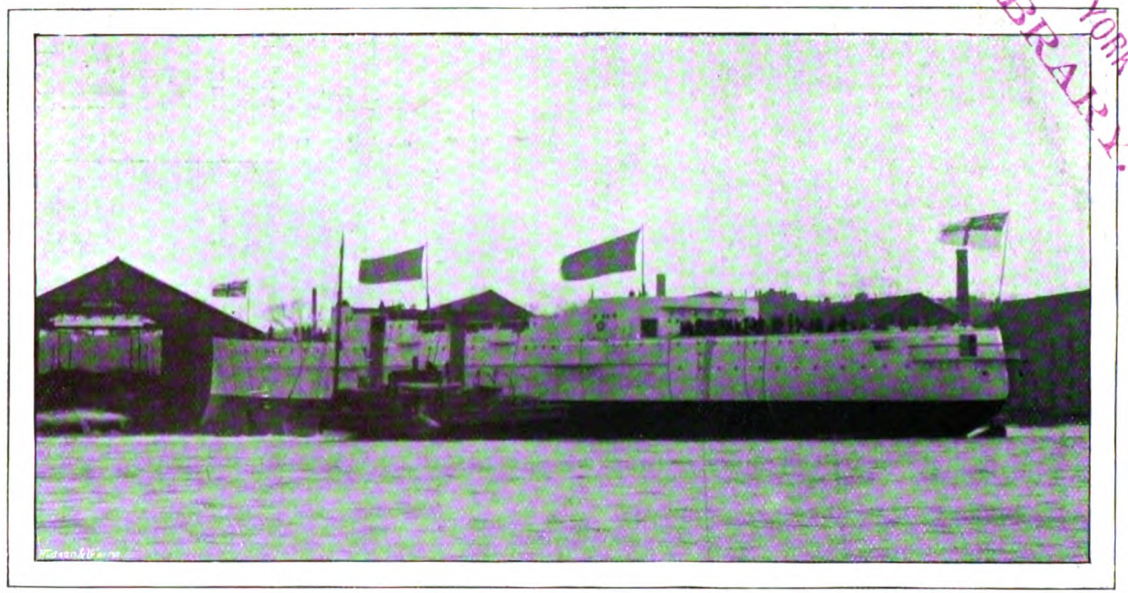


Photo. Copyright. Moll & Wyles.

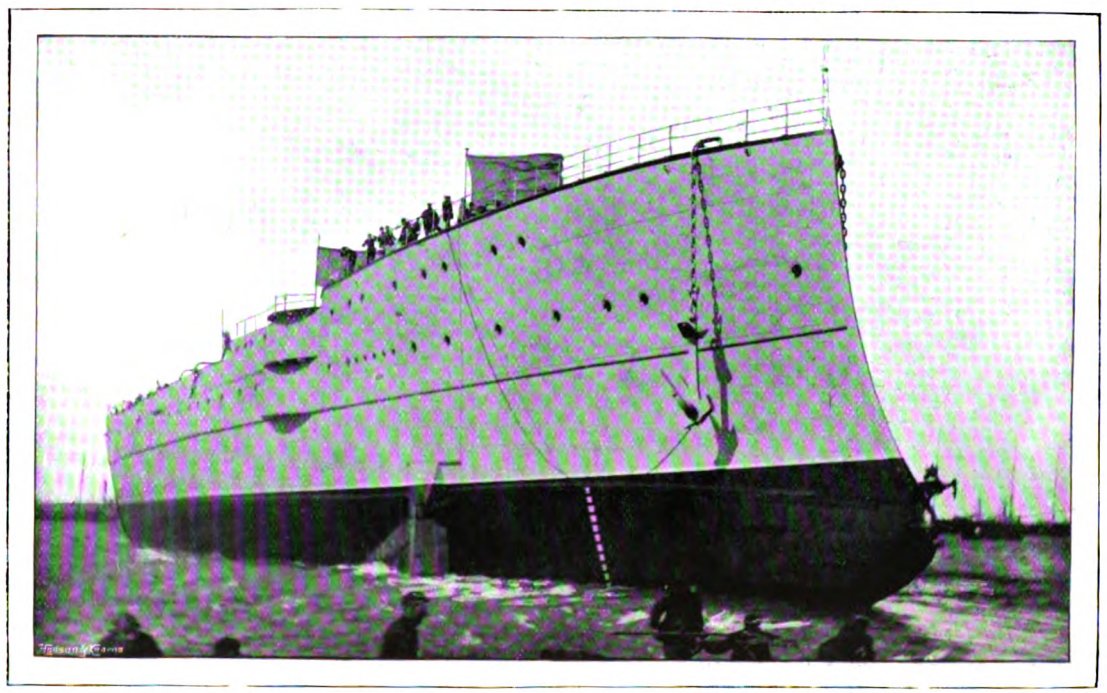
THE "ALBEMARLE."

On March 5 this Battle-ship Took the Water at Chatham, and was Christened by Lady Kennedy.

Photo. Copyright. S. J. Allen.

AN IMPROVED "TERRIBLE."

The "Drake," 500 ft. long, Launched at Pembroke, March 5.



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A NEW ARMOURED CRUISER.

The "Kent," Launched at Portsmouth, Wednesday, March 6.

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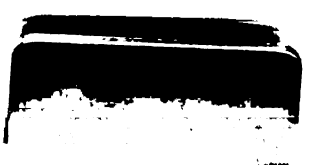

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